

1956

# Production book of Robert Ardrey's "Thunder Rock".

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PRODUCTION BOOK OF ROBERT ARDREY'S  
" THUNDER ROCK "

presented to  
The Faculty of School of Fine and Applied Arts  
Division of Theatre Arts  
Boston University

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

by  
ARTURS RUBENIS

June, 1956

BOSTON UNIVERSITY  
School of Fine and Applied Arts  
Division of Theatre Arts

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A GRADUATE THESIS PRODUCTION  
of  
Robert Ardrey's  
T H U N D E R   R O C K

Directed by Arturs Rubenis

Cast:

Streeter.....	Don Ulrich
Inspector Flanning.....	Jonathan Stone
Charleston.....	Robert Haseltine
Captain Joshua.....	Dick Hart
Briggs.....	Tom Kelley
Dr. Stefan Kurtz.....	Andrey Konovalchik
Melanie.....	Jackie Baldwin
Miss Kirby.....	Roz Faber
Annemarie.....	Ann Olin
Cassidy.....	Walter Anderson

The interior room of a lighthouse on an island on northern Lake Michigan, called Thunder Rock.

Late summer before the Second World War.

Stage manager.....	David Cravatts
Set by .....	David Robertson
Costume consultant.....	Joanne Beck
Lighting by .....	Kim Brand
Sound effects by .....	Don Ulrich
Properties.....	Tom Kelley

CHOICE OF THE PLAY was based on:

- 1. Personal appeal of the theme and plot.
- 2. A familiar background (refugees from Europe, despair, tyrants, and war ).
- 3. Interesting characters (Captain, Dr. Kurtz, and Charleston).
- 4. A small cast, easier to handle.
- 5. Very effective theatrical reality to be achieved through very simple technical means ( a couple flats, costumes, lights, and props).

AIMS OF THIS PRODUCTION:

- 1. To tell the story. of the play.
- 2. To bring<sup>out</sup> the message and theme of the play, emphasizing them through various situations.
- 3. To establish existence of reality and imagination in two different planes and to explain them.
- 4. To draw the characters, their relationships, to interpret their significance to the main problem, and to establish different levels of the development of the characters.
- 5. To draw the flow of action through a pattern of kinesthetic pictures in the given space and time.
- 6. To bring out the relationship between protagonist and antagonist in building up the dramatic conflict.
- 7. To portray the inner conflicts through means of physically less movable, but innerly more emotional, dynamic and ever changing character relations.

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8. To emphasize the dramatic dynamism not through melodramatic physical movements and flare-ups, but through quiet mood and inner intensity.

#### THE BASIS OF INTERPRETIVE AND CREATIVE PROCESS.

1. We live in the world of reality which consists of a physical substance perceivable with our senses. In contrary the world of our imagination has no physical substance, for its concepts consist of images derived from our immediate physical world. The physical world has movable and moving criteria, while images exist only in our mind, and only there imaginary creatures have power to exercise certain actions and emotions as real as the physical do. The real beings may enter and meet the pigments of their imagination. The imaginary people, however, can not come out of the world of their holder and to affect the real world unless their holders, by their own physical presence and action, exercise this power. With such a concept in mind we sense that there are two different planes of existence.- the lighthouse and its imaginary "ivory tower" reflection in Charleston's mind. The imaginary space is only a reflection of reality which the hero himself enters as an equal partner and participates in an action with his imaginary characters. While created characters can not leave the domain of the hero's mind, wherefore they do not have power to transform or change the reality to their hearts desire, he exercises the duality of his personality. The technical device of different

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lights helpt in the delineation of this difference. Besides the imaginary characters never used "real" entrances, exits, levels, or props, except <sup>those</sup> ~~of~~ their "reality".

2. This play, although it is written after the pattern of a melodrama, acquires through the described concept several fantastic elements important to consider. Melodrama can be easily misinterpreted by use of exaggerated "melodramatic acting". (By "melodramatic acting" is meant <sup>a</sup>overdone acting with complete attention to the exterior of movements and actions.) Since the fantastic elements of this play are derived from the real life, the imaginary characters have to <sup>be</sup> interpreted through true and real acting, except when these are used to define different planes of the existence.

#### REHEARSAL PROCEDURE:

The process of the preparation included following scheme of the rehearsals:

A. Preparation: It contained the consideration of the play as a whole and individual work with actors. Preparation included: (1) The readings of the play by the cast; (2) General discussions of the theme of the play, objectives of the action, outlines of the characters; (3) exploration of the background of the play in its historical, social and physical aspects.

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B. Particularization: (1) Analysis of objectives and actions of the play; (2) Improvisations; (3) Individual line readings and analysis; (4) The Blocking. The play to be considered from the point of view of scenes and bits.

C. Integrations of scenes with attention to part relations to parts; (1) character relations to scenes; (2) scene relation and interrelations; (3) beginning, middle, and end of the play; (4) crises, climax, the turning point, and the solution; (5) rhythm, pace, and mood.

D. Refinement included (1) run-throughs and (2) polishing of the parts into whole play.

In order to produce the play, a rehearsal schedule was planned for a period of 4 1/2 weeks. It was impossible to adhere to this schedule because of the major productions and the snow conditions. The list of schedules along with notes of the later changes and rehearsal times is added to this production book.

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## CHARACTER OUTLINES

STREETER, a pilot of the supply plane, about 35, wiry, compact; has been a knockout professional flyer for many years. He shares his experiences with his fellow men, but sometimes this sharing becomes a bit boastful display of casual, careless guy who would never care for money or future. This display is unconscious, though. Deeply concerned with the problems of the world, he sees solution to the latter in active engagement in fighting, but being ashamed of his convictions, he tries to hide these behind his casualness. His objective is to persuade Charleston to come with him to China and to repay his college debts. He foreshadows the solution of Charleston's problems.

INSPECTOR FLANNING<sup>a</sup> is superior officer of this particular division of the Lighthouse Service, 55, healthy and essentially cheerfull. He is a man who draws all his pleasure from the human contacts. Fundamentally a little lazy, inaccurate, full of little human inefficiencies, he is a normal human being, on the average with vital interests in daily happenings. To him the events of the world are "great, stark drama". His objective, besides checking on the lighthouse, is to find contact with Charleston. His failure in contacting and understanding of Charleston causes Flannings' decision to discharge Charleston from<sup>the</sup> service. He is<sup>a</sup> representative of the normal, human world, which is neglected by Charleston.

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CHARLESTON is 35, a short, handsome man. His instincts are social, talkative, inquiring, basic<sup>ally</sup> interpretive and creative, and through his years<sup>as a</sup> newspaper man, these have been his manners. But, disillusionate with world's events, he retires in the lighthouse service to clarify his confusions. In order to replace the real world and its disillusion, he tries to build in his mind an imaginary one. In his imaginary world he sees solution to the problem of preservation of a better world. From a lost log of the ship his interpretive and creative genius creates a group of people. Through their presence all his problems become alive one after<sup>the</sup> other. His objective is to find the solution to his problems.

CAPTAIN JOSHUA STUART, at first a strictly romantic character of sea Captain, an ageless, bluff, cheery Scotchman, but as more and more he takes place of Charleston's conscience, he becomes resolute, driving, menacing. He represents Charleston's conscience in the process of the creation and his objective is: constantly to give and guide through all<sup>the</sup> play the insight into the other side of things until all characters of the play reflect all sides of the truth.

BRIGGS is a cockney working man, about 40, with a forward bent knees and posture, at first ignorant, impatient, after his reconception more human, sickly, beaten, yet hopeful. He represents the workmen with all the problems of his time. His objective besides the representation of a particular problem, is waiting for the birth of his tenth child, which creates the immediacy upon all the characters, uniting their personal

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drives and despairs in one issue.

DOCTOR KURTZ, the Viennese doctor, is about 55. At first he is befuddled, insignificant, almost funny, a conventional professor-type figure. On second thought, his true dignity becomes fully expressed in compassionate, understanding, warm personality of unachieved greatness. He is a man who left behind his work and retreated to another land seeking for a sanctuary. Reflecting Charleston's dreams of becoming important, understanding figure, he resigns the universe to a fate which he can not influence. At first he moves in sadness; his objective is to represent the human despair at an intellectual level, later, as he becomes Charleston's guide through philosophical inquiries, he moves in extreme hope and joy.

MELANIE is Doctor's daughter, young, lovely, at first tempestuous, a bit quarrelsome as a young fighting rooster. Her objective is to defend her father against the injustices done to him by other people. She fully stands for youth with its dreams and idealism and sharply rises against injustices; she also represents Charleston's romantic love and from her we learn the message of the play: "Go out, roll up sleeves and fight for your ideals".

ANNEMARIE, Doctor's French-born wife, who at first seems su-

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perficial, fluttery, and mindless person, later becomes a pathetic representant of a graceful and beautiful world. As a woman from a higher social stratum, she is still obliged to observe some conventions which make her helpless in the conditions other <sup>than those</sup> she is born into. She is not talkative because of her language difficulties. Her objective is to take care of her daughter and husband. In contrast to Kirby, Charleston exploits her for the representation of the women of 1850.

KIRBY is 40, at first a caricature of a suffragette, a soldier type figure, fighter for an ideal—the rights of women. Later she is more human, a thinking creature, a little in attractive, but compensated with an extreme keen mind. She has surrendered a life long battle in total defeat for sake of being woman before it is late. She represents the centuries long problem of equality for women. Her rather incidental coming and going provides her with unexpected possibilities to comment on the main problem of the play, which becomes her objective.

CASSIDY, the relief man brought to take over the lighthouse, is a tall, skinny man, a complete reflection of Charleston of the first act. He is a man with extremely dim outlook on the world for the same reasons Charleston had. He represents human retreat in an "ivory tower" for a search for a solution to the problems, only with an objective to contrast with Charleston who just had found answers to his problems.

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LIST OF SCENES:

( Divided into scenes for convenience )

ACT I

1. Flanning, Streeter
2. Flanning, Streeter, Charleston
3. Charleston, Streeter
4. Charleston, Streeter, Flanning
5. Charleston, Streeter
6. Charleston, Captain

ACT II

1. Charleston, Captain, Briggs, Melanie, Kurtz
2. Charleston, Captain
3. Charleston, Captain, Briggs
4. Charleston, Captain, Briggs, Annemarie, Kirby
5. Charleston, Melanie
6. Charleston, Captain, Melanie, AnneMarie
7. Charleston, Captain
8. Charleston, Briggs, Kurtz, Captain
9. Charleston, Captain
10. Charleston, Briggs, Kirby
11. Charleston, Annemarie
12. Charleston, Melanie
13. Charleston, Captain, Briggs, Melanie, Kirby, Kurtz  
and AnneMarie
14. same
15. same

ACT III

1. Captain, Briggs, Melanie, Annemarie, Kirby, Kurtz
2. Charleston, Kurtz and others
3. Charleston and his imaginary people
4. Charleston, Flanning, Cassidy
5. Charleston, Flanning, Cassidy

THE ANALYSIS OF THE PLAY.

THUNDER ROCK is a melodrama with a rich flavor of a fantasy.

The message of the play: GO OUT, ROLL UP YOUR SLEEVES, AND FIGHT FOR YOUR IDEALS.

The play, reduced to an exposition, could be re-phrased as follows: THE NEWSPAPER MAN CHARLESTON GIVES UP THE REAL WORLD AND TRIES TO FIND THE SOLUTION TO THE WAR PROBLEM IN AN IMAGINARY WORLD AND INHABITED BY PEOPLE OF HIS MIND.

THE QUESTIONS ARE: WHETHER HE WILL CREATE SUCH AN IMAGINARY WORLD AND WHETHER WILL FIND THE SOLUTION.

Conditions of action: Charleston must leave the island against his own will for a one month long vacation. That forces him to work more intensely on the problem. Introducing the expected birth of the child, he creates immediate cause of action; and the characters suddenly take shape of real people with flesh and blood.

The theme of the play includes the quest for solution to the war problem and its by-products: misery of humanity, sufferings from the tyrant-rule, and slavery of conquered people.

In order to prove to himself that the world has become worse, Charleston chooses to compare the past with the pre-second world war period. With the people he meets in his imaginary lighthouse, he hopes to find the hope and happiness, but unfortunately, chooses the wrong period and the wrong kind of people. Each of the people of 1850 represent a problem of his own: science (Dr. Kurtz), rights of the women and general education (Kirby and Annemarie), and labor (Briggs).

Each of the presented characters has his own equilibrium. The lack of one element in the equilibrium creates the lack of balance, and the characters have to strive for achievement of it. There can be observed the lack of following elements: (1) hope (Streeter, Charleston, Kurtz family, Kirby, Briggs, Cassidy); (2) security (Kurtz family, Briggs); (3) love (Kirby); (4) health (Briggs). Since they come not only from various countries (Austria, France, and England), and also represent different strata of society, each of them differs in his social, historical and physical backgrounds. The emotions are their driving force. The subjective point of view in particular situations result in different reactions of their egos. The relationships by the characters create the situations, although sometimes the behavior of the characters depend entirely upon the situation.

In order to create drama with the conflict with crises, climax and conclusion, the hero has to be involved in an action. As a protagonist he must have an equal antagonist working against his drives, desires, and aims.

The exposition of the play is presented in Act I, the middle of the play, containing various crises in Act II, and the climax, the recognition scene, and the end of the play in Act III.

The exposition presents the time and place of action (lighthouse, middle of summer, and late afternoon), establishes the characters (Streeter, Flanning, Charleston), their relationships (indifferent, neglecting or friendly), and the fact that the hero becomes disturbed by monthly inspection. Inspector Flanning does not understand Charleston's insociable behavior, the seclusion, and the accuracy and precision of Charleston's work. (Charleston refuses the radio, papers and personal contacts, Act I, 1)

Charleston's neglectful attitude toward Inspector (I,2,3) causes his later dismissal from the post. Streeter introduces the preceding material of their (Charleston's and Streeter's) past (Charleston has been newspaper man) (I,3) and establishes the fact that he is leaving lighthouse service by next week. This sincere each of them tries to interest the other in different solutions concerning the war problem, this immediately sets the main theme. Hence there question arises whether the hero will solve the problem and how. The disclosure of the list of passengers and of the memorial tablet explains two sources from which Charleston is able to adapt about half a dozen of characters for the building of an imaginary world that is better than the real one. As Charleston refuses Streeter's proposition to go with him to China, they part (I,4). Streeter leaves for war, but Charleston remains to meet his imaginary people. When Charleston is alone in his imagination he sees Captain Joshua Stuart emerging from the top of an imaginary stairway. (I,5) All these events are the conditions of action. Also Act II contains the elements of exposition: the introduction of other imaginary characters (Briggs, Doctor, later Kirby and Annemarie (II,4,5,)) and the explanation of time of action (II,2)

After introduction of cause of action (the birth of the child) the hero sees imaginary people emerging from his subconscious mind. By the expansions of the expository material, Charleston develops cardboard like character sketches (II,1,3,4,5,6)

Captain, the symbol of conscience, arises in front of the hero in order to defend each character from the onesidedness of Charleston's imagination (II,2,7) leading to the first crisis (II,7) when Charleston suddenly interrupts the flow of events and starts the whole thing from beginning.

After the reconception, instead of a factual presentation of an expository material, each character, by means of emotional responses, reveals the concern about the immediacy working upon all of them. The immediacy (waiting for the birth of the child) creates general excitement (II,9-12) of all the characters and thus presents the question whether the mother will be able to bear the child (The foreshadowing irony about death in the scene between Captain and Briggs - "The child will be strong and healthy...") All the characters along with their three dimensional qualities emerge in complete despair about the future of the world.

In Act I Streeter, and in the first portion of Act II Captain acted as the antagonistic force which interfered with Charleston's objectives, Later the characters themselves one after <sup>the</sup> other act (II,9-12) as antagonists, introducing their different problems (Briggs: despair of working-man; Kirby and Annemarie: despair about the rights and future of the women; Melanie: despair of ignorance and terror, also for her father's despair of the scientific future. This individual despair reaches its climax (II,13) when Briggs' wife dies and Doctor along with Briggs appears on the scene powerless and defeated. Through the immediacy of the death all characters become a united antagonist force. With this scene the control of their actions slides out of Charleston's mind and, instead of relaxed watching and inquiring, he himself becomes involved in the action. For the first time, the subject emerges that the people of the past are even more despaired than these of to-day. By now it is too late to escape the consequences of a fatal fault. Charleston must face the destiny in full bitterness, but he refuses to do so.

As the second crisis (II,14) culminates at the end of Dr. Kurtz's speech ("These are the banners we leave on the field.") Doctor represents the antagonist force being in the lead of action. Attempting to convince his imaginary people how wrong they are about the despair of their past and future ("You come to America searching for freedom."), once again the protagonist tries to recapture the dominance. He knows the ideals those people fought for (triumph of science, enlightenment of education, equality of the women and men, dignity of labor) and the things achieved during the period of ninety years. He wants to bring them hope but the characters flatly refuse to accept the encouragement. At the end of the scene (II,14 - Charleston: "All I know and I can not help.") Charleston has to recognize his defeat. This prepares the ground for the final crisis of the act, creates the question of what is going to happen next, and also the question how the hero will bring the problem to an end. As the final scene begins (II,15) frightened characters (representing fragments of the thoughts wandering without control in the hero's mind) raise question whether they will find the truth about themselves ("Are we dead?"). After Captain's interference ("I warn you Mr. Charleston") Charleston is forced to tell the truth. As the protagonist has three presented arguments about the truth and has become flatly refused (1) Presentation of the facts ("Kurtz, it happened ninety years ago ...") which were refused with an argument of Charleston's mental instability; (2) Refusal to accept the radio because it happened to be transmitting, by an coincidence, a Viennese waltz ("Kurtz, go to that box..."), the final crisis of the act builds up slowly to a climactic end. Finally as Charleston reveals the plaque, the resistance of the characters -

is crushed - they have learned the truth. Now there is the question how the protagonist will get rid of these imaginary characters. As the characters stay bestoned in their positions, Charleston, unable to solve the problem in an emotional brake down, tries to escape in the tower of the lighthouse. The radio announcement (II,15) represents that the life outside the lighthouse takes its natural course. It also represents that the action has not reached the turning point yet. Through the whole act Charleston has believed in an imaginary world as an escape from injustices and calamity of real world. In the contrary the imaginary people represent the extreme despair and pity. As these two opposite moods conflict each other, it marks the change of the dominant mood.

As final act begins (III,1) the expository definition of time marks the passage of several hours of the day, when Charleston has to leave for the mainland. The mood (long, dragging, waiting) sets at once the unsolved question of the play. The imaginary people try to explore the reasons for the conflict last night, but they do not come to any conclusions except of that of Dr. Kurtz's promise to find one soon. With Charleston's appearance, the climactic air of suspense comes back at once. Charleston tries to cheat his people with forced, careless, boastful behavior, but immediately becomes set back by Captain's accusative attack. ("Can't you understand, Mr. Charleston, that you can not lie to us?") The crisis develops into the recognition scene as Dr. Kurtz takes the lead. The scene marks the change of the dominant mood; now Charleston represents the despair, but the characters - hope. Once again the events

of the Act II (III,2) are reviewed, but now, in a logical sequence, to lead the hero through the labyrinth of the problems and ideas. Doctor handles Charleston almost as a blind man, making him answer various questions, thus exploring the root of the problem and leading the hero with his experience to the climax of the play. Suddenly all the fragments of the thoughts have become an solid, logical sequence of the ideas and the problem can be named (the war). Doctor presents the answer ("Men may loose but mankind never. Sooner or later or in the thousand years mankind will find answer... we have only one power - to decide just this: will it be sooner or later..."), which Charleston recognizes at once in the superb excitement and joy. Before he is able to grasp the recognition, the turning point has been reached and the imaginary people can take their leave (III,3). This marks the beginning of the end.

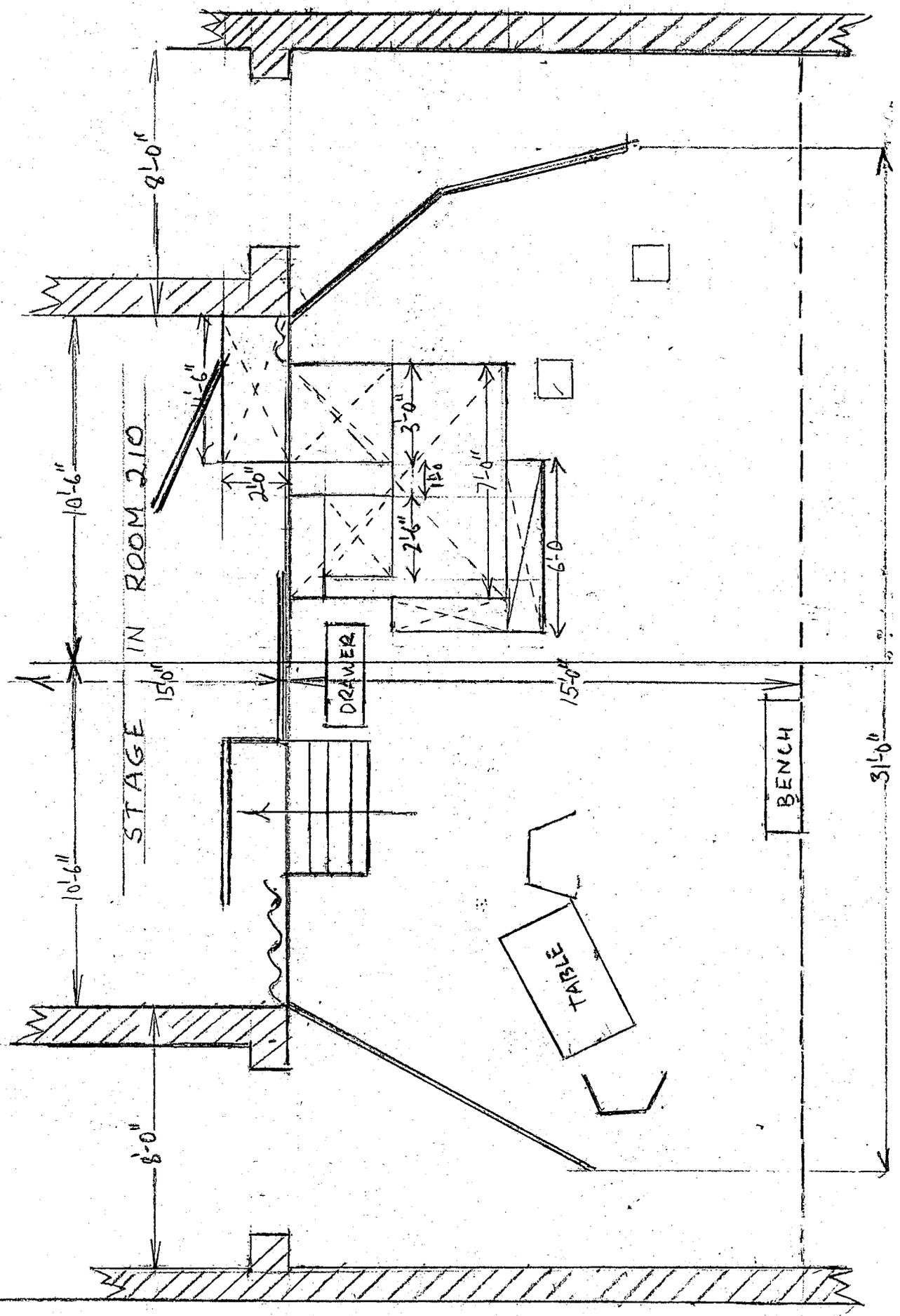
In Melanie's farewell speech the message of the play is revealed. That answers the fundamental questions of the play (the creation of the imaginary characters, the solution of of the war problem), and the result of action defined. Now the question remains how Charleston is going to apply the solution to the practical life.

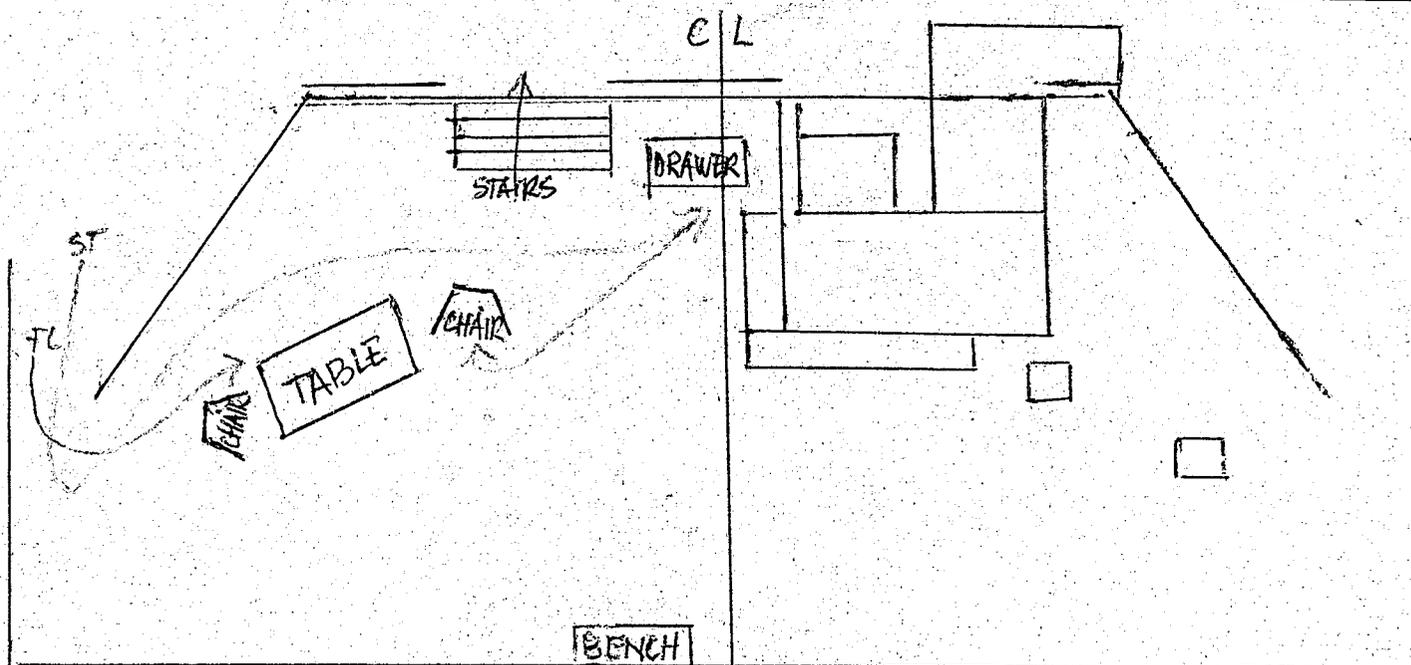
The radio news of war (III,4) prepares the ground for the hero to apply the solution in life. The inspector's arrival (discharge and replacement) marks the end of <sup>the</sup> life in the "ivory tower". The contrasting behaviours of Cassidy and Charleston turns the play into a cycle. The audience who has experienced the cycle of the transformation with Charleston, now realizes the start of another one. They are inspired and

relieved because they immediately identify Cassidy's case identical with Charleston's and their own. They do not sympathize Cassidy, because they know the solution, and there is no conflict arising in their minds. To assure audience once again, Captain appears on the top level of an imaginary stairway stairway as the lights dim out on the finale.

"THUNDER ROCK"

Scale: 1 - 1/4"





1. Distant waves of lake becomes heard interrupted by loud landing roar of a sea-plane. The waves braking against the shore heard, then fade out. Lights come up and at right side the interior of the Lighthouse of Thunder Rock, a tiny island in midst of northernly Lake Michigan, good 100 miles from Petoskey, Traverse City and Escanaba, appear. We see the room with massive walls, on the back and right. A stairs with couple steps lead on a straight flight right, to upper flights of the light tower. The furnishings of room are simple. On the wall at right we see a small plaque, against the wall left of stairs - a drawer, on downright - a table with two chairs. Its late afternoon of Midsummer day. Flanning's voice heard from behind the scene on right.

2. FLANNING enters on right, crosses above the chair to table; STREETER follows him carrying portable radio and a box with both hands, crosses the room above the table to drawer.

3. Flanning (full position) puts down his briefcase on table, covering with it the report form.

4. Flanning looks around for Charleston with uneasiness, but eagerly, while Streeter puts on the table down the radio and box, then turns to Streeter.

5. Streeter, standing full back, waves with his right arm unwillingly denotes upstairs. Flanning turns away to table.

6. Streeter opens up three quarters toward Flanning, who opens quarter to Streeter.

7. Streeter crosses DC to chair L and sits down without much attention to Flanning's curiosity about Charleston.

8. FL. sighs discontently and turns away.

wall r., inconspicuously placed, is a bronze memorial tablet.  
 At rise we find the pilot, STREETER, standing facing back, looking up the stairs. He's in his middle thirties, a dark, wiry man. He wears a fleece-lined leather coat, banging open. He stands for a long while looking up the stairs. Then he turns slowly, looking about for something to do. He sees, on the wall, the memorial tablet. He moves toward it, and only starts to read it when the helper, NONNY, enters. NONNY carries a heavy case of supplies on his back.

STREETER. Anywhere. (He sees load beginning to slip, steps quickly behind NONNY, helps him put it down.)  
 NONNY. (Gratefully.) Ump. (He rubs his shoulders.)  
 STREETER. Rest of his supplies on shore yet?  
 NONNY. Yes, sir.  
 STREETER. Get them up here as fast as you can, it's late. Leave the gas and kerosene outside.  
 NONNY. Yes, sir.  
 STREETER. Inspector Flanning come to shore from the plane yet?  
 NONNY. Yes, sir. Coming up here now, Mr. Streeter.  
 STREETER. Hustle it up, Nonny —  
 NONNY. Mr. Streeter, how'd it be—he don't care where his supplies goes—how'd it be I just left 'em down on the shore? (STREETER turns away, ignoring him.) Yes, sir. (NONNY goes out, passing INSPECTOR FLANNING in doorway. STREETER doesn't glance at him. He moves back, glancing at titles of books on bookshelves without interest.)  
 FLANNING. Chilly. (He moves his shoulders and steps into the room a little way, stopping again while he blinks his eyes and ac-customs himself to coming in from the sun. He is about 55, ruddy faced, square-built. He wears a uniform of the Coast Guard, and carries a brief case under his arm.) Middle of summer and it's still chilly. What a climate. Where'd he go? (STREETER gestures up stairs. FLANNING sighs.) As usual.  
 STREETER. (Indifferently.) Why not?  
 FLANNING. What's he want done with his supplies?  
 STREETER. Leave them here.  
 FLANNING. As usual. (He drops his brief case on a chair and

WARN SOUND #1  
 HOUSE OUT  
 WARN LIGHTS #1

SOUND # 1 IN & OUT  
 LIGHTS # 1

X Sc. 1  
 1  
 2  
 3  
 4  
 5  
 6  
 7  
 8

1. FL. sits down on chair R table, in profile; sighs again; leans far back against the chair, complains in resignation; then becomes more belligerent. ST. turns his face away, facing full front.

2. FL. leans forward, insulted.

3. ST. answers indifferently making no move; FL. leans in chair again, sighs.

4. ST. makes slight gesture to table; turns his face away. FL. prepares himself for business, gets a kerchief from left side pocket, whipes his glasses, puts them on, puts kerchief away. Speaks excitedly, complaining.

5. SHOT of rifle. Flanning reacts immediately, while Streeter pays no attention.

6. Another SHOT.

7. Streeter rising up swings right leg over the chair and turns away from FL., makes few steps DC, laughs.

sighs.) <sup>1</sup>Well. ~~(He opens it and pulls out several pads of official report blanks. Then, belligerently.)~~ Why can't the man be sociable for once? Just for once — ~~(STREETER ignores him. FLANNING'S belligerence fades into resignation.)~~ Hundreds of normal, family-loving, sociable keepers in the lighthouse service, and I get him in my district. <sup>2</sup>Dozens of nice, pleasant young flyers that speak when they're spoken to—I draw you. Haven't I lived right?

STREETER. <sup>3</sup>Don't bother your head about me. ~~(Cooking at a book.)~~ I stop flying planes for the lighthouse service the end of the week.

FLANNING. I know. ~~(He casts about for a moment, embarrassed at having been taken seriously. Then.)~~ Did he say where he puts his reports?

STREETER. <sup>4</sup>On the table. ~~(FLANNING goes to table. A silence.)~~

FLANNING. ~~(Sadly.)~~ The best lightkeeper I ever had. Month after month, never a mistake, never an omission, never a single item to question — ~~(He sits down and polishes his glasses.)~~ I don't like him. ~~(He swings about in chair.)~~ Friend of yours or not, I don't like him! Streeter, I'm accustomed to a pleasant, human inefficiency. Any man that's working under me, I like him to be moderately lazy, tolerably inaccurate, and just a little bit dishonest. I like men normal. ~~(STREETER says nothing. FLANNING blows his nose. There is a shot, above. It seems quite distant. STREETER ignores it. FLANNING rises slowly.)~~ What was that?

STREETER. What was what?

FLANNING. I heard a shot.

STREETER. Oh. ~~(Another shot.)~~

FLANNING. He's shooting at something!

~~STREETER. Nonny.~~

FLANNING. What?

STREETER. Charlie's sitting on the runway, outside his light, shooting at Nonny down by the shore. It's an easy shot, he'll get him.

