

OS 10

Idea during Passover, 1919;
written, ~~but~~ July 20, 1919. (v.)

The Last Laugh.

10

The Reverend Selwyn Prudden M. A.; B. D.

Captain James Anst^{er}uther R. A. 35 ¹⁵⁰

Theodore Grant M. D. (hearted, elderly, 60

Lieut Walter Trevena R. N. R. 30 ^{scholar.}

Maud Trevena, his wife, late of The Folliott,
(The God of Laughter.) ²⁵

The scene represents the deck of a schooner.
The sail is spread, and filled by a gentle
breeze. The scenery - unbroken ocean -
slowly passes behind. But thick darkness
reigns.

The Reverend Selwyn Prudden consults
his watch by the light of a match,
which shows a glimpse of the persons

5

32

90

30

52

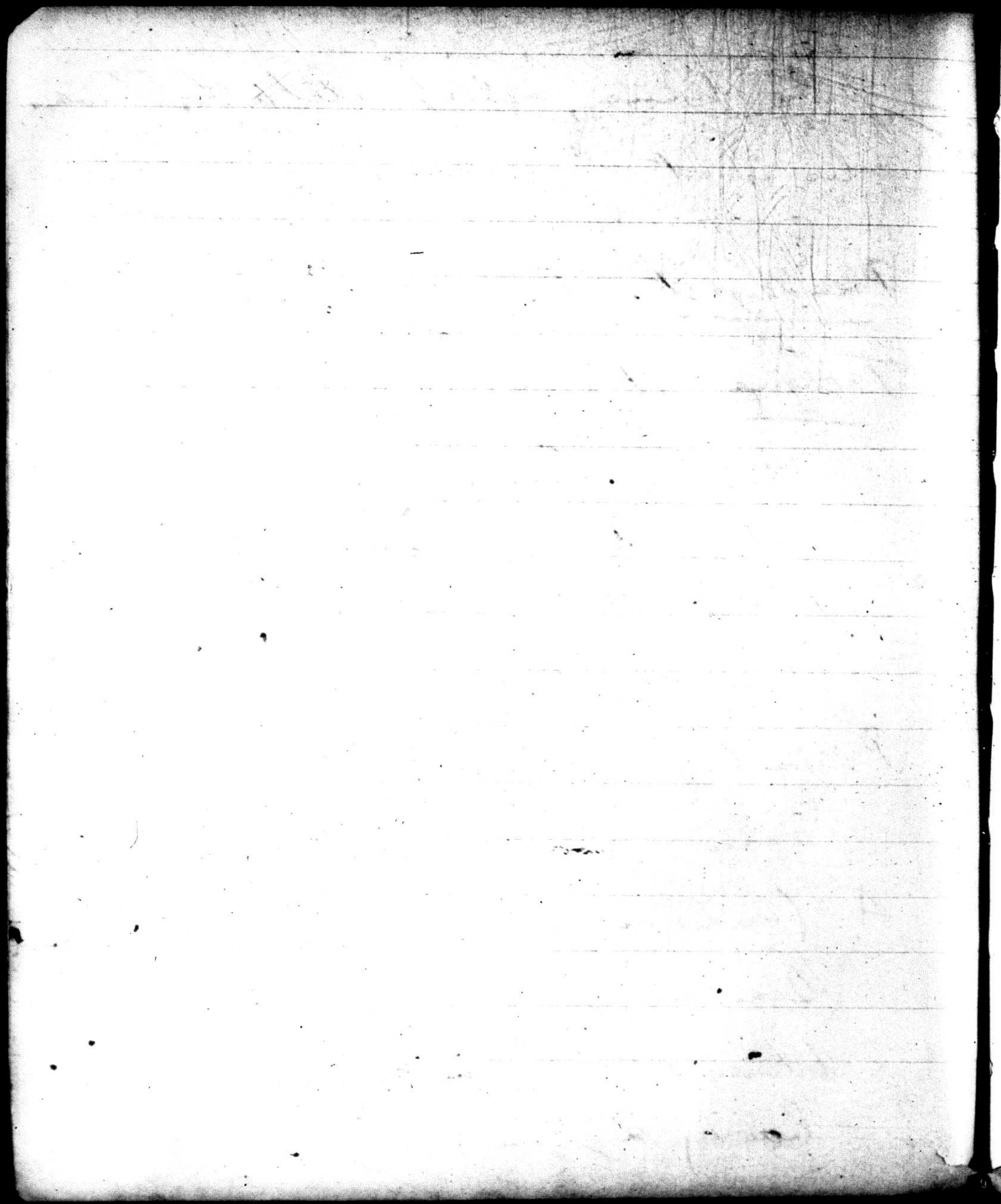
of the drama, asleep except for Trevena,
who is at the helm.

Prendergast. Two bells!

Trevena. It'll be dawn in a few
minutes. There's Venus high in the
East, and the Wolf's Tail wags.
(Pause.) Wake Austruther, and send
him aloft.

P. touching his shoulder. Here's your shaving
water, sir!

A. (yawns and stretches) a-ow-oo!
Dear me, dear me! Do you know,
I thought I was in my old college
having a fish breakfast. It was



Friday; we were rather high Anglican,
you know. How! ^{high}

P. Dreams come true sometimes; there's
- two fine pots on the lines.

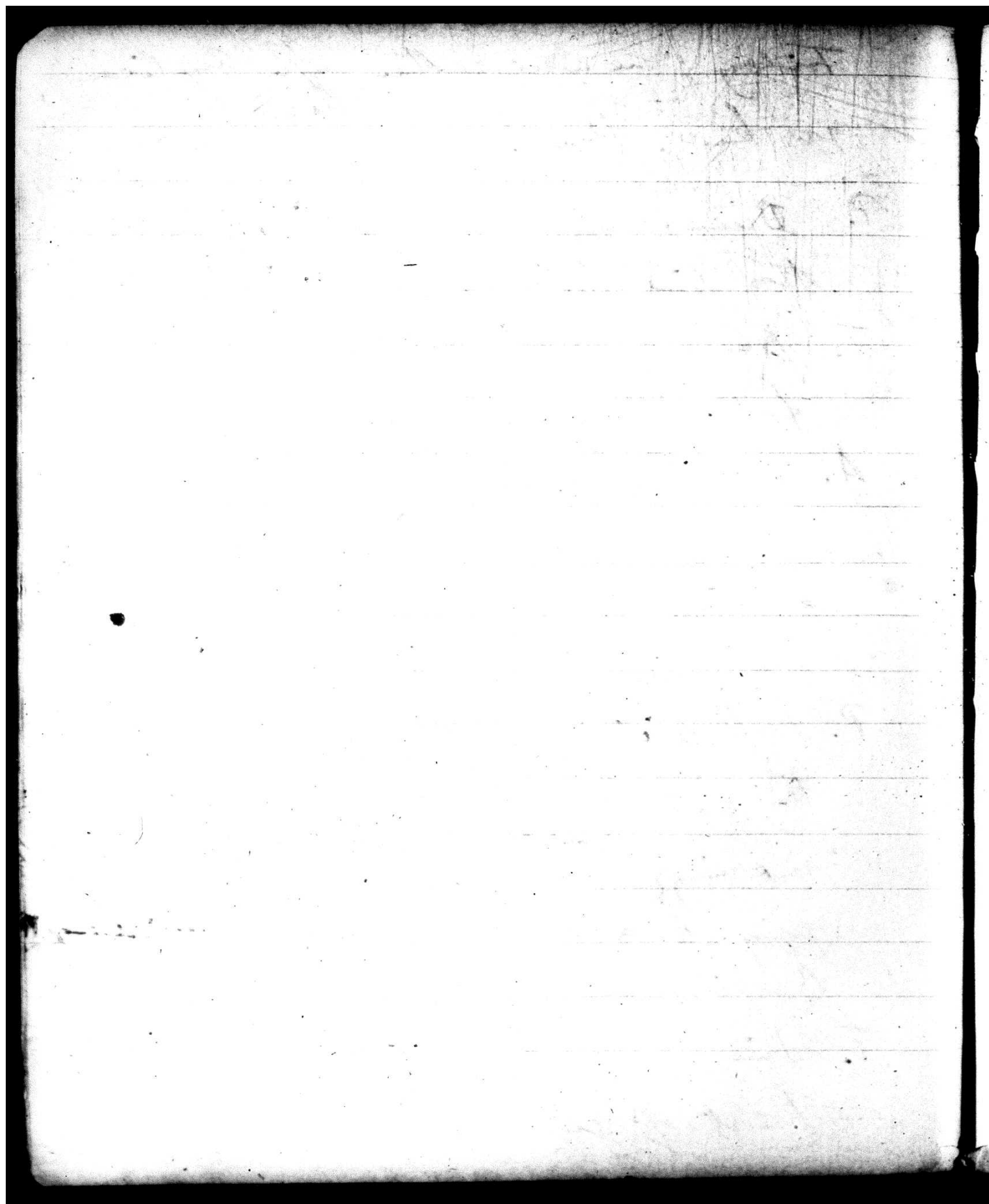
T. Maund can cook them in that bacon
fat.

A. Love; Trevena, you're a lucky man.

What a trump she's been! Never turned
a hair! Look at her now; pink as
paint, and twice as pretty.

P. I suppose it is a rather extraordinary
thing, a lady who can wake in the
^{on a schooner} morning, and look as if she were
going to a dinner-party at ~~White~~
Buckingham Palace!

T. Jim, old boy, ^{SHIN} ~~shin~~ it up the stick;
I sort of smell land.



A. ay, ay, sir! (Climbs the mast)

Grant (waking) He He! There goes a monkey on a stick.

P. He seems to me more like a bear climbing after a bun. I saw some at Berne race. PECKISH

T. Say, boys, I'm peckish.

A. (above) It's a shame to wake the cook; let her have her sleep out!

(Dawn breaks, quickly, about 5 minutes)

Maud. (waking) Who said cook?

GUMMY

My gummy, where are we?

(sings) Afloat on the living deep!

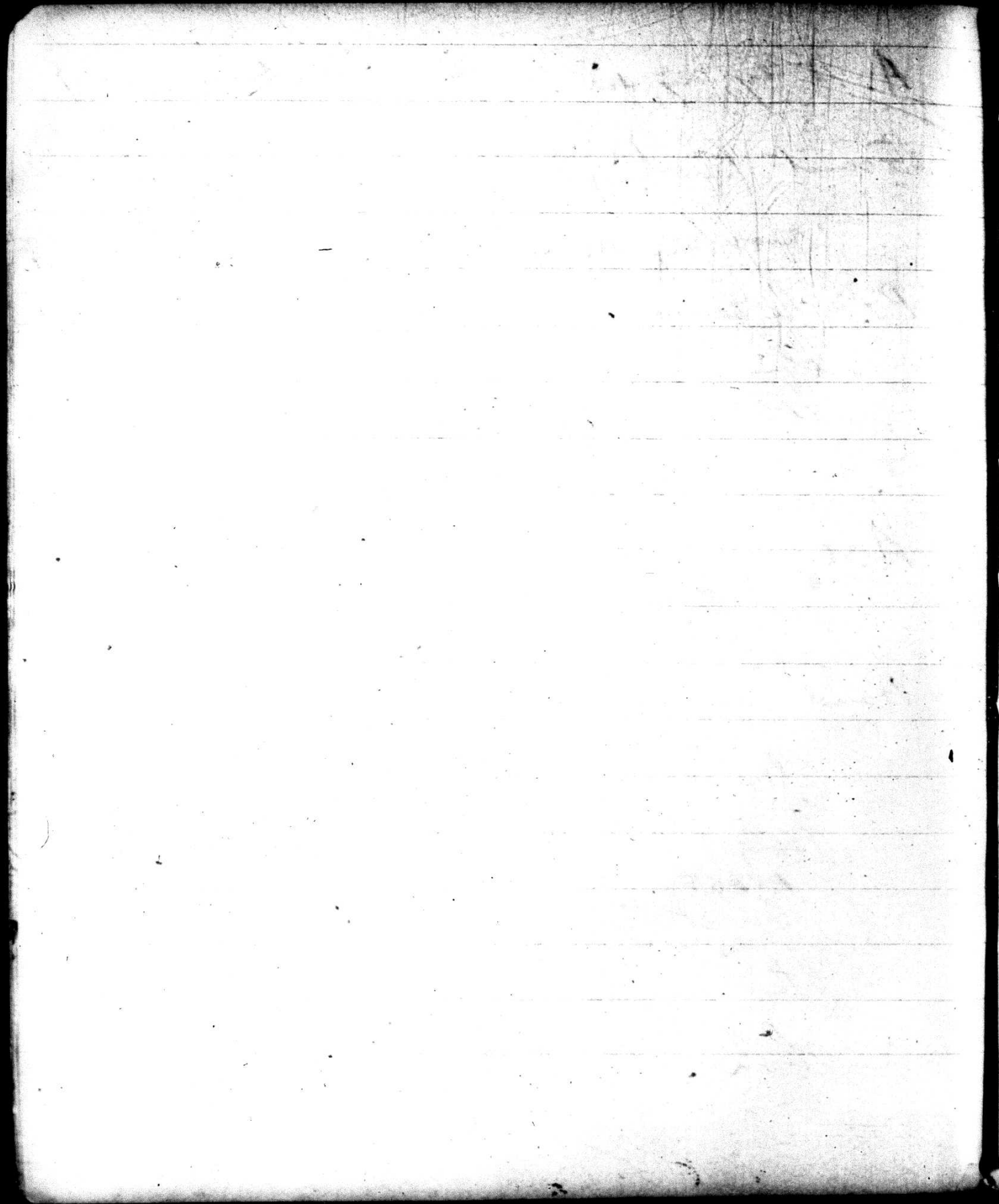
AVAST

BEZAY

Avast there, belay! All hands to

the pumps - oh what lovely

foh..! My friends, it's Fry-Day!



P. It certainly is worth while to wake up
when you think we're rich for life.

(a laugh, off, very cheery and frank.)
It is very peculiar in tone & cadence, easily recognizable.)

G. Oh, we're not ashore yet.

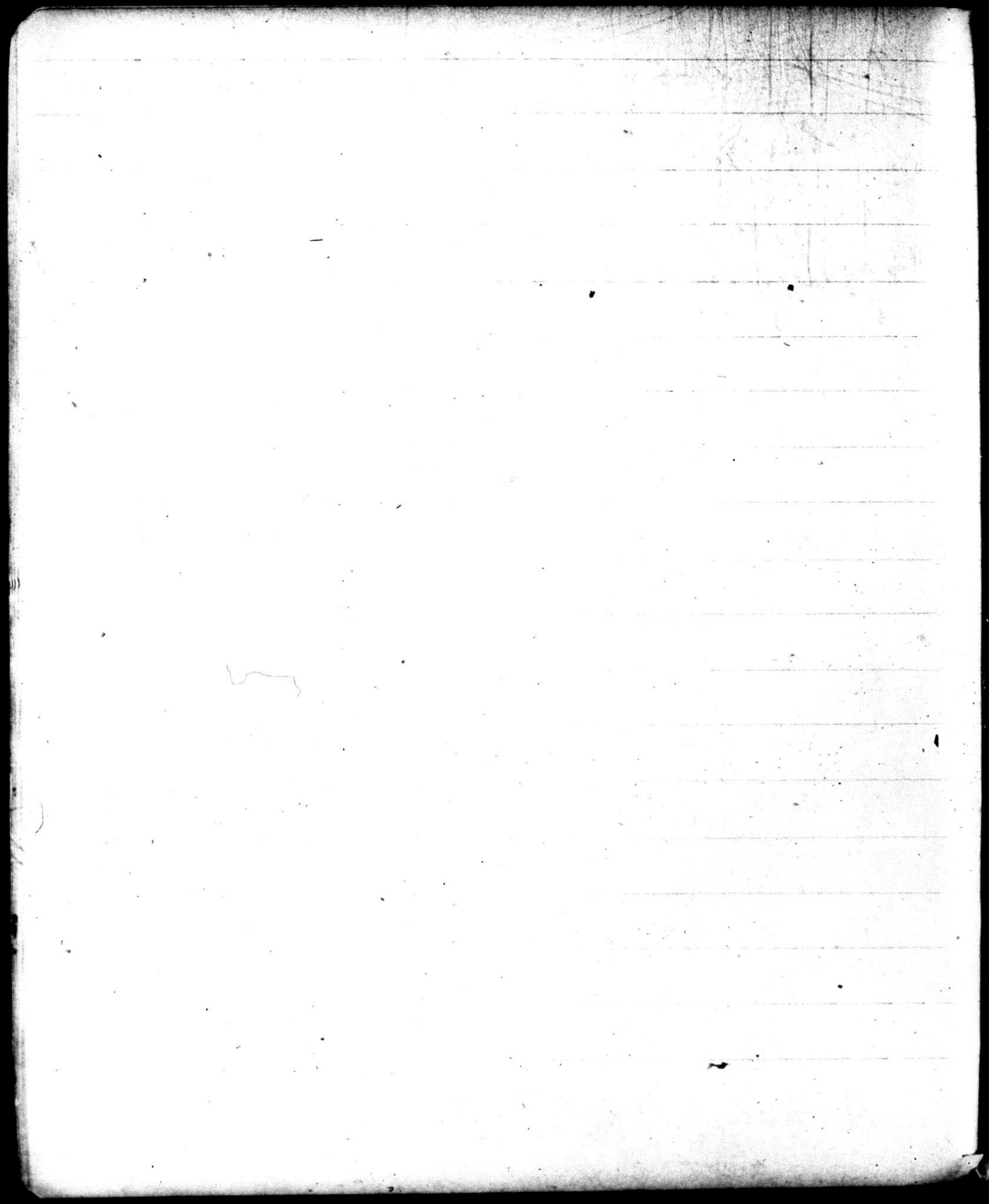
T. You lousy landlubber! We've had
a peach of a voyage, and we'll hit
the island to-day, or in a Dutch
layshoreman.

G. Well, let's hope so. Lord, I've been
so seasick.

M. Physician, heal thyself! ^{1st the} Island
really near, Walter?

T. Don't know these currents well.
We may have dragged half the
night - - -

A (above) Land ho! Right off the
port bow!



They jump up excitedly, and gaze
where he points.

T. Steady. Another, you ass, you've
forgotten the glass. (a. descends)

M. (sings) The toast pass!

Drink to the lass!

I warrant she'll prove an excuse
for the glass.

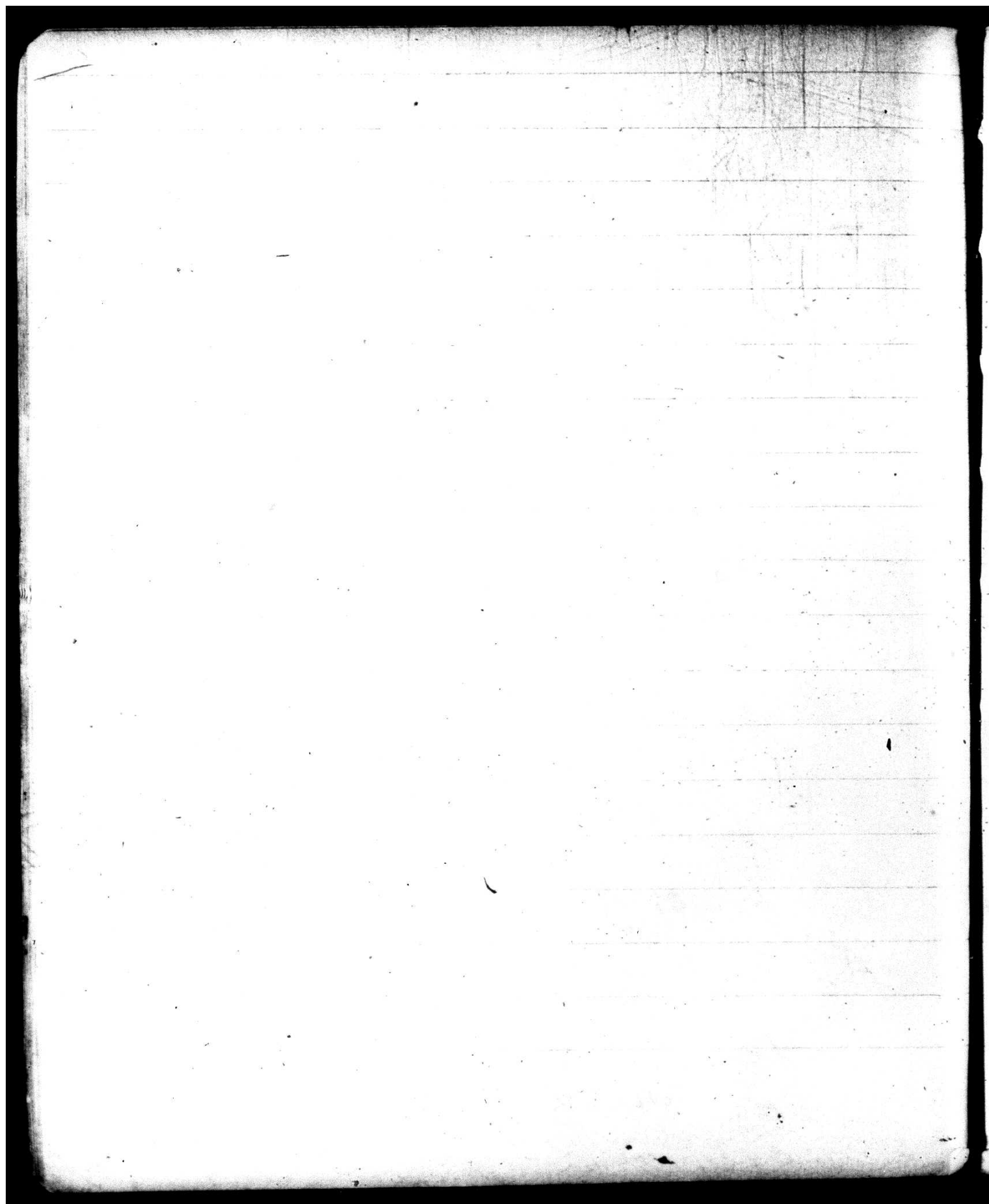
(A. up again with binoculars.)

Hush! Captain Another

presents - presents - well,
what's the name of the play?

A. England, Home, and Beauty.

I can see the ^{JACK} Jack flying from
the ^{GOVERNOR'S} Governor's house on the hill.

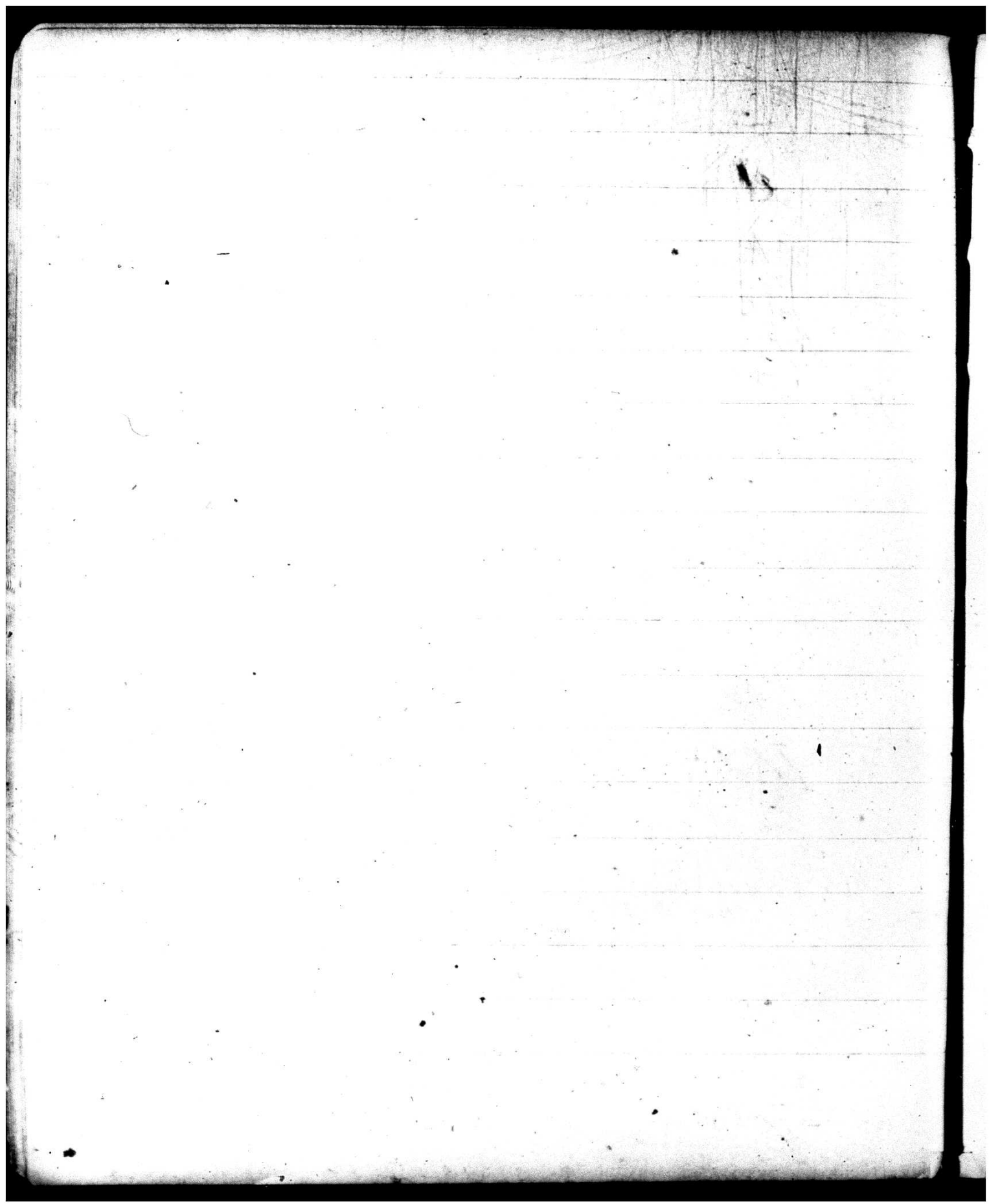


G. This, lady and gentlemen, is where
~~we~~ ^{we} eat our breakfast with some
of the champagne, hitherto reserved
for strictly medical purposes.

M. That is, for the poor sea-sick
doctors! (She has been getting the
food ready, while Grant lights the
stove, and Pranderkast lays the
table.)

T. If this breeze holds, we'll be in
harbour by noon.

M. Come with me, all ye that be an-
^{HUNGERED} hungered and I — do, I beg
your pardon, M^r Pranderkast. I got
so excited over being in sight
of home.



P. The certain latitude, madam,
once extended to Mary Magdalene,
may And be extended with propriety
to cover the Stars in the Firmament of
Vanderbill.

M. Oh, come, now you're getting at me.
Tit for Tat, as you may say.

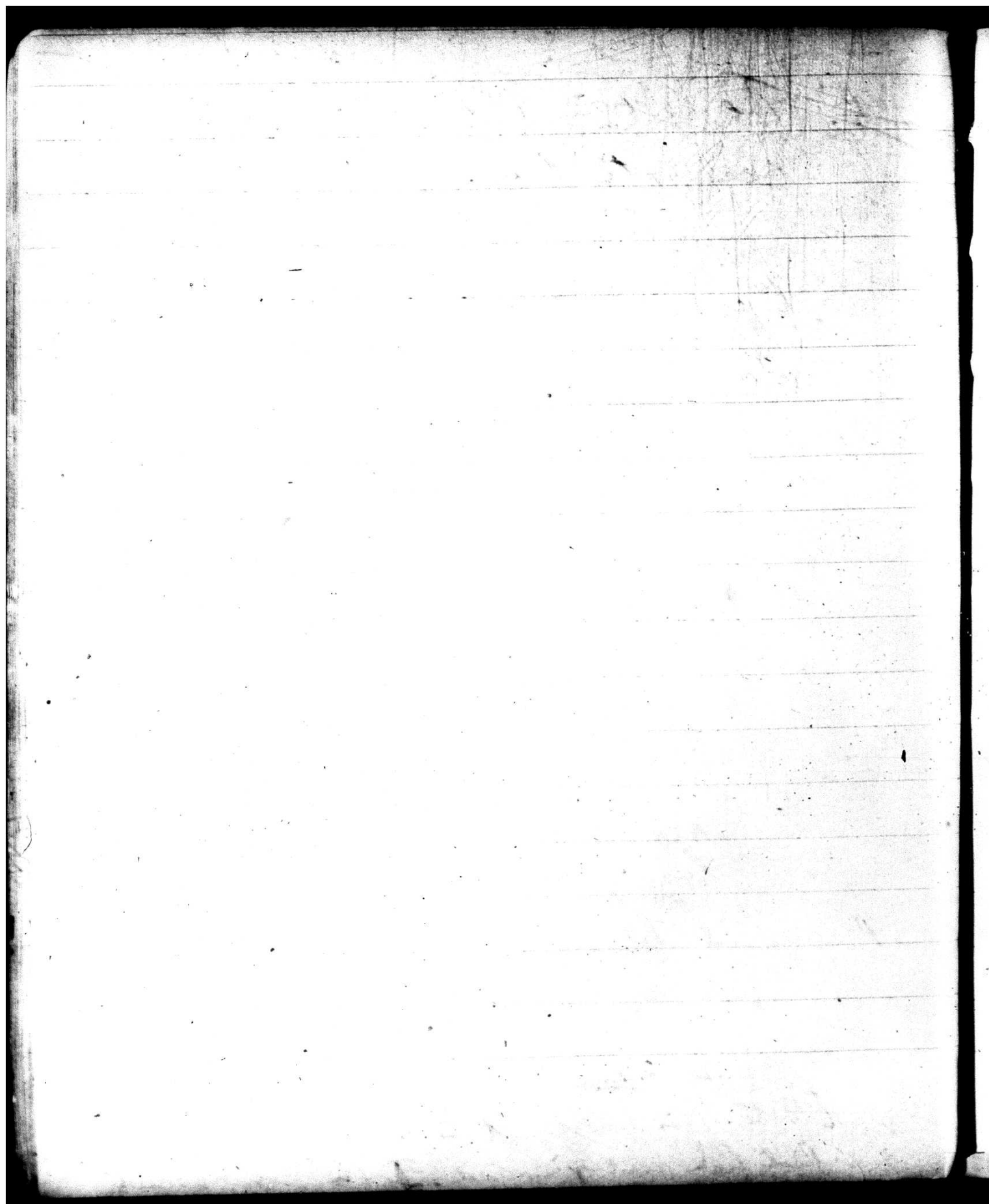
(sings) When the one-eyed clergyman went
in to bat,

It was Tit for Tat - Tit for Tat!