FLANNING. For Pete's sake — ~~(STREETER chuckles to himself. FLANNING falls back, realizes too late that it's a joke. He laughs weakly. Another shot.)~~ Damn.

STREETER. <sup>7</sup>Inspector Flanning. Ducks fly south along Lake Michigan, right past here. Charleston's trying to shoot a duck. ~~(He goes back to his book.)~~

FLANNING. This isn't October, it's the first of August. There aren't any ducks. ~~(His face is a little grim.)~~

WARN SOUND # 1 & 2

SOUND # 2

SOUND # 3

1. Streeter turns to Flanning, then crosses slowly above the table, while Flanning busy checking reports and speaking as to himself.

2. Puts pencil away, impatiently.

3. Now above the table; as Flanning shouts in anger, Streeter turns away to plaque facing it in profile (from audience).

4. Apologetic.

5. Flanning takes his glasses off and thinks in a lazy hesitation.

6. Streeter turns left away from plaque, crosses few steps above chair L table, when Flanning in a fast move puts glasses on, turns to work, saying in quick, matter of fact tone. Streeter moves further left thinking of plaque and passengers.

STREETER. That's right. <sup>1</sup> Besides, he's using a rifle, you can't shoot ducks with a rifle. ~~(Another shot. FLANNING jumps.)~~

FLANNING. I must be getting old. ~~(He sinks into chair by the table and the reports. He thumbs them listlessly. STREETER replaces book on shelf. FLANNING polishes his glasses again, muttering half to himself.)~~ What's the difference to me? He does his work. He wants to shoot imaginary ducks, let him. He wants to go off and hide the one day in the month he could talk to somebody—let him. He does his work. ~~(He puts on his glasses.)~~ Damn these reports. I know. Not a mistake. Not an omission.

STREETER. Get to your inspecting, Inspector. <sup>2</sup> We've got to get out of here by sunset.

FLANNING. ~~(Sharply.)~~ I'm in charge here. I'll be as slow as I like. ~~(STREETER shrugs. FLANNING settles himself, irritably, to the reports. STREETER wanders about, stops in front of bronze tablet.)~~

STREETER. <sup>3</sup> ~~(Reading.)~~ "To the memory of the sailing ship Land o' Lakes, lost in these northerly waters of Lake Michigan, this light is dedicated." ~~(He pauses, meditating. FLANNING rubs his forehead, his pencil falling idle over reports.)~~

FLANNING. <sup>4</sup> I'm sorry you're leaving the service, Streeter. Excuse me for jumping on you.

STREETER. ~~(He pays no attention, resumes reading.)~~ "On the night of May sixteenth, eighteen hundred and forty-nine, the packet Land o' Lakes, out of Buffalo bound for Milwaukee, encountered a northwest gale. Driven east of her course into waters at that time uncharted, she fought helplessly with the wind. Eight hundred yards north of this spot, she struck the reef and foundered. All hands were lost, including Captain Joshua Stuart, his gallant crew, and sixty immigrants, passengers on the unfortunate vessel."

FLANNING. <sup>5</sup> I may be transferred myself. The Texas coast, it's warm down there. The Gulf of Mexico.

STREETER. ~~(Still reading.)~~ "Turn, friendly light, across these forbidding waters. Guide the mariner on his storm-swept way." ~~(He pauses, his eyes rise and turn with the walls.)~~ <sup>6</sup> Thunder Rock Light, A. D. 1901."

FLANNING. Thirty-five years on the lakes, Streeter, it's long enough, I'm getting old. Cold water, cold winds, even the sun's got ice in it. I'm getting grumpy.

STREETER. What a fate.

1. Streeter turns to Flanning, then away again and makes few steps UC.

2. Streeter makes rather disturbed look, turns to Flanning, while he starts to check reports; then crosses unwillingly to drawer to hook in the radio.

FLANNING. Don't get me wrong, I'm not complaining.

STREETER. Not you. The Forty-Niners. Pull up your stakes in the comfortable Old World, sink everything you've got on the Promised Land, come this far, get this close—then end up on the bottom of the Lake, in the middle of the night.

FLANNING. You'll be sorry you left the service.

STREETER. A hell of a fate. ~~(Nonny, the helper, enters with a heavy unmanageable load that includes a sack of potatoes, a couple of crates, a tin of gasoline, and a cardboard box. Even as he comes through the door, the box is slipping.)~~

FLANNING. (Rising.) Hey! Hey, hey —

NONNY: (Frantically, juggling the box.) Yes, sir.

FLANNING. Nonny, watch it! That's his radio —

NONNY. (Pursuing box around with his one free hand.) Yes, sir —

FLANNING. Hey —! (He dives across room to catch it. It falls with a thud on the floor. He raises his clenched fists.) Nonny!

NONNY. Yes, sir. (He looks down at box reproachfully.)

FLANNING. A hundred-dollar radio. The Government buys the best radios on the market and you —

NONNY. I bet you anything it ain't broke, I bet you anything.

FLANNING. (Turning box over.) Can't you read? It says fragile.

NONNY. It said it on the wrong side.

STREETER. Gasoline outside. (He chuckles a little.)

NONNY. (Thankful for excuse to leave.) Yes, sir. (Over his shoulder.) I bet you anything it ain't broke. (He goes out. FLANNING turns to STREETER.)

FLANNING. I'd better get his report finished. Hook up the radio and test it. (He turns towards table.)

STREETER. What for?

~~FLANNING. (With marvelous patience.) We can't leave him a broken radio.~~

STREETER. (He turns to bookshelves.) He doesn't want it.

~~FLANNING. Doesn't want a radio — ?~~

~~STREETER. He won't use it, so what's the difference if it won't work?~~

~~FLANNING. Streeter~~

STREETER. Mm? (He glances through a book.)

FLANNING. Hook it up.

STREETER. Okay. (He puts back book, takes off his coat. FLANNING)

1. Flanning checking reports complains about Charlston impatiently; Streeter handling radio has turned full back, then makes a quarter move and explains in a matter of fact way very actively.

2. Now Streeter turns in profile, then back again hooking the radio.

3. Pause. Flanning continues to check reports, Streeter works on radio. Flanning suddenly speaks with a hope and solution in mind; Streeter reacts first turning in profile, but then continuing hooking.

NING watches him. STREETER gets out a bunting knife from a pocket in his coat. He gets box.)

FLANNING. Haven't I lived right? (STREETER takes box to bench back, and cuts box open. He brings out of it a battery type radio. FLANNING sinks into his chair by table. STREETER proceeds with his job, bringing out batteries from box. He inspects connections.

FLANNING picks up his pencil and reports, then ~~lays them down again and turns in his chair toward STREETER.~~ What did you mean, he won't want a radio? The man sits out here on a half-acre rock in the middle of Lake Michigan, all by himself, fifty miles from the nearest landfall; once a month he sees us, twenty-nine days of the month not even the voice of a dog to listen to —

STREETER. (~~Quietly~~) Give up, Flanning, will you? Take my word for it. If Charleston wanted to listen to radios, he wouldn't have started keeping lighthouses.

FLANNING. Eh?

STREETER. I don't know what he's up to, any more than you do. So you'll just have to take my word for it.

FLANNING. What he's up to —?

STREETER. (~~Impatiently~~) Charleston does things with a purpose. You've seen enough of him, once a month since he got this appointment, you ought to know that much.

FLANNING. I've exchanged a hundred words with him since spring!

STREETER. All right, all right. What he's doing on a lonesome job like this, I don't know. It's none of my business—and none of yours, either —

FLANNING. I'm responsible —

~~STREETER. I've never known him before when he wasn't in the thick of things, and I've run into him plenty, too. I've got a fatality or something for running into Charleston —~~

~~FLANNING. A what?~~

STREETER. Skip it. Inspector <sup>2/</sup> I can guarantee you, one, he isn't crazy, two, he knows what it's all about, three, you'd better keep your nose in your own soup, and four, he doesn't want this radio. (~~He goes back to work.~~)

FLANNING. (~~With sudden hope~~) <sup>3/</sup> Streeter. Maybe he smuggles.

STREETER. What?

FLANNING. Smuggles.

STREETER. Smuggles what?

FLANNING. Just smuggles. He could. Boats could bring things here

1. Pause. Flanning complains whining.
2. Streeter finished with radio turns in profile.
3. Streeter crosses above table to Flanning.

4. Flanning rises up, picking lense-checking form from the table, crosses UR to stairs. As he climbs up Streeter crosses into<sup>up</sup> right corner. CHARLESTON having rifle in right arm, comes in from R , crosses above the table to drawer, salutes Streeter with a quiet gesture; Streeter responds rising right arm~~s~~. Flanning on the top of stairs turns left full front, glances with curiosity at Charleston, who is leaning his rifle against the wall left of drawer.

at night from Canada—it's a hundred miles, less—leave their stuff here, boats could come out here from Escanaba, Petoskey, Traverse City, pick the stuff up. ~~(His voice fades with his hopes. STREETER looks at him with little change of expression.)~~  
 Well—? ~~(STREETER goes back to work. FLANNING gives up.)~~  
 Hundreds of normal lightkeepers, I get him— ~~(He turns to reports. STREETER rises. He glances at his finished work. Then he turns forward.)~~

STREETER. She's hooked up.

FLANNING. Well, turn it on. ~~(He goes on working.)~~

STREETER. Flanning, when Charlie comes down, would you mind clearing out for a while? ~~(FLANNING glances around in slight surprise.)~~ I want to talk to him.

FLANNING. Look here, you were the one that wanted to hurry. I've got to finish these things—

~~STREETER. I told you I had a fatality for running into Charleston. The fatality's played out.~~

~~FLANNING. Eh?~~

STREETER. I'm leaving the service the end of the week. Charleston's my oldest friend. ~~I don't expect to run into him again.~~—I hate to cry before strangers.

FLANNING. I'll have to go up and check the light anyway.

~~X STREETER returns to radio, and turns dials. Radio crashes on It's dance music, and it blasts. At same time NONNY enters, bearing two heavy tins of gasoline.)~~

Sc. 2.

NONNY. She works!

FLANNING. ~~(Glancing uneasily upstairs.)~~ I hear it! I hear it!

NONNY. I knew it wasn't broke!

FLANNING. Turn it down, will you?

NONNY. I could tell it wasn't broke, I could tell! Didn't I say so, didn't I?

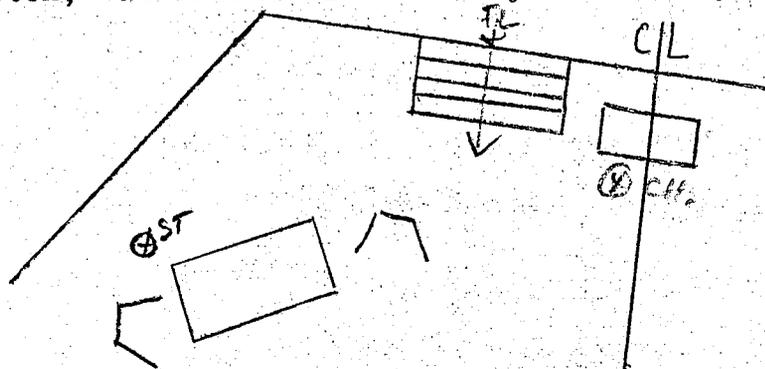
STREETER. Hey you, Nonny, gasoline outside!

NONNY. Yes, sir. Yes, sir—

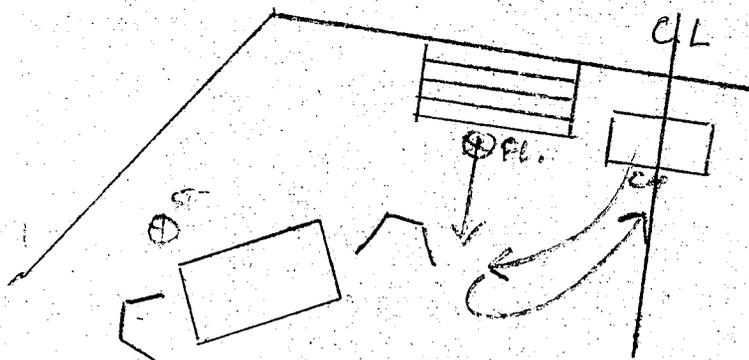
STREETER. Gasoline, kerosene outside! Everything else in here!

NONNY. ~~(Going out.)~~ Yes, sir— ~~(STREETER hears a door slam above. He ducks to radio and turns it off. CHARLESTON is coming downstairs. He stops by an upper window, in the afternoon sunlight, looking down at them. He is a rugged man about STREET-ER'S age. He wears corduroy trousers and a flannel shirt. He carries a light hunting rifle. Over his shoulder are several cloths~~

1. After a pause Flanning greets Charleston, but Ch. does not bother himself to look at Flanning, while Streeter grins at Fl.
2. Flanning steps down with unavoidable desire to communicate with Charleston, but becomes immediately and flatly refused.



3. Charleston crosses DR, L of the table, turns to Streeter who gives him match.
4. Flanning crosses straight down above the L chair.



5. Charleston turns away left from Flanning and crosses upright to drawer to get liquor and glasses.

and a chamois. Between shots at ducks, he has been polishing the lenses of his light.

FLANNING. ~~(After a pause)~~ Hello, Charleston.

CHARLESTON. Hello. ~~(STREETER gives a fleeting grin at FLANNING, turns away and lights a cigarette. CHARLESTON comes down long spiral of the stairs.)~~

FLANNING. Nice to see you, Charleston.

CHARLESTON. Nice to see you, Inspector. ~~(He shakes FLANNING's hand. He looks around room slowly till his eyes come to radio under stairs.)~~

FLANNING. ~~(Hurriedly)~~ Get any ducks?

CHARLESTON. No. ~~(CHARLESTON turns to a locker, opens it.)~~

FLANNING. Bad luck.

CHARLESTON. Why bad luck? There weren't any.

FLANNING. Well, I mean—bad luck—it's so early in the year—

CHARLESTON. Why? ~~(He puts gun away carefully.)~~

~~CHARLESTON. I don't like duck.~~

CHARLESTON. What would I do with a duck? Eat it? ~~(He closes locker.)~~

FLANNING. ~~(Helplessly.)~~ Well—

CHARLESTON. I don't like duck.

FLANNING. ~~(Suddenly losing his temper.)~~ Well, why in God's name if you don't like duck and there aren't any ducks—?

CHARLESTON. I like shooting. ~~Whoever's selling radios, I don't want any. (Crossing r.)~~ Got a match, Street? ~~(He brings a pipe out of a pocket in his flannel shirt, gets match, lights pipe.)~~

~~Matches again. Street, you should try to light a pipe off that kerosene Moloch upstairs. I almost singed myself baldheaded.~~

FLANNING. Charleston, in certain situations, a radio can be man's best friend. ~~(CHARLESTON meditates.)~~ It's one of the best radios on the market.

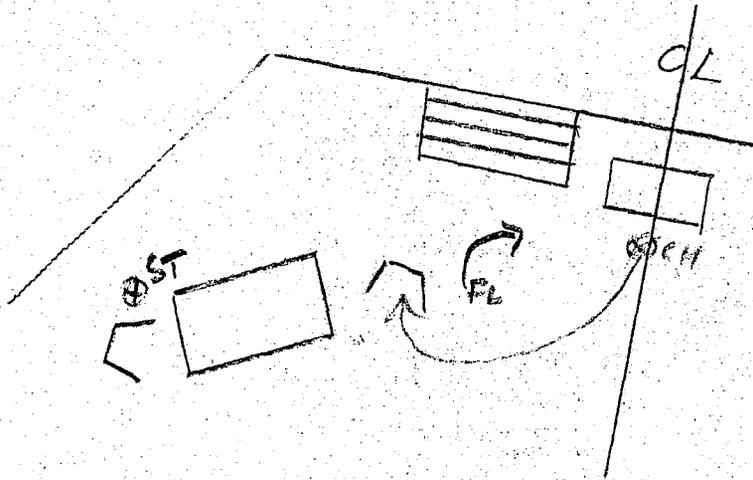
CHARLESTON. ~~(He looks in his pipe and crosses to STREETER.)~~ Match.

FLANNING. I feel responsible for you—

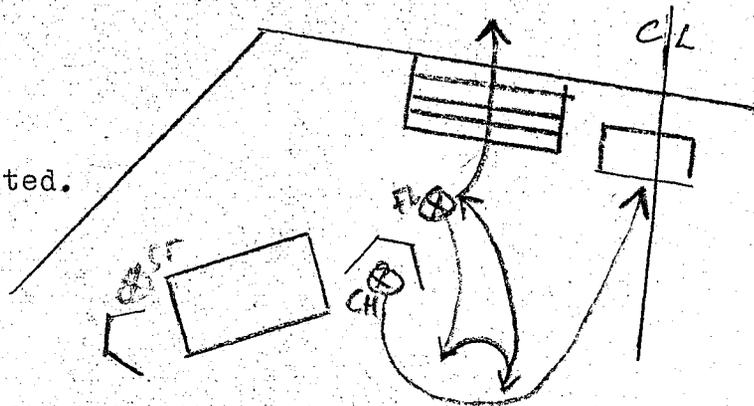
CHARLESTON. I don't want a radio. ~~(He relights his pipe.)~~

FLANNING. I don't mean line of duty; you're an excellent, intelligent, responsible man. What I mean is—well—

CHARLESTON. ~~(To STREETER.)~~ It's a pleasure, working for the Government. Is it every employee who has an employer worrying about his soul?



1. Flanning crosses two steps to Charleston.
2. Charleston crosses table R while Flanning advances to him.
3. Charlston sits down into left chair, starts to open the bottle of whiskey; Flanning crosses DC and (in profile) turns to both.



4. Flanning turns away insulted.
5. Flanning crosses above left chair, turns three quarters right.
6. Charleston rises up having opened the bottle, turns away 3/4 left and crosses to drawer UB; having full back fills in glasses with liquor; Flanning turns left and crosses to stairs to leave the room.
7. Charlston offers the glass of liquor when Flanning <sup>turns</sup> left sharply, shouts angrily and exits.

1  
FLANNING. You won't let us bring you the newspapers, you don't want any new books —

CHARLESTON. I'm saving the Government's money.

FLANNING. When did the Government ever want to save money?

CHARLESTON. ~~(He laughs.)~~ I don't want a radio, Inspector.

FLANNING. But you're getting out of touch.

CHARLESTON. If I wanted to keep in touch, what would I be doing here?

2  
FLANNING. A man owes it to himself to keep in touch. ~~(CHARLESTON looks at him without expression for just a moment, then glances down at his pipe.)~~

CHARLESTON. Oh, Lord. ~~3 Match. (STREETER already has a match ready. He strikes it as CHARLESTON turns to him.)~~

FLANNING. ~~(He controls his exasperation. Paternally, kindly.)~~ My boy, listen. I'm old enough to be your father. And I thank God I'm still alive to watch and look and listen in the world today. How's everything going to come out? ~~(CHARLESTON listens attentively but without apparent reaction.)~~ Hitler, Mussolini. The dictators vs. Democracy. ~~Fascism, Communism.~~ Police states and terror and refugees. Look at Europe, look at Asia. What happens next? Is it war? Peace? What is it? Well, whatever's going to happen, it's nineteen thirty-nine and it's drama, my boy, sheer stark drama. How's everything going to come out?

CHARLESTON. ~~(After a slight pause, softly.)~~ My father was a Scotchman, and will you believe it, he never touched anything but Irish whiskey. ~~4 (He goes to a locker and gets out bottle and three glasses.)~~

FLANNING. God forgive you, Charleston.

CHARLESTON. My mother was just as bad. Her biggest problem was wax in her right ear. She always dissolved it in Irish.

5  
FLANNING. Were you listening to me?

CHARLESTON. ~~(He pours.)~~ 6 I'm sorry, Inspector, I respect your curiosity concerning the future, I just don't happen to share it. Have a drink. ~~(He puts a glass in FLANNING's hand. He glances at his pipe and before he can speak, STREETER lights a match.)~~

FLANNING. ~~(He puts down his whiskey untouched, picks up his reports.)~~ Charleston, I don't mind telling you — ~~(He faces him squarely.)~~ You're a problem. ~~(He marches up the stairs. CHARLESTON watches. STREETER blows on his still lighted match. FLANNING~~

1. Charleston watches with amusement Flanning's exit, then takes two filled glasses, crosses above the table to Streeter, smiles and gives him a glass, picked with right hand by Streeter. They smile each to other, lift up the glasses.

2. Streeter laughs with certain amusement.

3. Charleston does not perceive this amusement.

4. With the right hand Streeter puts down the glass (full!), then with the same hand while talking, picks out from the ~~left~~ trouser's right pocket a ~~wallet~~ Charleston swings hands puzzled, moves a feet DC.

5. Now Charleston turns profile and faces St. again, grins at him being watched with curiosity.

6. Charleston crosses 3 steps above the table again, rises up the glass and drinks. Streeter takes with left hand the wallet, opens it with the right hand and takes a bunch of paper currency.

7. Charleston looks at him, sees <sup>the</sup> money, moves further DC in definite refusal while Streeter with a broad ~~broad~~, pompous gesture throws it on the table.

8. Streeter picks up from the left vest pocket a small book, points it up on the "record", while Charleston is taken by surprise and doubts. Streeter laughs pleasantly because this is a trick which has impressed and puzzled Charlie, he thinks.

NING disappears at top of stairs and light-chamber door slams, above)

Sc. 3.

~~X~~ CHARLESTON. Well. ~~(They pick up their glasses.)~~ Skol.

STREETER. Skol. ~~(They down their drinks.)~~ He was hoping you smuggled.

CHARLESTON. Smuggled what?

STREETER. Just smuggled. He likes men normal. ~~(CHARLESTON chuckles.)~~ How much does he know about you?

CHARLESTON. ~~(Retrieving the glasses, refilling them.)~~ All he's going to know.

STREETER. Okay, but if you like this job—and I don't know why you should—then pretend to Flanning you've got one good normal solid disreputable vice, something you're thoroughly ashamed of. ~~(CHARLESTON stands thoughtfully for just a moment, holding the two glasses, then grins.)~~

CHARLESTON. I could tell him I was writing a book.

STREETER. Aren't you?

CHARLESTON. No. Why? ~~(STREETER shrugs. CHARLESTON chuckles.)~~ Street, I'm a social drinker. I get the chance just one day a month to do justice to a bottle; don't let's obstruct justice. ~~(They raise their glasses and drink. CHARLESTON shakes himself, grins, retrieves the empty glasses.)~~

STREETER. How much money do I owe you?

CHARLESTON. What do you want to know for?

STREETER. ~~(Bringing out a heavy purse.)~~ Do you know how much, or don't you? ~~(He drops a heavy sheaf of currency on table.)~~

CHARLESTON. Excuse me. That's money, isn't it? We don't use it out here.

STREETER. I'm paying off. How much?

CHARLESTON. What a pretty fix you'd be in if I took you seriously. You'd have to go through with this. ~~(He laughs to himself, starts to refill glasses again, then sees STREETER bring up a small book from his pocket.)~~ What's that thing?

STREETER. You don't know how much so you'll have to take my figures.—The record. ~~(He opens book.)~~ Twelve hundred and fifty dollars, even.

CHARLESTON. What!

STREETER. Even.

CHARLESTON. Since when?

STREETER. Since beginning in 1924. ~~(He thumps through book.)~~

1. Streeter tries to impress Charleston with his own carelessness  
secrecy.

2. Charleston points at money.

3. Streeter points at box on the drawer.

4

4. Charleston crosses to drawer; Streeter gets cigarettes, takes one  
and throws almost full package on the table. Charleston gets mat-  
ches, crosses back again, lights Streets cigarette and his own  
pipe. Streeter goes on with the record.

5. Laughing.

6. Casually.

7. Charleston becomes more curious about the reasons to pay back  
the money, then an idea strikes him about Streeter - he must have  
made a decision, important one, probably will never see him again.

8. Very casual remark, but in very pompous manner presented.

1924 — <sup>1</sup> I'm not counting anything before that. Debts contracted in college should be forgotten, along with the higher learning.

CHARLESTON. ~~(He points at money.)~~ <sup>2</sup> Clear this junk off my table and put that thing away.

STREETER. January, 1924. You were out on the West coast prowling into love nests for Mr. Hearst, I was flying for Standard Oil in Venezuela —

CHARLESTON. What's the matter with you?

STREETER. I socked the district manager in the snoot, got fired, cabled you for dough for my passage home—one hundred dollars, 1924. ~~(He turns a page.)~~ Paris 1928 —

CHARLESTON. ~~(Thoughtfully.)~~ Match.

STREETER. <sup>3</sup> Six boxes in the top crate. ~~CHARLESTON, frowning to himself, gets a claw-hammer from a locker, comes back to crate while STREETER reads, and opens it.)~~ Where was I? 1928 —

CHARLESTON. Who'd have guessed you kept books?

STREETER. Who'd have guessed you'd turn hermit?—Paris, 1928. I'd been flying for Anglo-Persian, you'd gone over for the Daily News. Big stuff, the boy wonder, by-lines and everything, congratulations. One hundred bucks, American.

CHARLESTON. <sup>4</sup> Worth it, I got rid of you. ~~(He gets his matches out of crate.)~~

STREETER. <sup>5</sup> The hell you did. December, '28. Still Paris. Fifty more. I enjoyed Paris.

CHARLESTON. <sup>6</sup> Why pay back this money? ~~(He relights his pipe.)~~

STREETER. 1930. Three hundred credit in October, getting my plane out of hock. <sup>7</sup> The only time in my <sup>10</sup> life I ever hocked my plane —

CHARLESTON. After all these years, why pay me back now? Right now when I can't spend it.

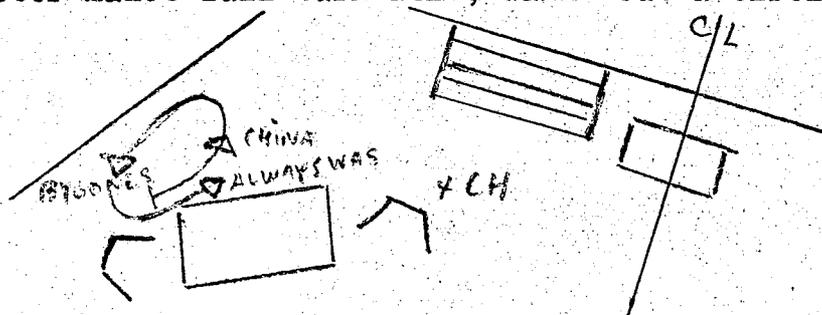
STREETER. 1933. January, back in the States, you were flusher than ever. The man who made money in 1933, the book of the year, inside the inside of inside something—I thought it stunk but I didn't say so. Reward for reticence, one hundred-fifty cash.

CHARLESTON. Are you quitting the service?

STREETER. <sup>8</sup> Always the smart fella, aren't you?—1934, where was I —?

CHARLESTON. You don't expect to see me again. Do you? ~~(A slight surprised pause.)~~

1. Hesitates, then with defending laugh.
2. Being curious now tries to find out aims and reasons behind Streeters behavior, while Streeter keeps it back trying to sustain the air of suspense in Charleston for final "bomb".
3. Ch. waves hand in acceptance. Streeter throws account book on the table raises stright.
4. Pause; Charleston moves four steps DC, turns profile.
5. Streeter makes full turn left, walks out a circle.



6. Streeter drinks his glass of liquor at once.

STREETER. Well. — (He laughs shortly.)

CHARLESTON. Do you?—If you thought you'd ever see me again, you wouldn't pay back that dough.

STREETER. Don't jump to conclusions. (He goes back to the book.) There's plenty of room here for the 1940's. They'll be worse and more of it.

CHARLESTON. (Thoughtfully.) Okay. I'll take the money.

STREETER. Good. You can take the accounts too. (He throws book on table.)

CHARLESTON. What are you leaving the service for?

STREETER. (He picks up bottle and refills glasses.) Better job, why else?

CHARLESTON. Where?

STREETER. China.

CHARLESTON. China?

STREETER. You heard me.

CHARLESTON. These days?

STREETER. I've made my peace with Standard Oil. We've agreed to let bygones be bygones. (He hands CHARLESTON his drink.)

CHARLESTON. What's Standard Oil doing exploring in China? There's a war in China.

STREETER. There's always a war in China. (He raises his glass.) Standard Oil.

CHARLESTON. You're a liar. (They put down their glasses un- touched.)

STREETER. (Quietly.) I'm flying to China the end of the week. Ten days and I'm at work. What do you say we let things stand as stated? (CHARLESTON watches him narrowly.) I'm curious, too, Charlie. Why should a guy like you be living on a God-forsaken rock in the middle of Lake Michigan? All it's good for is a toilet for gulls.

CHARLESTON. You aren't flying for Standard Oil.

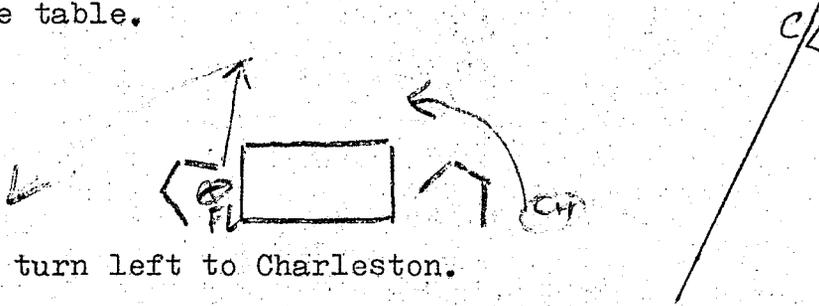
STREETER. I'm curious. You're no poet. You're not even a solitary drinker. You like people. You used to like people I couldn't put up with —

CHARLESTON. I still do. Why China?

STREETER. That's why you're living here all by yourself; you like people.

CHARLESTON. In a way. Why China?

1. Streeter makes a step to upright corner, turns right, then in slow movement starts to cross DC; Charleston crosses to him above the table.



2. Sharp turn left to Charleston.

3. Moves <sup>a</sup>step again opening full front.

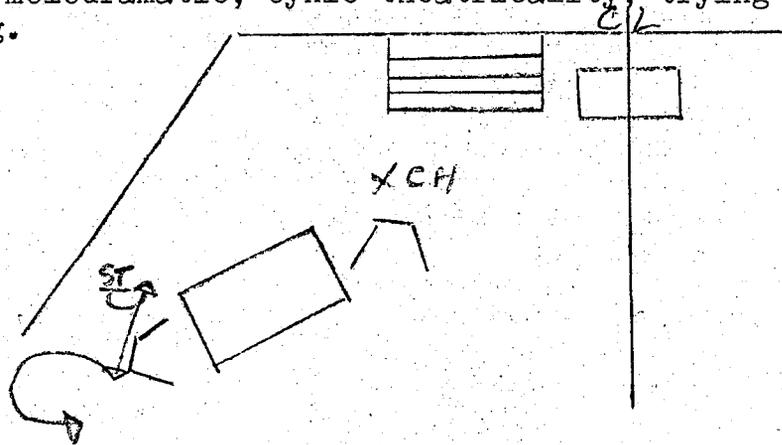
4. Still hiding the aim, admittedly.

5. Pause.

6. Charleston renews "picking up", beams when Streeter turns profile facing him.

7. Definately.

8. With melodramatic, cynic theatricality, trying to immitate Flanning.



STREETER. (Softly.) What do you say we let things stand as stated? No questions asked, no questions answered. Skol.

CHARLESTON. Skol. (They down their drinks.) So you're flying against the Japanese.

STREETER. (Harshly.) Well, why not?

CHARLESTON. (He shrugs.) That's a new line for you. War flying.

STREETER. I'm an old dog. New tricks come easy.

CHARLESTON. If you had any sense, you'd start out with a small war. Work up in the business gradually.

STREETER. Out with it. The reasons why not. I shouldn't go to China because because because. (A pause. CHARLESTON just looks at him.) Go on! There's ten modern Japanese planes for every Chinese crate in the air. All I'm for is Japanese target practice. (A pause.) Well? It's a lost war, I can't help win it if it's already lost.

CHARLESTON. (He lights his pipe.) So what's the point?

STREETER. Okay. Peace or war, a job's a job. And maybe knocking Japanese bombers out of the Chinese sky happens to pay far better than delivering groceries on the Great Lakes.

CHARLESTON. You're not doing it for money.

STREETER. Who says?

CHARLESTON. You're not doing it for money because you don't expect to come back.

STREETER. I'm taking my chances —

CHARLESTON. You know your chances —

STREETER. Okay, a Chinaman's chance — (He forces a laugh.) That's a joke, see, a Chinaman's chance —

CHARLESTON. You haven't got one. (A pause.)

STREETER. Well, so I haven't got one. (STREETER goes slowly to door and looks out. A long silence.) What do you do when you get lonesome, Charlie, out here all by yourself?

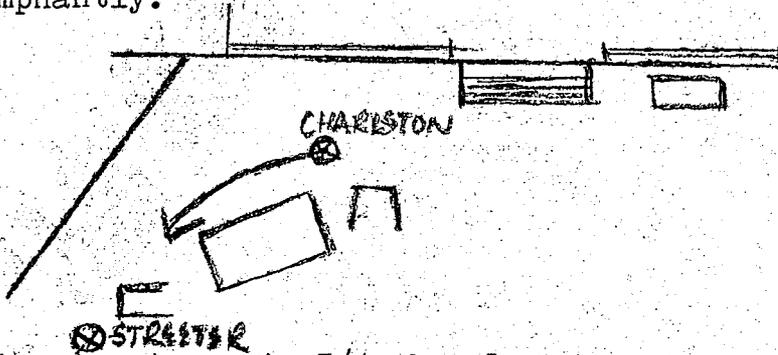
CHARLESTON. (He rises with a jerk.) Sit on the bench and howl like a dog.