(They sit for breakfast, Trevena
LASHING
lashing the helm.)

P. Lord bless this food ^{TO OUR} to our use, and
us to thy service, Amen.

(The ~~food~~ fills the plates.)
[Note. This breakfast is to be done properly.
Real hot really cooked. In any decent



country, there will be real champagne, & help the
actors, and ease the mounting of repeated performances)
G. I say, I think that's a bit of keeping
the world safe for hypocrisy. We
haven't been shining by its.

P. (his mouth full) Under a bushel,
Doctor, merely under a bushel.

T. Where's that champagne?

A. Here, sir, ready, sir, coming, sir,
please remember the waiter!

(Wine poured)

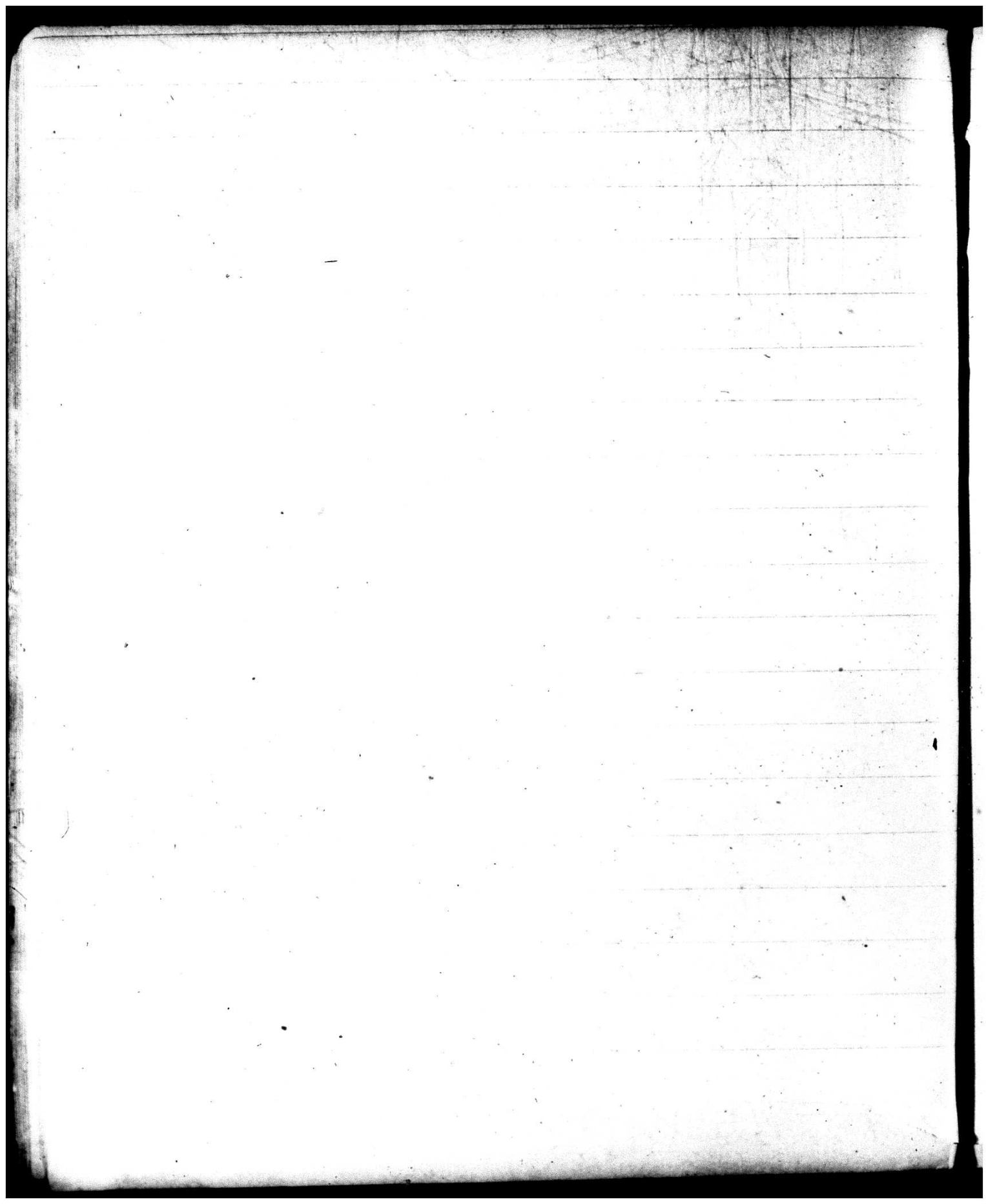
M. Here's a toast: To the jolly
little God of Laughter!

P. That's made us all rich!

Rich for life!

^{DRINK}
(all drink the toast.)

A. Bumpers! Three ^{TIMES} times, three!



(all dumb, ~~affront~~, and give three
cheers)

M. Here he is, the darling! Set ^{HMM} him
on high!

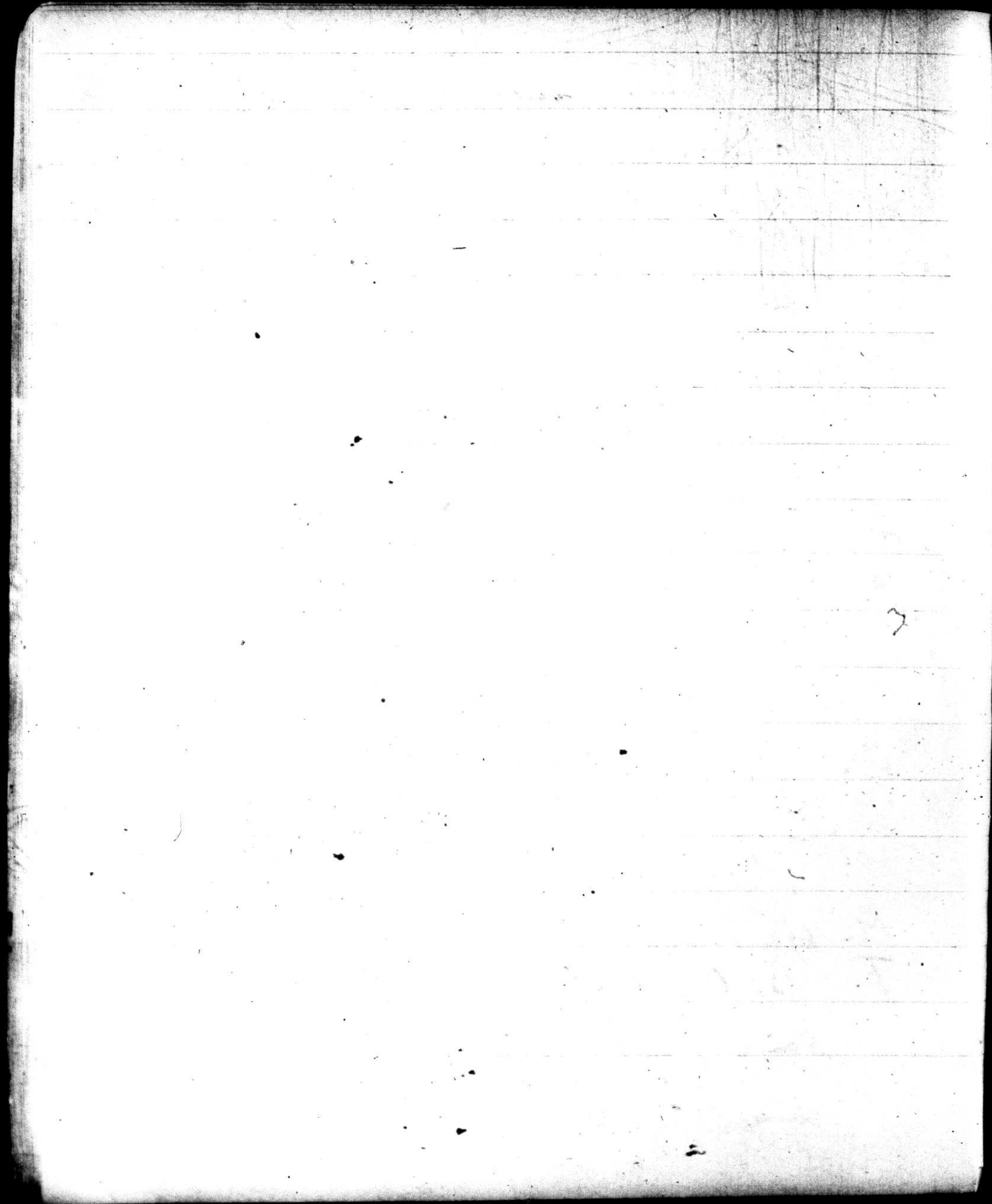
P. I am afraid this conduct savours
strongly of idolatry.

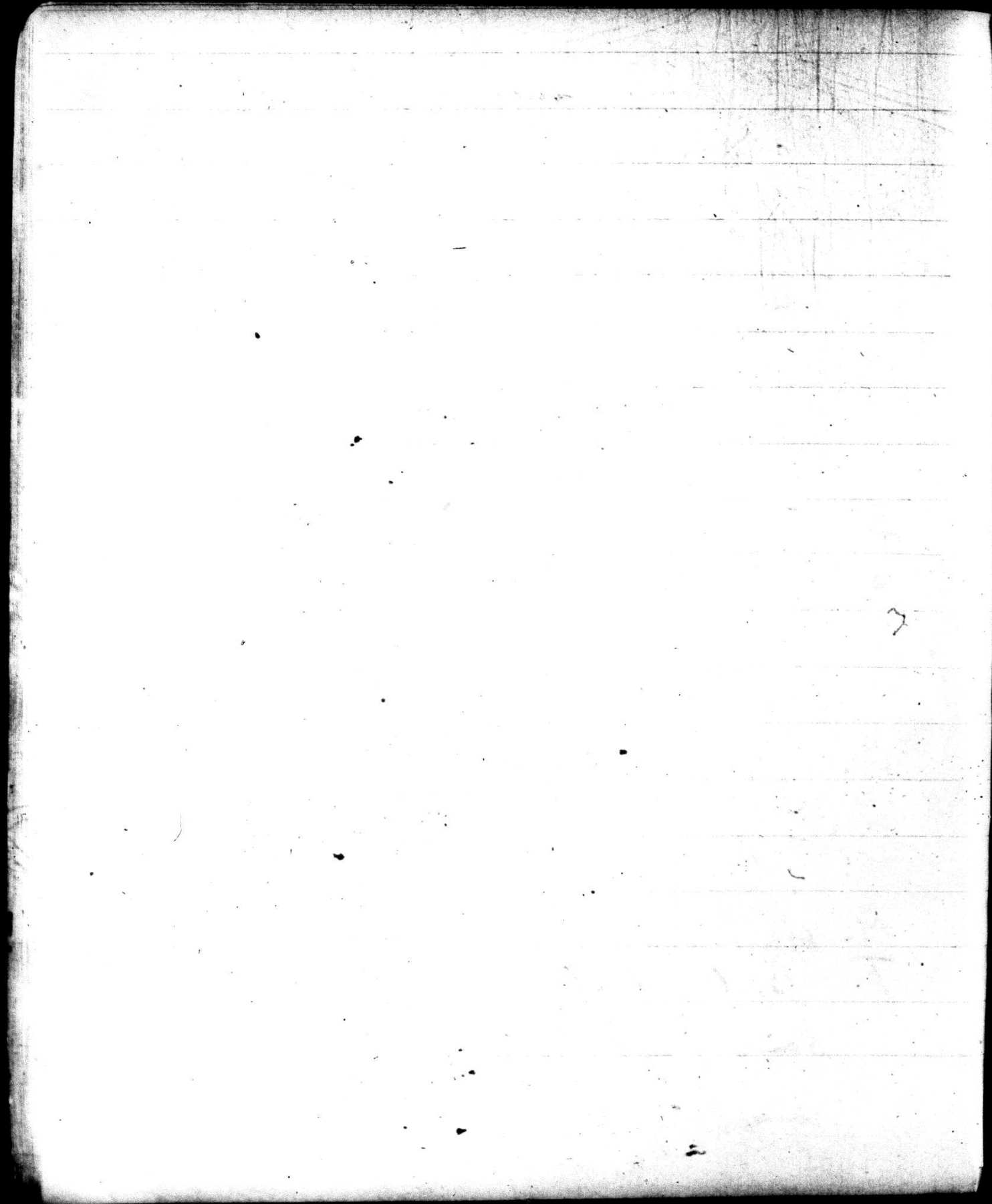
G. The wee free ^{MEENISTER} meenister at
INVERCULLAIN
Invercullain would have
ground it to powder.

A. Huh! the best piece of jade
in fine carbide. I'd slit his

M. ^{wizard!} Mine now! Remember your bargain!

T. But, doctor, about what you
said just now. I haven't done
anything unbefitting an officer





and a gentleman, and I don't see
that any of you have.

G. Well, we start on a job that is
either brigandage or piracy, it would
be a lawyer to say which.

T. We took our lives in our hands.

G. So does every ^{BURGLAR} burglar. However,
knives turn out rather jolly; the
netives are willing to deal.

T. Mark that! Willing to deal. (very
solemnly.)

G. Too willing to deal, I thought myself.

anyhow, we get away with ~~the~~ rubies
and the rest of it (the value of
about three million sterling - - -

M. And my darling God of Lighter!

G. For a few rifles and a case or

and a gentleman, and I don't see
that any of you have.