STREETER. A Chinaman's chance, eh? Somebody'll hear you.

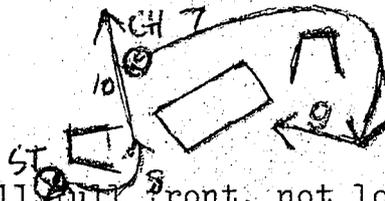
CHARLESTON. I'm heard. Ships take me for a foghorn, I'm an aid to navigation. So you know you're going to get killed? (He cleans his pipe into bucket.)

STREETER. (A pause. Then with soft cynicism.) It's a privilege, my boy, living in the world today. It's a story-book, sheer stark drama. How's everything going to come out? (A silence. STREETER

1. Charleston crosses above table, with teasing tone makes fun of Streeter.
2. Charleston moves a step back, opens three quarters and with a big sweeping gesture denotes runway upstairs in the light-house.
3. whirling.
4. Streeter still with full back to Charleston, even not looking at him, while Charleston watches him with full front and talks in a way triumphantly.



5. Streeter turns in 3/4 sharply.
6. Turns full front again not paying attention to Charleston.
7. Charleston looks at Streeter, and a sudden idea hits him; he crosses above table and provoking Streeter to explode and recognize his mistaking about ideas just spoken.



8. Streeter still full front, not looking at Charleston, flares in sudden anger, turns left sharply and realizes that he has been trapped, laughs admittingly and defied, quietly moves to the chair R table, sits down.
9. Charleston moves three steps below the table.
10. Streeter jumps up, crosses to upright corner, turns right, becoming more impatient and bitter.

~~doesn't turn from the door.) Shut up, Charleston. You sound cynical.~~

CHARLESTON. ~~I'm just thinking.~~ Why should a man go halfway round the world just to commit suicide? I didn't know you were that romantic. China — ~~(He snorts and puffs at his pipe.)~~ Go up in the light-chamber. There's a runway outside. Drop off. You'll land smack on the rocks. It's clean, quick, efficient. And suicide's suicide.

STREETER. ~~(Whirling.)~~ I don't call this suicide!

CHARLESTON. ~~(Quietly.)~~ Talk as cynical as you want to, Street, but ideals are the damnedest things. Bury them, they're like seeds. They'll crop up.

STREETER. This has got nothing to do with ideals, and don't give me those copyrighted gems of wisdom —

CHARLESTON. Cut it out! ~~(Then quietly.)~~ I never told you, did I? When I went to Spain to cover the Civil War I nearly enlisted. I told people like you're telling me, Sure they'll lose, might as well fight as watch; what's the use, why not?—I know what I told myself.

STREETER. I'm dying for no causes! I'm going to China for one reason. I'm sick of reading the newspapers. ~~(He laughs shortly.)~~ I'm sick of problems.

CHARLESTON. Who isn't?

STREETER. All a Chinaman means to me is, did he starch my shirt when I told him not to? Japs, Chinks — Who's right, who's wrong? I don't care. They need flyers; I can fly. ~~(He lights a cigarette.)~~

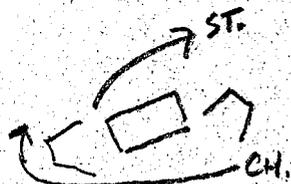
CHARLESTON. Why don't you fly for the Japanese? ~~(STREETER looks at him sharply.)~~ You want money? The Japs could use a top-notch American flyer. You'd be worth plenty to the Japanese government, and I mean plenty.

STREETER. What are you suggesting? I bomb Chinese villages — ? ~~(He stops short. He looks down at his cigarette. He shakes his head, laughs shortly, turns away.)~~ Your old talents haven't forsaken you, have they? Okay, you win.

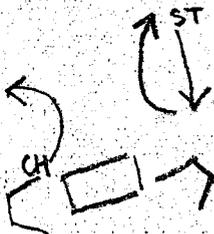
CHARLESTON. Ideals. It's a hell of a pass, isn't it? Get the urge to do something decent, you feel like a moron and you've got to keep it private.

STREETER. For Christ's sake! ~~(CHARLESTON sits down heavily. STREETER moves to door, looks out. A long silence.)~~ The time

1. Charleston moves forward.
2. Streeter crosses to stairs, as Charleston crosses below tables and chairs, opens three quarters in.



3. Streeter opens to Charleston, who moves a step to him, waving the left hand in an exaggerated gesture.
4. Makes sudden turn right, turning away from Streeter, faces plaque, comes to it closely and stays with back to Streeter.
5. Streeter angrily moves DC, looks at Charleston, quarrelsome.
6. Streeter makes curved cross to stairs.



7. Charleston reads plaque, evidently by heart.
8. Streeter slowly sits down on stairs watching Charleston with a growing curiosity and surprise.
9. Charleston turns left, opens to Streeter, goes on involved with own problem, then makes little forward move to Streeter in that upright corner.

comes round, you've got to do something. That's all there is to it. You can't stand by and watch forever. (~~CHARLESTON makes no move.~~) Well, can you? (~~A silence.~~) You can't just stand by and watch forever.

CHARLESTON. Nobody says you can. I'm a professional spectator — I've spent fifteen years watching — I can't. Not any longer.

STREETER. I've got to get Flanning to Escanaba. (~~A pause.~~) What are we arguing about? Nothing —

CHARLESTON. Nothing. You think the world's got a Chinaman's chance. I don't. I say the world's hell-bent for destruction. You call that nothing? (~~A long silence. STREETER jingles some coins in his pocket, looks down at beach.~~)

STREETER. I still say, I can't just stand by and watch.

CHARLESTON. (~~He rises abruptly.~~) Who says you've got to? Why come to that conclusion? You can't watch, you've got to get into it — ~~Get out of it, you fathead!~~

STREETER. So that's it. Get out of it. Sit on a rock in the middle of Lake Michigan. Pick your nose. Examine your navel! I'll take China. (~~A slight pause, then CHARLESTON turns abruptly to bronze memorial tablet on wall, r. He reads, in a low voice.~~)

CHARLESTON. On the night of May sixteenth, eighteen hundred and forty-nine, the packet Land o' Lakes, out of Buffalo bound for Milwaukee, encountered a northwest gale. Driven east of her course into waters at that time uncharted, she fought helplessly with the wind. Eight hundred yards north of this spot, she struck the reef and foundered. All hands were lost, including Captain Joshua Stuart, his gallant crew, and sixty immigrants, passengers on the unfortunate vessel. (~~He hesitates just a moment, while STREETER watches him curiously. Then he lifts his eyes to dedication.~~) "To the memory of the sailing ship Land o' Lakes, lost in these northerly waters of Lake Michigan —" my life is dedicated. (~~He speaks the last words as if he were reading.~~)

STREETER. My life is — ? (~~STREETER springs to tablet and looks at it again.~~)

CHARLESTON. Eighteen forty-nine. That was one of our best years. Things weren't so good in Europe, but over here the rush to California was in full swing. Through all the Middle West there was good farm-land for the asking. You might call it the year of the Chinaman's chance. Everybody had one.

1. Appologetic, then vigorously, with rising hope and joy to present most important solution of all problems; the intensity of the speech stimulates interest in Streeter.

2. Charleston moves to Streeter quickly, as avoid any wrong conclusions derived of his behavior. in Streeter's mind.

3. Quietly, avoiding the subject as unpleasant to remember.

4. Lightly surprised and curious.

STREETER. (~~Turning from tablet.~~) Why did you say "My life is dedicated"?

CHARLESTON. I'm sorry I made it sound pretentious. But let me tell you, Street, it's good to live among hopeful people once more.

STREETER. You talk like crazy.

CHARLESTON. Don't get me wrong, I don't mean people without problems, there's no such animal. I mean people with problems with solutions. (~~Sits above desk.~~) I quit the Daily News when I got back from Spain. I was washed up. I couldn't be objective, I hadn't any future reporting. I knew, likewise, I hadn't any future crusading. When all a man can say is this: We can't find answers for our problems because our problems haven't got any answers—when that's all a man can honestly say, then he makes a poor crusader. (*A slight pause.*) Man, I'd give the shirt off my back for one good ignorant constructive uncompromising bias, something I could shout from the roof tops. (~~He hesitates, puts down his pipe.~~) Street, society's got no worse enemy than a cynic. I took this job to put myself out of circulation. Take it or leave it, but that's why I came here.—Well?

STREETER. Go on.

CHARLESTON. I didn't come here looking for escape, as such. I just came here. (~~He moves suddenly to door, points outside.~~)

There used to be gulls on Thunder Rock. Not many, just a few. But the first week I was here, I shot every one. I don't know why. I just did. I don't like to remember it. I shot every gull on the island. (*A pause.*)

STREETER. So?

CHARLESTON. So. The first day I was here I noticed that tablet. I got thinking about it later on, the immigrants in particular. I got comparing their day and their lives with ours, and it all comes down to this. A human being is a problem in search of a solution. In their day you looked up the answer in the back of the book. No matter what your situation was, the answer was always there. The land. Expansion. Go West, young man.—Ninety years pass. We expand the world around. Everything there is to exploit—we exploit it. Come down to our day, Street, look up the answer in the back of the book. You know what you find. A blank page.—What's to be done? It's the only answer we ever knew. Nations hock their resources—they destroy their own civilizations, their hopes and legitimate dreams, all for the sake of that old and

worn-out answer—expansion! Because now it means conquest. War! And there at that point, the actual horror begins. Civilization slips out the window. Truth. Freedom of speech. Human dignity. Democracy. Out the window, ignored and forgotten. And they'll never come back again. (A slight pause.) It's the writing on the wall. Even America, Street, our own country. It's the writing on the wall. (STREETER rises abruptly.) Well? (STREETER moves in silent protest.) Society itself is a lost cause, but there's still a job for a few of its members.

STREETER. Such as?

CHARLESTON. (He smiles just a little.) Keeping lighthouses.

STREETER. You call that a job?

CHARLESTON. For a few of us.

STREETER. What about the people that go off and fight?

CHARLESTON. I suppose they'll get killed.

STREETER. You suppose they'll get killed! What about the women and children, the old men—they'll die off, you suppose . . .

CHARLESTON. I hope.

STREETER. You hope!

CHARLESTON. They'll die off—exposure, disease—famine, they'll die off.

STREETER. . . . And I went to school with you—the kid from Spoon River . . . The kid that worshipped Abraham Lincoln.

CHARLESTON. Shut up.

STREETER. The man who liked people—you hypocrite.

CHARLESTON. Streeter, shut up.

STREETER. You lying, lying, lying hypocrite. (CHARLESTON strikes him full in the face. STREETER staggers and sits down with a crash. He sits, stunned.)

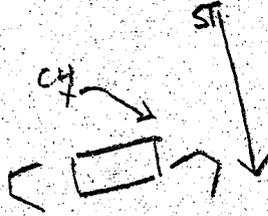
CHARLESTON. I beg your pardon. (He puts out his hand. STREETER takes it. CHARLESTON hoists him to his feet. STREETER stands with his hand over his mouth. CHARLESTON speaks quietly.) For all humanity, I make one wish—let the people die off fast. (A slight pause.) You'd better put some cold water on your lip. (STREETER turns without a word to c. door back.) Bedroom, then the bathroom.

STREETER. I say things I don't mean. It's how I get. (He goes out.)

CHARLESTON. If the water isn't cold enough, let it run a while. (CHARLESTON turns and sinks into a chair by table. He stares at floor. Then with an effort, he rises, and pours out two drinks. With

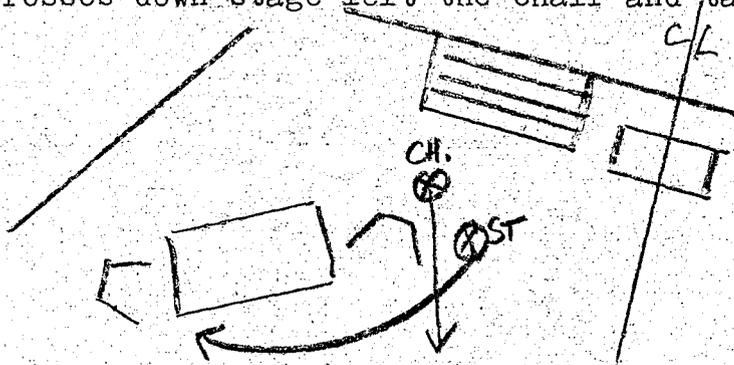
1. Streeter rises up.

2. He crosses straight DC; Charleston moves step left to him.



3. Streeter crosses below the table and chair, laughs staring in a bewilderment, turns 3/4 left to Charleston.

4. Charleston crosses down stage left the chair and table.



5. Now fully face each other (in profiles) DR.

6. Charleston with proud joy to reveal the secret.

a drink in either hand he starts for c. door back. STREETER comes out. He holds a wash-cloth against his mouth.) This is a great mood to drink in. (He gives STREETER his glass. They down their drinks.)

STREETER. Damn! (He pats his lip quickly with wash-cloth.)

CHARLESTON. Alcohol's an antiseptic. (He laughs, short.) What is it, Street, a sign of the times? We can't even get drunk any more.

STREETER. (He inspects his wash cloth for blood.) You made a remark. A while ago. You said it was good to live with hopeful people again.

CHARLESTON. That's right. It is.

STREETER. You live here by yourself.

CHARLESTON. In a way, yes.

STREETER. In a way, hello.

CHARLESTON. (He laughs.) I've rejected a world that I can't help. I'm building one up that I can. It's perfectly simple. (STREETER stares at him.) If a man can't actually be useful, he can at least get all the sensations.

STREETER. What kind of a world?

CHARLESTON. A regular world. With people. Plain ordinary courageous people, the kind I like.

STREETER. Where?

CHARLESTON. In my own head, of course. Where else? (A slight pause. STREETER throws down his wash cloth.)

STREETER. The trouble with Irish whiskey is you wouldn't know you'd been drinking until all of a sudden, bang, there you are, delirious. (CHARLESTON laughs. STREETER'S smile fades.) In your own head.

CHARLESTON. Haven't you ever imagined people? Why, the best remarks a man ever makes, he makes on his way home.

STREETER. But a world, that's what you said, a world —

CHARLESTON. A very small world. I've got half a dozen people so far —

STREETER. What people?

CHARLESTON. The Land o' Lakes.

STREETER. My God. Ghosts?

CHARLESTON. No, not at all. More like characters in an author's mind, while he's writing a book. I found the passenger list in an old report. I've got their names, where they came from, where they were bound. That's all. It's enough to work on.

1. Ironical.
2. Streeter turns away left, facing plaque.
3. Streeter crosses between R chair and table upright not looking at Charleston.
4. Charleston facing full front makes big gesture left, unconsciously pointing the imaginary light tower.
5. Streeter turns right to face Charleston.
  
6. Streeter leans over table, even more seriously.
7. Charleston moves back laughing.
  
8. Charleston crosses upstage.

1  
STREETER. You sound like God the day before Genesis. ~~(CHARLESTON chuckles and shakes his head.)~~ Half a dozen. The thing up there says sixty immigrants —

CHARLESTON. I'm trying to see them the way they were. Half a dozen's all I can handle, for a while —

STREETER. What about the others?

CHARLESTON. Oh—they're out there, somewhere. ~~(He waves vaguely towards outside door.)~~ I'll bring them in gradually.

STREETER. You give me gooseflesh. ~~(A stunned pause. Then abruptly.)~~ Charlie, it's all very fine, it's all very interesting; you can think about people, okay, but that's not living with them!

CHARLESTON. See them clearly enough, it is.

STREETER. It's impossible —

CHARLESTON. Maybe so, but it works.

STREETER. Wait a while, wait a while — ~~(He indicates his bewilderment.)~~ Who do these people think you are?

CHARLESTON. Myself. The lightkeeper.

STREETER. When is it, now or then?

CHARLESTON. Then. 1849.

STREETER. Do they know they're dead?

CHARLESTON. No.—Well, Joshua does, I had to tell him.

STREETER. Who?

CHARLESTON. Captain Joshua. ~~(He waves at plate.)~~ I'll confess it, I got so confused myself, I had to have a confidant. I told Joshua.

STREETER. You mean there's a man in your own mind, who knows he's dead, who knows it's ninety years later, who knows he's just an idea in somebody else's head —?

CHARLESTON. Right.

STREETER. And you and he sit down and talk things over and that's what you call clearing up confusion? ~~(CHARLESTON laughs as STREETER just stands shaking his head.)~~

CHARLESTON. The whole thing sounds pretty silly, I suppose, from where you're standing. ~~(STREETER looks blankly at memorial table.)~~ I challenge anybody to say that my world is sillier, or more futile, than the world I was born into.

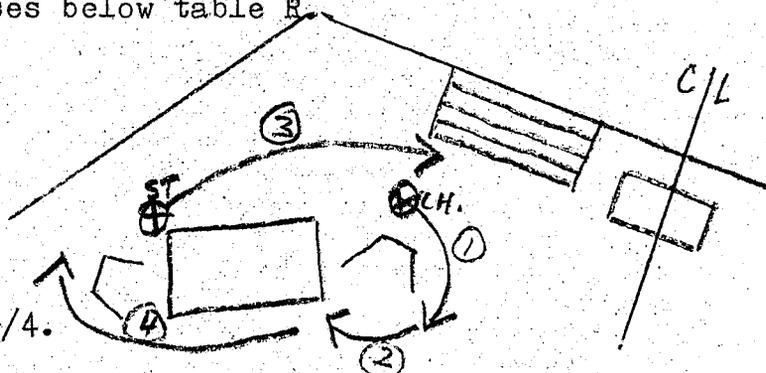
STREETER. You really mean business.

CHARLESTON. I do. I want a decent world to live in. If I've got to make it myself.

STREETER. I wish you luck.

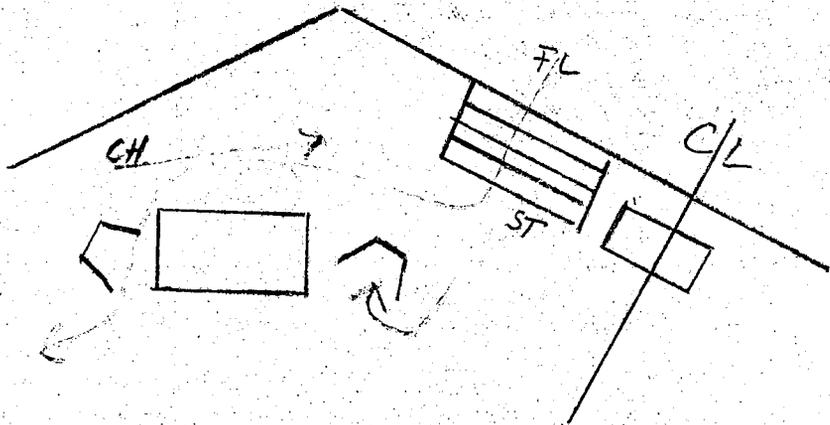
CHARLESTON. Wish yourself luck. Try it. It's the one way out.

1. As Charleston talks facing 3/4, then full front, he moves step DC.
2. Moves below table Right
3. Streeter crosses brusquely towards stairs, shouting.
4. Charleston crosses below table R



5. Streeter opens 3/4.
6. Streeter crosses Downstage, picks up the chair, turns it facing its back to downstage and sits in amanner riding the horse.

7. Flanning appears on stairs, climbs down.
8. Flanning sighs, crosses DR between R chair and table; Charleston in the same time crosses upstage above the table, laughs. Flanning picks up his briefcase, crosses more downstage right, inserts the report form in the case, then tries to remember something forgotten and with a vigorous haste starts to look for a book in the case.



~~(STREETER shakes his head slowly.)~~ Go on. You don't need a lighthouse and a job like this. While you're flying your plane in the daytime, while you're going to sleep at night—think. That's all. Think. Choose any part of the past you like, see it clearly, live in it. I like 1849, but there's a lot more years. I like America, but there's all the world to choose from. Anything you want in your own mind, Street, nowhere else. Mankind's got one future—in the past. ~~(A slight pause, then STREETER turns brusquely towards the stairs, shouting.)~~

STREETER. Flanning! Oh, Flanning!

CHARLESTON. Street!

STREETER. Ten minutes, Flanning. Nix, Charlie, I'll take China.

~~(Abruptly.)~~ Let's not argue! I crack up in a rice-field and I never come back no more, so what! I'll have plenty of Japanese bombers for company. That's all I want. ~~(He waves his hand as CHARLESTON starts to speak.)~~ Let's just not argue. You can call me stupid, all right. I can call you a coward, all right. It's just I believe one thing, you believe something else. I think the world's got an outside chance, you believe it hasn't. That's all. ~~(The light-chamber door can be heard opening, above. STREETER turns away, CHARLESTON watches him.)~~

~~FLANNING comes down long stairs, carrying his brief-case and CHARLESTON's reports. As he comes downstairs, STREETER wanders to memorial tablet, r., and stands before it.~~

~~CHARLESTON turns to table and picks up his pipe.)~~

Sc. 4

FLANNING. As usual. Everything's as usual. Reports in order, burner's in order, carriage in order, lenses in perfect condition. Everything's in order, as usual. What's the use of inspection? It's people like you, Charleston, that put people like me in the ranks of the unemployed. ~~(He sighs and loads papers into brief case.)~~ Nonny finished with the supplies?

STREETER. Think so. ~~(He moves to door.)~~ Nonny!

FLANNING. ~~(Rummaging in brief case.)~~ Charleston, I had something here —

~~STREETER (To NONNY, outside.) Go down to the plane. We'll be there in a minute.~~

FLANNING. Lord, if I've lost it — ~~(CHARLESTON, lighting his pipe, seems hardly to bear FLANNING.)~~ No. Here. ~~(He glances at CHARLESTON and laughs apprehensively.)~~ I know what you've said, you don't want any books, but I think you might make an exception — ~~(He brings a book out of case and CHARLESTON~~

1. Flanning gets a book, puts the briefcase on the R chair, shows the volume to Charleston. Streeter and Charleston look at it instantly, then look each at other and smile.
2. Flanning waves the volume in the air, then thumbs the pages finding particular chapters on particular countries in the book.
3. Now hesitates for a moment, points out last chapters in the book, closes the volume and with the left hand hands it to CH.
4. Flanning moves a step downstage excitedly; Charleston glances in the couple pages slowly, shakes the head, crosses above to Streeter, throws it with a big gesture in Streeter's hands and crosses even further left above Streeter. Streeter reads book casually.
5. Flanning hurt moves quickly to pick up briefcase from R chair, turns to Streeter and goes.
6. Flanning responds on Charleston with turn back, crosses two steps, withholding his impatience and anger.

~~instantly recognizes it. So does STREETER, from across room.)~~

Funny coincidence, that's all. I ran across it in a drug-store in Sturgeon Bay. Fellow that wrote it's got the same name you have. David Charleston. See? ~~(He holds up book.)~~

CHARLESTON. Very funny.

FLANNING. That's what I thought; the name hit me in the eye, that's how I noticed it. Well, I thought, what's thirty-nine cents?

CHARLESTON. Thirty-nine cents.

FLANNING. You wouldn't expect it to be much good at that price, but it is. I read it. He had his nerve, your namesake. He wrote this book in 1933. He'd done quite a job reporting the preceding ten years in Europe—so he took a crack at the next ten. It's amazing, he called every turn, it's simply amazing. Germany, Italy, Russia, England, every turn —

CHARLESTON. Every turn?

FLANNING. Well, no.—The last few chapters—the last year and a half, I suppose you'd say his optimism got the better of him. Ah, it's a minor fault. ~~(He smiles, holds out book.)~~ Go on. One book, it won't hurt you. ~~(It says better than I can ever say, what a fascinating world we live in. (CHARLESTON takes book.)~~

CHARLESTON. ~~(He starts to turn pages slowly. FLANNING smiles, pleased. Suddenly CHARLESTON slams book closed and turns to STREETER. Halfway to Escanaba — (He makes a motion of throwing book over side of plane, and thrusts it into STREETER'S hand. In the same motion he turns to the thunderstruck FLANNING.)~~ I'm sorry, Inspector. I know how you meant it. I appreciate it, how you brought the thing — ~~(FLANNING turns without a word to his brief case and stuffs remaining papers into it.)~~

FLANNING. Ready to go, Streeter? ~~(He closes his brief case.)~~ Five minutes to sunset, we've got no time to lose.

CHARLESTON. Flanning.

FLANNING. Well?

~~CHARLESTON. Nothing.~~

~~FLANNING. Right. (He heads for door.)~~

CHARLESTON. You're not forgetting the radio? ~~(STREETER moves towards radio.)~~

FLANNING. Leave it here. ~~(STREETER stops, looks from one to the other.)~~ Mr. Charleston. I'm getting old. I'm getting cranky.

Thirty-five years on the Lakes, cold water, cold winds, it's too long. I'm hoping for a transfer to the Texas coast. ~~(He takes a~~

1. Flanning move to Charleston.
2. Flanning moves two steps downstage.
3. In forced obidience, turns out left.
4. Flanning turns 3/4 in.
5. Charleston moves to Flanning in a alarmed surprise; scene becomes more intense, raising up in rage and volume.
  
6. Flanning drops down volume, suddenly very quiet, to which Charleston responds the same manner, turning away left from him.
7. Flanning looks at Streeter, then at Charleston, turns right and exits.
  
8. Streeter rises up the book with left hand in the air, looks smiling to Charleston, nodd the head, throws book on the table.
9. Charleston crosses upstage to the drawer, picks up bottle and glasses and comes back crossing above to chair R.
10. Charleston pours the liquor, passes the glass to Streeter, then crosses above R chair downstage.
11. They drink.

~~step towards CHARLESTON.~~ But I haven't been transferred yet. I'm still on the Lakes, I'm still cranky, and I'm still in charge of this district. You'll keep the radio?

CHARLESTON. Very well, I accept it.

FLANNING. Well. A reasonable man? Then I'll see you a month from today on my next tour of inspection. I'll bring your relief man at that time.

CHARLESTON. What relief man?

FLANNING. I told you the last time I was here. Your leave begins the first of next month.

CHARLESTON. I told you I don't want it.

FLANNING. The Government grants every keeper in the service a twenty-six day leave, with pay —

CHARLESTON. I'm happy to save the Government's money.

FLANNING. I told you! The Government isn't interested in saving money!

CHARLESTON. I'm not interested in a leave.

FLANNING. The leave is compulsory. (~~CHARLESTON turns slowly away.~~) It's unfortunately true that a man can suffer no greater handicap than being too good for his job. It seems to be true of you. (~~CHARLESTON's eyes roam the walls. They fasten on memorial tablet.~~) I'll see you a month from today. I'll be coming early in the morning; it's the end of the summer season and I expect to be busy, so if you could be ready soon after sunrise, I'd appreciate it.

CHARLESTON. (Very quietly.) Okay.

FLANNING. (To STREETER.) Coming?

STREETER. Be down in a minute.

FLANNING. (To CHARLESTON, softening.) Good luck. (He goes out. A silence. CHARLESTON goes to table, picks up the almost empty bottle, and looks at it absently.)

STREETER. Inside the inside of inside something. Did you have to give it a burial at sea, with a twenty-one gun salute? (~~CHARLESTON gives him a quick, pained glance.~~) Sure. (~~He sighs, and looks down at book in his hand.~~) One man's hopes. The bottom of the lake. (~~He shakes his head, then puts book under his arm.~~) We might as well kill that bottle.

CHARLESTON. (~~He uncorks bottle and pours.~~) My folks used to say, there's nothing so bad for bottles and men as a lingering death.

Sc. 5.

WARN SOUND # 4 & 5

1. Charleston sits on chair R table.
2. pause.
3. Charleston pours drinks again.
4. pause.
5. Flanning's voice from the beach: Streeter!
6. pause.
7. Jokingly.
8. pause.
9. Flanning's shout: STREETER!
10. Streeter rises up, turns chair in the right position, crosses above table, stops, looks at Charleston. Pause.. They look at each other with sad esignation. Each of them has own thought and image of times spent together. This is parting.
11. Streeter laughs unwillingly, chuckles, can not find words. Takes himself together, pleads.
12. Makes gesture involving whole lighthouse.
13. Leans more to Charleston, who however does not responff.
14. Almost pleading.
15. Charleston rises up.
16. Char~~l~~eston crosses below the table to stairs stubbornly. Streeter turns back hurt. Makes a move to Charleston.

STREETER <sup>1</sup> I'm going to miss your folks. <sup>2</sup> ~~(A pause. Wistfully.)~~  
You know, I'd always hoped we'd get another chance, some time,  
to make an honest effort. Half a case of Irish and half a barrel  
of beer. Layer it down. Put a message in a bottle, we won't be  
home until morning — ~~(He picks up his coat.)~~

CHARLESTON <sup>3</sup> We've got a bottle. ~~(He weighs it in his hands.  
STREETER looks at it thoughtfully, then shakes his head.)~~

STREETER. We aren't drunk and we haven't got a message.  
CHARLESTON. We could think one up.—You could drop it in the  
lake. <sup>4</sup> ~~(A pause.)~~ Oh, to hell with it. The trouble with us is, we're  
a couple of guys without enough message to put in <sup>5</sup> ~~a bottle. (He  
puts it down. They chuckle sourly, while STREETER puts on his  
coat. There is a distant shout from the shore. They both fall si-~~  
~~lent.)~~

SOUND # 4

STREETER. Flanning. <sup>6</sup> ~~(He picks up his gloves.)~~

CHARLESTON. <sup>7</sup> ~~(Low.)~~ Maybe you're invulnerable. You'll become  
a legend in the Far East.

STREETER. Sure. <sup>8</sup> ~~(A pause.)~~ Well. ~~(They shake hands.)~~ It's been  
nice. Thanks for the liquor. <sup>9</sup> ~~(A shout from the shore. Softly.)~~  
Flanning, you flathead. ~~(They walk slowly to door, side by side.~~

SOUND # 5

<sup>10</sup> ~~They stop, look out.)~~ White beach. Remember that beach at Nice?  
—Who was that kid we picked up?

CHARLESTON. Pokey.

STREETER. <sup>11</sup> ~~Slow-Pokey.~~ She had a figure. ~~(He chuckles just a  
little, then turns directly to CHARLESTON.)~~ Give it up. This ivory  
tower stuff, it won't work. <sup>12</sup> ~~Build the God damn thing out of stone,  
stick a light on it, put it out in the middle of a hundred miles of  
fresh water, in the middle of America, it's still an ivory tower  
and it still won't work. (CHARLESTON gives no sign.)~~ Come on

WARN LIGHTS # 2 & 3

WARN SOUNDS # 6

along. We've got till Saturday. I'll tell Flanning, he'll send out a  
replacement Saturday. He'd be glad to get rid of you. I'll need a  
gunner. There's no worse gunners than Chinamen. <sup>13</sup> ~~(Sings.)~~ Save  
me from a Chinese gunner, Charlie!

CHARLESTON. <sup>14</sup> ~~Sunset. (He takes a deep breath, turns slowly and  
looks up at stairs and the rising room.)~~ Time I was turning on  
the light.

STREETER. It won't work.

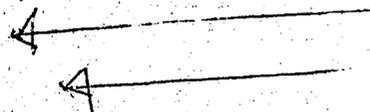
CHARLESTON. It's got to be tried.

STREETER. Try China.

1. Charleston on stairs turns 3/4 in.
2. Streeter puts gloves on, turns left away, waves right arm as he goes; Charleston responds the same manner. Streeter exits.
3. As Streeter exits, Charleston crosses above the table, pours a drink and drinks, puts glass on table. ~~As he crosses DC to bench, the lights start fade in stage right area except bench, where it turns from pinky to bluish. On upstage left an imaginary stairway of levels appear visible in the same bluish twilight. The music heard becoming louder and rising. After cross DC Charleston leans on his left leg on bench. He thinks of his imaginary world. On highest level Captain Joshua Stuart appears as light hits his face. Employed with himself Charleston faces full front.~~

4. Now Charleston turning left sees Captain and in excitement greets him. Captain nods his head greeting Charleston.

5. Music, which through the speeches grew weaker, culminates and suddenly fades out. Lights out.



CHARLESTON <sup>1</sup>China's been tried. ~~(A slight pause, then once again the shout from the shore. STREETER puts on his gloves.)~~

STREETER. One of us is wrong. I hope it's you <sup>2</sup>

CHARLESTON. So do I <sup>3</sup>. ~~(They both look down at beach. And then, without a word, STREETER is gone.)~~ CHARLESTON leans against door-casing and watches. There is a long silence, and finally roar of plane's motors. CHARLESTON gets his pipe from his pocket, but makes no motion to light it. The roar breaks louder as plane starts its take-off. The sun sets. All lights in room change. The horizontal beams of sunlight that cross upper spaces of room from high upper windows, fade. The warm golden light that had pervaded lower spaces, dims. Cool, pale, remote light, brightens from above. The room changes, in the instant of sunset. It had been the base of a lighthouse, now it becomes the shadowy silvery interior of a mystic topless tower. CHARLESTON has not moved. His eyes have followed the plane in its take-off. Now the sound of motors fades rapidly. And then, suddenly, sound is gone. CHARLESTON strains a little, staring at the place in the sky where STREETER had been. There is a silence. Then high above, you can hear the scraping sound of the light-chamber door. CHARLESTON doesn't turn. There are slow, heavy, descending steps on the stairs above, deep in the new shadows. Then a man's heavy bulk takes shape, as he passes the upper windows. He reaches the bottom steps at last and pauses. Captain Joshua. ~~(Still he does not turn from the door. CAPTAIN JOSHUA steps down to the floor and comes forward, into the brighter light. A ruddy man he is, with a broad and wrinkled face. He opens his greatcoat, pushes back his battered cap, and his silvery hair shines forth. His belt gleams with a silver buckle, to match his silver hair. Very late.)~~ Captain Joshua.