G. Well, we start on a job that is
either brigandage or piracy, it would
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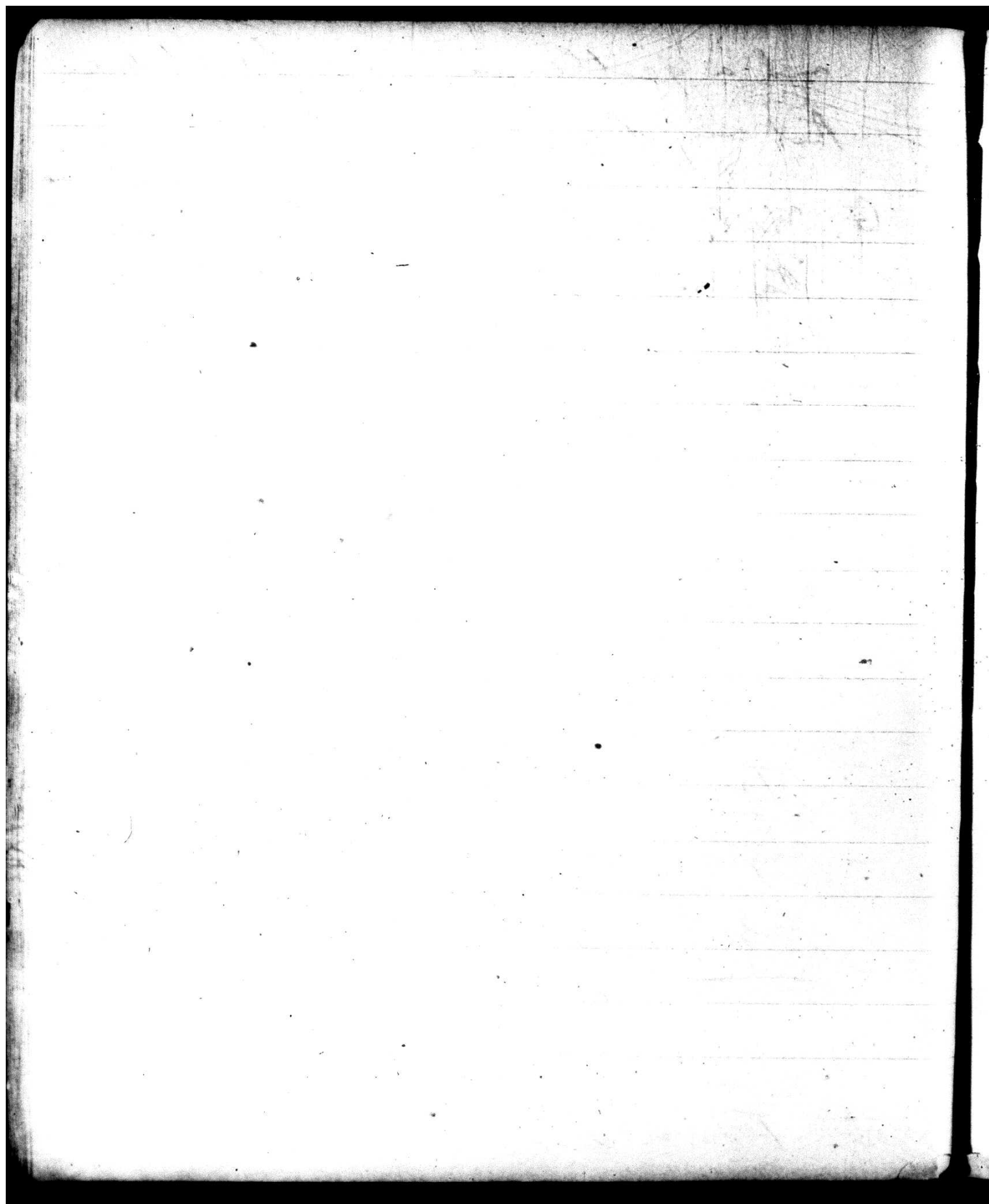
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G. Too willing to deal, I thought myself.

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M. And my darling God of Lighter!

G. For a few rifles and a case or



two of cartridges.

T. Well, they liked it. Nawa saw ^{what} ^{was} ^{so} ^{friendly}

So friendly ⁺ ^{ME}

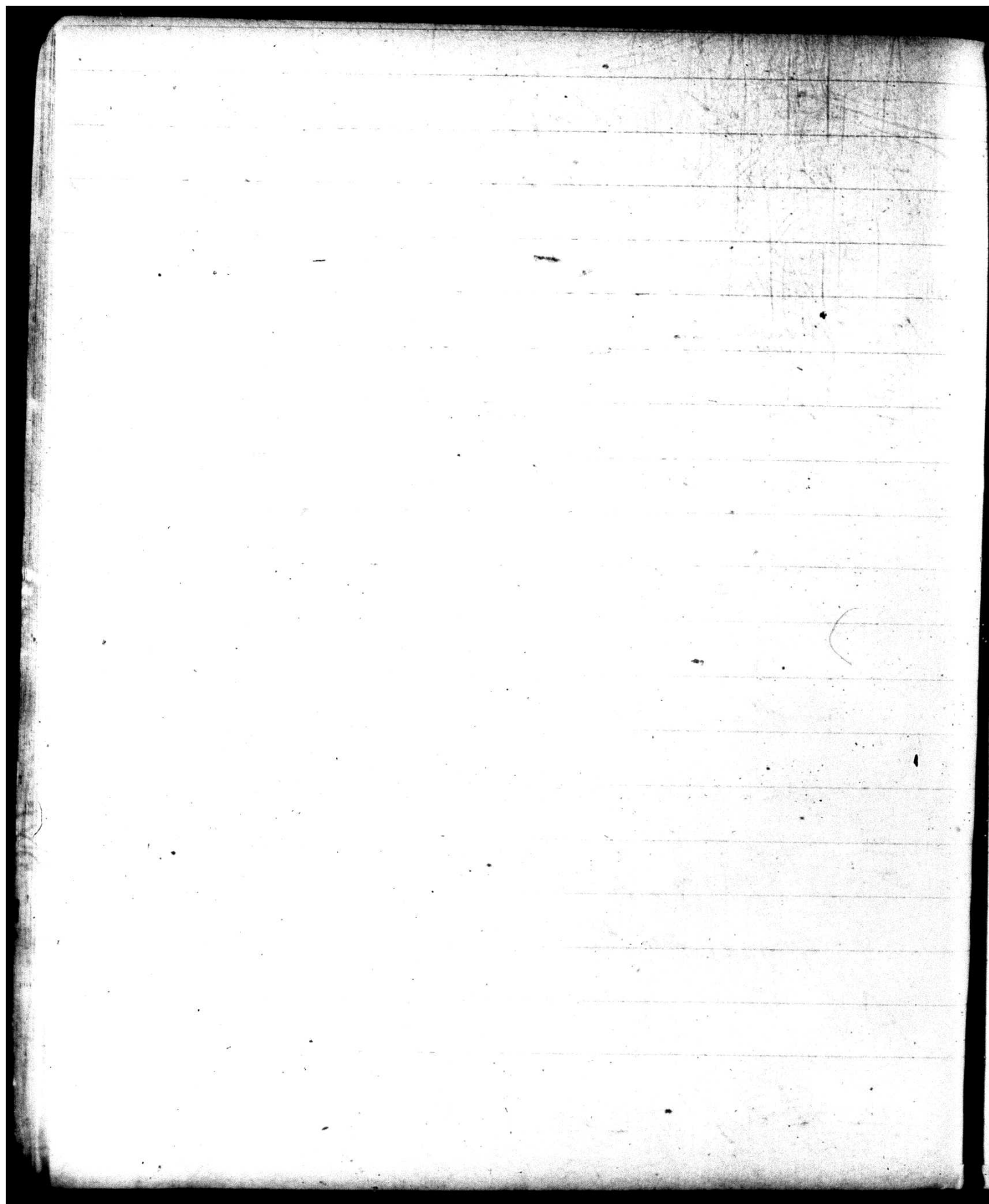
M. Nawa in me puff-puff!

G. Too friendly, I thought myself.

T. Oh, that's' bile on the liver, my
medical friend. Now recant; the
breeze is stiffening; you'll have
another go of — (imitates a
sea-side man.)

G. Merry, great chief! Don't
suggest things.

A. Thoughts are things, didn't
some damn feller say? Haw!



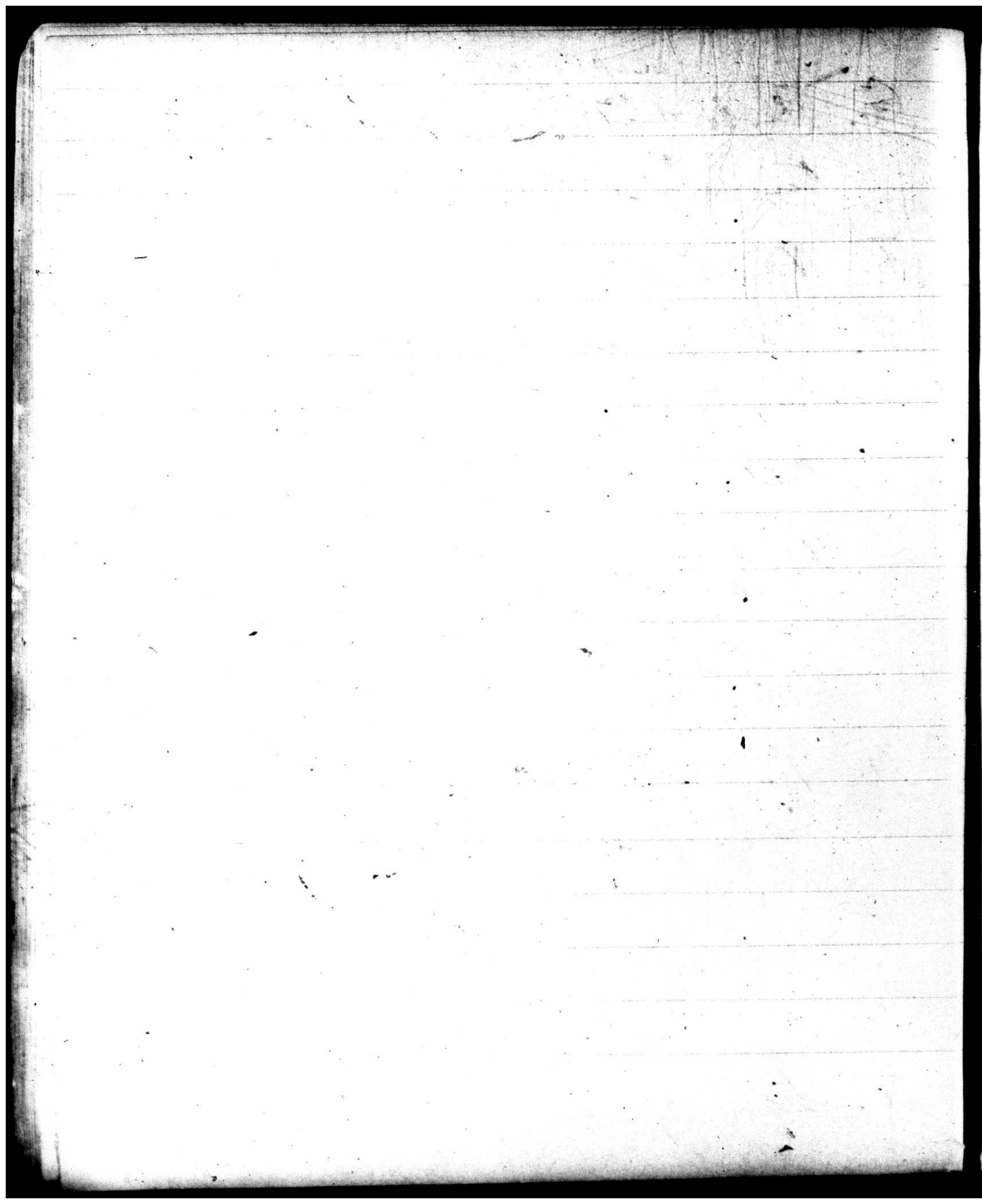
G. Those natives, you know. I thought
they were laughing at us.

T. Nonsense!

P. I should like to be permitted to
say, in the words of the old saw,
that he who laughs last laughs
best. I think I will take a
little more champagne. Hi Hi
Hi!

M. Yes, old dear, it's our turn to laugh
now. (A laugh rings off, as
before, & all look up, but
conclude it is Mand, & say
nothing.)

T. Laughing - and quaffing! (He drinks)



SCLAFFING

G. And sclaffing - you brassie!
Come, blow, thou summer wind!

A. Grant cheerfu' at last! Take
care you don't - (imitates sea-sick
man)

G. ^{A'} VERRA WEEZ, MY BRAW CALLANT
All verra weel, my brow callant!
Wait till I have ye with malaria!

You stand ^{STINKS} ~~at~~ fair stinks wi' it!

A. You poor post, I've had malaria
more times than ^{I'VE HAD} you have had
shaves. (all length)

G. I'll shave on the Dunes with
the Governor.

M. At least you might have had
a date with me.

SCLAFFING

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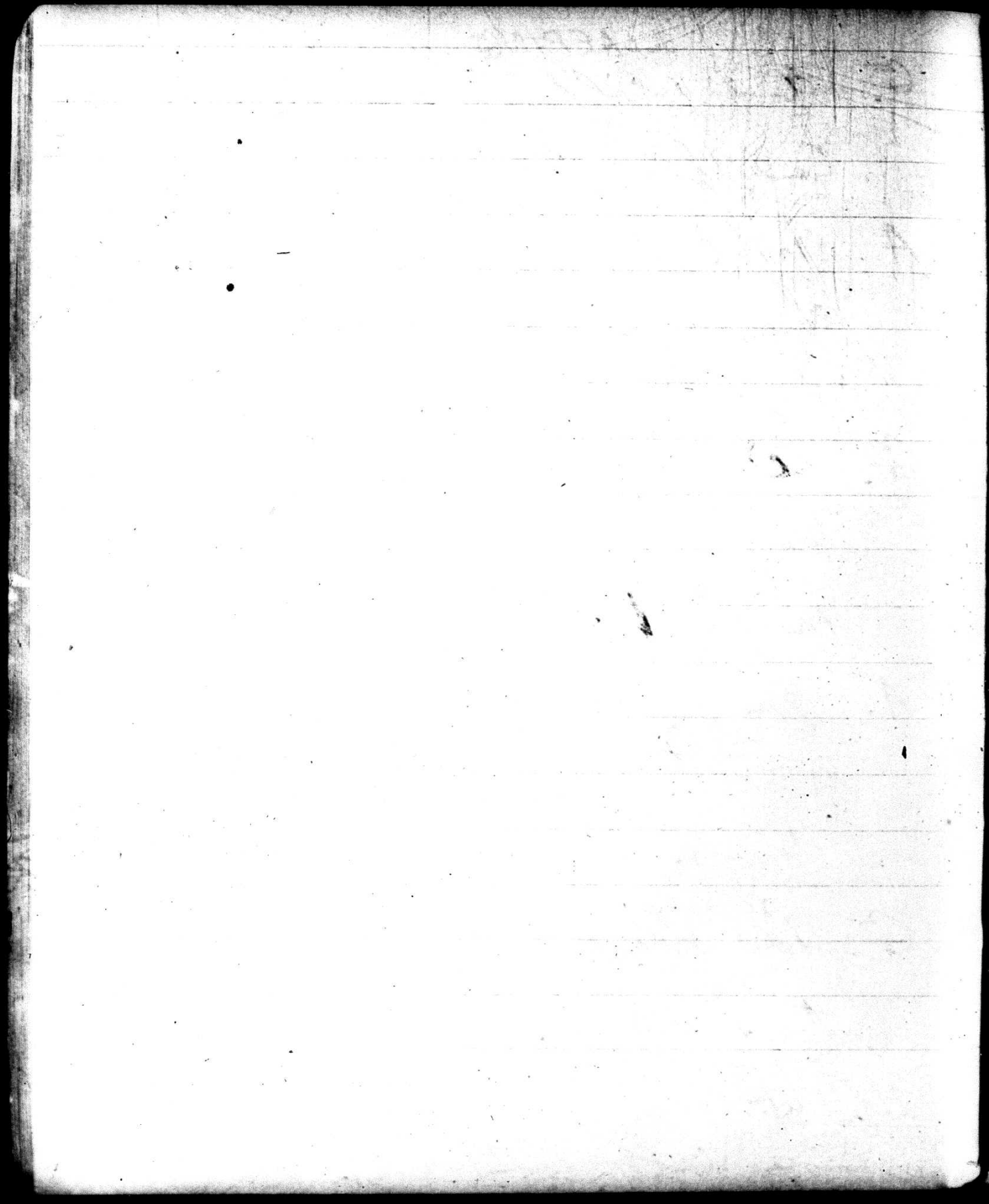
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G. I'll shave on the Dunes with
the Governor.