LIGHTS # 2  
SOUNDS # 6

CAPTAIN JOSHUA. Ay, man. ~~(He smiles and takes a hitch at his pants.)~~

CHARLESTON <sup>4</sup>Good evening.

CAPTAIN. A good evening to you. <sup>5</sup> ~~CHARLESTON is turning towards CAPTAIN, as)~~

SOUNDS OUT  
LIGHTS # 3

THE CURTAIN FALLS

A C T   I I

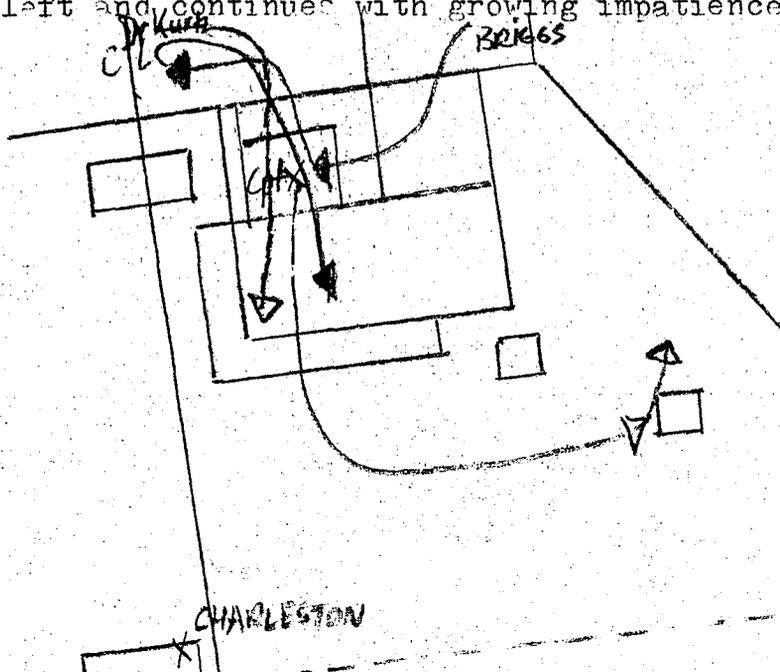
1. Night, a month less a day later. The rising sound of Captain's appearance in first act introduces the act. An imaginary stairway with levels becomes visible at left. Charleston is sitting on the bench DC, now facing the stairway. As the sound gradually fades out, Captain appears on level 3, looks at Charleston and remarks observingly; Charleston nods his head in an agreement. Captain goes on searching his pockets while Charleston keeps him watching for a split moment with great pleasure, then makes the gesture toward chair on left and laughs content.

2. Captain crosses DL bench, picks up pack of cigarettes, opens as Charleston goes on watching him in full satisfaction.

3. On level 5 appears Briggs, comes on level 4, 3, with an air of hurry and anxiety. Charleston now looks at him, as Briggs chuckles responding on his "Well Briggs". Charleston with a gesture shows UC exit right from the level 3 to adjoining imaginary quarters behind the centre wall, where Briggs disappears for a moment calling for doctor.

4. Charleston looks at Captain who has been watching Briggs.

5. From UCR appear Doctor and Briggs, last is pushing first down elevation levels 3, 2. Over his left arm Doctor Kurtz has an overcoat, but with the right hand he tries to correct the suspenders as he stops on level 2. He appears to be ridiculous professor type man full of pedantic ignorance. Briggs crosses down too on Doctor's left and continues with growing impatience and ignorance.



WARN SOUNDS # 7  
HOUSELIGHTS  
WARN LIGHTS # 4  
SOUND #7 in and out  
LIGHTS # 4

ACT II

SCENE: Night, a month less a day later.  
CHARLESTON sits reading. CAPTAIN, who has just entered R., stands by open outer door, looking out. There is a low, surging sound of surf on the rocks.

~~CAPTAIN~~ There's a flicker of rain in the wind. ~~(He looks out a moment longer, then closes door. He crosses L. feeling in his pockets. He stops, completes his search.)~~ Se. 1

~~CHARLESTON~~ On the bench. ~~(CAPTAIN goes to bench back, picks up a package of cigarettes and comes forward to a lamp as he takes out a cigarette. He handles it both awkwardly and daintily. A cigarette to JOSHUA is still an innovation that he has not yet mastered. He lights it over chimney of a kerosene lamp, puffs with violence, then observes his work critically. There is a door on the landing of the stairs c. back above, halfway up the spiral. It flings open now and BRIGGS plunges out. He runs noisily downstairs. BRIGGS is an English workingman from the Midlands. His face, and particularly his mustache, might have been drawn in "Dunch.")~~ (.90)

~~BRIGGS~~ Mr. Charleston! Where's Dr. Kurtz?

~~CHARLESTON~~ Well, Briggs?

~~BRIGGS~~ (Clucking, rubbing his hands.) Eh, and well it is —

~~CHARLESTON~~ He's back in the house, somewhere —

~~BRIGGS~~ (Going off through c. door back, below.) Dr. Kurtz! (Off back.) Dr. Kurtz! (There is a commotion off back, below, and BRIGGS reemerges, followed by DR. STEFAN KURTZ. KURTZ is tall, bearded, a man about sixty. While he wears his formal, frayed frock coat he has great dignity and apparent strength. But at this moment he carries his coat, his suspenders trail on the floor, and he seems gaunt, befuddled. He starts to struggle into his coat.)

~~CAPTAIN~~ A holy show you're making of yourself, Dr. Kurtz. Is it the fashion in Vienna, trailing your safeties like the wake of a ship? (KURTZ clutches at suspenders, hails, muttering, looks about for a place to deposit his coat. BRIGGS takes it.)

~~BRIGGS~~ Eh, now, be calm, will you? Get yourself pinned together.

1. Briggs turns to Charleston and Captain, then to Doctor again, very close to him.

2. Doctor looks around and mutters.

3. Briggs flares impatiently, grabs and pushes Doctor levels 3,4,5 to top exit on UL. Doctor without any resistance admits himself to be pushed, while Charleston continues to be amused. Captain through whole scene were standing a bit puzzled and uneasy.

4. On elevation appears Melanie, comes down level 3.

5. She waves her hands helplessly, turns left suddenly and runs upstairs to level 5, exits left/.

6. Captain makes gesture toward top level.

7. Captain <sup>w</sup>uckles and brings out the package of Streeter's cigarettes, then exhibits it to Charleston with good satisfaction and joy. Charleston nods, smiles in quiet excitement.

8. Captain agrees joyfully, moves DC next to Charleston.

9. Captain suddenly becomes quiet, looks at Charleston with an air of distrust and suspicion and suddenly the excitement within Charleston strikes him clearly. He looks at Charleston very closely and there no sign of previous laughter and content left in him as the realisation of reasons behind Charleston's behavior strikes him in its fullness.

10. Charleston, laughing on Captain's contentment, still keeps good mood after he sees the change in Captain. He feels happy to share the outcome of own imagination with Captain.

(KURTZ struggles with his suspenders. BRIGGS, holding his coat and waiting, chuckles to CAPTAIN.) Eh, these doctors. It's them that has the babies, d'you know what I mean? Give me a midwife, any time. (KURTZ, his suspenders fastened, backs into his coat.) Just be taking it calm and easy, my fine doctor. My Millie's calm, ain't she? Sure. She's had nine, she can have ten.

KURTZ. (Looking around.) A brush—a brush — (He makes a motion of brushing his coat.)

BRIGGS. What for? To make yourself pretty? (He laughs and urges KURTZ to stairs.) Do I care how you look? Go on! (KURTZ doesn't get his brush. He goes up the stairs, BRIGGS urging him on from behind. They go out c. door above. CHARLESTON chuckles, sits back.)

CAPTAIN. Mr. Charleston, while you're inventing doctors with their safeties trailing, could you not invent a manner of childbirth that creates less disturbance? (MELANIE KURTZ, tall like her father, blond, with a strong face, enters c. back below.) A good evening, Miss Melanie.

MELANIE. Mother told me about Mrs. Briggs. (She is looking up at landing.) He hasn't any instruments. (She goes towards stairs.)

CHARLESTON. There's no hurry, Melanie.

MELANIE. (Going upstairs.) I was the stupid one. I carry his instruments all the way from Vienna—then in the wreck—one wave — Ah! (She goes off, c. back above.)

CAPTAIN. Go on. Invent the poor man a set of tools.

CHARLESTON. I can't. Where would he think they came from?

CAPTAIN. Ay. (He frowns, ponders, chuckles.) For a fact, I've a great advantage on them, knowing I'm dead when they do not — I can enjoy a miracle. (He chuckles and brings out his package of cigarettes.) Now, this packet of odd little smokies your friend Mr. Streeter left behind him. I've been smoking them nigh on a month. And would you observe — (He exhibits package.) Still full. A miracle.

CHARLESTON. You're an inexpensive guest, Captain Joshua.

CAPTAIN. Ay. That I am. (He settles back, beaming with content.) I'm an imaginary man that's brimming like a cup with imaginary and economical satisfactions. Who could have conceived of me but a Scotchman? (CHARLESTON laughs.) There's something I'd like to ask.

CHARLESTON. Go ahead.

Sc 2

1. Captain puzzled searches in Charleston's face a clue for his behavior, while Charleston keeps back the secret of his excitement, making the issue more exciting and important.

2. Charleston explodes in revealing the secret; he does it with complete excitement as he looks to Captain who at that instant turns his face away.

3. Now Captain turns slowly right, facing Charleston.

4. Extreme excitement.

5. Instant reply, pause.

6. Captain goes on cross-examining Charleston, speaks quietly, trying not to explode. His speech is questions and answers in a form of statement. Charleston feels a bit disturbed.

7. Captain moves now two steps right to bench DC, then two more as becoming more aggressive, still with controlled voice.

8. Pause.

9. Captain turns left out and walks to DL bench as Briggs appears on top level, visibly embittered about something.

10. Briggs crosses down the levels slowly to R bench below them on DL, sits.

CAPTAIN <sup>1</sup>✓ ~~You're pleased with yourself tonight. And why?~~

CHARLESTON. Why not?

CAPTAIN. It's a rapid change. (~~CHARLESTON shrugs.~~) For many a day you've been gloomy. Your people lacked the substance you desired, little better than shadows we were. You told me yourself you were frightened of failure.

CHARLESTON. I'm not bothered any more.

CAPTAIN. Only this morning, you were still frightened. Tomorrow you must leave for a spell on the mainland, and you feared you'd forget us before you returned.

CHARLESTON <sup>2</sup>✓ ~~The baby, Captain Joshua. The baby was a great idea.~~ It didn't occur to me till this evening. As soon as they found out about Mrs. Briggs, they all came to life. It's something about having babies, it gets under the skin. Even me. Would you believe it, I'm worried about Mrs. Briggs myself!

CAPTAIN. A baby. Bah.

CHARLESTON. That's what I mean. It's even brought something out in you.

CAPTAIN <sup>3</sup>✓ ~~Then we're such flesh and blood of a sudden, that we'll not disappear like a mist in the morning?~~

CHARLESTON <sup>4</sup>✓ Well said, Joshua.

CAPTAIN <sup>5</sup>✓ Well said? (~~Snort of disgust, and he rises.~~) <sup>6</sup>✓ I dislike your compliments, Mr. Charleston. I speak well? It's your words I'm speaking! You compliment yourself! (~~CHARLESTON laughs.~~)

CAPTAIN <sup>7</sup>✓ ~~speaks with sudden quiet.~~ I warn you, man, I'm serious. To smoke your friend Mr. Streeter's odd little cigarettes, to watch and listen to your people about us—it's one thing, I'm content. But remind me that I'm a man that's dead, and ninety years ago—I speak no word, I make no move, but it's at your beck—remind me that I'm a man that sailed fresh water, and saw with my own two eyes the sunrise from the Michigan sand, and set in the hills of Wisconsin— I'm a man, Mr. Charleston, with a stormy and responsible past, and a calm and irresponsible future—remind me of these things, I'm discontent.

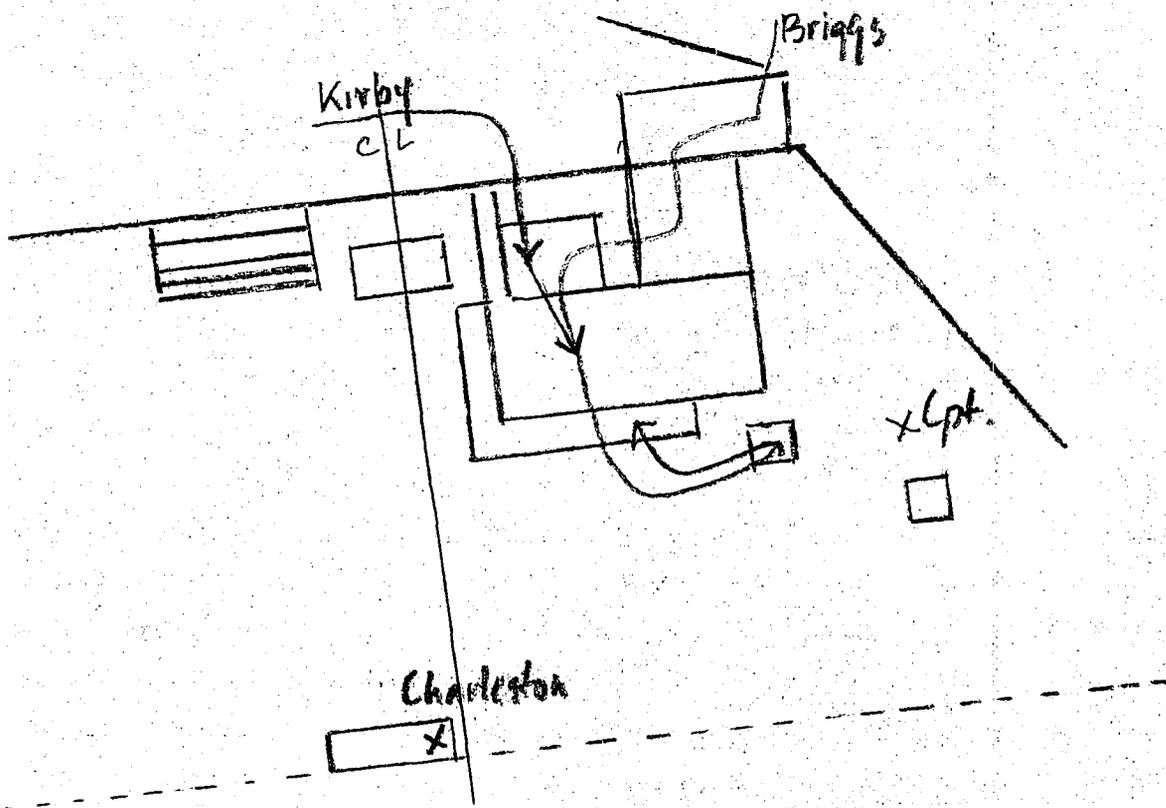
CHARLESTON <sup>8</sup>✓ I'm sorry, Captain.

CAPTAIN <sup>9</sup>✓ ~~We'll say no more of it. (~~A slight pause, then he chuckles and takes a hitch at his pants.~~)~~ Let's get on with the baby.

~~(The door above, on landing, opens and BRIGGS comes out.)~~

BRIGGS <sup>10</sup>✓ Ah —! (~~He closes door. He comes downstairs.~~) They won't have me around. How do you like that?

Sc. 3



1. Captain looks at Charlston, accusingly.
2. Briggs looks here and there nervously.
3. Does not understands the question, then perceives the meaning, smiles, abit proud. Captain crosses DL.
4. Arrogantly, but without human compassion.
5. Miss Kirby walks from the imaginary quarters behind the UC wall down level 3 as Briggs rises suddenly frightened. Kirby is going for her evening's stroll.
6. On Captains greeting she responds a bit warmly.
7. Briggs makes sudden cross below the level 1 to run upstairs as Kirby steps down level 2 and blocks his way up. Kirby full of fighting energy.

CAPTAIN. A father in labor, it's a pitiful sight.  
 BRIGGS. (~~He sits down bench c. He blows his nose.~~) Once a year,  
 it comes to my mind, I'm a beast on four legs and my Millie's a  
 wonderful woman. (~~He wipes his nose dolefully.~~)

CAPTAIN. How long have you been making this annual pilgrimage?  
 BRIGGS. Eh?—Ten years. All boys. (~~He wipes his nose.~~) The  
 ones that's lived I'm referring to.—There's three that's living with  
 their uncle in Trent—that's my Millie's only brother—and there's  
 two — (~~He hesitates.~~)

CAPTAIN. Ay, Mr. Briggs?

BRIGGS. (~~Arrogantly.~~) It's a workingman's lot! If you can't sup-  
 port them, there's good homes aplenty —! (~~He rises.~~) Eh. I'm  
 a rich man, soon. California. (~~He swaggers about.~~) No more  
 working for hire, not for me. I'll be spitting out gold like the pits  
 of cherries. Back to Birmingham I'll go, and them's that's sweated  
 me and done me in for but a few shillings come Saturday night,  
 I'll spit in their faces—gold nuggets I'll spit in their face, and I'll  
 say, Ha! Spit back? You'll not. I'm rich. I'm rich. Would you look.  
 My Millie's traveling about in a carriage — (~~MISS KIRBY enters,  
 at c. door below. She's forty years old, but she acts older. Her  
 clothes are unattractive. She carries an umbrella. Even as she en-  
 ters she points it at BRIGGS.~~)

MISS KIRBY. Mr. Briggs. (~~BRIGGS freezes. He glances helplessly at  
 CHARLESTON.~~)

CAPTAIN. Good evening, Miss Kirby.

MISS KIRBY. Good evening. (~~She indicates CHARLESTON and CAP-  
 TAIN with brief nods, then returns her attack to BRIGGS.~~) Mr.  
 Briggs. You're contemptible. (~~BRIGGS starts to flee upstairs.~~)  
 Don't go up there!—Your wife's seen enough of you for the pres-  
 ent, and too much, I'll add. I call a spade a spade.

BRIGGS. Lord! Miss Kirby, you've a filthy tongue.

CAPTAIN. Calm yourself, woman.

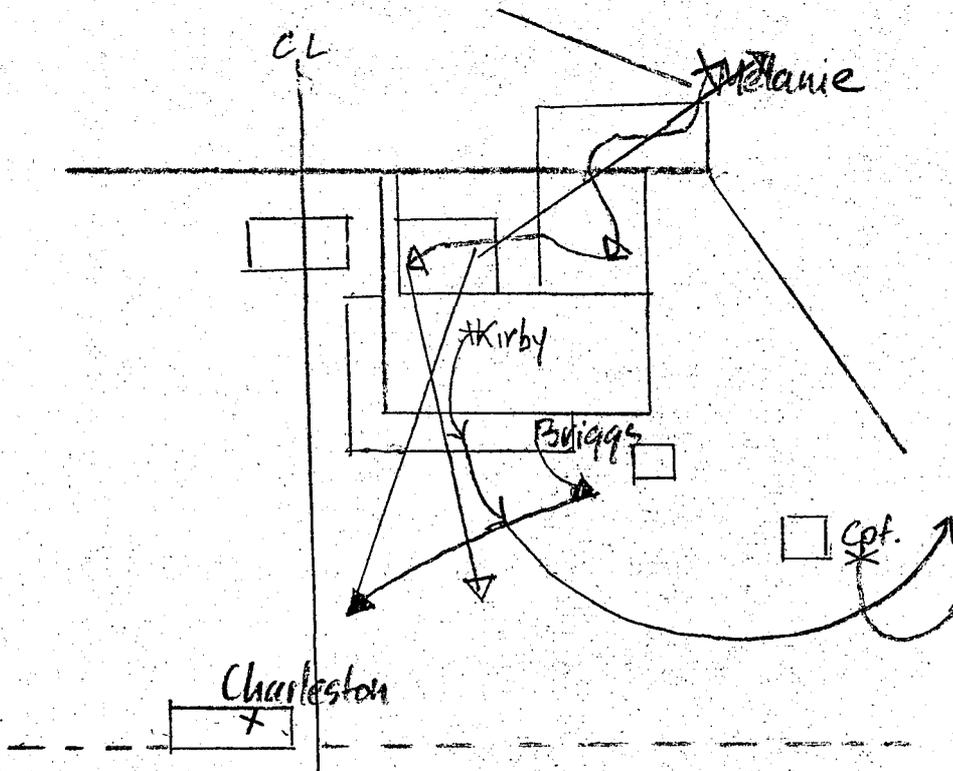
MISS KIRBY. Ah! All of you! You're contemptible. (~~The umbrella  
 at BRIGGS again.~~) The Doctor's wife told me. Nine already and  
 four of them dead and five you can't support —

BRIGGS. She's a meddling fool!

MISS KIRBY. If there's a meddling fool hereabout, it's myself.

BRIGGS. And an envious old maid, you're that too! Keep a modest  
 and ladylike tongue in your head, you might have a husband  
 yourself by now —

Sc. 4



1. Down level 1 .
2. Down on the floor.
3. Amidst of two men.
4. Crosses and exits left as Captain follows her.
5. Briggs turns to Charleston as Melanie appears on level 5 and steps down on 4th.
6. Briggs crosses to DC bench as Melanie walks level 4,3. She is looking at Briggs with burning anger.
7. Briggs crosses to stairs and exits.
8. Melanie crosses quietly DC.
9. Now turns in to Charleston, accusingly flares up.

MISS KIRBY. I might, God forbid —

BRIGGS. And a baby yourself, a husband to give you a baby —

MISS KIRBY. Ah! You contemptible males! That's how you enslave us, with babies and homes and cares in the kitchen — Babies! Fah!

BRIGGS. You're a disgrace to womanhood! America'll have no more of you than London town itself. Spouting forth about Women's Rights and such tomfoolery —

MISS KIRBY. ~~(She brandishes her umbrella at Briggs, who cringes.)~~

~~There's a place where a woman has a higher calling than merely chasing a husband! There's a place where women have better things to do than merely producing babies! Where it is, the Good Lord knows, but wherever it is, I'll find it! ~~(She turns and stalks towards outside door, raising her umbrella. She goes out.)~~~~

CAPTAIN. Now there's a vicious woman. ~~(He arranges himself, gives a hitch at his pants, and goes out after her.)~~

BRIGGS. Eh, she's got respect for neither man, God, nor devil —

~~(MELANIE comes out on landing from c. door back above.)~~

MELANIE. Mr. Briggs. The Doctor says come up for a little while, he will allow it. ~~(She waits on landing.)~~

BRIGGS. He'll allow it. How do you like that? Eh, these doctors, taking the bread right out of the mouths of honest midwives. Lazy good-for-nothings, doing a woman's work, long words, long faces. Stuffed potatoes, that's all they are. No different from me or you, Mr. Charleston, more stuffing, that's all. ~~(He turns to stairs.)~~ Eh, my poor Millie, what she's going through! ~~(He goes upstairs and off.)~~

Sc. 5

CHARLESTON. Melanie. ~~(She comes quietly downstairs.)~~

MELANIE. I wish he had his instruments. ~~(She speaks with a very slight accent.)~~

CHARLESTON. He won't need them. Don't worry.

MELANIE. That man.

CHARLESTON. Briggs?

MELANIE. David, I think if I were Papa, many and many times I'd put on my coat and I'd put on my hat, and I'd say to the sick one, Go ahead and die, and I'd say to the smart one, Your time will come too, and when it comes don't call on me. And I would go home.

CHARLESTON. What brought this on?

MELANIE. Papa was washing his hands, and little Mr. Briggs says,

1. Charleston watches her pleased; Melanie talks with growing intensity.
2. She bursts out, quickly turns away left and crosses to the bench DL.
3. Charleston laughs, rises up from the bench DC and moves a step to Melanie.
4. Melanie speaks in low voice, looking at some distant point.
5. Turns right in and faces Charleston with a critical eye, answers a bit sarcastic, on what Charleston goes on explaining with good enthusiasm.
6. Melanie interrupts him at once. A question of two personal relations draws Charleston back, as Melanie moves nearer to him.

You doctors, what do you care about my poor dear Millie? All you care is, How do I look in the looking glass?—While Papa is washing his hands, before he touches her.

CHARLESTON. What did your father say?

MELANIE. He said nothing. He continued to wash his hands. ~~(She sits down.)~~ Always he says nothing.

CHARLESTON. Don't let Briggs bother you. The world's still full of men like him. Laugh at them.

MELANIE. The world is so full of Mr. Briggs it has no room for Papa. I laugh at nobody. David, all I can remember since I'm five years old, it's Mr. Briggs! Sometimes he's a spinner and he lives in a cottage in Gumpendorf, or he has a candleshop on St. Stephan's Place, or perhaps even Mr. Briggs is a doctor himself; he lives in our own Vienna, he is President of the Society — ~~(She checks herself.)~~ Stupid, prejudiced, ignorant little — ~~2~~ Damn Mr. Briggs!

CHARLESTON. ~~3~~ Shh! Don't let your mother hear you use bad language, she'll say you learned it from me.

MELANIE. ~~(She speaks low.)~~ Some day Papa strikes back—perhaps. When that day comes I shall sit down on the grass beneath a little tree, I'll have a little glass of wine, I'll fan myself with a little white fan, I'll smile. It will be very nice.

CHARLESTON. He won't have to strike back, Melanie. ~~(She looks up at him soberly.)~~ People in Wisconsin won't be like Mr. Briggs.

MELANIE. You're so like a little bird, David, you make such cheerful noises.

CHARLESTON. I know America better than you do. Wisconsin's a new country. People aren't educated, but it's different from the Old World. They live far apart, and when they need a doctor they need him bad, and when he arrives, they know what it is to have the doctor come.—Believe me. ~~(A pause. She rises.)~~

MELANIE. ~~(Meditatively.)~~ You like me. It is true?

CHARLESTON. I do. I like you.

MELANIE. I'm a cross-patch. Why do you like me?

CHARLESTON. You're young.

MELANIE. I don't feel so young.

CHARLESTON. I like your guts.

MELANIE. My what?

CHARLESTON. ~~(He laughs. She looks at him meditatively. He~~

1. There is a moment of silence. Charleston laughs a bit unwillingly, ashamed to talk about own liking and disliking. He suddenly realises the reality and this phantom relation and yet he can not interrupt the flow of images. The scene developing amuses him.

2. As conversation goes on Charleston laughs at seriousness of girl; that insults girl, she talks warningly on what Charleston laughs aloud. Infuriated about this Melanie turns left, picks the book from the chair on DL and throws it at him. In very moment Annemarie appears on elevation from imaginary rooms UC. Melanie runs upstairs and disappears where mother entered from.

3. Annemarie crosses down and sits on bench below levels. Charleston picks up the book, crosses UC and puts the volume on the drawer, then comes back.

4. Captain enters from outside DL, hardly looks at them and crosses to the stairway. He is disturbed and displeased about something very definitely. His way is interrupted by Annemarie's greeting on the second level. He turns right, answers the greeting politely, then quietly moves left on level 2 apparently nervous. He stays watching the dialogue between Charleston and Annemarie.

5. Melanie appears on elevation with her mouth full as she talks. Mother instantly rises up turning right to stop Melanie behaving the way she does. Melanie swallows the bite and comes down level 3,2,1. Her way of talking is aggressive which mother tries to calm down.

~~takes a step towards her and she raises her hand. He stops.~~ You don't like me.

MELANIE. Sometimes no.

CHARLESTON. Why not?

MELANIE. You are too what you call it, God-damned cheerful. ~~(CHARLESTON laughs. She looks at him soberly.)~~

CHARLESTON. Can't you even laugh at that?

MELANIE. At what?

CHARLESTON. Yourself.

MELANIE. I think, David, if you were a little bird, I should perhaps throw a stone at you. ~~(He chuckles. Resolutely she takes a book off shelf and throws it at him. She turns to c. door back, just as her mother, ANNE MARIE, enters, and as book crashes to floor behind CHARLESTON.)~~

ANNE MARIE. Oh! ~~(MELANIE goes out.)~~ Obviously, I intrude.

CHARLESTON. Not exactly, Mrs. Kurtz. ~~(CHARLESTON picks up book.)~~

ANNE MARIE. Forgive her, please. Melanie continually throws books at people.

CHARLESTON. She missed me. ~~(He replaces book on shelf.)~~ It's not me, anyway, I was just handy. It's Briggs.

ANNE MARIE. Poor Melanie. ~~(CAPTAIN enters. He hardly looks at them. He crosses to a lamp and warms his hands around lamp chimney. She watches him absently.)~~ Good evening, Captain.

CAPTAIN. Good evening. ~~(He tips his hat just a little, and turns back to lamp.)~~

ANNE MARIE. ~~(To CHARLESTON.)~~ Why is Melanie so serious? Why is Stefan so serious? When he was young, and I was a girl, and we met in Paris—we were so gay.

CHARLESTON. There'll be gay times again, Anne Marie.

MELANIE. ~~(Enters from c. door back, eating bread and butter.)~~ If I stay with Papa tonight —

ANNE MARIE. Please. Not with your mouth full.

MELANIE. ~~(She swallows.)~~ If I stay with Papa tonight, Mr. Briggs must come down here.

ANNE MARIE. Your Papa needs you —

MELANIE. Papa doesn't need Mr. Briggs —

ANNE MARIE. Melanie!

MELANIE. He'll just insult Papa, and I'll get angry —

ANNE MARIE. Melanie, be charitable! Smile! See the good things

Sc. 6

1. Apparently Melanie does not like mother talking like that; she turns out to go upstairs, gives mother baring of her teeth, runs upstairs. Anne Marie shakes her head and follows. As they exit level 5, Charleston crosses LC; Captain has been watching the scene.
2. Captain flares up as Charleston surprised looks at him for first time not understanding discouragement of old man.
3. Attacking, quietly; Charleston still goes not get him.
4. Despairing.
5. Becomes silent at once, looks intensely at Charleston, moves right on level 2 toward him, with a slightly investigating threat.
6. Charleston turns right away, touching with the right hand his hair, enormously surprised.
7. They attack and contraattack each other; Captain walks down on the level 1, then from left to right, turns to Charleston, answers, walks UC (on level 1), turns full turn right and thres paces down, stops and answers.
8. Pause. Captain paces up and down as that becomes a nerve braking experience to Charleston who flames up. Captain responds very quietly and as demonstrating walks once again L-shape figure.
9. Charleston quiets down, admittingly.

in the world. Nothing matters, Melanie, only that you're pretty, you're young, and the world is so lovely to live in. Now, give me one smile, one little smile. I'll go up with you. (~~MELANIE gives her a baring of the teeth. ANNE-MARIE sighs.~~) I'm cheated. (~~She urges MELANIE to the stairs, they go up and off. CHARLESTON chuckles, pleased with himself.~~)

Sc. 7

CAPTAIN. (~~Angrily.~~) You've made them silly and shallow! (~~A slight, surprised pause.~~)

CHARLESTON. Well—what's got into you?

CAPTAIN. These people weren't this way.

CHARLESTON. What way?

CAPTAIN. You wanted them true.

CHARLESTON. I wanted them so when I go back to the mainland tomorrow, they'll stick in my mind. I'm getting what I want.

CAPTAIN. You wanted them true. Or perhaps you're as afraid to face my people and my times as you are to face your own.

CHARLESTON. What's that? (~~Or sharp pause. He laughs.~~) This is fantastic. A man in my own mind steps up and tells me off.

CAPTAIN. Mr. Charleston, these shallow skimpy bickering shadows were not my passengers.

CHARLESTON. (~~Quietly.~~) I'm the judge here, not you.

CAPTAIN. I'll not deny it.

CHARLESTON. Whether or not you're satisfied with these people, I am.

CAPTAIN. That you're not. (~~Again a slight surprised pause. Softly.~~) If you're so satisfied with your handiwork, why do I speak what I do? I make no move, I speak no word, that comes not to your mind first.

CHARLESTON. If you've got to walk up and down like that, will you for God's sake walk a straight line!

CAPTAIN. I had no space.

CHARLESTON. You had no space where?

CAPTAIN. The Land o' Lakes. My bridge, I walked it so. (~~Slowly as he paces.~~) Four paces, and turn—and three—and back, and it's all the space I had—

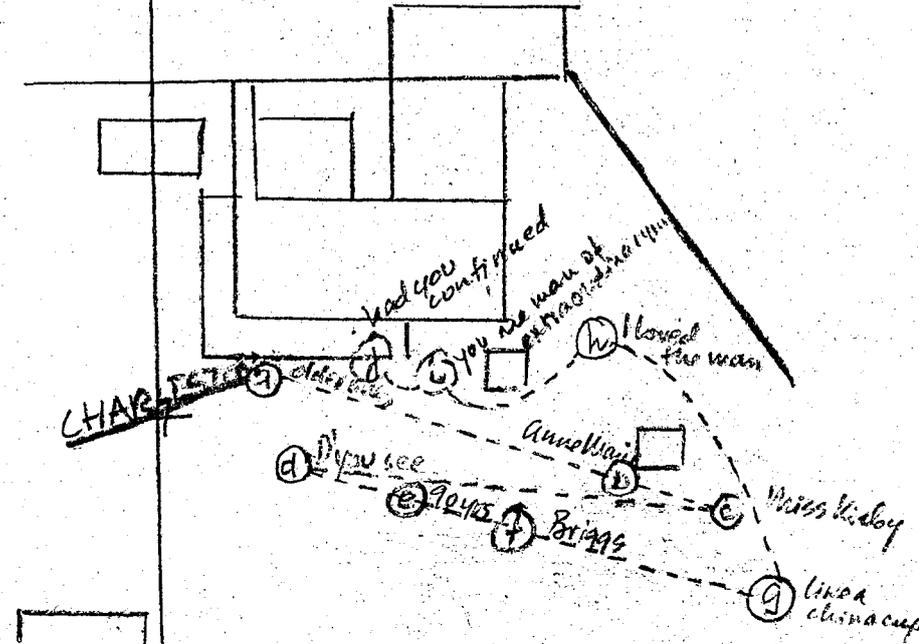
CHARLESTON. (~~He sits down, fingering his pipe nervously.~~) Joshua.

CAPTAIN. Ay?

CHARLESTON. Why do you say I haven't the courage to face your times?

CAPTAIN. You say these were my passengers, with their puny and

1. Pattern of Captain's walk through his long speech.

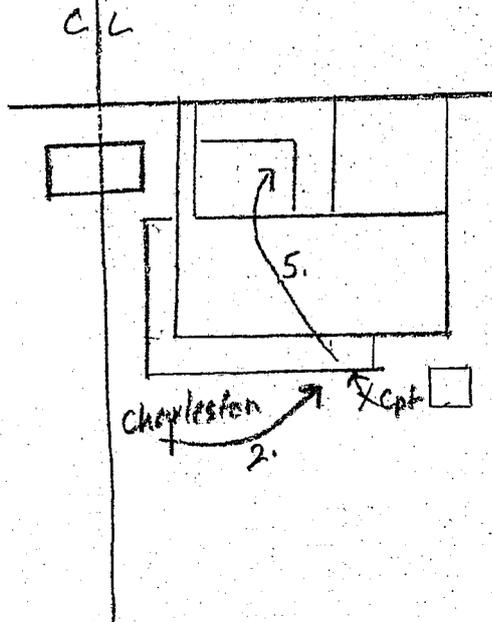


2. Captain is about to go, as Charleston steps in his way, touches him with both arms and shakes turning him left in full front, who stays still for a moment.

3. Very quiet, hardly audible.  
4. Sighs.

5. crosses levels 1,2, from his left looking at Charleston, who on the same spot where scene begun.

6. Makes gesture. including all the place, turns to left and step on level 3.



1  
 petty ways? I say they were not. Miss Melanie—perhaps. She was young and a fighter. But the others, the older ones — Ha. Her mother, Anne Marie, I knew her well. You've made her a silly simpleton. Did she understand so little? She was wiser than you know. And Miss Kirby — ~~(A slight pause.)~~ Miss Kirby. Oft-times she came up to my bridge of an evening, and she talked of London and swans on the Thames. Ay, she was a rebel, but a lonely rebel she was, lonely and despairing — ~~(He brings out his handkerchief.)~~ Do you see this kerchief? Alone by my side, on my own bridge whilst we sailed across Huron water—she accepted the loan of my kerchief. ~~(He hesitates.)~~ Ninety years. The salt of her tears, they yet remain. ~~(He looks down at handkerchief in his hand again, slowly shakes his head, folds handkerchief and puts it back in his pocket.)~~ Briggs, You do the man injustice. Ay, Uneducated, superstitious, prejudiced he was, Paltry in a way, too, and puny, and who's to wonder, for he'd gone to work at the age of seven, in the potteries at Birmingham. Man, his face, I'll not forget his face. White it was, and thin glaze, like the china cups themselves. A bit of a cough he had, like so many that came from the potteries. And across his face from cheek to cheek—a word. You could read it. Doom. ~~(A slight pause.)~~ Briggs. I loved the man. Ay, dreams he had, sweet dreams of riches, and California. But he'd seen his own face in the mirror, whilst he shaved himself in the morning. ~~(A long silence.)~~

CHARLESTON. Dr. Kurtz. ~~(CAPTAIN looks absently at the shadowed wall.)~~ Stefan Kurtz?

CAPTAIN. You're a man of extraordinary talent, Mr. Charleston. My very presence here, standing before your eyes, and me ninety years lost on the Lakes—let it bear full witness to your vision—

CHARLESTON. I asked about Kurtz.

CAPTAIN. Had you continued to live in the world you were born to, what might you have achieved!

CHARLESTON. Joshua!

CAPTAIN. Dr. Kurtz. ~~(He turns away.)~~ It's the tragedy of greatness unachieved. CHARLESTON moves slowly about. CAPTAIN watches him intently. CHARLESTON stops before memorial tablet. CAPTAIN speaks low. Mr. Charleston, you've made mistakes tonight. I ask you to go back and correct those mistakes. It's in your power! This little world belongs to you, the tick of the clock belongs to you! Will you turn back the clock! ~~(CHARLESTON, under~~

1. Captain looks on top of stairway and makes an illustrating gesture of Briggs scittering doenstairs.
2. Captain turns in as in the same instant on top level Briggs appear, in extreme hurry and urgency. There is a complete change in his behavior although the scene are repetitions of first Briggs entrance. He runs downstairs almost in the same manner and yet a his face reflect complete helplessness and despair; his face looks white as a china cup..
3. Briggs crosses level 5,4, 3
4. Briggs crosses level 3 and dissapear UC shouting for doctor in the imaginary quarters, on right side behind UC wall.
5. Capatin crosses left on level 2.
6. Npw Doctor Kurtz appears from UC imaginary quarters. Briggs follows him immediately. They rush down on level 2. Doctor is looking for brush as Briggs, who has crossed left besides Doctor, interrupts him, before he is able to get one. Captain in the same insant has been making a gesture toward drawer, as Briggs moves even more close to doctor complaining. Doctor now has become very dignified and Briggs do not dare to touch him and push upstairs as he did it first time. Doctor answer very quietly,
7. Briggs burst into unpatient complains as Doctor turn right and exits upstairs quick, leaving Briggs alone on level 2 in indecision to follow him.
8. Charleston rises up, turns to Captain, crosses UR and dissanear. Briggs comes down on floor and sits on bench below level 2.
9. Captain walks left on level 2 as Briggs talks, nervously twisting his beret.
10. Captain turn in left and looks directly to Briggs. Briggs perceives it at once and turn away his face in a nervous jumpy manner. Trice he catches Captain's loks, always he does turn away and finally bursts out.

standing, turns abruptly as he looks up at the landing at the door above.) My passenger, Mr. Briggs! He came skittering down the stairs turning heaven and earth for the Doctor! Turn back the clock to that instant! ~~(The door above bursts open and BRIGGS plunges out onto landing and downstairs. His face is now white, with a thin glaze, like the china cups from Birmingham)~~

BRIGGS. Where's Dr. Kurtz!

CHARLESTON. Back of the house.

BRIGGS. ~~(He runs to c. door back and goes off.)~~ Dr. Kurtz! ~~(Off.)~~ Dr. Kurtz! ~~(Off, distant.)~~ Dr. Kurtz! Dr. Kurtz!

CAPTAIN. It's how he was, as pale and white as a china cup —

CHARLESTON. What am I in for?

CAPTAIN. The truth. ~~(BRIGGS and KURTZ come quickly through the c. door. This time KURTZ is fully dressed and walks with dignity.)~~

KURTZ. A brush —

CAPTAIN. On the shelf.

BRIGGS. ~~(As KURTZ seizes it and brushes himself.)~~ The devil clawing at my Millie's bowels, and you stop to make yourself pretty —

KURTZ. I must be clean.

BRIGGS. Clean! Clean! You're a Duke in a palace, perhaps —?

KURTZ. Be quiet. ~~(He throws down brush and hurries to stairs.)~~

BRIGGS scurries ahead they go up and off. A ship's bell strikes, somewhere distant.)

CHARLESTON. Midnight. I've got to check the light. Take over, Captain Joshua. ~~(CHARLESTON runs upstairs, into the high shadows, disappears, opens light-chamber door. Rays of light, refracted downward from the turning prisms, sling out across upper walls. His shadow appears in the turning light for an instant as he enters light-chamber. Now the door is clear, and the rays on the walls turn free. CAPTAIN gets out a cigarette. Holding it in his dainty yet clumsy way, he moves to a lamp chimney to light it. He returns to pacing his C-shaped path. BRIGGS comes out on landing. Quietly he closes door, and while he stands silent for a moment, the turning rays from the light above pass over his chalk-white face. He comes downstairs.)~~

BRIGGS. Oh, Captain. ~~(He sits down on bench, back, and sighs, grins a little.)~~ Eh, Captain, I'm the old man that lived in the shoe; I've got so many children, I don't know what to do. ~~(He rubs his cap around his head, then takes it off.)~~ Just don't be looking at

Sc.8

Sc.9

1. After nervous, beret twisting talk he looks once again at Captain, becoming more aggressive. Then pause.

2. He is twisting his beret, sighs, looks aimlessly here and there; then to begin a conversation he turns to captain. Captain still watches him.

3. Soothingly, to comfort the man, but suddenly in the mid of speech realises the truth, turns right in sudden swing being sorry for the phrase he just said not thinking of particular conditions of this man,

4. Briggs reacts immediately,, laughs compensated, but suddenly perceives the error what made Captain in awkward position, ~~laughs~~. Makes an excuse, trying to ease Captain about his saying,

5. Coughs. Rises up to share a big secret about lung fever and with real hope on what Captain respond affirmatively.

6. Dreamy, with a rising hope.

7. Mood comes to culmination as he wants include his wife in his dreams too, but suddenly it becomes interrupted by little thought of her momentarily ~~stains~~ conditions and now he brakes down in despair. At this instant Charleston appear from UR, crosses down to his bench DC.

8. Captain comes down to bench below levels to Briggs in order to quiet him down as from behind of wall UC imaginary quarters Miss Kirby comes. She walks on level 3,2 as Briggs jumps up in a repetitious movement of scene before. Kirby sounds real harsh.

me. I'm no young rooster strutting. Man's waiting his first-born, d'you see, he's wanting notice and God be praised, who'd of knowed he had it in him! Man's waiting his tenth-born, he ain't so cocky. ~~(Suddenly unable to control himself.)~~ Just don't be looking at me! ~~(CAPTAIN resumes his pacing.)~~ It's a blowy night.  
CAPTAIN. Ay.

BRIGGS. Eh, Captain! ~~(He rises, twisting away, twisting his cap, in a surge of apprehension.)~~

CAPTAIN. Briggs, man — The babe'll be born as strong and healthy—he'll be the spitting image — ~~(He hesitates.)~~

BRIGGS. The spitting image of me? ~~(He laughs a little, sighs.)~~ Would you guess it, I was a stout young'un! Three and a half stone I weighed. And me the age of seven. ~~(He coughs and sits.)~~ I've heard tell of them that went to California with fever in the lung, and lo and behold, they was cured. You're a wise and educated man. Is it true?

CAPTAIN. That it is.

BRIGGS. Rich they got, and cured too?

CAPTAIN. It's God's facts.

BRIGGS. Eh. ~~(A slow smile.)~~ Then maybe rich I'll get, and strong too. All the young'uns back in England, I'll send for 'em, I'll buy 'em back. Do you know what I'll do, d'you know? I'll send 'em to school. To school, d'you hear? I'll be that rich. They'll grow up no ignorant men like me, no, sir. They'll be wise and educated men. Eh.

CAPTAIN. And they will. ~~(The light chamber door closes, the upper walls go back to shadows. CHARLESTON comes down, BRIGGS watches. CHARLESTON goes off again, through door at the landing, leaving the door open behind him.)~~

BRIGGS. Millie — ~~(BRIGGS rises again, looking at the open door. Then he turns on CAPTAIN.)~~ Eh, the young'un a sucking babe, and all them deserts and mountains 'twixt here and California — What'll I do, what'll I do — ?

CAPTAIN. Man, man — ~~(BRIGGS coughs. CHARLESTON has appeared on landing. The door opens, c. below, and MISS KIRBY enters. As before immediately she points her umbrella at BRIGGS.)~~

MISS KIRBY. Mr. Briggs! ~~(BRIGGS whirls at sound of her voice. He tries to be jaunty. His jauntiness collapses. He fumbles with his cap. He knows MISS KIRBY, he knows what she has to say. And MISS KIRBY knows BRIGGS. She knows his white face, his cough.)~~

Sc. 10

1. With deep compassion and human pity; character has suddenly become human and 3-D. Instead of sudden hurry upstairs Briggs looks at her with gratitude, crosses upstairs and goes away, as Kirby comes down level one. Charleston watching from bench DC.

2. Captain smiles and crosses extreme DL.

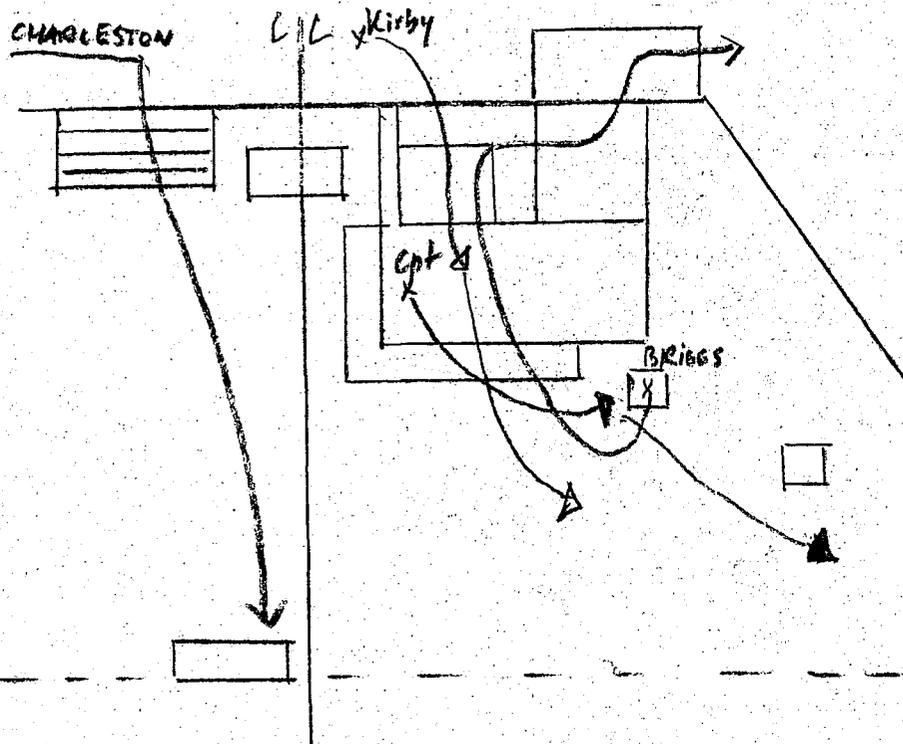
3. More to herself.

4. Now she comes down on the floor. Her speech full of concern and idealism. About at "Promised Land" she's playing in the middle of floor between Captain and Charleston. Her eyes catches an instant point in distance. Finally she becomes very very quiet.

5. Pause.

6. Very quietly.

7. From UC imaginary rooms Anne Marie comes in.



And even as his jauntiness collapses, so collapses her attack. Slowly, slowly, her umbrella lowers. Give your wife—my best wishes. ~~(Suddenly Briggs buries his face in his cap, turns blindly like a sick animal, and runs for cover. He runs upstairs, and off at landing above. The door slams. She doesn't even watch him go. She stares at spot where he had stood. CHARLESTON is watching from the stairs. She speaks to him later.)~~ Is the baby born yet? I'm praying it's not a girl. <sup>2</sup>

CAPTAIN. ~~(He smiles.)~~ I'd suspect God's listening. The good Mrs. Briggs has a tendency towards boys.

MISS KIRBY. ~~(Abruptly she grips her umbrella.)~~ <sup>3</sup> You smug and patronizing males!

CAPTAIN. Damn it, woman, what did I say? ~~(She seems to weigh her umbrella in her hand for just an instant, then with a short laugh turns to CHARLESTON on stairs.)~~

MISS KIRBY. I seem a silly old maid to you, don't I? A silly and disgusting old man-hating creature —

CHARLESTON. No.

MISS KIRBY. <sup>4</sup> You lie. You think I'm a vicious old harridan. You should have known me ten years ago. ~~(She laughs.)~~ A hundred loafers, smoking their pipes in Hyde Park—did they frighten me? They did not. I had an excellent voice, a better carrying quality than now. Every child that's born, I'd tell them, I pray it's a girl: A female Moses, to deliver her sex from bondage, and lead them into the Promised Land. — A Promised Land, where girls will go to school, like boys. Where women may earn their livings, and be more than an object of pity. Where, after supper, when the dishes are cleared away, we'll follow the men to the parlor—and we'll all speak together of the world's affairs. ~~(A slight pause.)~~ Only ten years ago. How I prayed for the birth of a female Moses —

~~(She falls silent. A pause.)~~ <sup>5</sup>

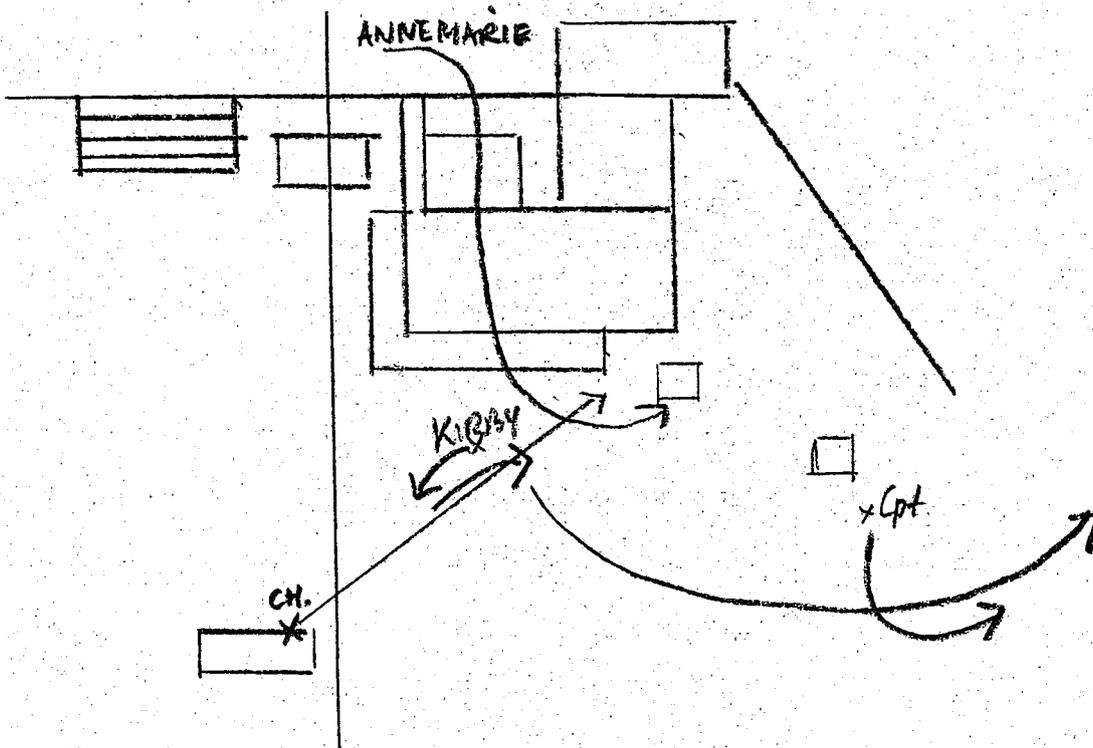
CHARLESTON. But now you pray for a boy? ~~(MISS KIRBY turns, fumbling with her umbrella.)~~

MISS KIRBY. <sup>6</sup> Does it still rain, Captain? I'm in need of my evening stroll —

CHARLESTON. Miss Kirby, you told me once that when you reached a new country where there aren't many women and you worked shoulder to shoulder with men, they'd come to respect you and listen to what you said. ~~(ANNE MARIE enters, c. below.)~~ You've given that up, haven't you?

1. As Kirby turns right to AnneMarie, she crosses down levels and sit down on the bench Briggs sat before. Kirby moves little to right and turns to Charleston. In her speech somewhat bitter, but not the selfpity. The scene is played to all three characters with special emphasys on communication between two women. They represent the feminine despair in their times, representing it from two different levels of society. This is a recognition scene and she tries to show reasons for her coming to this country. This scene is continuation of many previous in quest for their "why" coming to America.

2. She turns left and leaves in sudden hurry left as Captain follows her immediately but Charleston crosses to Annemarie to convince her about possible good solution. Annemarie refuses it completely.



ANNE MARIE. Do I intrude?

MISS KIRBY. No. ~~It~~ doesn't matter, it's common gossip. ~~(To CHARLESTON again.)~~ Will you see me, please, as a woman who once had a home? An unfriendly home it was, in an unfriendly land, but the home and the land were mine. ~~(ANNE MARIE sits down softly.)~~ If I still had the heart for fighting, I'd be fighting at home, where I belong.—Why am I here where I don't belong? Because I'm forty years old and I'm ugly. I'm ugly! Look at my face, look at my scars! ~~(She drops umbrella as she touches her face.)~~ I've spent my life fighting for the dignity of women and I've made of myself an undignified old battle-ax in the process! Who wants me? Who wants a scarred old warrior? Ha ——! ~~(Her laugh is hoarse and ugly as her face.)~~ I've fought a fight that can't be won. Women! We're useful fools and that's all. And the harder we struggle against our fate, the more useless and foolish we become. I understand now, when I'm forty years old, and I've wasted my life, and it's almost too late —— ~~(Her eyes go up to landing above, and her voice falls away, and there is a silence.)~~

CHARLESTON. ~~(Goes.)~~ What are you going to do?

MISS KIRBY. ~~(She looks at him for just a moment, and her composure returns. She picks up umbrella.)~~ There's a colony in your western wilderness. You may, perhaps, know the name. Deseret. By a great salt lake. ~~(CAPTAIN sinks into a chair, stares at floor. She looks at him absently.)~~ Where else has a woman like me to go?—I'll find a husband, in Deseret—and perhaps—before it's too late—a child—a boy—I hope —— ~~(With deep, deep feeling.)~~ I like the terms—no better than you, but I'm grateful, I'm grateful—a man of the Mormon religion—who has prettier faces to look upon—will forgive my ugliness —— ~~(She struggles with herself, while CAPTAIN bends his head.)~~ My hair—it hasn't turned grey—it's still, rather attractive —— I'm sure it's still rather attractive —— ~~(She turns suddenly and goes off through outer door, leaving it open behind her, and the wind blows low, and the surf surges up, and CHARLESTON takes a sudden step after her, and halts, and CAPTAIN rises and goes out, closing outer door behind him. MELANIE comes out, above, and comes downstairs. CHARLESTON whirls on ANNE MARIE.)~~

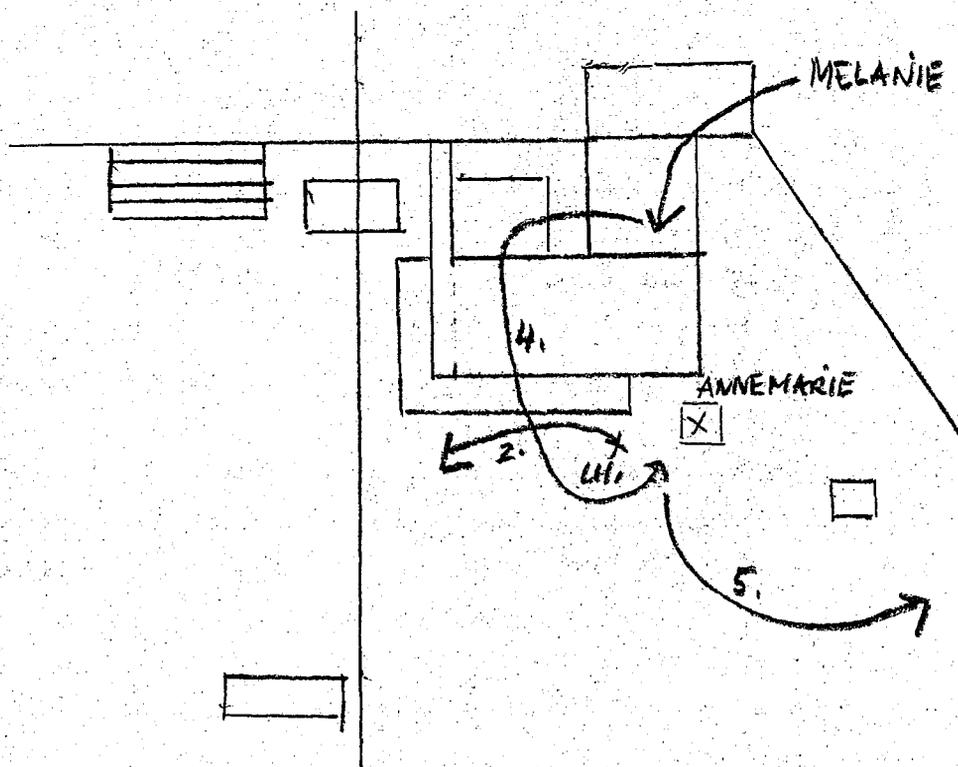
CHARLESTON. Go out and talk to her!

ANNE MARIE. I?

CHARLESTON. You're a woman, you can reason with her ——

Sc 11.

1. Pause. Annemarie dissmisses the subject starting another..
2. On level 5 Melanie appears in hurry, as she crosses down on level 4 above the mother's seat..
3. Charleston interrupts her as Melanie are ready to leave upstairs. Charleston moves backward more to right before Annemarie rises up.
4. Walks right crossing level 4,3,. Charleston goes on with his questions. At "its time to say cheerful things", she steps slowly on floor and turns next to Annemarie..



5. Mealnie crosses diagonally to DL below bench on left in a sudden move. She is full of protest against injustice done to her father. Charleston plays gradually DC.

ANNE MARIE. What could I tell her?

CHARLESTON. Anne Marie . . . She'll be a fourth wife—a fifth wife.

ANNE MARIE. Of course.

CHARLESTON. You simply accept it?

ANNE MARIE. ~~(A slight pause, then softly.)~~ Can't we talk about Paris?—Always, when things are so complicated, I like to think about Paris, and when I was a girl and gay, and when we didn't understand and we didn't trouble to try.—Can't we think about Paris, Mr. Charleston? ~~(A pause. CHARLESTON looks slowly from~~

~~ANNE MARIE to MELANIE.)~~

CHARLESTON. Why did you come to America? <sup>2</sup>

MELANIE. Mama—Mrs. Briggs is not doing very well—

CHARLESTON. <sup>3</sup>Wait, please. Did you come to America because your father was looking for opportunity, or was it like Miss Kirby, you're running away?

MELANIE. <sup>4</sup>You ask such subtle questions, they require such subtle answers—

CHARLESTON. Why did you leave Vienna?

MELANIE. Because people burn down our house.

CHARLESTON. Why do people burn down your house?

MELANIE. Because people don't like Papa.

CHARLESTON. Why don't they like your father?

MELANIE. Because Papa experiments with animals in the basement, and the people say sometimes he kidnaps children.

CHARLESTON. Why do they say that?

MELANIE. David, it is time for you to say cheerful things, ha-ha!

CHARLESTON. Why do they say your father kidnaps children?

MELANIE. Because the people are afraid of Papa. He makes in the basement a little liquid, you smell it—so—you're asleep. You feel no pain. The people are afraid Papa will put them to sleep, he will cut off their legs, he'll cut off their ears, he'll steal their money and kidnap their children. So the people burn down our house.

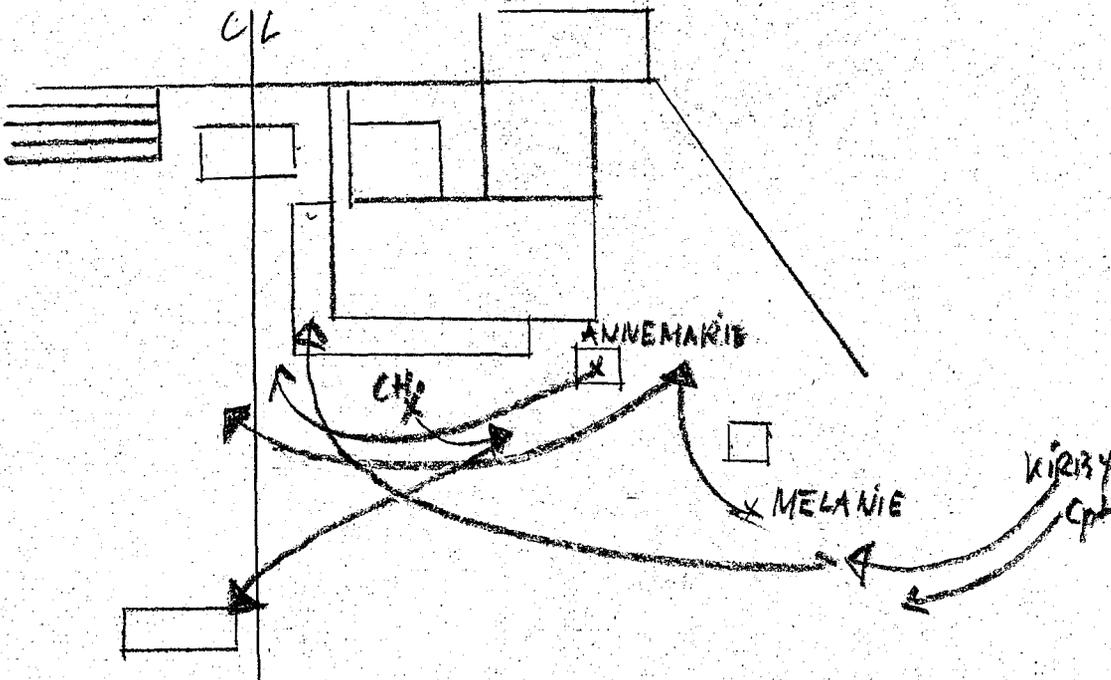
CHARLESTON. This isn't the Middle Ages. You've got police in Vienna.

MELANIE. The Medical Society tells the police, the people must have their fun. The President of the Medical Society does not like Papa. ~~(A slight pause.)~~ Why do you ask me these things?

CHARLESTON. What will you do in America?

Sc 12.

1. Facing full front.
2. Turns R to chair.
3. Turns back L.
4. Now in a sudden turn R again, crossing UC left to her mother.
5. quietly.
6. to mother.
7. Charleston moves more UC
8. Laughing hurt. At the end of speech she loses control over herself and bursts and turns away left.
9. Little embarrassed, laughingly.
10. Now turns away R and crosses down to bench DC with his hands letting through his hairs.
11. From outside DL Kirby and Captain enter; they're wet.
12. Terrible scream heard from upstairs followed by Briggs "milie"; Kirby instantly crosses right to right corner of level 2 with a exaggerated curve, followed by Annemarie and Melanie swiftly.



MELANIE. Papa has an old friend, he is a doctor in the country in Wisconsin. The friend will share his practice with Papa.

CHARLESTON. What'll happen to his work on anesthetics?

MELANIE. On what?

CHARLESTON. On putting people to sleep.

MELANIE. He will forget it.

CHARLESTON. Forget it?

MELANIE. People prefer to shriek in pain.

CHARLESTON. That's not true!

MELANIE. ~~(In sudden anger.)~~ And now you, at last, are going to be optimistic! You Americans! You are silly little boys, you know nothing at all! Some day it will be different, people will learn — Ah! ~~(In sudden quiet.)~~ Papa—when he was a student—he was gay, he was happy. Now, when he is old, perhaps he will be happy again.

CHARLESTON. Melanie, if your father'd keep on with his work, in only a few years —

MELANIE. Listen, Mama! David will now say optimistic things! ~~(She laughs sharply, then speaks softly.)~~ You are a nice man and a pleasant companion, but you know so little, so very little, and sometimes you give me a very big pain in the neck. ~~(MELANIE turns and slams out the c. door.)~~

CHARLESTON. Do you believe as she believes? ~~(A slight pause.)~~

ANNE MARIE. Perhaps, as my daughter says, you know very little.

CHARLESTON. Eighteen hundred and forty-nine, all that lies ahead and you refuse ~~(He checks himself. Outer door opens. It is MISS KIRBY. CAPTAIN follows.)~~

CAPTAIN. It's a wet wind. ~~(He closes door.)~~

ANNE MARIE. ~~(She tries to smile.)~~ I hope it was a nice walk.

BRIGGS. ~~(Off, above, a scream.)~~ Milne!!

MISS KIRBY. Mrs. Briggs!