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a date with me.



WARNINGLY

T. (warningly, but in jest) Maand!

M. (sings) Oh boys, I'm crazy for you;

I just simply have to adore you;

I would love to be your popsy-wopsy
queen;

and I'm sure of what I'm stating;

I wouldn't help you waiting

if it wasn't for the husband in between

(she falls into T's arms, and kisses him)

G. (as if dumb) This laughter is simply

p-p-p-pathological!

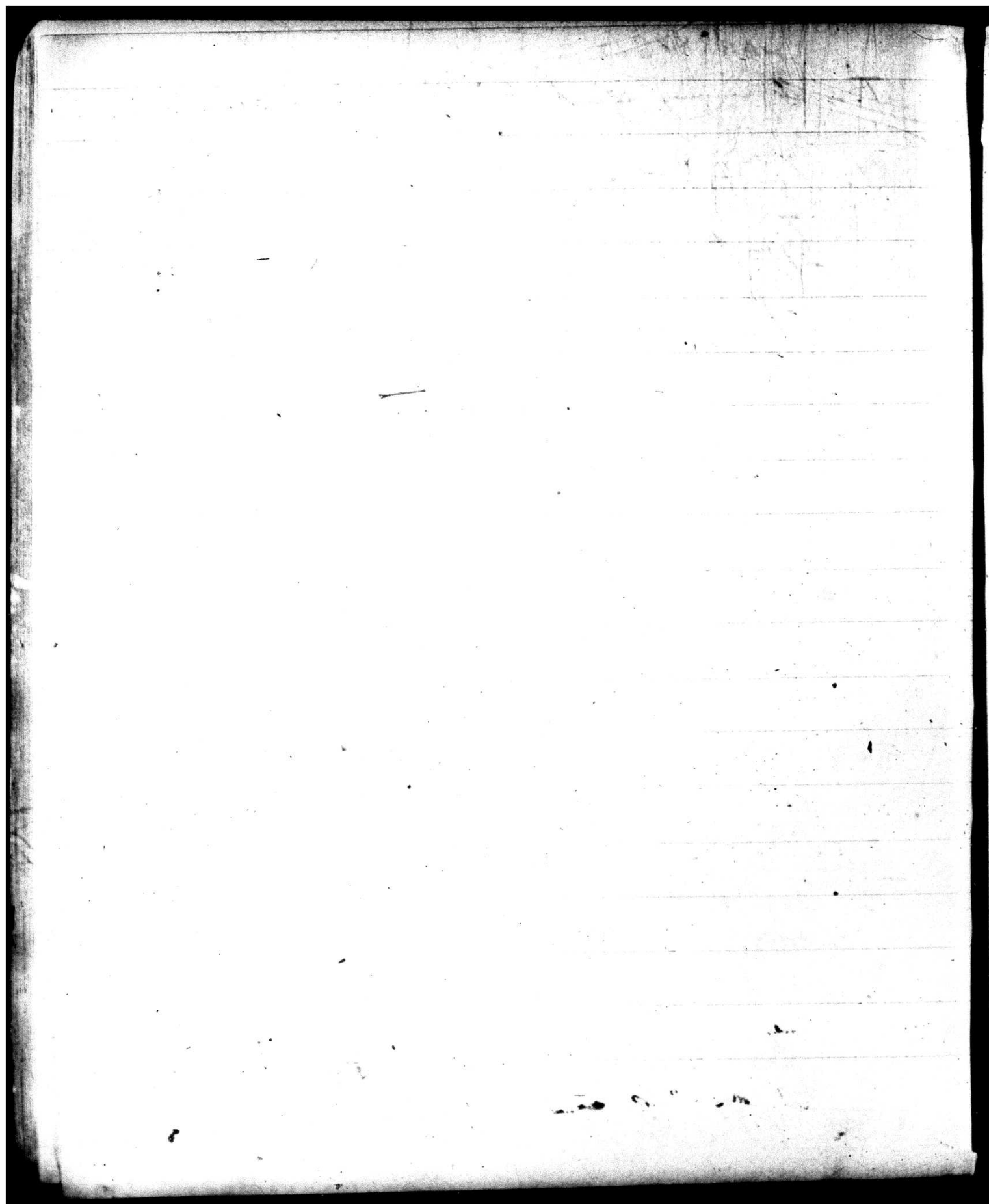
(mimicking)

T. You're always p-p-p-p-pathological.

MIMICS

P. and you, sir, are in my opinion
SENSIBLY UXORIOUS
reprehensibly uxorious.

(The laughter redoubles.)



5740
A. ~~Q~~ I'ya know, I shwan I heard a
lough. Feller larfin', dr't ye know?

P. Keep up the traditions of the service!

T. Service y'raself! I'm in the senior
service.

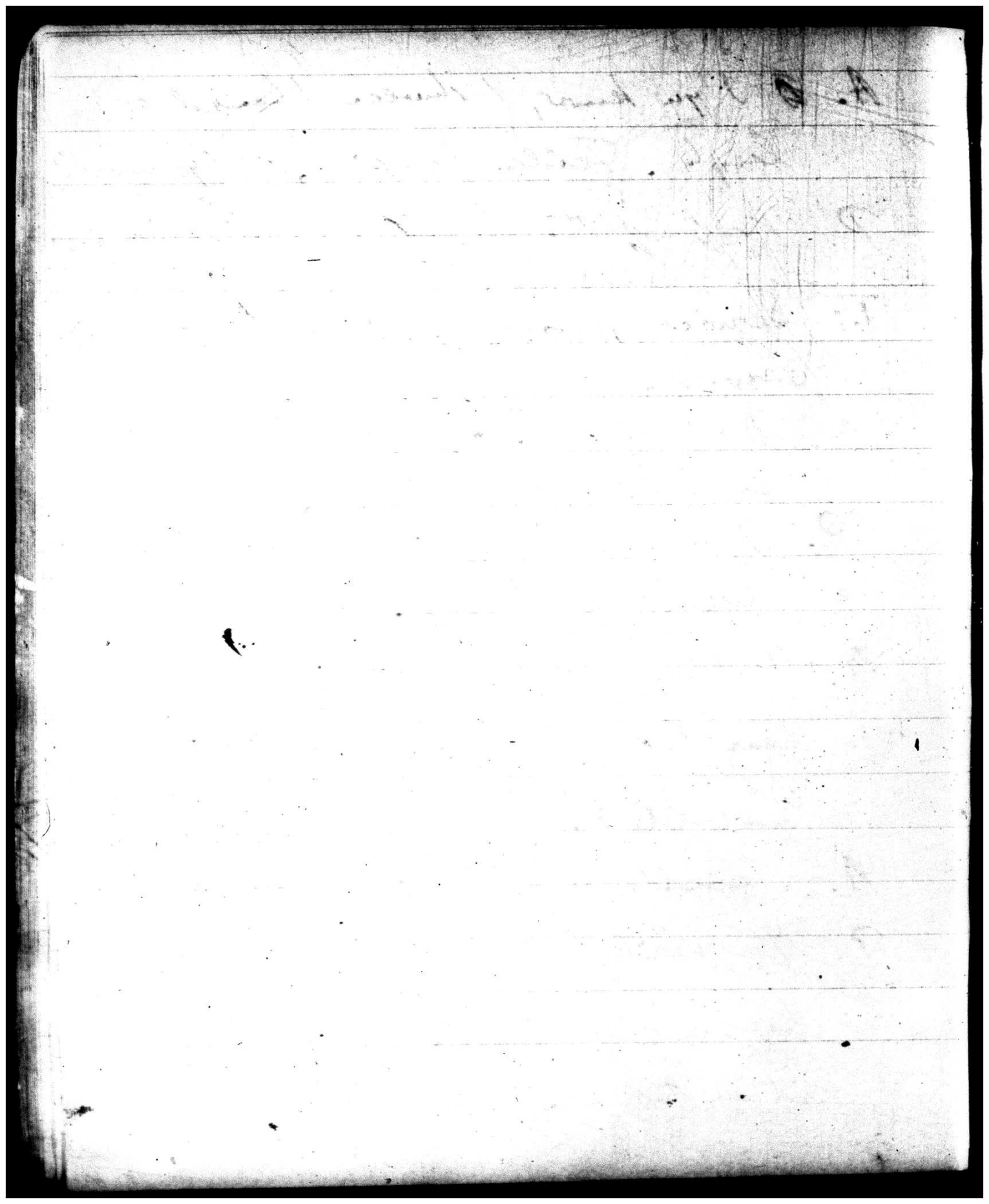
M. Not much. I'm in the diplomatic
service.

P. Diplomatic, from diplos, double;
hence, a twicer.

M. Walter, can you sit there and
hear the wife of your ^{BOZZUM} ~~husband~~
insulted?

A. Insults, on a day like this!

P. Yea, verily, lay not up for yourselves,
treasure on earth; we've got
it on the sea. We're rich for life!



(a laugh, off, as before; but the company join in peels of merriment.)

A. Say, Trevena, when we get ashore, I'll match you. Hundred yards, quarter, mile, long jump, ^{LONG} jump, throwing the hammer, and single wicket.

T. Put in three swimming events,

A. and in your own way.

P. I'll back Trevena! A toss and pounds a side!

M. What! do parsons gamble?

P. Like lambs, madam, like lambs. David says so.

M. Well, Mr. Wolf, mayn't a laud drink? (She brushes the table off.)

(a laugh, off, as before; but the company join in peels of merriment.)

A. Say, Truena, when we get ashore, I'll match you. Hundred yards, quarter, mile, long jump, ^{LONG} jump, throwing the hammer, and single wicket.

T. Put in three swimming events,

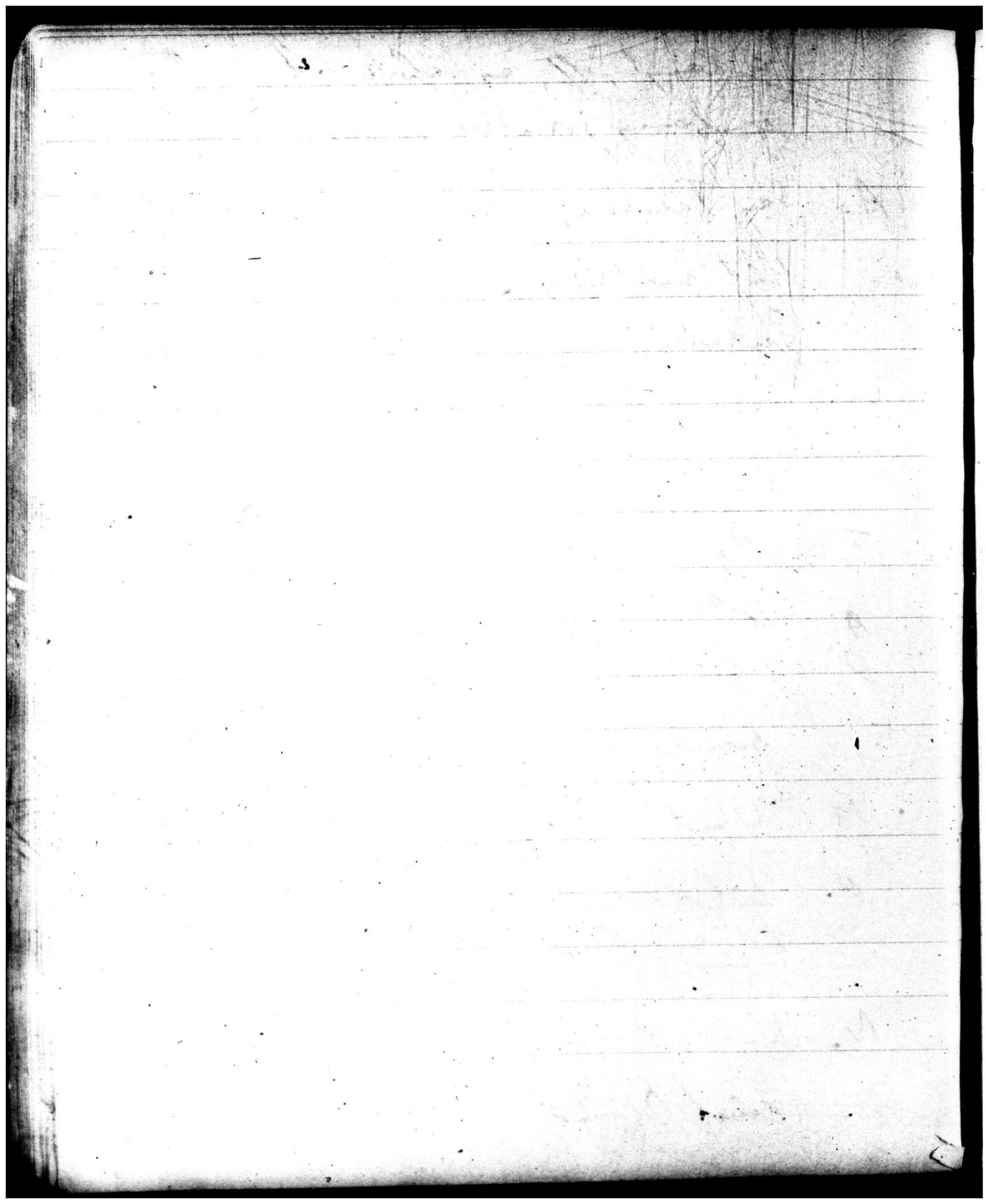
A. and (in your own way) a bet! (They shake hands.)