ANNE MARIE. We must go up. ~~(MELANIE comes in, c. back.)~~

MISS KIRBY. I know very little, but if I can help — ~~(There is a general movement among the women towards the stairs. CHARLESTON watches them intently. CAPTAIN is lighting another cigarette at a lamp chimney. The door above opens and BRIGGS comes out. They all stop still. He seems not to see them. He stands fixed just a moment, then slowly comes downstairs, crosses to outer door, and goes out, leaving door open behind him. The wind, the surf. No one has moved.)~~

SOUND # 8

Sc. 13

1. From top of the stairway at extreme UL appears Briggs; he crosses down levels and leaves room DL.
2. Kirby immediately follows him, but Captain crosses her way DL and blocks the exit. She stop R of the DL bench.
3. On top level appears Doctor. From first glance there complete helplessness evident. Annemarie steps on level 2
4. Melanie crosses left above her mother to meet father, who has slowly reached level 2. He embrace his daughter.
5. Fast, in extreme rage.
6. Dr. lifts his glance at both surprised.
7. Annemarie says quietly, then quicker as she advances two steps DC, first no looking at anyone at all, then at Charleston.
8. Kirby attacks.
9. Turns to Kirby.
10. /Pause.
11. Looks at Melanie and Doctor, turns away, also Doctor who catches wife's glance turns left his face in extreme despair.; they agree.
12. Appology.

MELANIE. (Suddenly.) Mama!

MISS KIRBY. (~~Dropping her umbrella as she runs to outside door.~~)

Mr. Briggs! (~~She stops at door. KURTZ appears on landing above. He carries his coat on his arm. His bearded face is haggard. Quietly he closes door behind him.~~)

ANNE MARIE. What has happened? (~~He comes slowly downstairs. He stops at foot of stairs.~~) Stefan.

KURTZ. It is a pity. (~~ANNE MARIE crosses herself and sinks back into her chair.~~)

MISS KIRBY. The baby too!

MELANIE. Papa—both? (~~She runs across room to his side and grasps his arm.~~)

KURTZ. It is a great pity.

MELANIE. So quickly!

KURTZ. She had no strength.

CAPTAIN. Why do you do this to them, Mr. Charleston!

CHARLESTON. Be quiet!

KURTZ. Why do you blame Mr. Charleston? (~~CAPTAIN turns and moves to back of room. He sits down heavily on bench. KURTZ speaks quietly.~~) The woman lived her days in poverty, in overwork, in eternal childbirth. Blame no one in this room, when she dies. Not myself, Captain, and hardly Mr. Charleston.—It is merely a pity.

ANNE MARIE. (~~Quietly.~~) It's a blessing, I say. She is dead and the little one too, and it is a blessing.

CHARLESTON. (~~He steps abruptly towards her.~~) Is that what you believe?

ANNE MARIE. I say the mother and child are dead; it is a blessing, I believe it.

MISS KIRBY. How can you! You're cruel!

ANNE MARIE. When I was a girl I could have a child and be happy, and I could be happy for all the other women in all the world, because they had children, and that was reason enough. But now—~~she~~ must consider.

CHARLESTON. Consider what?

ANNE MARIE. Will the child be happy? (~~MELANIE turns away. ANNE MARIE bows her head.~~)

MISS KIRBY. I called you cruel. Forgive me. (~~She turns away and sits down.~~)

CHARLESTON. Do you call it a blessing, too?

1. Very quietly and deep.

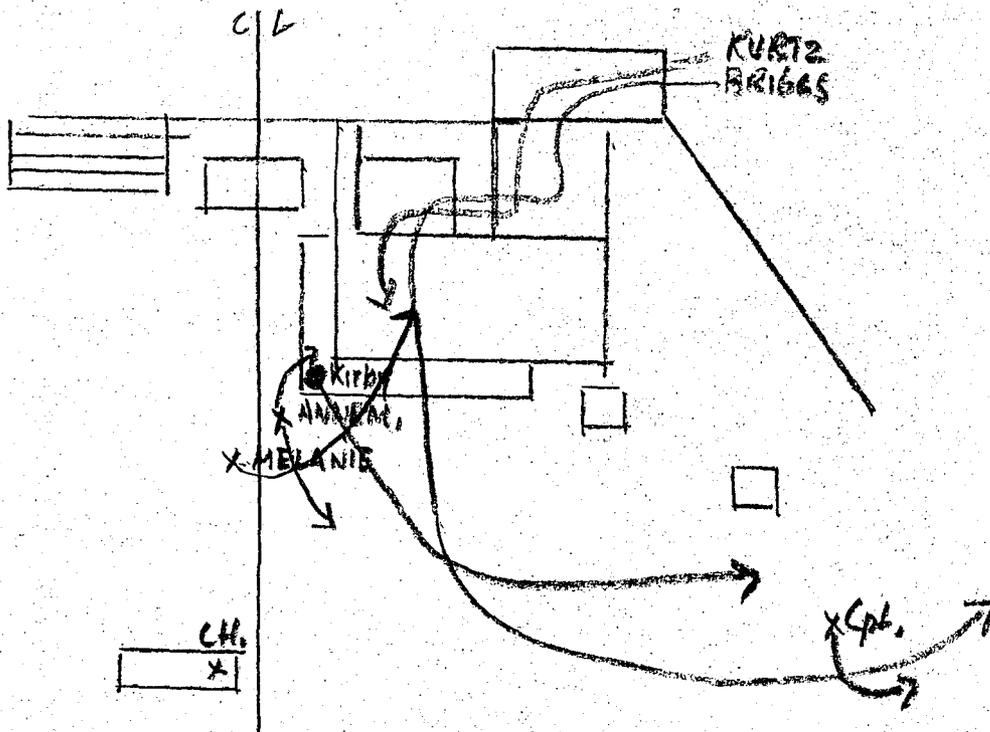
2. Melanie quickly crosses to Kirby; that is rapidly moving dialogue at which Kirby draws herself out defied but dignified. As she does speech, she turns away left.

3. Melanie turns away.

4. Now turns to father and the scene goes up between father and daughter even with more energy than before.

5. Very matter in fact but impatient.

6. Very quietly/ Pause.



MISS KIRBY. ~~Yes.~~—It might have been a girl.

MELANIE. ~~You're~~ a foolish old maid —

ANNE MARIE. Melanie! ~~Hold your tongue!~~

MELANIE. Even with a mother and baby lying dead upstairs, she can think only of freedom for women —

MISS KIRBY. When you grow older, Melanie, and you have no husband, and you see yourself and other women not as slaves to men but as slaves to their own loneliness—then perhaps you will understand. Why it is — ~~(She cannot speak further.)~~

CHARLESTON. Say it. I've got to hear.

MISS KIRBY. I've told you! I'm glad.

CHARLESTON. Melanie, you don't agree with her? ~~(As she turns away.)~~ Don't turn away!

MELANIE. Yes! Yes, I too am glad! Because now there are two less people in the world.

KURTZ. Melanie!

MELANIE. Why? You look at me reproving. Do I not say what you believe, and you're afraid to say? Do I not?

KURTZ. You do not.

MELANIE. Then I say more! Two ignorant people lie dead, and there is that much less ignorance in the world tonight —

KURTZ. Be still!

MELANIE. The same ignorance, Papa, that rose up at night in Vienna, Papa, and burned our house and ended your work —

KURTZ. I say be still!

MELANIE. ~~It will not!~~ And if all the ignorant people in all the world might only die tonight—then there'd be an end to all ignorance —

CHARLESTON. ~~They don't need to die!~~ ~~(She turns away.)~~ One word: Education.

MELANIE. Education! The rich are few.

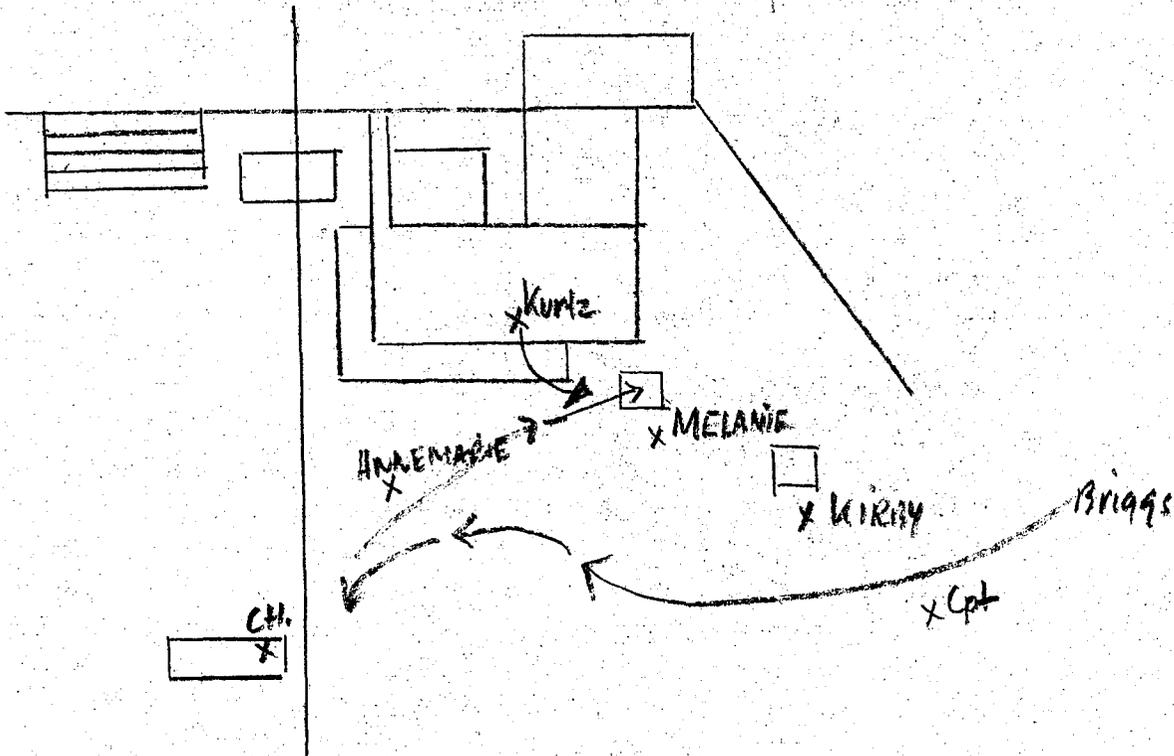
CHARLESTON. ~~But~~ a time will come when people won't need to be rich.

MELANIE. They will pay for their schooling with cabbages, perhaps? Cabbages and bundles of wood? ~~(A silence. CHARLESTON stands helpless.)~~

CHARLESTON. A woman and her baby are dead. Isn't there anybody here that's sorry?

MELANIE. ~~(Quietly to CHARLESTON.)~~ Mr. Briggs is the sorry one, go find Mr. Briggs. ~~(The outer door opens. Briggs stands with his~~

1. From DL outside entrance Briggs comes in quietly. He crosses to the middle of the lit area and suddenly he becomes encircled by other characters in a circle. He's muttering to himself.
2. Turns to him.
- 3 Trying to convince.
4. Annemarie turns left, in full back, as Briggs looks at her trying her convince, then next he glances at Kirby, who the same way turns left away. As Briggs looks to others, the same thing going on, then suddenly he pleads Charleston. He feels being caught in a circle and loses his control over senses. As he bursts in sobs "we prayed we'd die", Doctor crosses down on floor, takes him by his right arm, Melanie joins father taking this man at his right and at end of his speech they sit him down on a bench. Doctor wants to quiet him, then becomes more involved by himself in subject.



back to the wet cold night. Moisture glistens on his mustache. His cap hangs limp in his hand. The rain surges behind him. A slight pause then he comes a few steps in, his eyes blank.

Sc. 14

BRIGGS. It rains. ~~(MELANIE steps quickly to the gate door and closes it behind him. He glances about dimly, then feels his clothes.)~~ It rains. I'm wet.

ANNE MARIE. ~~(Rising.)~~ A little whiskey, Mr. Briggs —

BRIGGS. No, no — I'm no drinking man —

ANNE MARIE. But you'll catch your death of cold.

BRIGGS. Well, it's God's will. ~~(He shivers a little, coughs, and smiles.)~~ Millie. She's waiting on me, you know, and the young-'un too. Heaven, d'you know. ~~(He gestures vaguely towards heaven.)~~ She's an impatient woman, Millie is. She'd not want me keeping her waiting long. ~~(ANNE MARIE turns away in tears.)~~ Ah,

now, Mrs. Kurtz, and there's nothing sad. We prayed for this, we did. First that Millie'd be taken and the young-'un, and then, later on, myself. It's the only way, y'know. ~~(MISS KIRBY rises from her chair near him and goes off to back of room.)~~ Miss Kirby —! ~~(He looks at all of them helplessly.)~~ Mr. Charleston, tell them it's nothing sad. Please, will you tell them —?

KURTZ. ~~(Quietly.)~~ You'd best try to get some sleep.

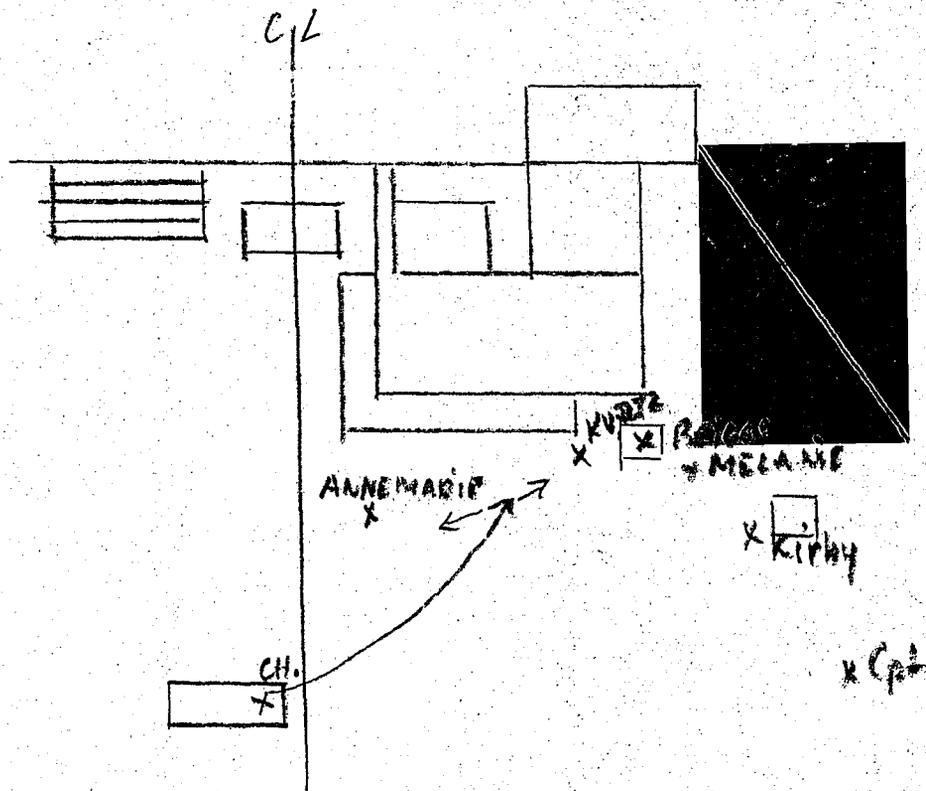
BRIGGS. ~~(A frightened moment.)~~ Dr. Kurtz, tell me we wasn't sinful —! We prayed we'd die but it was God we prayed to, and merciful Jesus —

KURTZ. You did no wrong.

BRIGGS. Ah! Millie! Millie! You're in heaven, ain't you? You're safe, ain't you, and happy and smiling and waiting —

KURTZ. ~~(To BRIGGS.)~~ Mr. Briggs! If we understand, then certainly God does too. ~~(A slight pause. BRIGGS looks up doubtfully, seeking further assurance.)~~ We live in a troubled world. Be assured, God is no less troubled than we. He created mankind for His own divine purposes, enlightenment and justice, these were His goals and ours. Now the world grows dark. Enlightenment and justice shrink like little rivers when there is no rain. God looks down, and He sees His people. You, Mr. Briggs, and all the workingmen in England, and Vienna, and France. He sees you working from dawn till night, underpaid, underfed, conceiving children you wish might never be born, powerless to help yourselves. He sees you fleeing across oceans and continents, hoping even for death. — Mr. Briggs, God understands. ~~(A slight pause, and now KURTZ~~

1. Speaks looking at a distant point.
2. Dialogue becomes fater.
3. Turns to Annemarie, then to Kurtz.



~~speaks not so much to bridge as to himself~~ ✓ He understands, and I think He forgives. He sees us deserting our fatherlands, and all our deepest dreams. The triumph of science, the enlightenment of education, the dignity of labor, the equality of women and men. These are the banners we leave on the field. He sees us now, groping about in an alien land for all the ~~second~~ prizes, wealth, peace of mind—

CHARLESTON. (~~low~~) You come to America searching for freedom. That's no second prize.

KURTZ. We are fugitives seeking sanctuary, nothing more.

CHARLESTON. I want one thing. To give you hope. (~~Kurtz shakes his head.~~) This is eighteen forty-nine, how can you give up so soon?

KURTZ. It is one thousand eight hundred and forty-nine years since hope was at its highest. Is that so soon?

CHARLESTON. You speak of God, that He's given up. How can you know?

KURTZ. ✓ It is evident.

CHARLESTON. In what way?

KURTZ. A genius is a mortal man possessed of the divine spark. Shakespeare and Rembrandt, Dante, Harvey, Voltaire, Goethe, Beethoven—all the many leaders down through the ages, they bear the touch of God. (~~A slight pause.~~) The last genius is dead. Twenty years, and no man rises to take Beethoven's place.—God has given up the struggle.

CHARLESTON. (~~In sudden excitement.~~) Stefan Kurtz! In your own city, in your own Vienna, a young man plays the organ tonight. His name is Johannes Brahms.

KURTZ. In Vienna?

CHARLESTON. Brahms.

KURTZ. He must be very young.

CHARLESTON. In England, tonight, there's a man not so young, he's working in his study, you should know of him, his name is Darwin. Charles Darwin.

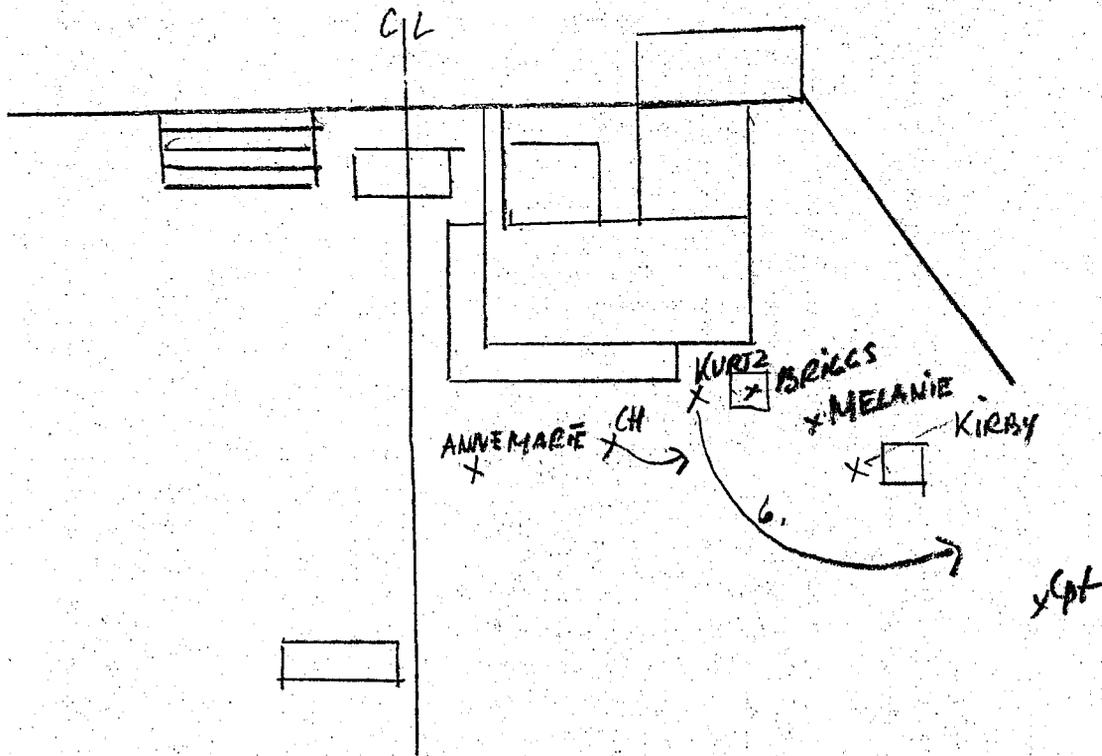
KURTZ. A kinsman of Erasmus Darwin?

CHARLESTON. A grandson. A biologist! (~~Kurtz shakes his head.~~)

In Paris tonight—✓ (~~He includes ANNE MARIE as he speaks.~~)

In your own Paris, Anne Marie—working in your own profession, Kurtz—Louis Pasteur.

1. To Kirby.
2. To Kurtz, grabbing his right arm.
3. Kurtz fries himself
4. Now moves almost in the middle of circle in full back, becomes as incircled through his involvement.
5. Laughs
6. Extreme irony, then brakes to move left between Kirby and Captain, crosses, turns right in as pulls and contolls himself.



KURTZ. (~~Shaking his head.~~) These are the lesser people—I speak of genius!

CHARLESTON. Miss Kirby! In London, right in London, a young woman, her name is Florence Nightingale — (~~She shakes her head.~~) If only you'd stayed there a few more years —

MISS KIRBY. I have never heard the name.

CHARLESTON. Oh, my friends! In my own country, in Illinois, where I was born—tonight in his office, a few hundred miles from here—a young lawyer, his name is Abraham Lincoln (~~Not pause. He turns to KURTZ.~~) Continue the work you gave up when you left Vienna!

KURTZ. What do you know of this?

CHARLESTON. Continue it!

KURTZ. My work I leave behind!

CHARLESTON. Stick to your guns, for God's sake, stick to your guns! Men live among you today who will be the leaders you despair of finding!

KURTZ. You are most optimistic!

CHARLESTON. But I know!

KURTZ. I also knew—when I was young.

CHARLESTON. Have the vision to look ahead, Kurtz! See a world where science is a new religion! See America, your adopted land, where the poor go to school with the rich! See women sitting in the House of Commons, and in the Senate of the United States! See laborers working but eight hours a day —

MELANIE. You're mad!—He's mad, Papa!

KURTZ. Mr. Charleston is not mad, because he speaks in prophecy. He is merely wrong.

CHARLESTON. No, no! Listen to me! I'm not wrong and I'm not crazy! I say that in less than a century every single thing you despair of will have been accomplished!

KURTZ. (~~He smiles gently.~~) For thousands of years men struggle for these things. Now you ask us to believe that in less than a century —

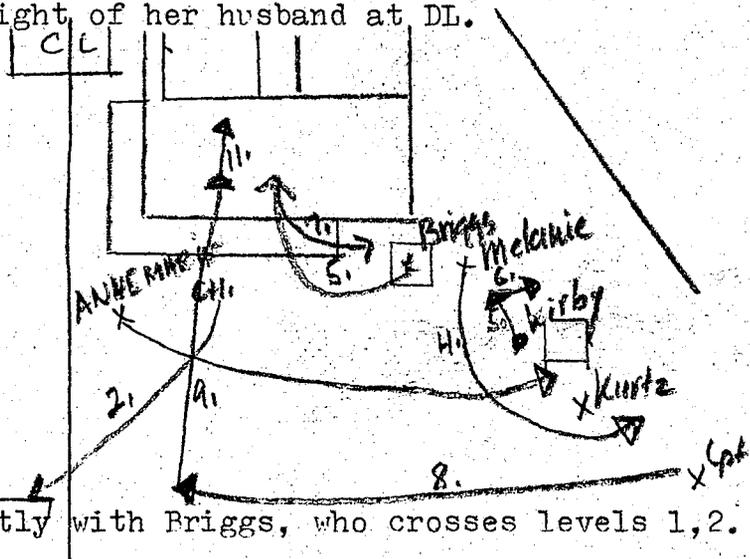
CHARLESTON. I do! In the space of that child's lifetime—that child upstairs, if he had lived —

KURTZ. I appeal to your reason!

CHARLESTON. Let me appeal to your faith.

KURTZ. Faith? Blind faith — (~~He controls himself, speaks gently.~~) You, a young and inexperienced man, living alone in a

1. Very quietly.
2. Now turns DC to bench, then with full knowledge of his defiance, hopeless sits down.
3. Suddenly, listening, then moves to Kirby.
4. Melanie crosses DC left her father in feared hurry, as Annemarie crosses right of her husband at DL.



5. Instantly with Briggs, who crosses levels 1,2.
6. Kirby steps backward DL
7. Briggs comes down, to Kirby.
8. Captain, who has been ruthless through the scene crosses DC to Charleston, warningly.
9. Turns sharply UC and crosses to level 1,2.
10. Very slowly.
11. Moves even further UC.
12. Rises up, heavily.
13. All character move backwards instantly.

WARN LIGHTS

# 5, 5A, 5B

lighthouse in the middle of the American wilderness, ask us to deny the experience of our lifetime. ~~(Very quietly.)~~ You ask too much. ~~(CHARLESTON sits down slowly, helplessly, in the full knowledge that he is beaten. A pause.)~~

CHARLESTON. All I know! And I can't help you!

KURTZ. Why do you say—you know? Why are you so sure? ~~(A pause. A sharp shrill gust of wind. The lamps flicker.)~~ SC. 15

BRIGGS. ~~(He rises suddenly.)~~ Eh, would you believe it, and I thought I heard a dog barking—a dog barking; there's no dog on the island—

MELANIE. ~~(Frightened.)~~ Papa! I'm frightened!

KURTZ. Be still!

BRIGGS. Eh! Millie! They's a cold wind— ~~(He looks about quickly, frightened.)~~

KURTZ. Charleston! These things you tell us—what makes you so sure?

BRIGGS. ~~(To CHARLESTON in sudden panicked anger.)~~ Will you please not to bother us! You've your light to tend, we've journey's to make, will you please just to leave us be! ~~(CHARLESTON stands before MISS KIRBY, staring at her.)~~

MISS KIRBY. Must you look at me as if I were dead? ~~(She rises in her old defiance. CHARLESTON just stands looking at her, and there is a pause. Her defiance fails.)~~ Dr. Kurtz— Please— speak to Mr. Charleston!—He looks at me—

BRIGGS. Eh! I'm hearing it again— D'you hear it, d'you hear it, don't you, they's a dog barking and whining— The devil's abroad— The devil's abroad— ~~(He plunges to enter door.)~~

CAPTAIN. Mr. Charleston! Careful!

CHARLESTON. I dismiss you all!

CAPTAIN. You wanted the truth!

CHARLESTON. And I have it. I'm as helpless in a world of my own choice, as I was in the world I was born into. And that is the truth!

CAPTAIN. I warn you, Mr. Charleston, you may discover a truth far more unpleasant yet!

CHARLESTON. It's at least a world that's mine to dispose of.— Kurtz! It happened ninety years ago. Your ship was lost with all hands. You exist in my mind, in my mind only.

ANNE MARIE. What does he say?

MELANIE. I told you—he's mad!



KURTZ. We are dead?

ANNE MARIE. Mother Mary — ~~(She crosses herself.)~~

MELANIE. Stop that! He's insane!

CHARLESTON. I am not insane. . . . What are you doing?

KURTZ. Look! I take my own pulse! My heart is beating.

CHARLESTON. Because I think it beats.

KURTZ. ~~(To MELANIE.) Will you close that door? (She goes to outer door and closes it. CHARLESTON watches her curiously.)~~ If

we exist in your mind, why did you allow us to close that door?

You were about to ask us to go through that door, out of your sight, and disappear from existence. ~~sq.~~

CHARLESTON. Yes.

KURTZ. Then why did you allow us to close that door?

CHARLESTON. ~~I don't know.~~

KURTZ. My heart beats. It is more than your thinking. ~~You persist in this fiction?~~

BRIGGS. Eh, Mr. Charleston! And you give me a smacking fright. But I'm not so a-feared of a crazy man as you might believe. One of my own boys was not so fair in the head —

CHARLESTON. Joshua! Tell them what I say is true!

CAPTAIN. I'm telling them nothing — I've warned you —

MELANIE. Go to bed, David, get some rest!

KURTZ. Delusions and hallucinations; rest well for a few days —

CHARLESTON. Kurtz! Go to that little box. We call it a radio.

Turn the knob on the right. If you ask for proof that ninety years have passed —

BRIGGS. What if it's magic! ~~(Kurtz crosses to radio.)~~ Dr. Kurtz, have a care! ~~(Kurtz hesitates.)~~

CHARLESTON. Turn the knob! Voices will speak. You'll hear about statesmen whose names you don't know, and war of a kind you couldn't conceive of. ~~(Kurtz turns the knob and sound breaks forth from radio. It is a slowly sweeping Viennese Waltz.)~~

KURTZ. Vienna!

MELANIE. Papa! Herr Strauss —

CHARLESTON. Wait! ~~(They listen, fascinated. The music goes on.)~~

KURTZ. ~~(He turns to CHARLESTON.)~~ I hear nothing strange. How does the music-box work, I cannot understand, but the music —

CAPTAIN. It's a weird American device, and that's all. You'll recall Mr. Charleston explaining the bathtub? It resembles the bathtub, it's a weird American device.

WARN SOUND # 9

LIGHT # 5

SOUND # 9

1. Now moves from drawer left, to Captain on level 3 and with a gesture to the plaque which becomes visible on right wall. All completely involved in the action.
2. Turns away.
3. Melanie looks at her father.
4. Melanie crosses upstage to the right corner of stairway and steps on level 1, reads slowly.
5. Turns head to father.
6. She turns slowly right, her eyes rising blankly to the imaginary stairway.
7. Now crosses DC to bench. They all stand still,
8. Pause; Charleston turns to individuals but no one makes a move of obedience.
9. Silence.
10. He bursts out.
11. Captain from a distance, as a voice of conscience.

LIGHTS # 5A

~~CHARLESTON~~ ~~✓~~ Captain Joshua. ~~(The music continues, softly.)~~ Over on the wall, Captain Joshua—on that wall—there's a memorial tablet. ~~(CAPTAIN looks slowly to wall, L., and knows he is done)~~ ~~CHARLESTON speaks low, to them all.)~~ I've never let you see it, because the tablet is dedicated to you. Read it to them, Joshua.

CAPTAIN. I'll not.  
~~CHARLESTON~~ ~~✓~~ Read it. ~~(JOSHUA turns away.)~~ Melanie. ~~(Slowly, doubtfully, she moves R toward tablet.)~~

CAPTAIN. Miss Melanie, refuse him ~~✓~~  
KURTZ. Read it. ~~(She looks up at tablet, a slight pause.)~~

MELANIE. ~~(Reading, while music plays softly from across the room.)~~ "On the night of May sixteenth, eighteen hundred and forty-nine, the packet Land o' Lakes, driven east of her course— ~~(As she reads, and they come to understand, those who are standing sink slowly into their seats, first CAPTAIN then ANNE MARIE, crossing herself, then MISS KIRBY, loosening her hold on her umbrella, then BRIGGS, shaking his head, twisting his cap, relapsing at last like the others into frozen, immobile silence. At last only KURTZ remains standing, and as he comes to understand he stands even straighter.)~~ Eight hundred yards north. . . . Struck the reef and foundered. . . . All hands were lost— ~~(She almost stops, but manages to go on.)~~—including Captain Joshua Stuart, his gallant crew, and sixty immigrants, passengers on the unfortunate vessel." ~~✓~~ Papa!