P. I'll back Truena! A toss and pounds a side!

M. What! do parsons gamble?

P. Like lambs, madam, like lambs. David says so.

M. Well, Mr. Wolf, mayn't a laud drink? (She brushes the table off.)



BEAKER

a little, fills her beaker, and ticks
it off.)

P. Madam, at sea, all things are possible.

A. Lord, but it's getting hot. Steward, bring
the ice.

G. That's the one luxury we lack.

Food, drink, a sound ship, a good
navigator, a favouring breeze, and
a lady's conversation - but no ice!

M. O'ye mean my conversation needs it?

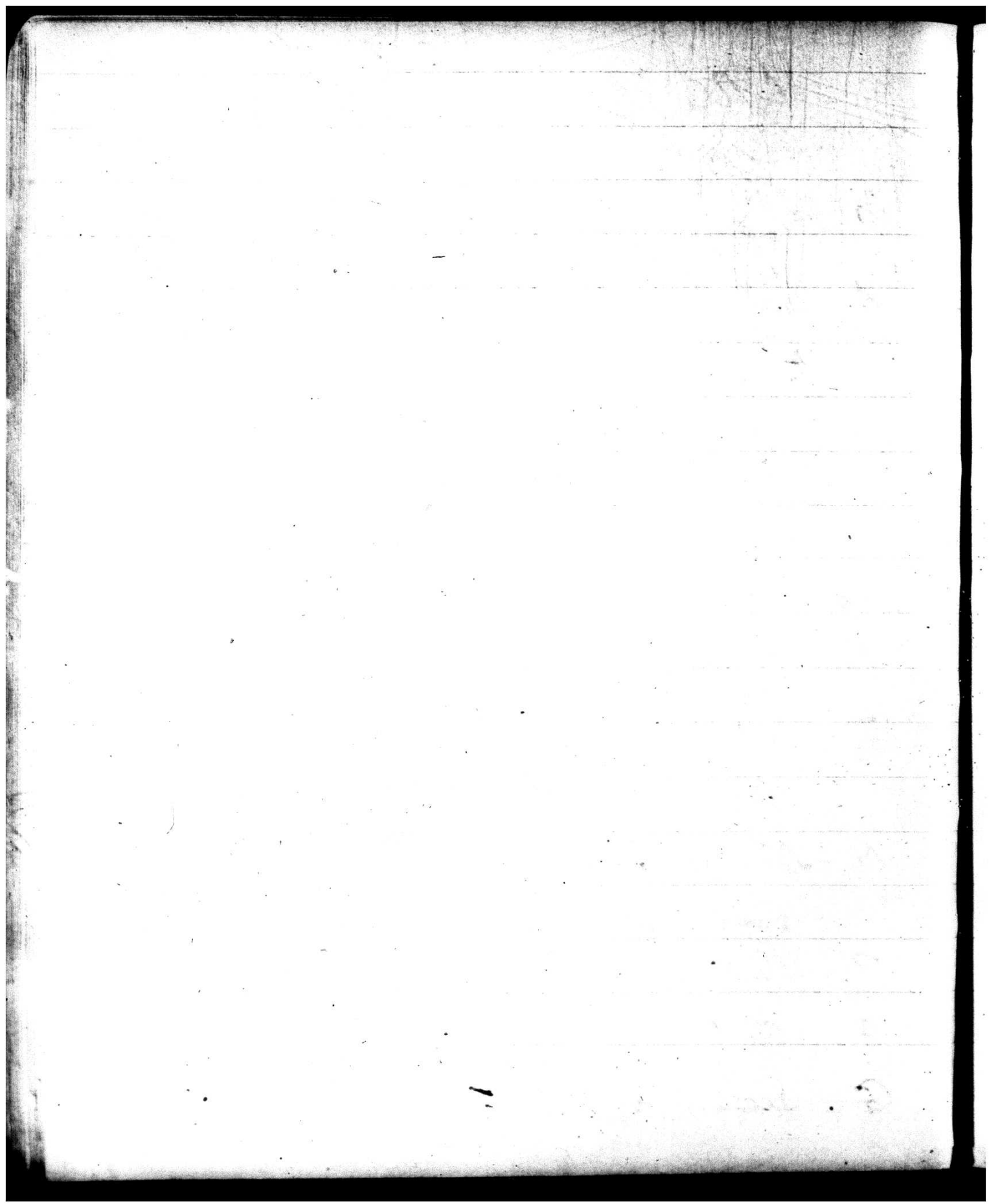
T. Mrs Trevelina, you are not on the
stage any more!

M. No you on the quarter-deck. Royal
Naval Reserve!

P. What! the turtle-doves fall out?

A. Out of the schooner, haw!

G. Seems ^{ROM} ~~run~~ to me, Prendergast.



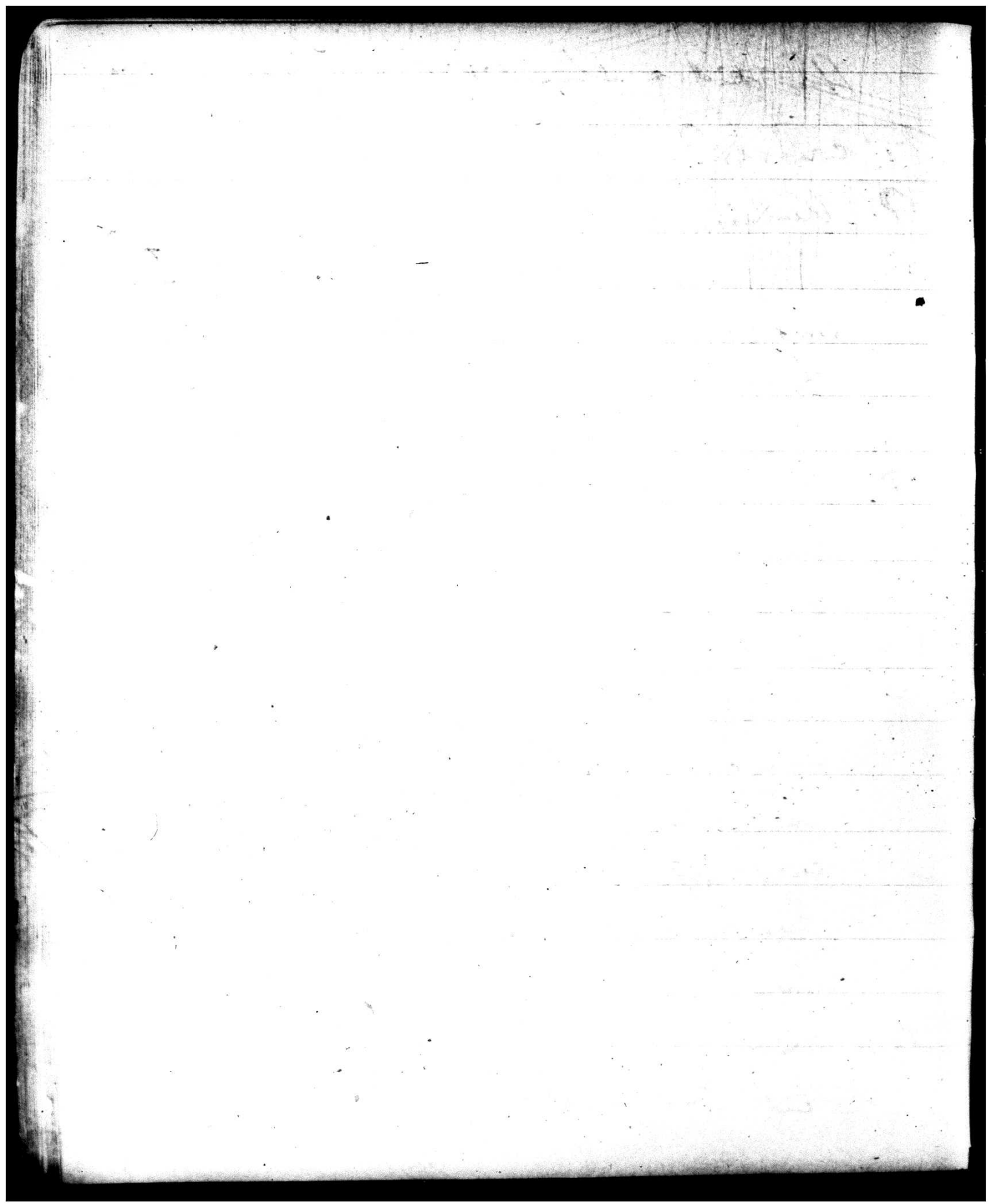
How did a shy-pilot ever steer this
course?

P. Unless the Lord build the house, they
labour in vain that build it. **I**
was necessary to provide ecclesiastical
sanction for the Five Jolly Robbers.

G. Come to the point, man!

P. It would surprise you to know how
hard it is for the most pious and
stupid people to realize ^{HOW} "how
hardly shall they that have ^{RICHES} riches
enter into the kingdom of God." They
hang on to it. Even the Bishop of
London is ^{STONY} stony-broke; and I, poor
careless curate? "If they call
the master of the house Beelzebub,
how much more" et cetera

M. Oh cut it out! How can we
cut three million into five? True



into three won't go.

T. Pendergast, if you are not hot to all feelings of decency, you will open another two quarts.

P. For what we have received may the Lord make us truly thankful!

M. Gratitude is a lovely antic of a pair of ^{FAVOURS} favours to come. ^{ANTICIPATION}

A. And they're on the way, eh? (How!)

G. Drink, pretty creature, drink!

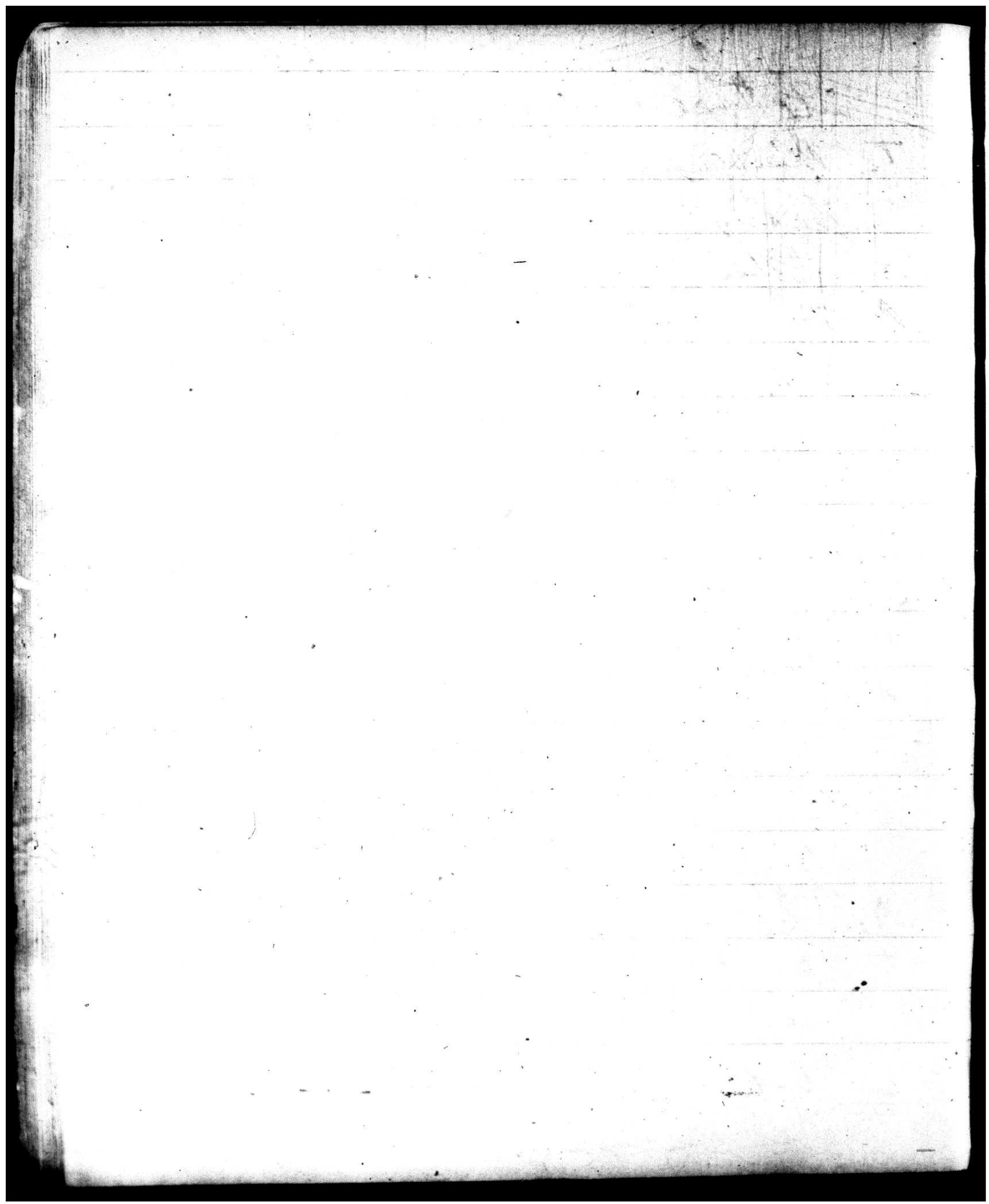
M. Drink to me only with thine eyes!

A. I shall drink the regular way.

T. No, Jim, no more drinks for you. You tick at the helm, you know, if the trade turns cranky.

A. ^{SALUTING} (saluting) any, any sir!

T. Not that there's a chance of it. Blue sea, blue sky, and the barometer holding 30.50, ~~with a~~ steady all the week.



G. See, there's land! I can pick out the church on the hill.

P. I'll have a church of my own use, and be a bishop in ten years.

M. Ten years is a devil of a long time.

(During this whole conversation the laughter constantly increases in height, volume, and duration. $\frac{3}{2}$ Every speech brings some laugh, whether or no it seem funny to any normal person.)

A. 'Twas to some I've known. Was staid near a ^{PRISON} ~~prison~~ once. Haw!

G. Who's gloomy now?

T. Gloomy!

P. To think I should have lived (see this day!

M. Is this a day to be talking of days?
(he imitates a ^{DOYR} ~~down~~ Scots elder)

T. The wind's dropping; let's have a
SWIM
swim. Hae, another, let's
swim the hundred now!

A. Go to it! Once round the schooner!
M. Oh, jolly!
(Ray strips their outer garments,
and dive.)

P. Go it, Trevena! Hearts of ^{OAK} oak!

G. Another! Another!

M. Walter's ^{WINNING} winning!

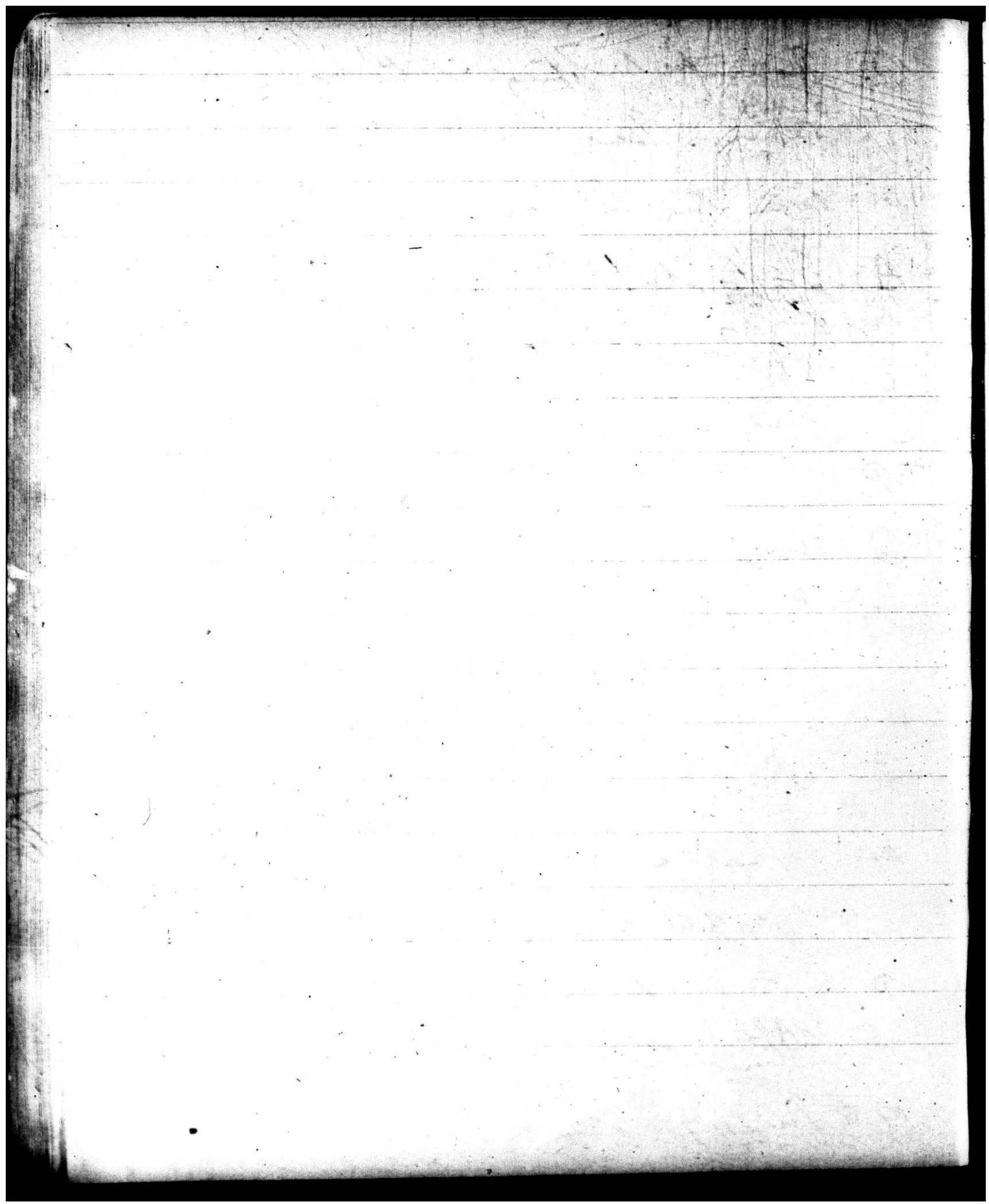
(A long pause. a laugh, off.)

G. The sharks seem to have won.

M. What a damn silly thing to do!
(all chuck with laughter)

P. Only three of us left to
SHARE
share the treasure!

M. Three goes into three.



G. Only three to share the treasure!

M. I hope you ^{are polite enough to} ~~mean~~ me; I'm a widow now, ain't I?

P. I fear the canonical law does not exactly contemplate a partition in such cases!

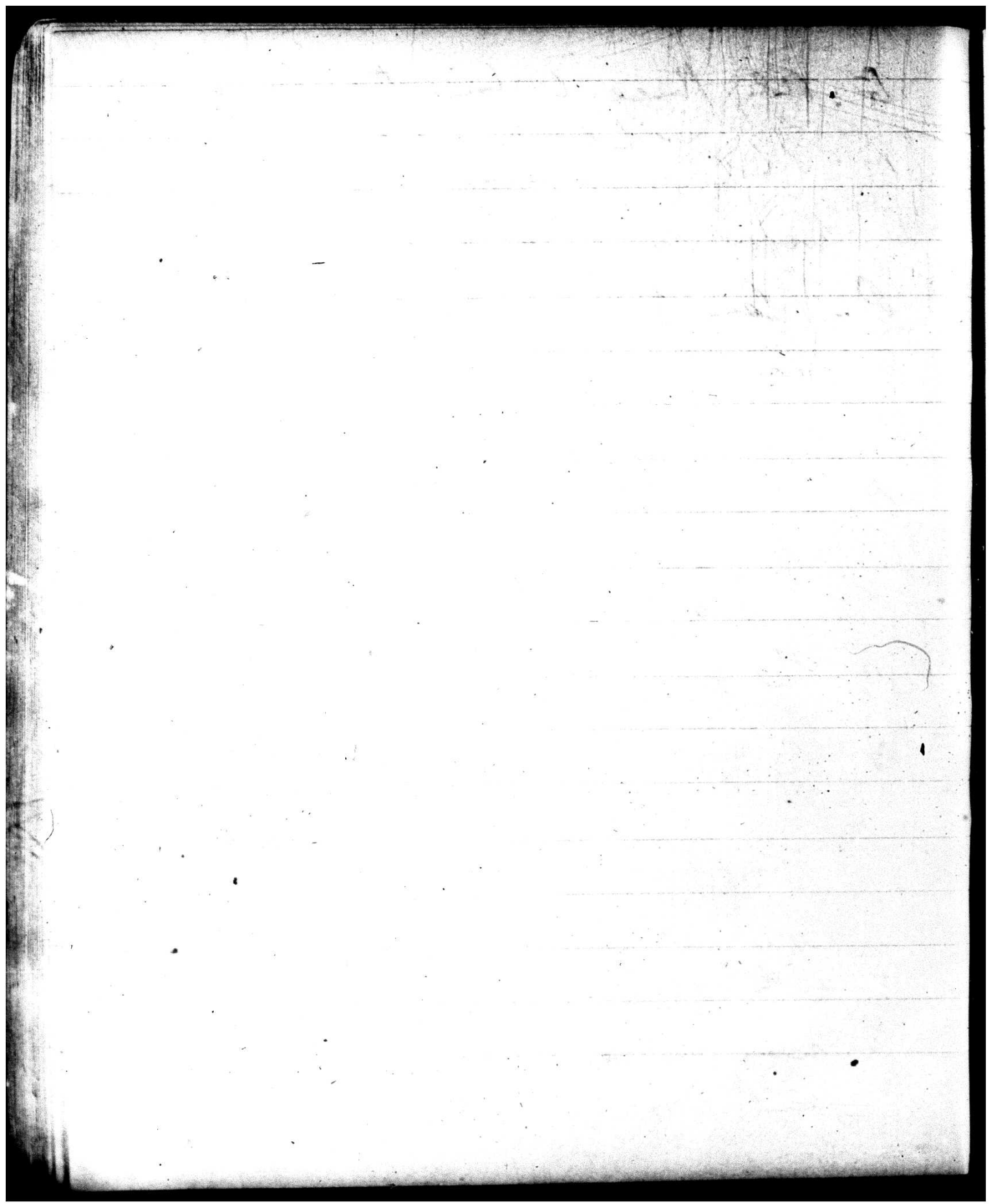
M. O M = Prendergast!

G. Madam, I offer you my heart and hand.

P. I've got a wife in Puntico.

M. (sings) I have a wife and beinies
three
and I'm usure how ye'd agree,
lassie!

G. (with glasses) Lucky we're near home, Mrs T. Prendergast and I would be poor sailors.



M. Oh, I declare, I clean forgot. My
Walter! (Begins to cry; then turns
to hysterical laughter, in which
all join.)

G. This laughter's positively pathological.

M. (mimics him) Pos-i-tive-ly
path - ological!

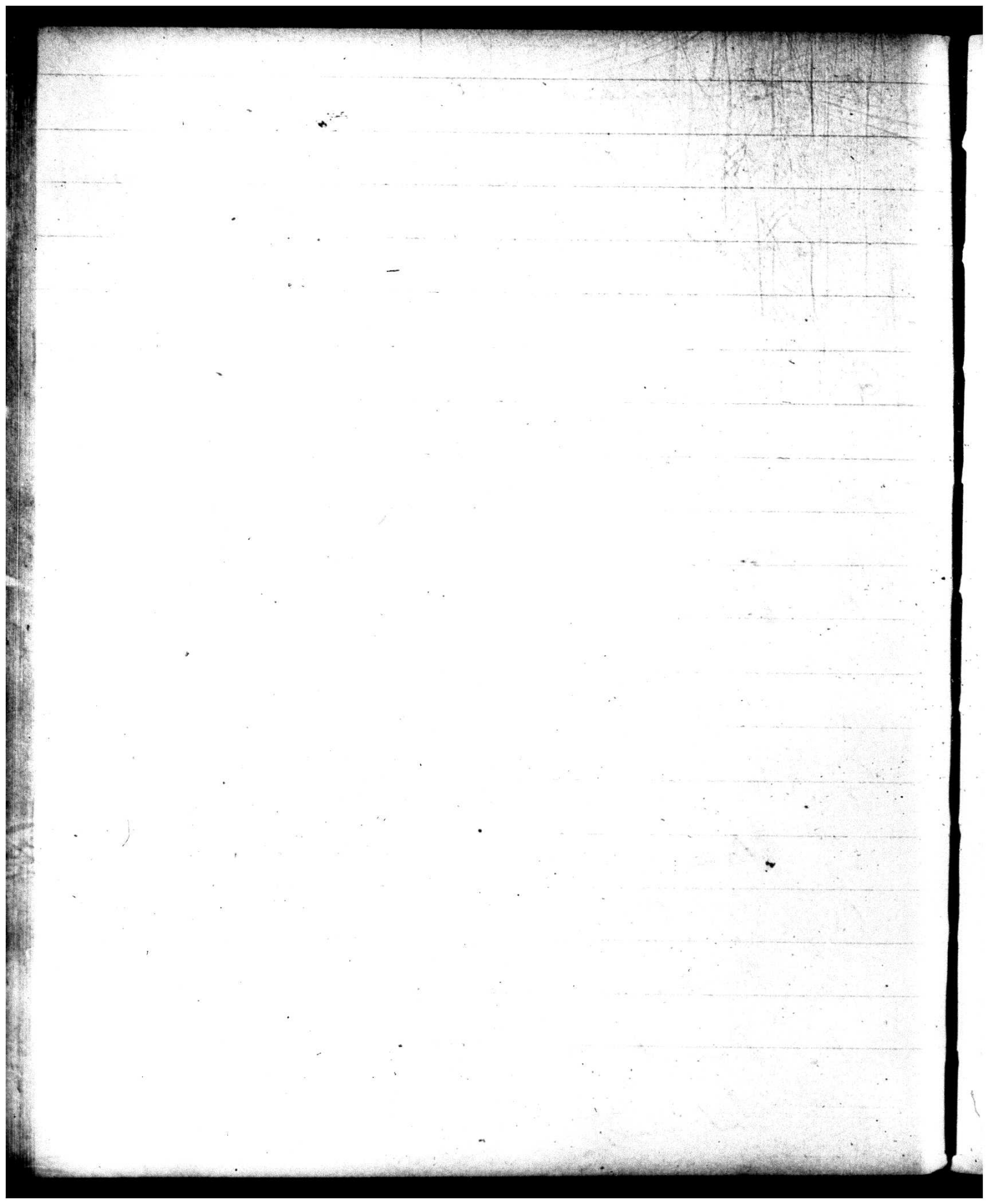
P. I shall die of laughing!

(Pause; a laugh, off.)

G. What was that? 'Twasn't you,
Maud?

M. It's Maud now, is it? **BEZAY**
Bezay
there!

P. Permit me to add: Awast, you
bubber!



G. Oh well!

M. Quit, both of you! he ^{VOWED} vowed to my
God of Laughter.

(Laugh, off.)

G. I'll hit you for all that.

(He chases her round the desk,
catches her, and does so.)

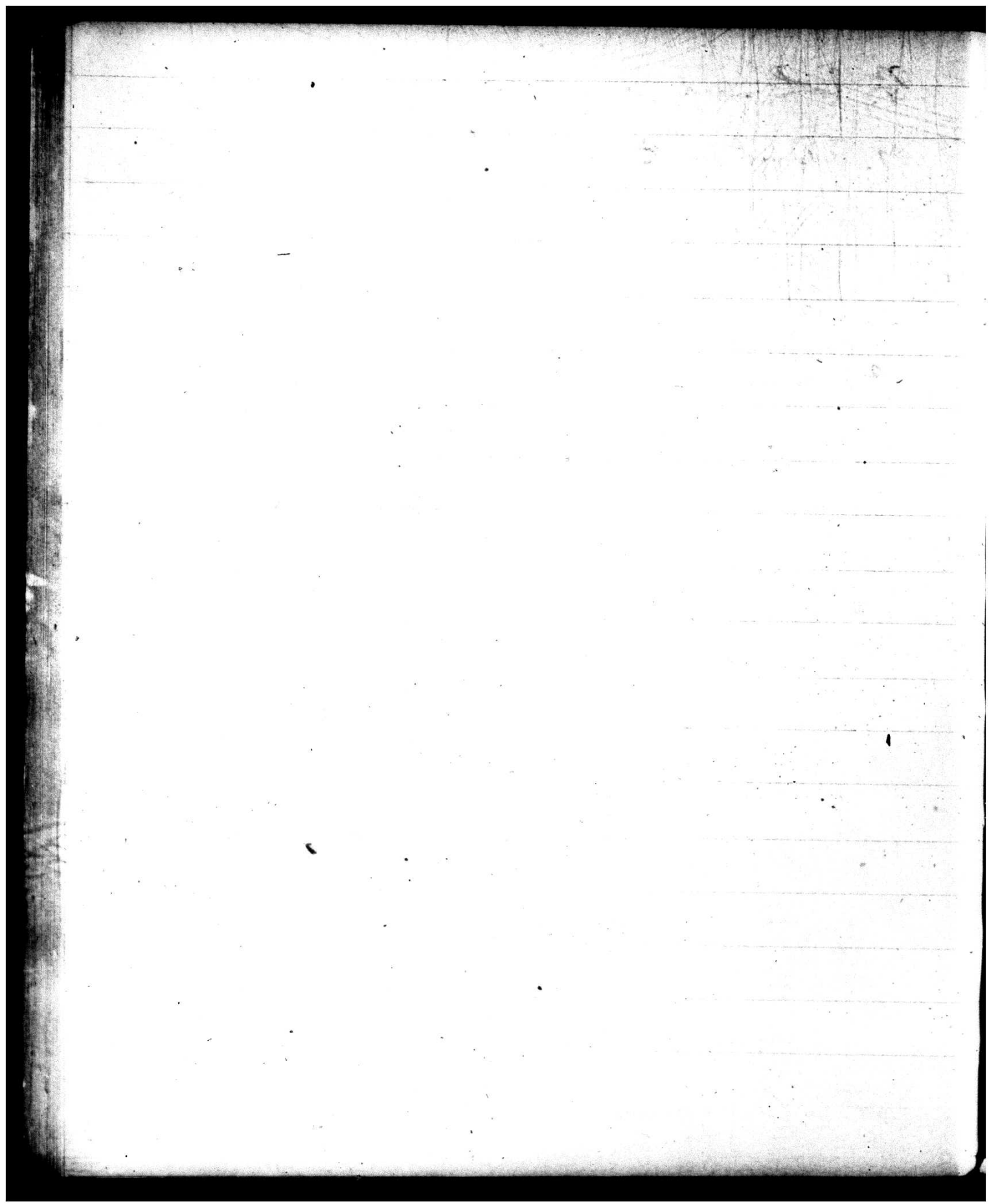
M. Unhand me, villain!