KURTZ. Go on. ~~(His eyes are on CHARLESTON.)~~

MELANIE. "To the memory of the sailing ship, Land o' Lakes, this light is dedicated. Thunder Rock Light, A.D. 1901." ~~✓~~ ~~(She turns slowly, her eyes rising blankly to the walls of the tower.)~~

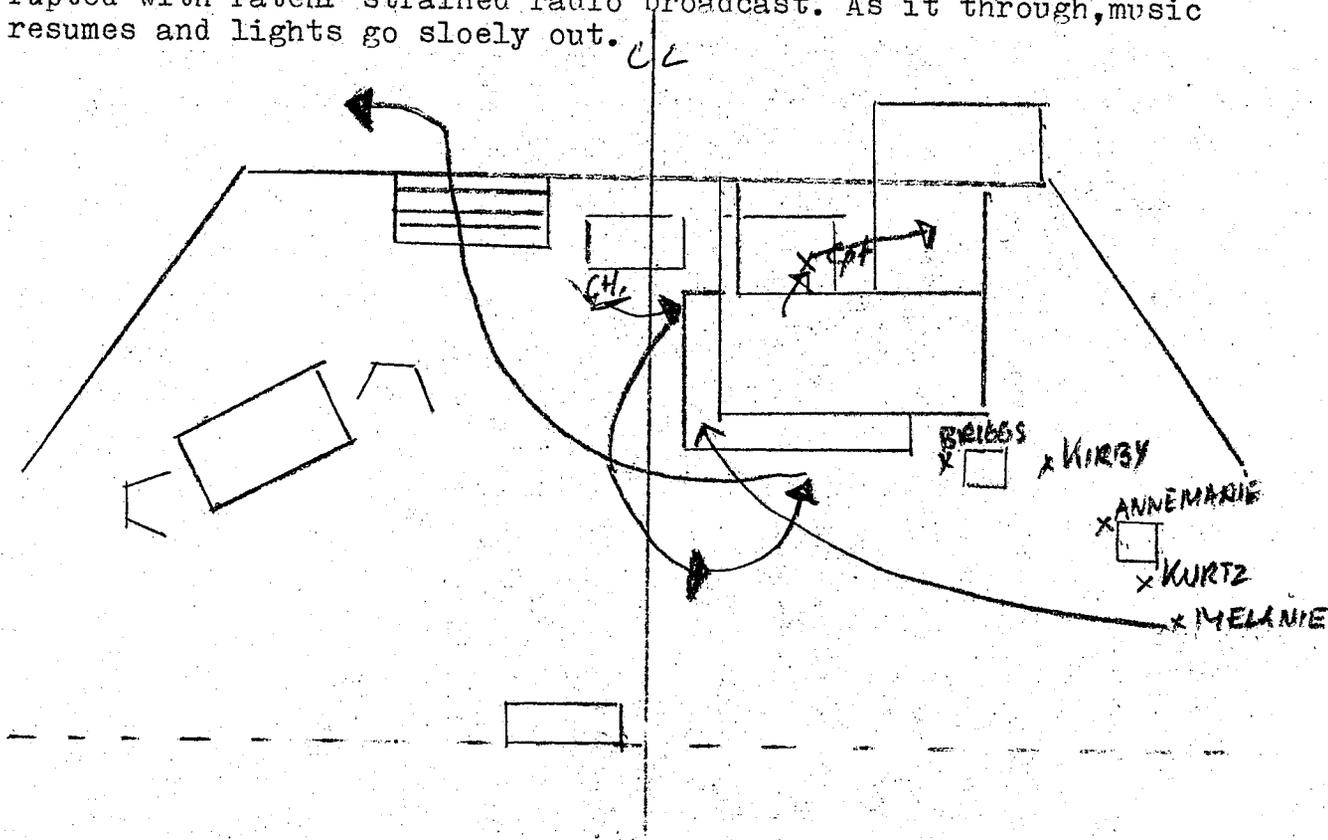
LIGHTST # 5B

~~CHARLESTON~~ ~~✓~~ This lighthouse is almost forty years old. You must take my word for that. ~~(Slowly they all look at him. He speaks sharply.)~~ Out this door. I dismiss you from my mind. Go on. ~~(They make no move. They only look at him. CHARLESTON'S hand drops from door. He moves slowly forward C., staring at them.)~~ Kurtz! I appeal to you— ~~(KURTZ makes no reply. He turns his head a little and his eyes go upward to bronze tablet on wall. CHARLESTON steps sharply to his side, grasps his arm.)~~ Kurtz! ~~(A silence.)~~ Why don't you go! Melanie! Briggs! I'm asking you, go. ~~✓~~ ~~(A silence.)~~—Damn it! ~~✓~~ Command you! Get out of my mind!

CAPTAIN. ~~(He rises, speaks softly.)~~ ~~✓~~ You wanted us true, Mr.

WARN LIGHTS #6, ?6A  
WARN SOUNDS # 9A

1. Turns away.
2. On level 4 with even more melodic voice.
3. Brakes to the stairway.
4. From level 4 with a sweepy gesture to Charleston.
5. Charleston brakes and runs UC to stairs in the lighthouse, as lights slowly dim out, making characters invisible in centre and left stage areas. Onlt the spot on radion makes to pay attention to it. There's distant waltz audible, which suddenly becomes interrupted with ratehr strained radio broadcast. As it through, music resumes and lights go sloely out.



Charleston—you have us. I warned you as best I could. You can no more dismiss us from your mind than you can tear from the history books a single page—and say it never happened. You'll no more escape us, Mr. Charleston, than escape yourself.

~~(CHARLESTON suddenly breaks for the stairs.)~~ Mr. Charleston—  
CHARLESTON. ~~(He stops on stairs.)~~ I'm spending the night in the light-chamber. Go or stay, as you please—

CAPTAIN. ~~✓~~ Ay. Lubricate the turnings of your mechanism. Polish the lenses if they're not excessive hot. Keep us in the back of your mind for the night, but come down in the morning, and we'll be here.

CHARLESTON. I'm leaving for the mainland in the morning.

CAPTAIN. And follow along we will, like gulls to the stern of a ship.

CHARLESTON. ~~✓~~ What do you want of me?

CAPTAIN. ~~✓~~ What do you want of yourself? How should we know, so soon? Man, they've just discovered they're dead. That's a shocking discovery, I know from experience. It takes a bit of adjusting. ~~(He chuckles.)~~ Never fear, man. We'll know what we want. ~~(A slight pause. CHARLESTON starts moving slowly upstairs, while CAPTAIN chuckles. The Viennese Waltz on the radio terminates in mid passage. CHARLESTON passes.)~~

LIGHTS # 6

SOUNDS # 9A

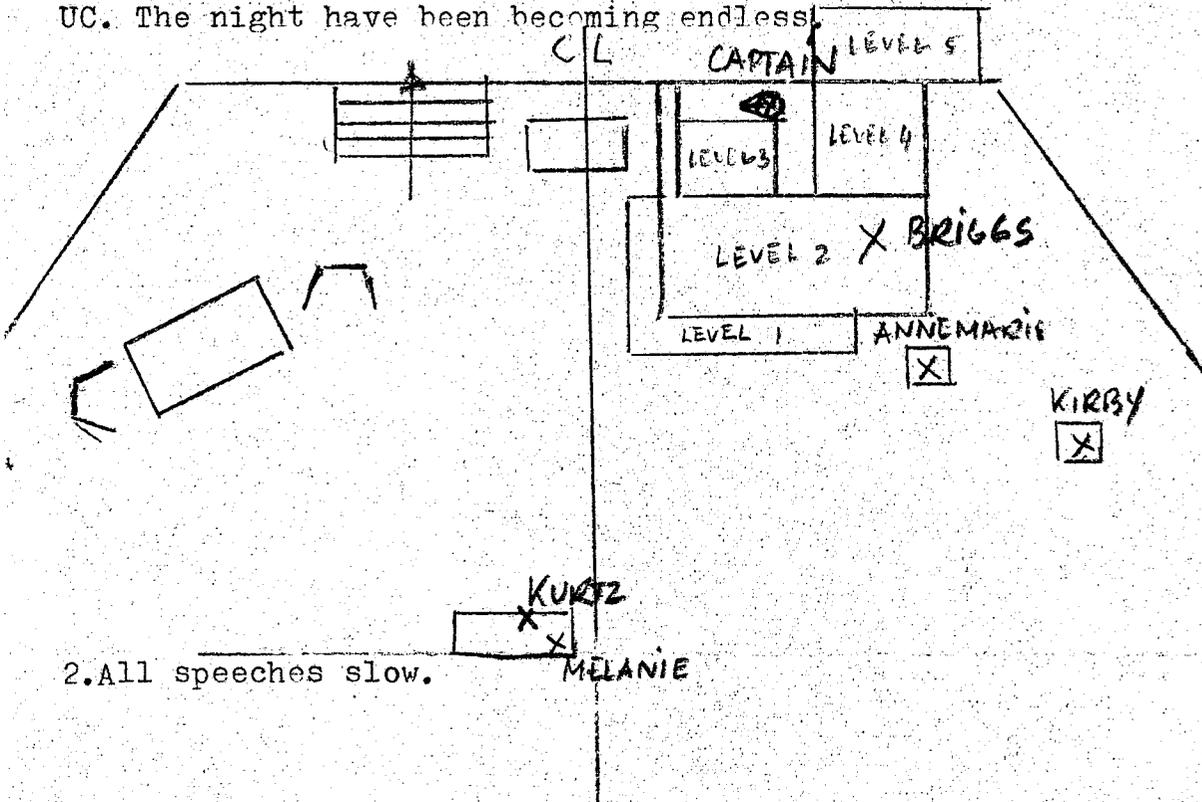
RADIO VOICE. We interrupt this broadcast to bring you a special bulletin from Trans-Radio News. London, England, August 31st, 1939. While the appeals for peace, from President Roosevelt and Pope Pius XII, seem definitely to have failed, hope was still expressed in semi-official quarters here tonight that the door remains open for further direct negotiations between London and Berlin.— For further details consult your morning newspapers. ~~(The music resumes.)~~

LIGHTS # 6A

CAPTAIN. ~~(Bringing out his package of cigarettes.)~~ Miss Kirby, will you taste the fruits of progress?

291  
THE CURTAIN FALLS

1. With a tune rises dim early morning's light. The group of characters on stage 1 and C are waiting for Charleston's appearance. Kurtz and Melanie sit on bench DC, Annemarie and Kirby on chairs DL, Briggs sleeps on the left side of second level while Captain on level 3 (in profile) watches entrance UC. The night have been becoming endless.



2. All speeches slow.

3. Doctor becomes more excited and thus faster as he glances at Captain.

4. Captain turns full front.

WARN SOUND # 10  
WARN LIGHTS # 7  
HOUSE OUT  
SOUND # 10  
LIGHTS # 7

ACT III

SCENE: Morning. The sun is not quite up. The sky, still gray, takes on a shade of pink. The pale light from the upper windows fails yet to illuminate the lower room. The outer door stands open. The wind has gone down, the rain is over. The Lake is still. The oil in the lamps is running low, and they cast a feeble light. BRIGGS lies on the bench at the rear, asleep. He snores very lightly. KURTZ is at the outer door with his eyes on the water. MELANIE and ANNE MARIE sit at table L., playing casino. Now and then ANNE MARIE yawns over her cards. CAPTAIN, smoking one of STREETER'S eternal cigarettes, paces slowly the path of his bridge. Slowly the sky brightens to rose. It is very still.

SOUND # 10 OUT

~~MISS KIRBY enters at the outer door.~~

Sc. 1

X  
MISS KIRBY. <sup>1</sup> Sunrise. ~~(A silence.)~~ The night's been short, hasn't it? CAPTAIN. He's still above. ~~(They all speak low, for who can raise his voice at dawn? MISS KIRBY goes to a chair and sits down. She fumbles in her bag and brings out a mirror.)~~  
MISS KIRBY. I look a fright. ~~(She pokes at her hair. They hear from above the sound of the light-chamber door. They all look up. MELANIE rises.)~~  
ANNE MARIE. Try to be polite. Please. The poor man won't have had his breakfast. ~~(MELANIE makes an impatient gesture. CHARLESTON does not appear. MELANIE moves restlessly.)~~  
MISS KIRBY. <sup>2</sup> I don't see why we stay here at all. We make a nuisance of ourselves.  
KURTZ. We stay.  
MELANIE. Good, Papa!  
MISS KIRBY. But why?  
KURTZ. Why did he bring us here? <sup>3</sup> ~~(An instant.)~~ Why did he create us? Or re-create us? ~~(KURTZ glances at CAPTAIN, and CAPTAIN shakes his head.)~~ Do you know?  
CAPTAIN. For his amusement.  
KURTZ. That is not true.

1. Captain moves from level 3 to 2, more concerned.

2. Doctor picks up pace, all dialogue becomes quicker, more excited, yet they do not move.

3. Melanie embraces father.

4. Captain makes big gesture toward stairs. At same moment Charleston appears. He carries a case and report form in his hands. He comes down, puts the case right of the drawer, crosses to table DR, puts the report form on the table DR, then crosses slowly downcentre between Captain and Doctor.

CAPTAIN. Ay, and it's not ~~(An instant.)~~ I have oftentimes wondered upon this, and I do not know. Was it for his ease that he made us? To ease some very great hurt that was inside him? Are we his shelter from all his fears, and his comfort in disappointment?

KURTZ. He is not so soft a man.

CAPTAIN. Ay. I'm in agreement.

KURTZ. ~~He~~ brought us here that we might help him.—And I cannot leave until I do.

MISS KIRBY. But why would he need us?

KURTZ. I do not know.

MISS KIRBY. It's so silly! We're shades, we're bones, we're ghosts—

KURTZ. We are thoughts forgotten.

MISS KIRBY. Whatever we are! We're nothing. We were little wandering fragments of a despairing time, and now that time is gone, and *we* are gone.

KURTZ. Nothing is ever gone.

MISS KIRBY. But it is true, Doctor! He is of another time. Why should he need us? We know nothing of his world except what he told us. Oh! What times! ~~(Her eyes light.)~~ Women sitting in the House of Commons. It is what he said! Did you hear him? Children going to school, poor and rich alike—

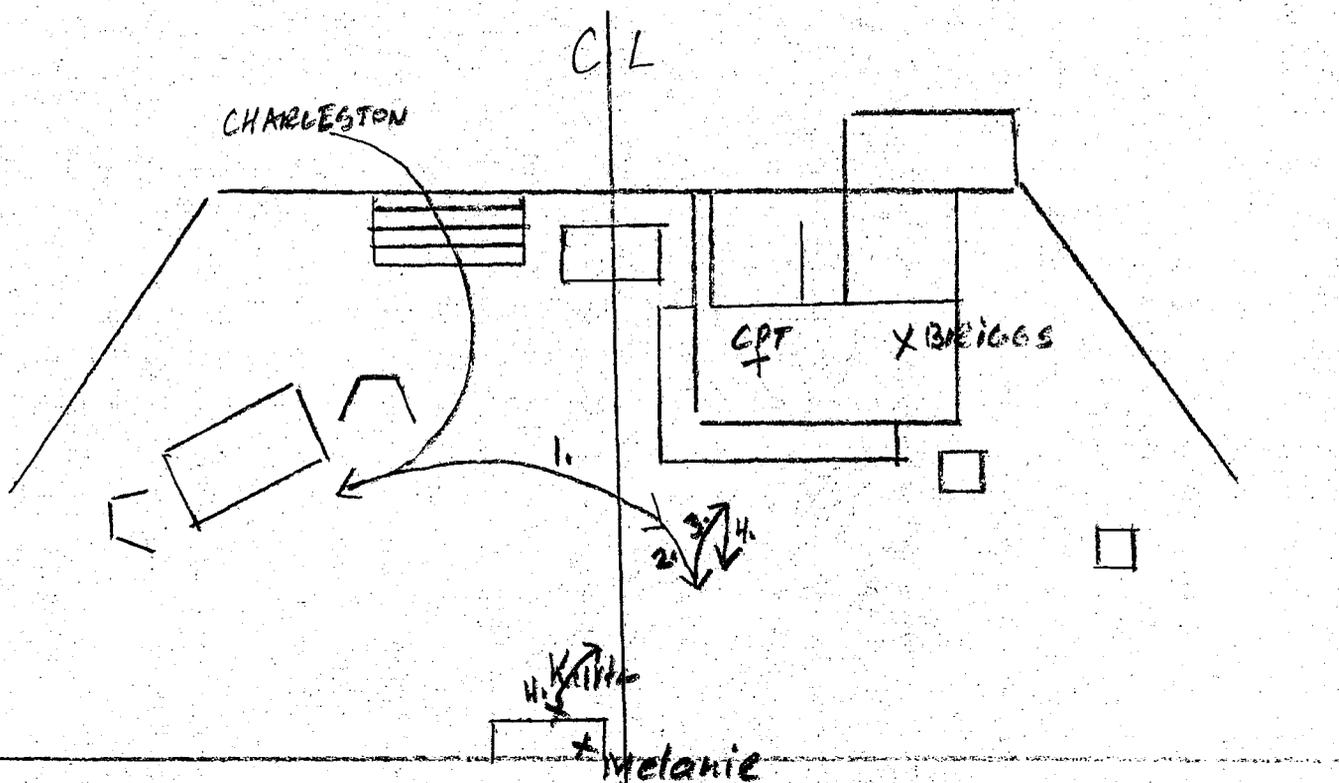
KURTZ. If his times are so excellent, then why did he say they were no different from ours? ~~(Miss Kirby sobers.)~~ You and I, Miss Kirby, know nothing at all. It is as you say. But of this I am sure: he needs us, or we would not be here. ~~(A thoughtful instant.)~~ Once, in Vienna, I ran. I deserted. I failed. Now here I stand in the mind of another, and I am reborn. God has been exceedingly good to me, for He has given me a second chance. And this time I shall not run. I shall not desert. And if I am needed, I shall not fail.

MELANIE. ~~(She is in tears.)~~ Oh, Papa! ~~(She embraces him.)~~

MISS KIRBY. I have been stupid, sir. You shall speak for me.

ANNE MARIE. And for me, Stefan.

CAPTAIN. ~~4~~ If I could be as proud of him, my passengers, as I am proud of you! ~~(He blows his nose on Miss Kirby's ancient handkerchief. They bear his steps above, and they rise or turn, and for an instant they are like statues, or a fleeting memory, or frozen figures in a dream. CHARLESTON comes down the steps.)~~



1. Charleston is pale. He has not slept. He controls himself with difficulty.

2. To Kurtz.

3. To everybody, as he moves to Captain.

4. Comes back DC as Kurtz takes an abrupt step to him.

X He is pale. He has not slept. His eyes are haggard. He controls himself with difficulty, but control himself he does.)

Sc 2

CHARLESTON. Good morning.—My superior officer, Inspector Flanning, will be coming to take me to the mainland shortly. I have to get my things together. ~~(CHARLESTON goes off c. back. The frozen moment passes with the instant of his exit. CAPTAIN resumes pacing his L-shaped path. MELANIE and ANNE MARIE sit again at the table and pick up their cards. And KURTZ again turns to the door and looks out at the water that glows with the approaching sunrise. MISS KIRBY stands near him, looking at the door, where CHARLESTON went out. When CHARLESTON re-enters, MISS KIRBY's eyes follow him while the others continue with their preceding actions. CHARLESTON carries an armful of dirty clothes, and a large, empty suitcase. He opens the bag on the floor, and sorting the clothes only a little, puts them in. CAPTAIN lights his eternal cigarette at a lamp, and ceases his pacing. KURTZ turns from the door and watches CHARLESTON, who now rises from the suitcase and glances about for belongings. He speaks carelessly as he gets down books from the bookshelves, glances at titles, and puts some in the suitcase.)~~ It's been an unfortunate incident. I apologize to you all. I apologize particularly for my behavior last night. It was ungracious. It was melodramatic. It was absurd.

KURTZ. It was not.

CHARLESTON. It was. I can't explain why I acted as I did. Perhaps I cared too much. I believe that's been my curse all along—that I cared more than I knew. Even when I came here to Thunder Rock, when I took this job and I thought I cared not at all—I was wrong. I cared a great deal.

KURTZ. About what?

CHARLESTON. That's hard to say, Dr. Kurtz. Just—cared. About things that happen. About the world, and the future, and fate, and men. I can't expect to make myself clear.

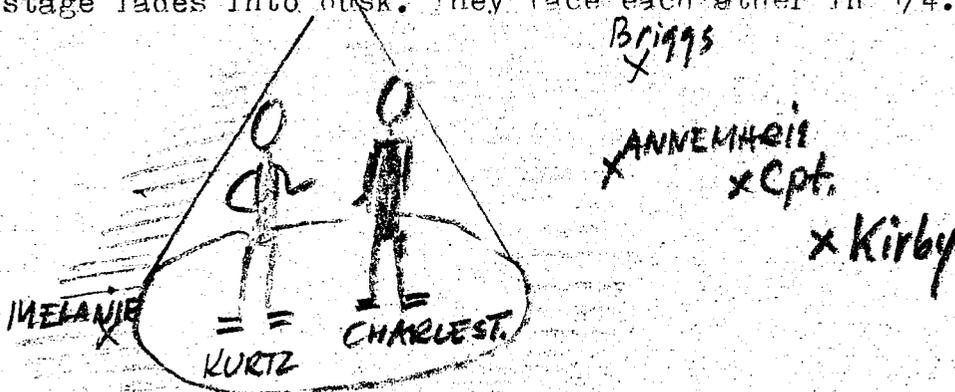
KURTZ. You do.

CHARLESTON. Well, whatever it was, may I thank you? All of you. Because you've done me a very great favor. You've relieved me of my curse. I no longer care. Not a whit. ~~(He kneels at his suitcase. MELANIE and ANNE MARIE turn from their cards. KURTZ takes an abrupt step.)~~

KURTZ. I do not believe you!

WARN LIGHTS # 7 A

1. To Doctor.
2. He smiles broadly, turns to everybody with a played carelessness.
3. Tries to convince himself acting carefree.
4. Crosses below the chair where sits Annemarie.
5. Captain comes down level 1 suddenly.
6. Charleston crosses back to Captain; they face each other as Charleston whirls. Captain answers softly but with deep knowledge of the truth. There is the pause. Charleston can not look in Captain's eyes, he lowers his head.
7. Captain crosses below the platforms UL, between Annemarie and Kirby.
8. Doctor moves couple steps to centre as Charleston looks into his face slowly which seems more dignified and even Godlike.
9. Charleston now stumbles few steps to Doctor. He enters a magic spot which encircles him and Doctor into mysterious light, as the rest of stage fades into dusk. They face each other in 3/4.



This is an innerly dialogue in Charleston's mind represented through imaginary man as his soul opens up, becoming intense and fast thinking. That is the fight fought within himself; the problem has not yet been defined through these days spent in the lighthouse, therefore the scrambles of thoughts have to be put in a order, expressed in a well phrased phrase.

10. Recognition begins.

CHARLESTON. <sup>1</sup>You must.

KURTZ. That is a frightful thing to thank us for.

CHARLESTON. Oh, no. If you could know my world, Doctor—if you could know it!—~~(Meditatively he shakes his head.)~~ There isn't any question. In the world that I was born into, the quality of not caring is without doubt the greatest gift that a man can receive.

KURTZ. I tremble.

CHARLESTON. No. No. Please. ~~(There's a wryness in him, and he laughs.)~~ I'm sincere. Believe me. Look at my own life. I was a newspaperman. Some years ago, in a small war, I lost my detachment. I began to care. And I had to leave my trade. ~~(He smiles.)~~

<sup>2</sup>Well, you've restored my employment. I'm leaving the island. I have no more need of it. I'm going back to my old trade. The professional spectator <sup>3</sup>I'm free. I'm free for the first time in years. ~~(An instant. Then very slowly.)~~ <sup>4</sup>What a magnificent morning. I do not give a damn. ~~(CHARLESTON goes to a locker and searches through it.)~~

CAPTAIN <sup>5</sup>You lie. ~~(CHARLESTON whirls. Softly.)~~ <sup>6</sup>Will you never understand, Mr. Charleston, that you cannot lie to us?

CHARLESTON. ~~(Advancing to him.)~~ Goddamn you, Joshua—! Get out! Get out!

CAPTAIN. But I remain. I remain. Ay, and if it was true that you did not care, I would be gone. ~~(CHARLESTON collapses in a chair with his head doubled down in agony against his arms on his knees. CAPTAIN meditates over the eternal cigarette, then touches him, and speaks with gentle compassion.)~~ Perhaps we too desire to go. Out that door. To go out that door, in fullness and satisfaction, and rejoin the silences from which we came. ~~(He shakes his head and moves away.)~~

KURTZ. <sup>8</sup>Must men be always blind? ~~(CHARLESTON looks up slowly.)~~ What is the defect in men's intelligence, that it can never read the words of the writing hand upon the wall?

CHARLESTON. <sup>9</sup>The writing hand!—My friend. It's the writing hand we run from. If I couldn't read the words— Oh, God! if I could be blind!—if only I couldn't read the words, then in a kind of blind faith I could stand, and I could fight, and I could care, without peril to my sanity—and if in the end I was destroyed then what would it matter? In my ignorance I'd have to believe to the last in the happy ending. But I cannot. It's that I'm not

LIGHTS # 7A

1. Gently.

2. An instant.

4. The central problem.

blind; that I can see, that the words are apparent, and I can read them!

KURTZ. ~~(Gently.)~~ But we also thought that the words were apparent.

CHARLESTON. This is no good, Kurtz.

KURTZ. All that was revealed to you last night, Mr. Charleston—all of our lives that you saw before you—

CHARLESTON. My intelligence, Kurtz. My cursed intelligence. I know what you're getting at.

KURTZ. You saw us a century ago, despairing. You saw us convinced that our highest dreams were impossible of achievement. You saw us flee, in our folly, and we were ridiculous in your eyes—

CHARLESTON. This is no good, I've tried—

KURTZ. Cannot you see yourself in another man's eyes? A man a century from now, when you are dead, who brings you to his mind as you have brought us? Can't you see yourself as he would see you, a silly, childish, ridiculous figure, fleeing problems that can never be solved and that for him are solved and forgotten?

CHARLESTON. But, Kurtz. There's something you don't understand. ~~(An instant.)~~ There may be no such man on the face of the earth.

KURTZ. That is impossible.

CHARLESTON. Your problems were things like pain, and ignorance. What you cannot understand is that ours is of a different order.

Ours is the end.

KURTZ. The end?

CHARLESTON. The end of all things. Of civilization. Of mankind, perhaps, itself.

KURTZ. I do not understand.

CHARLESTON. War, Kurtz. War. A war that may start today, or tomorrow, or the next day—

KURTZ. Such childishness. All this, from merely war?

CHARLESTON. Merely war.

KURTZ. Mr. Charleston, I fought on the fields of Austerlitz, and I saw my fatherland vanquished. But I lived to see Napoleon fall, and the Continent survive. I repeat. Merely war.

CHARLESTON. I respect your experience. ~~(He sighs.)~~ I respect it. But from the experience of trying to describe modern warfare to a man who fought at Austerlitz—deliver me! ~~(He moves to doorway and looks out at the water.)~~ I don't say it will be this war,

1. In absolute jubilation.

2. Complete astonishment.

3. Doctor talks to him like father with the child leading him through various labirinths of thought making him answer the questions, thus arousing hope and excitement; Charleston as blind becomes lead through problem.

Kurtz. But we have seen the writing hand. And we have seen old wars flame up among new ruins, and new hatreds among old bones. And if it is not this war, then it will be the next. Believe me. The words are clear. And I can read them. ~~(A silence.)~~

KURTZ. David. I weep for you.

CHARLESTON. It's not what I ask.

KURTZ. What do you ask?

CHARLESTON. I suppose—for a logical, reasonable basis for belief that a future exists. ~~(He turns from door.)~~ It's a simple thing, isn't it? Who could ask for less? A future that a man can fight for, and a faith in it that my intelligence can't deny.—I tried, Kurtz. I tried all night to see in your lives some answer. But that your problems were solved, proves nothing.

~~KURTZ. But that we failed, and still our problems were solved!~~

~~(His tone strikes CHARLESTON. In instant.)~~ Oh, blind, blind! Have you an intelligence? Then use it!

CHARLESTON. What?

KURTZ. David. The work I did in Vienna. What is your word for it?

CHARLESTON. Anesthesia.

KURTZ. Look at me. I gave up. Because I ran away, does the world lack anesthesia?

CHARLESTON. No.

KURTZ. No! And if I had not given up? If I had continued my work in Vienna? What would have been the result?

CHARLESTON. We'd have had anesthetics a few years sooner.

KURTZ. Exactly! ~~(His excitement is intense. CHARLESTON does not understand, but the excitement catches him.)~~ Whether or not I gave up, the problem would have been solved. What was the power, then, that I surrendered?

CHARLESTON. To solve it sooner.

KURTZ. To solve it sooner.—Those young men you mentioned last night! What were their names? The kinsman of Erasmus Darwin —

CHARLESTON. Charles Darwin.

KURTZ. What did he do?

CHARLESTON. Evolution. He developed a theory of life.

KURTZ. If this Charles Darwin had given up.— Think! Your intelligence! If he had given up, would the theory still be unknown?

1. The solution.

2, Moves a step left, with pain.

CHARLESTON. No. ~~(A magnificent restlessness is beginning to sweep him.)~~

KURTZ. No! Someone else would have found it—later!—The young lawyer?

CHARLESTON. Abraham Lincoln.

KURTZ. What did he do?

CHARLESTON. He ended American slavery.

KURTZ. If Lincoln had failed—if he had run away—would America still have slavery?

CHARLESTON. No.

KURTZ. No! And why not?

CHARLESTON. Someone else would have ended it later—

KURTZ. And what was this Abraham Lincoln's power?

CHARLESTON. To end it sooner. Think for me, Kurtz! My brain is numb!

KURTZ. ~~(The sores and there is something like laughter in his exhibition of David, David! It is the writing hand! Men may lose, but mankind never! Sooner or later, tomorrow or in a thousand years, mankind finds an answer. And you, David, or I—we have only one power—~~

~~To decide just this: will it be sooner? Or will it be later? CHARLESTON falls into a chair with his hands clenched and his whole body tense. KURTZ, doubled over a little, stares at him. ANNE MARIE rises from her chair and puts down her cards and arranges her clothes. CHARLESTON stares at her without seeing her.~~

CHARLESTON. War.

KURTZ. You wanted a faith that your intelligence could not deny. You have it. You have every reason to believe that sooner or later wars will cease, and men will find an answer.

CHARLESTON. ~~(A momentary agony.)~~ A thousand years—

KURTZ. ~~(He shrugs.)~~ It does not seem so very long, when you are dead.

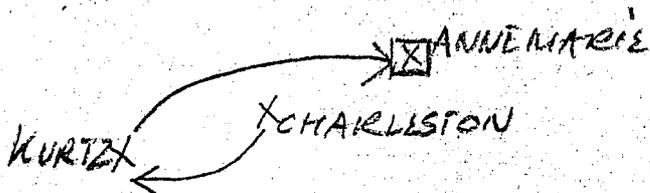
CHARLESTON. ~~(Springs to his feet.)~~ Kurtz! I'm not dead! And a thousand years—sooner or later— What happens in the meantime?

KURTZ. My good man! You asked me for proof that a future exists. Now already you are tying strings to it! ~~(CHARLESTON laughs the laugh of a healthy man, and CAPTAIN JOSHUA chuckles, and MELANIE, near tears, laughs and covers her face.)~~

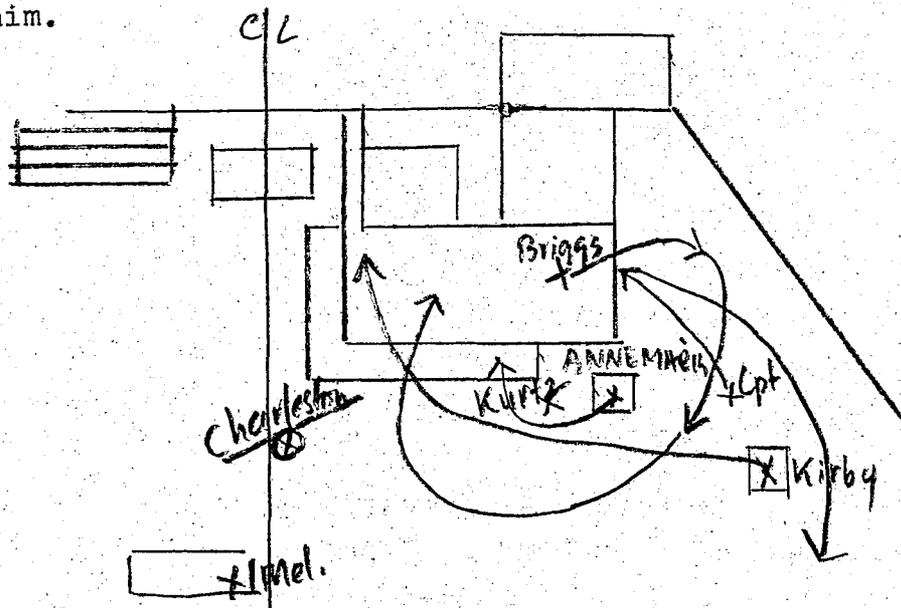
CHARLESTON. I'm mortal. Forgive me—

WARN LIGHTS " 7B

1. Gently, tenderly.
2. Doctor turns full front, his eyes catches the distant point and envy for the living ones flashes in his mind..
3. Turns to Charleston again, the light start to fade out as all characters appear visible in full light.
4. Doctor crosses below the stairs to his wife, who rises up as Charleston stares at them turning out. Doctor touches his wife tenderly, looks at her with love.



5. Vacantly.
6. Captain crosses UL to the side of the level 2 to wake up Briggs who is sleeping there. Afterwards Captain crosses back extreme DL.
7. Briggs rises up, yawns, scratches and stretches himself.
8. Kirby rises up, smiles as she talks, then faces Briggs to call him.
9. Briggs comes down between Annemarie and Kirby; Kirby moves to level 1 as Briggs follows her with a bigger curve, takes leave from Charleston and then they both go on the level 2.
10. Briggs and Kirby turn right looking at Charleston when Annemarie crosses below Dr. Kurtz, steps at right of him on the level 1. Charleston move to group on the stairway. Kurtz smiles at him.



KURTZ. (~~Gently, tenderly.~~) You are mortal. And you are alive. And to be alive is a privilege you will never understand. (~~He looks out at the water, and speaks low.~~) To be alive. To have in one's hands again that almighty power to decide — Will it be sooner? or will it be later? (~~He looks long at CHARLESTON.~~) It need not be a thousand years, David. That is what is up to you.

(~~CHARLESTON turns a little forward, lifts his head, and strength flows in his veins, and visions are in his eyes. A moment, then KURTZ speaks softly.~~) Come, Anne Marie. (~~MELANIE rises from table, puts down her cards, and ANNE MARIE joins MISS KIRBY near door. CAPTAIN JOSHUA arranges himself.~~)

CHARLESTON (~~Vacantly.~~) You go?

KURTZ. We go.

CHARLESTON. Then you are sure of me.

KURTZ. (~~He nods, with a little sadness.~~) Last night, David—or was it a century ago?—I cried aloud for leadership, and I failed to look to myself.—We have confidence, David. You will not fail, as did I. (~~He touches CHARLESTON's arm, and there is an instant.~~)

CAPTAIN. Mr. Briggs! (~~BRIGGS, who has slept through the entire scene, sits up like a jack in the box and stares about.~~) Mr. Briggs, will you be good enough to scratch yourself and take thought of leaving?

BRIGGS. Eh! (~~He yawns, and scratches himself vigorously.~~) Eh! (~~He rises, smiling and stretching.~~)

MISS KIRBY. Good-bye, Mr. Charleston. I wish you success. And please do not remember me as an unhappy, battle-scarred old warhorse. Remember this—that I went in peace. (~~She moves toward the door, and hesitates, and points her umbrella at BRIGGS, and smiles with tenderness.~~) Mr. Briggs.

BRIGGS. Eh, my Millie's about some place; she's an impatient woman, she is! (~~He finishes a yawn with a whuff.~~) I'm coming, Miss Kirby! Good luck to you, Mr. Charleston! Eh, what a morning — (~~The two go out, and as they go, MISS KIRBY puts her umbrella, like a rifle, over her shoulder.~~)

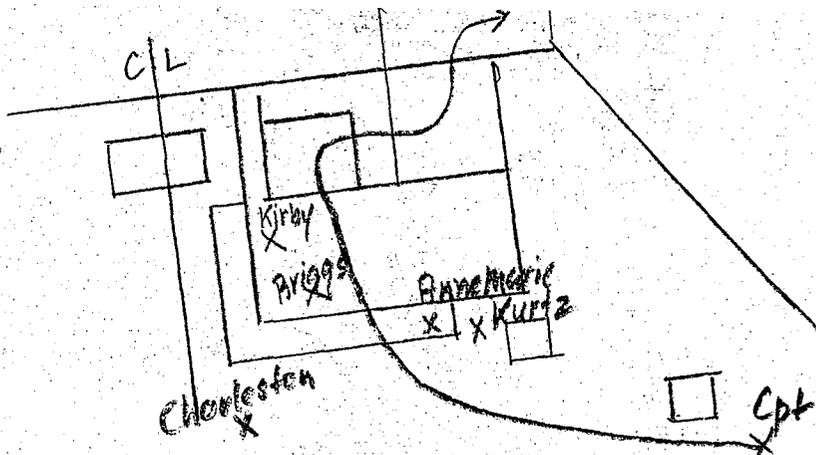
CHARLESTON. (~~Plaintively.~~) People go out that door, and I have nothing to do with it.

KURTZ. We leave your mind because you no longer need us.

CHARLESTON. But I do, Kurtz! I do! (~~He is looking at MELANIE, who stands with her back turned looking out at the water.~~)

KURTZ. No. There is a time, I presume, in every man's life when

Sc. 3



1. Doctor looks at his wife with gentle tenderness, she touches his shirt lovingly, he shakes his head, takes her left elbow under his right arm, looks at own shirt, smiles again..

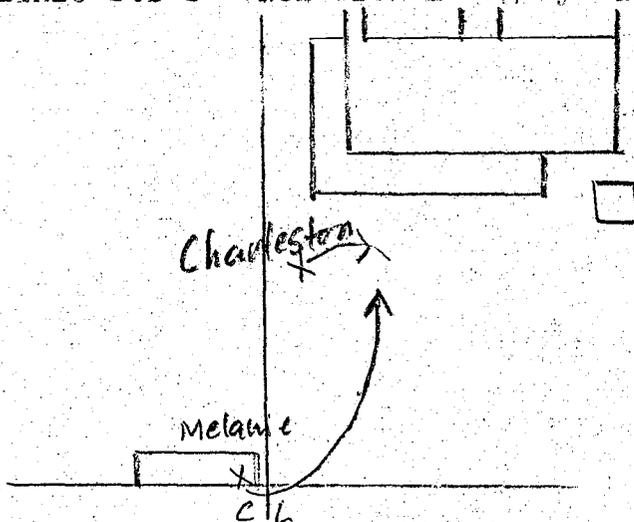
2. Annemarie stretches her right hand to Melanie, with sad smile. Doctor turns to Charleston, firmly.

3. Captain out of the pocket pulls out the package of Streeter's cigarettes, looks at them, crosses to the chair on left and places back where he took them from. Next he looks at his passengers on the stairways, smiles. As Kurtz replies on his bid, he crosses to the stairs, turns to Charleston, blinks his right eye jokingly and goes upstairs as the rest follows him.

5. As people on the stairs start to move, Melanie rises up from bench DC and follows slowly.

6. Charleston crosses left and steps into her way. With the left hand he touches her right shoulder and turns her right. She looks at him trembling. Suddenly he embraces her and kisses her lips tenderly. She steps back, sighs and looks at him quietly. He takes her both arms in his. She pulls his arms to her, presses to her right cheek tenderly and holds it for a while, then let them fall.

7. Melanie steps back with a lightly sad smile in her face.



the lights grow dim and the battle seems lost, and he needs all the dead men of history to arise, and to assure him with a single united voice that battles can be won.—But the time comes, David. The time comes when his need is for the living, and for himself. ~~(Very softly.)~~ Have faith, David. Have faith in yourself, and the writing hand, and an everlasting destiny that fights on your side. ~~(To ANNE MARIE, gently.)~~ Are you ready, Anne Marie? We face another journey.

ANNE MARIE. ~~(She fumbles with his sleeve.)~~ Stefan. You have lost a button.

KURTZ. So I have. Well — ~~(He smiles wryly.)~~ I shall not need it. ~~(He looks out the door.)~~

ANNE MARIE. ~~(She lifts her head.)~~ Come, Melanie; my dear — KURTZ. ~~(Very soberly.)~~ On the strength of our faith in you, David, we go out ~~this door.~~ We die again. We go out ~~this door.~~ ~~(He falls silent.)~~

CAPTAIN. ~~(To CHARLESTON, gruffly.)~~ If ever you should see your friend Mr. Streeter, will you give him these? And my thanks. ~~(He drops the package of cigarettes on the table.)~~ My passengers, I ask a favor. May I take the lead?

KURTZ. Captain. ~~(Kurtz bows just a little.)~~

CAPTAIN. I thank you. ~~(He crosses abruptly and goes out without backward glance, and KURTZ and ANNE MARIE follow him into eternity. CHARLESTON is too overcome with the emotion of their departure to speak, or to move. MELANIE moves very slowly to the door, and stands looking out.)~~

MELANIE. ~~(The only time—) I've every felt young—and it comes now. ~~(An instant, then CHARLESTON steps to her abruptly, and embraces her, and kisses her, and she clings to him. And just for an instant she sobs, and then she quits.)~~~~

CHARLESTON. Don't be afraid.

MELANIE. Why did you never do that before?

CHARLESTON. It wasn't for us. ~~(MELANIE nods very slowly, then she steps from his embrace and looks out at the Lake, and the morning.)~~

MELANIE. Papa envied you. I envy another. ~~(She smiles a little, as their eyes meet.)~~ When you meet her—some day—will you tell her?

CHARLESTON. What shall I tell her?

MELANIE. Only that I envy her.—I think, David, that I envy all

WARN LIGHTS # 8

WARN SOUND # 11 & 12

1. She thinks of wonderful world, existence and love; she understands the meaning of life as the greatest gift man possesses. Then she turns right and slowly moves up the stairs. From the level 3 she once again looks at Charleston and waves hand. Charleston moves slowly to stairs as following a wonderful vision. She exits.

2. For a while Charleston stands still as the lights intercrosses; the lighthouse side visible in full light again as imaginary playground slowly disappear and fades. The plane sound becomes heard in distance approaching, then landing down. Charleston waves both arms in huge gesture greeting Flanning's arrival.

3. Charleston looks around the room, hurries up to the radio, leans to it, switches on and waits. The voice of announcer becomes heard with a measured restraint. He is interested in radio news, excited.

4. Switches out the radio quickly, rises up and moves silently DC becoming in thoughts.

5. Flanning and Cassidy enters right. Flanning crosses to R chair, Cassidy crosses UR corner to the plaque. Flanning looks at Charleston, speaks belligerently to him.

6. As Charleston answers rather involved with own thought reluctantly, Flanning stares at him, then goes about business.

7. pleasantly.

the living, in your times and in all times, their right to love, and to smile, and to lift up their eyes to the sky. I envy them their eyes to see with, and their world to look at—even a world that isn't very nice. ~~I envy them their right to roll up their sleeves, and put on their hats, and go out in the street and do things.~~

~~(She looks at the Lake again, and there is an instant.) I envy them all those things I never did myself. (She touches him without looking at him.) Good-bye, David. (She closes her eyes, and puts her hand before her like a woman who walks into a darkened room, and quietly she goes out the door. CHARLESTON blindly turns from the door and leans against the great stone wall and closes his eyes. In the long moment that he stands there, the sun rises, and the lighting changes, and the mystic, topless tower becomes again the workaday base of a lighthouse. And we hear the sound, at last, of an airplane. It alights on the water, its engines roar. CHARLESTON turns again to the door. The engines fall silent.)~~

LIGHTS # 8

SOUND # 11

~~CHARLESTON. (To no one.) Good morning, Inspector Flanning. (CHARLESTON looks for a moment about the room, while he reads himself. Then he moves to the radio and turns it on.)~~

SOUND # 12

~~RADIO. (The announcer speaks with measured restraint) . . . the latest bulletins on the European crisis. Ladies and gentlemen, it would seem that today may be one long remembered in world history. From Berlin: Adolf Hitler delivered a speech believed to be the keynote to general war in Europe. From Warsaw: Frontier reports say that Polish soil has been invaded by German motorized units. From London —~~

~~CHARLESTON turns off radio. For a moment he stands silent. Then he moves to the memorial plaque. We hear voices outside. He does not turn from the tablet. FLANNING appears, followed by NONNY carrying a crate and a kerosene tin.)~~

Sc. 4

~~FLANNING. Kerosene outside! (NONNY starts to flee.) Everything else in here! (NONNY drops the crate and flees, but FLANNING is already ruffled. He sees CHARLESTON. He speaks belligerently.) Good morning!~~

~~CHARLESTON. (Mildly.) Good morning, Inspector. (CHARLESTON goes on reading. INSPECTOR FLANNING stares at his back with all his old suspiciousness and exasperation. CHARLESTON'S relief man, CASSIDY, drifts in. He is tall, spare, taciturn.)~~

~~FLANNING. Your relief man, Mr. Cassidy.—Mr. Charleston. CHARLESTON. (Pleasantly.) Good morning.~~

1. Cassidy hardly answers and turns away abruptly right and goes reading the plaque right away; Charleston looks at him astonished.

2. Flanning opens the briefcase, picks out the discharge paper in right hand, puts the case down, looks at Cassidy and Charleston and looking over theright shoulder talks to Cassidy, who completely pays no attention to him but reads the plaque..

3. Flanning turns to Charleston, who nodd's his head only.

4. To Cassidy.

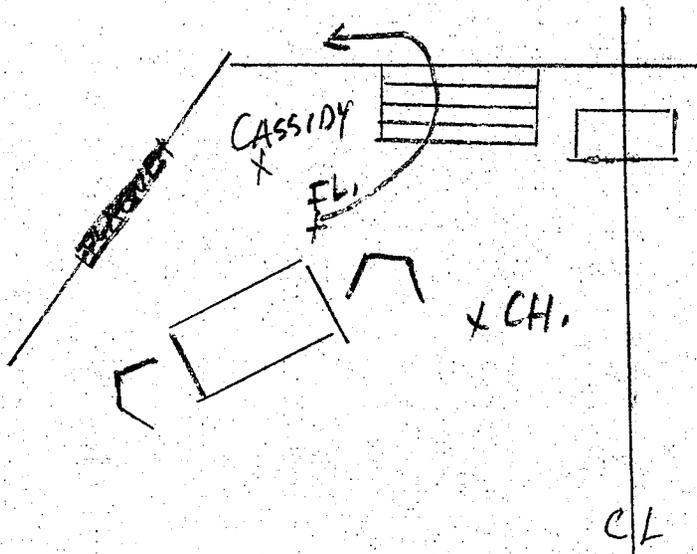
5. Bitterly. Flanning moves upstage showing uneasiness and a guilt, then stares at Charleston, pulls himself together and goes on appologeticly.

6. Hands the discharge paper to Charleston.

7. Charleston in amusement and joy opens up the paper, reads the discharge beaming, not paying attention to Flanning's apologies. Cassidy looks at them not understanding, because he did not listen.

8. Flanning crosses to stairs, climbs, turns in left, appoloogises again.

9. Charleston just smiles. Flanning exits right.



CASSIDY Morning. (~~CASSIDY turns away and CHARLESTON goes back to his tablet.~~)

FLANNING (~~Gratingly~~) I hope, Cassidy—I may say, I pray, devoutly—that you are the type that makes a few mistakes, tries to take mildly dishonest advantage of me, and speaks when you're spoken to. (~~CASSIDY grunts and looks up at the stairway. To CHARLESTON.~~)

You likely haven't heard the news, Charleston. There's war in Europe.

CHARLESTON. Yes.

FLANNING (~~To CASSIDY.~~) You see what I was trying to tell you? The kind of man—you say war in Europe to him and he says, Yes. (~~He slams his brief case on the table.~~)

CHARLESTON. I'm sorry, Flanning. I didn't mean to be rude. I was thinking.

FLANNING (~~Bitterly~~) He was thinking! (~~He starts to open his brief-case. Then he stops and stares down at the two hands of cards lying face down on the table. He picks up the ace of hearts and looks at CHARLESTON, but now CHARLESTON is at the door looking out at the Lake.~~) Charleston! Who have you been playing cards with?

CHARLESTON. H'm? Oh — (~~He makes a vague gesture toward the Lake, and again becomes lost in thought.~~)

FLANNING (~~With profound resolve he drops the card on the table, opens his brief case, and gets out a paper.~~) The time comes, Charleston, I never like to do this, and when I do it, I always do it badly. But—I'm a human being. Well, what I mean—we've got to have the right type of man in the Lighthouse Service — (~~He gropes, then thrusts the paper at CHARLESTON.~~) Let's just say you're too good for your job.

CHARLESTON. I'm discharged?

FLANNING. Without prejudice! It's honorable! (~~CHARLESTON smiles just a little and folds the paper. FLANNING turns abruptly and indicates CASSIDY.~~) Show him the place. I'll be above. We're getting out of here in five minutes. (~~He starts up the stairs, and hesitates. With humanity.~~) It had to, Charleston. I can't have a man that I don't understand. It's natural, isn't it?

CHARLESTON. It's all right, Inspector. (~~FLANNING goes above.~~) CHARLESTON almost chuckles as he puts the discharge in his pocket.)

1. Cassidy has been looking at them since finished with reading.
2. Charleston looks amused at Cassidy, then crosses upstage to the drawer, takes out typewriter, start to clean it.
3. Very dimly.
4. Listens curiously continuing to clean typewriter.
5. Grunts.
6. Charleston turns in very surprise and astonishment to Cassidy, crosses above table, looks closely into his face.
7. Cassidy laughs suppressed.
8. Charleston shrugs and chuckles. Laughs, goes back to the drawer
9. Charleston goes on with the typewriter business, interrupts to turn to Cassidy, with a broad gesture explains the place, then shows placue, goes on looking for his belongings and gathering them.
10. Looks at Cassidy, then on the stairs where Flanning disa appeared and compares himself with Cassidy. Suddenly starts to laugh. He feels looking at himself and his immediate past with an ~~man~~ eye of another man. Cassidy makes grim look and turns away.

Sc. 5

~~CASSIDY. (He has avoided the exchange by going to the plaque.)~~  
I'm sorry, old man.

CHARLESTON. ~~(Amused.)~~ Oh.

CASSIDY. I don't envy you going back to the mainland right now. I can think of no place that I'd rather be, from now on, than here. ~~(He looks about at the room.)~~

CHARLESTON. ~~(Curiously.)~~ Why do you say that?

CASSIDY. You weren't interested in Flanning's news.

CHARLESTON. Yes, I was.

CASSIDY. Well, it's obvious you don't know about war.

CHARLESTON. I wouldn't say that.

CASSIDY. ~~(He grunts.)~~ I fought in Spain. And if it's all right with you, I'll just sit this one out. I'll take Thunder Rock.

CHARLESTON. ~~(He sits down. He is stunned.)~~ Is it possible? ~~(CASSIDY is moving about, touching things.)~~ Cassidy. So you fought in Spain.—Did I know you? I was in Spain:

CASSIDY. You were!—That's hard to believe.

CHARLESTON. ~~(He shrugs and chuckles.)~~ Then perhaps I wasn't.

CASSIDY. Like the old man says. You are an odd one.

CHARLESTON. Mm.—~~(Momentarily brusque.)~~ There's a kitchen back there. Sleeping quarters up the stairs. I don't think I have to show you. And that plaque——

CASSIDY. I've read it.

CHARLESTON. Mm-hm. ~~(He rises.)~~

CASSIDY. By the way—who were you playing cards with?

CHARLESTON. Oh—all by yourself you'll do all sorts of things. ~~(Meditatively.)~~ So you're going to make a life here.

CASSIDY. To be frank, I can hardly wait for you to leave.

CHARLESTON. ~~(He restrains his amusement.)~~ You'll be continually disturbed. The Inspector comes every month.

CASSIDY. It's the only feature of the job that fails to appeal to me.

CHARLESTON. Mm-hm.—Well, you'll have no company here, no company at all. There used to be gulls on the island. I apologize, but I shot them all.

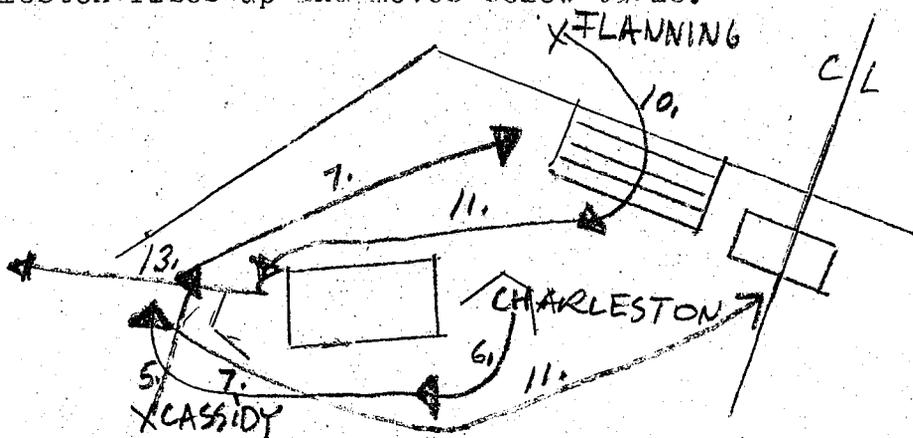
CASSIDY. It's a matter of indifference.

CHARLESTON. ~~(Slowly.)~~ You take a very dim view of the world, don't you?

CASSIDY. I don't even care to discuss it.

CHARLESTON. Flanning, poor Flanning. ~~(He sighs. Then, in a kind of wonder, he begins to laugh. CASSIDY gives him a grim look, and~~

1. Charleston continues to laugh in excitement, moves downstage.
2. Sardonically.
3. Charleston stares at Cassidy, turns chair with back to table and sits, still excitedly, then laugh aloud.
4. Cassidy shrugs turns left and crosses upstage as Charleston laughs in extreme excitement and joy while himself he is comparing his own immediate past and likeness of that ~~to~~ ~~much~~ ~~of~~ ~~which~~ Cassidy reminds of.
5. Cassidy stops, turns at Charleston with an air of an insult.
6. Charleston rises up and moves below table.



7. Cassidy crosses to the stairs, as Charleston crosses below table following him. Then moved by recollection he looks extreme stage left about level 5, shakes his head and makes a gesture.
8. Cassidy turns in, being surprised at Charleston's behavior.
9. Flanning <sup>crosses</sup> ~~XXXX~~ downstage right above to table.
10. Flanning comes down the stairs.
11. Charleston crosses below the table to drawer.
12. Flanning picks up briefcase, turns to Cassidy and Charleston.
13. Flanning goes out.

moves away. CHARLESTON ~~continues to laugh, and NONNY enters with crates, sees CHARLESTON laughing, drops the crates and flees. CHARLESTON sinks down on a crate, and feels himself.]~~ Wonder of wonders. ~~(He looks at his hands. He feels his thighs.)~~ This is most disconcerting. I seem to be a new man.

CASSIDY. ~~(Sardonically.)~~ My congratulations.

CHARLESTON. ~~(He stares at him.)~~ Cassidy. What if I were to tell you that this is not a lighthouse, but a magical, magical tower? That things will happen to you here? That things have happened to me. That I listen to you, and I want only to laugh.

CASSIDY. ~~(He shrugs.)~~ You are insulting, and probably insane, and in any case, it doesn't concern me.

CHARLESTON. But it may!—My friend, my inheritor. You may discover something while you're here. You may discover that there is only one battleground where worlds are lost and worlds are gained. ~~(He touches his belly.)~~ The battleground down here.

CASSIDY. ~~(You're undoubtedly saying that I'm running away, and you're probably saying I'm a coward. CHARLESTON shakes his head. Grimly.)~~ It just so happens that I am not running away from fighting. I'm running away from losing.

CHARLESTON. I know, I know. ~~(CASSIDY turns away, and CHARLESTON is torn by pity for the man.)~~ How well I know, Cassidy! It's war today, and yesterday it was something else, and tomorrow—? You wonder, Cassidy, what'll be tomorrow's horror.—You can be sure of only one thing. That we'll run from it, and be convinced that we're lost. And that—despite us or because of us—with us or without us—sooner or later—tomorrow or in a thousand years—we shall win.

CASSIDY. I detest all optimists.

CHARLESTON. Mm.—You may discover another little truth while you're here. That there's nothing so foolish, so vain, so blind, so exasperating—nothing so empty, so pathetic, so unenviable—as yesterday's pessimist. ~~(He is moved by recollection. He walks about slowly.)~~ Kurtz. Oh, Kurtz!

CASSIDY. ~~(Who's Kurtz? CHARLESTON shakes his head. FLANNING comes down the stairs.)~~

FLANNING. ~~(Ready, Charleston?)~~ 10

CHARLESTON. In a minute. 11

FLANNING. ~~(To CASSIDY.)~~ I'll see you a month from today. Good luck. ~~(To CHARLESTON.)~~ I'll be down at the plane. ~~(He goes out.)~~

WARN LIGHTS # 9

WARN SOUNDS # 13

1. Charleston puts on his shirt hesitatingly, looks around affectionately.
2. Cassidy moves above between chair and table, wryly.
3. Now goes closer to Cassidy.
4. With good sense of humor and understanding looks at Cassidy, shakes his head, smiles and after then crosses back to the drawer.
5. with respect.
6. Charleston nods, picks up two cases in the left and rifle in right hand, turns to Cassidy.
7. Cassidy shakes his head and crosses above table and chair to DL
8. Charleston ready to go, moves to steps downstage R.
9. Sudden turn in, remembering.
10. Cassidy with tremendous patience and expectancy.
11. Charleston crosses above the table and chairs DR, looks at Cassidy.
12. Cassidy more impatient moves DC.
13. Charleston looks around the room, with the rifle touches the chair and exits rapidly. Cassidy takes deep breath of relief and crosses DC as lights on right start to dim. After he reaches bench on DC and leans on it in the same manner Charleston did at end of first act, the bluish lights hit his face, but the whole light-house area disappear in mist. The finale sound of first act becomes culminating as imaginary stairway appear hardly visible. On the level 5 Captain appear. Cassidy stays full front as the sounds culminates and suddenly brakes off with the lights fading.

C u r t a i n

CHARLESTON <sup>1</sup> I seem reluctant to leave. ~~(He looks affectionately about at the room.)~~

CASSIDY. ~~(Why?)~~ <sup>2</sup> If I'm impatient to see you go—pay no attention. I'll be here a long while.

CHARLESTON ~~(Slowly)~~ <sup>3</sup> Cassidy. If you fought in Spain—then you know. A man who fights for an ideal—a man who fights against poverty or ignorance or the rule of tyrants—he doesn't ask for assurance that he'll win. He wouldn't believe it if he got it. All he asks for is assurance that he has a chance to win. Isn't that right?

CASSIDY. ~~(He nods.)~~ But if he finds no such assurance?

CHARLESTON ~~(With a certain humor.)~~ <sup>4</sup> Then—it would seem inevitable—he arrives at Thunder Rock.

CASSIDY. ~~(After just a slight pause, quite low)~~ <sup>5</sup> You were in Spain.

CHARLESTON. ~~(He nods.)~~ <sup>6</sup> And I expect to be in a great many more places before I die. ~~(He takes his rifle from a locker, draws an old portable typewriter from the bottom of the locker, and blows the dust off it.)~~ I have a feeling I'll be seeing you again some place. Not here.

CASSIDY. ~~(He is drawn to CHARLESTON, but he smiles and shakes his head.)~~ I doubt it.

CHARLESTON <sup>7</sup> It's a lonely, magical place, Cassidy. Curious winds blow in off the Lake. You may be surprised. ~~(Cassidy shakes his head. They shake hands. CHARLESTON gathers up his remaining belongings. With calculated negligence.)~~ Oh, say. In case you're bored. There's a ship's log back there. The passengers on that ship that went down. You might find it amusing.

CASSIDY. ~~(Patiently)~~ <sup>8</sup> I'll remember. <sup>11</sup>

CHARLESTON. You might want to think about them. <sup>12</sup>

CASSIDY. I might. It's an idea. ~~(CHARLESTON nods to himself and smiles, and as CASSIDY goes to the plaque, he looks after him with a kind of compassion, and tenderness and hope.)~~

CHARLESTON. I'll be seeing you. <sup>13</sup> ~~(CHARLESTON goes out. CASSIDY turns from the memorial tablet, and takes a deep, deep sigh of relief. He looks all about the room, and smiles with contentment as the curtain falls.)~~

CURTAIN

SOUNDS # 13

LIGHTS # 9

PROPS

ACT I

On stage: 1 report (on table)  
 1 ashtray (on table)  
 1 typewriter (on drawer UC)  
 1 bottle whiskey "  
 3 glasses "  
 Memorial plaque (on right wall)  
 1 briefcase with papers and book and 1 pencil (Flanning)  
 1 case with supplies, notebook, cigarettes, matches,  
 paper money and radio (Streeter)  
 1 pipe, pipe tobacco and rifle (Charleston)

ACT II

Strike: Whiskey and glasses, book, money, rifle

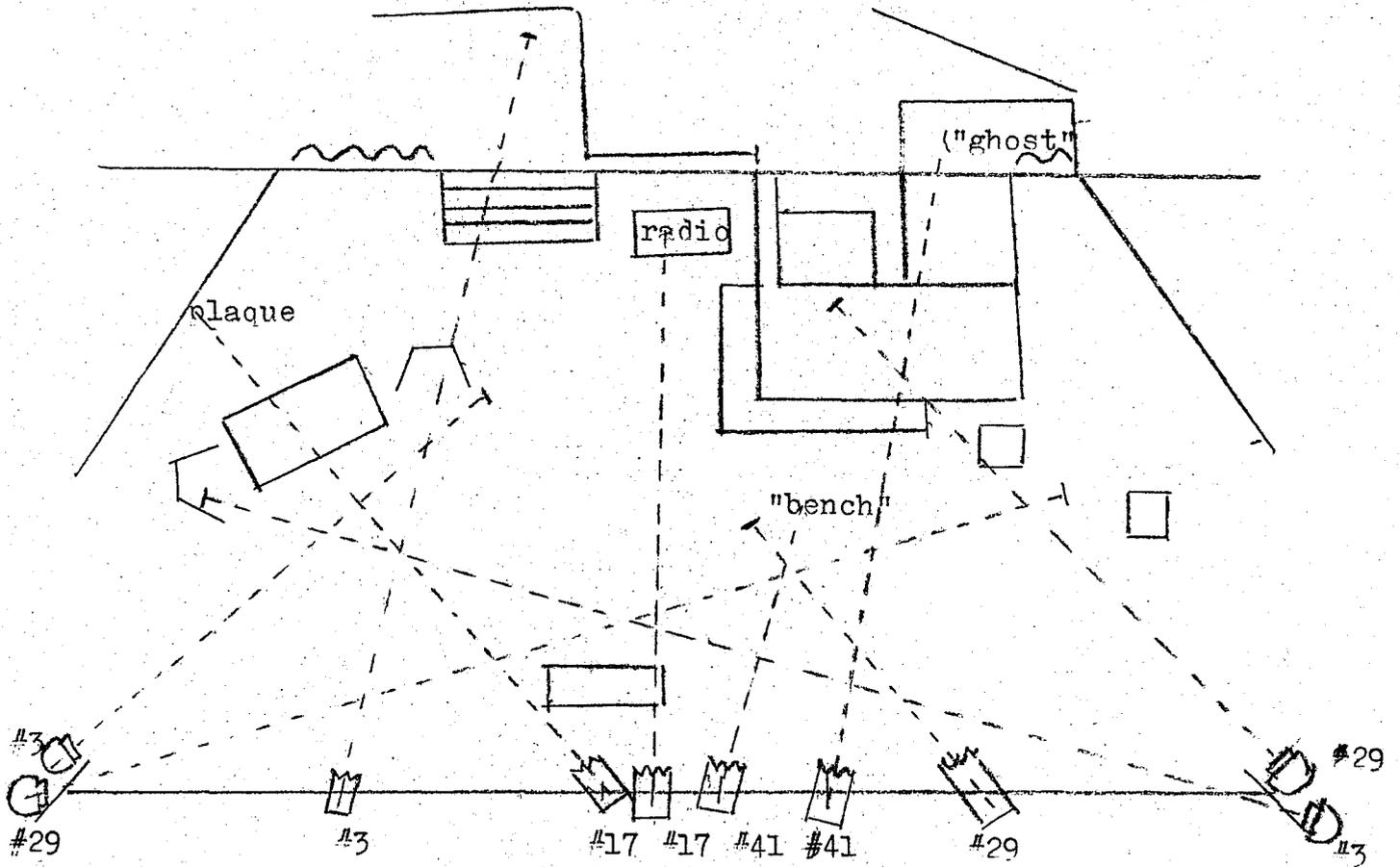
On stage: Radio (on drawer)  
 Typewriter (on drawer)  
 1 book and pack of cigarettes (on stool DL)  
 1 kerchief (Captain)  
 cracker (Melanie)  
 Beret (Briggs)

ACT III

Strike: Book on drawer

On stage: Radio and typewriter.  
 package of cigarettes (Captain)  
 beret (Briggs)  
 Briefcase with Discharge (Flanning)  
 Suitcase, rifle and report (Charleston)

LIGHTING LAY\*OUT FOR THUNDER ROCK



THUNDER ROCK LIGHT CUTS

Auto-transformers: V-1 covers SR  
 V-3 covers SL  
 V-4 specials: radio and "ghost"  
 V-2 specials: Bench and Plaque

- LIGHTS #1 - V-1 to 130 (count five)  
 preset "ghost" in V-4
- LIGHTS #2 - Sequence V-1 to V-3 at 90  
 V - 4
- LIGHTS #3 - V-3, V-4 out  
 preset Plaque in V-2; radio V-4
- LIGHTS #4 - V-3 to full
- LIGHTS #5 - V-4 to 80
- LIGHTS #5A - V-2 to 90 ("Thunder Rock, A.D. 1901")
- LIGHTS #5B - V-2 out
- LIGHTS # 6 - V-3 out (count 15, Charleston leaves, count 5)
- LIGHTS #6A - V-4 out, V-3  
 preset: "ghost" in V-4; bench in V-2
- LIGHTS #7 - V-3 to full
- LIGHTS #7A - V-3 to 60; V-2 to full
- LIGHTS #7B - V-3 to full, V-2 out (count 10)
- LIGHTS #8 - Sequence V-3 to V-1
- LIGHTS #9 - Sequence V-1 to V-3 at 80; V-4 at 92

SR - gelantine #3  
 SL - " #29  
 Plaque - " #17  
 Radio - " #17  
 "ghost" - " #41  
 "bench" - " #41

THUNDER ROCK SOUND CUTS

- SOUND #1 - waves of sea, plane landing, bells and water effects
- SOUND #2 - shot of the rifle
- SOUND #3 - shot of the rifle
- SOUND #4 - shout from ashore : "Streeter"
- SOUND #5 - Shout from ashore : "Streeter"
- SOUND #6 - last portion of first movement, "Karelian Suite", Jan Sibelius
- SOUND #7 - Second portion of first movement, "Karelian Suite", Jan Sibelius
- SOUND #8 - Woman's scream at childbirth
- SOUND #9 - waltz , "Tales from Vienna woods", Johann Strauss
- SOUND #9A - Radio announcing
- SOUND #10 - Motives from third movement, "Karelian Suite", Jan Sibelius
- SOUND #11 - plane landing
- SOUND #12 - RADIO VOICE
- SOUND #13 - last portion of first movement, "Karelian Suite", Jan Sibelius