P. ^(Keenly) Is there no hit for me?

M. Oh yes, here's the other cheek,
Selwyn, may I call you?

P. Near me, dear me; that was
indeed delicious. Pardon Platonic,
madam, may not I call you
Maud?

G. Maudlin, by the Lord!



P. The Lord will not hold him guiltless
that telleth his name in vain.

(Pause. a laugh, off.)

M. Say, who laughed then?

P. Aren't we all laughing?

G. Only pathologically.

M. Was that pathological?

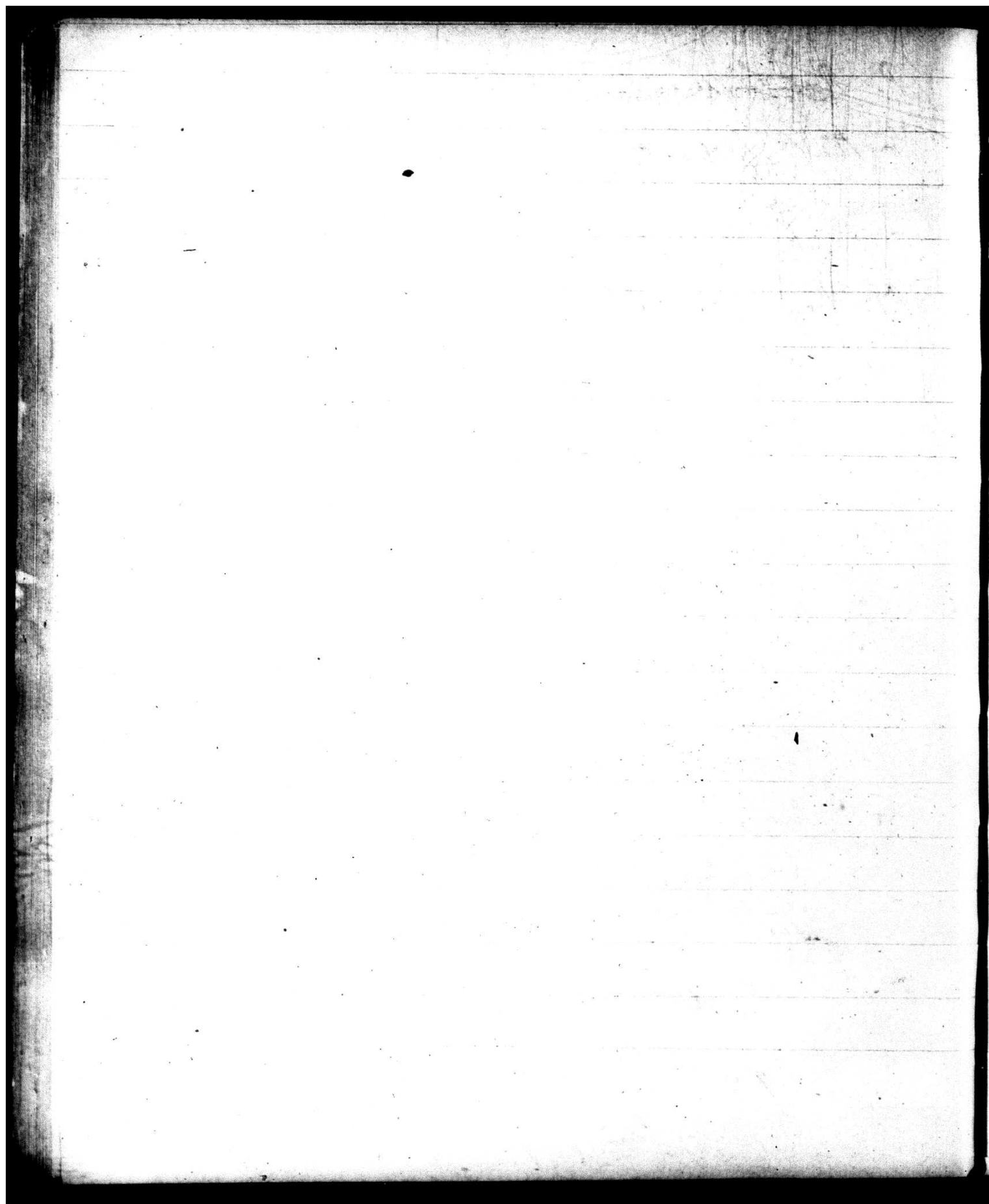
G. Pure hallucination.

M. My! That's a bully word. Somebody
hit me again!

G. No; that's pathological. #
(Extreme laughter.)

Here, buck up, old man!

(Prendergast is fallen back,
faint with the exhaustion of
laughing.)



~~Let's stick to it~~

M. This is pathological.

G. (angrily) You bet: I'll have to stick
some strychnine in him; his hearts'
rotten.

(They are helpless with laughter.)

And here I am - the worst of the
gang! Helpless! Utterly helpless!

M. Smiles on self-help!

(Prendergast chokes and dies.)

G. Good God! he's gone.

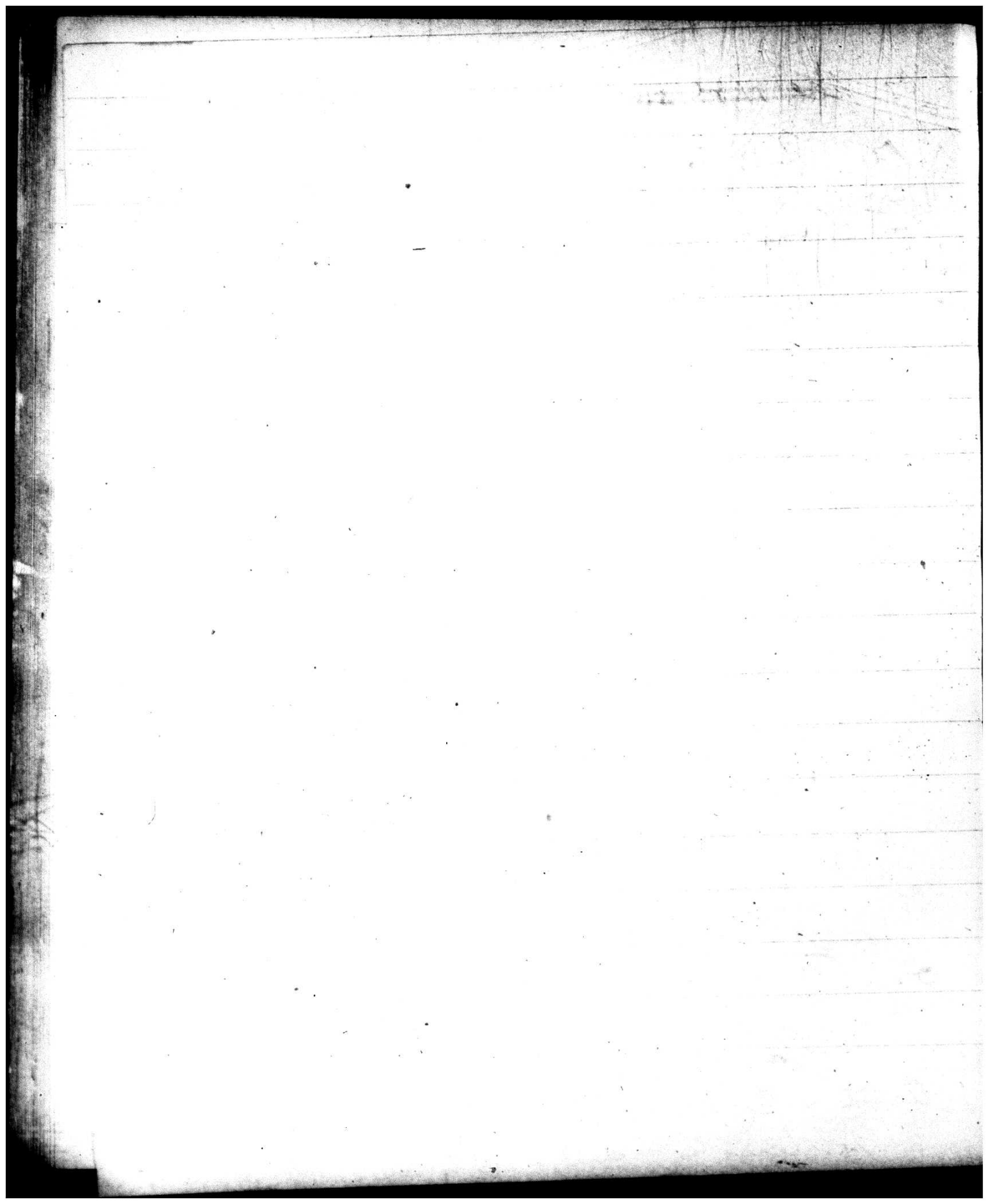
M. Aint that a rum 'un?

G. ^(angrily) Fifteen men on the dead man's chest

Go! leave 'em! and a bottle of rum!

Drink & the devil have done for the rest

Go! leave 'em! and a bottle of rum!



M. (sings) and his is all because
live

Who put to sea with seventy-five!
(She dances wildly, ^{THROWING} her hand
back, with peals of laughter. G.
joins her. They sit down, weary,
and pledge each other in a drink.

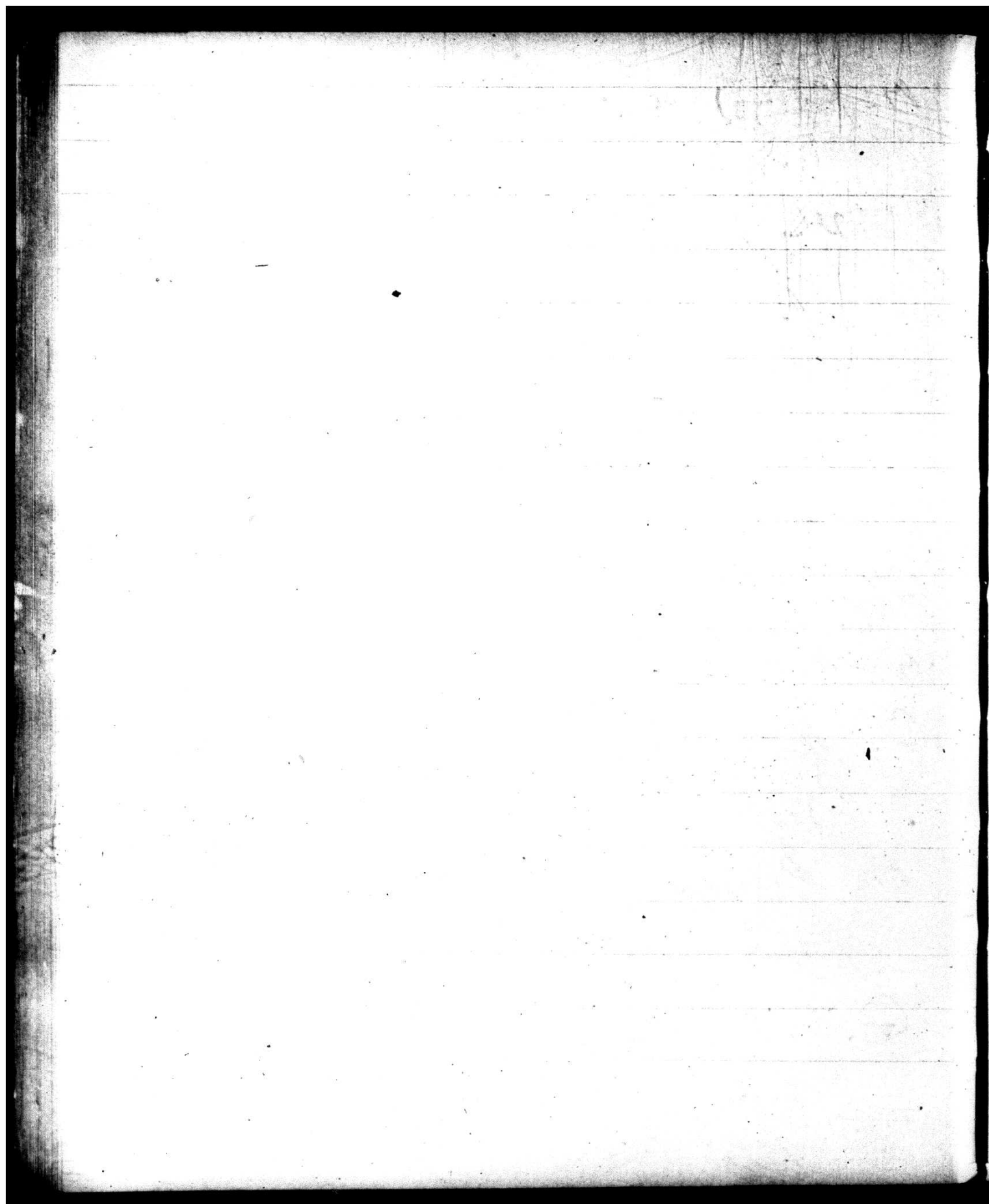
G. very serious. This is certainly —

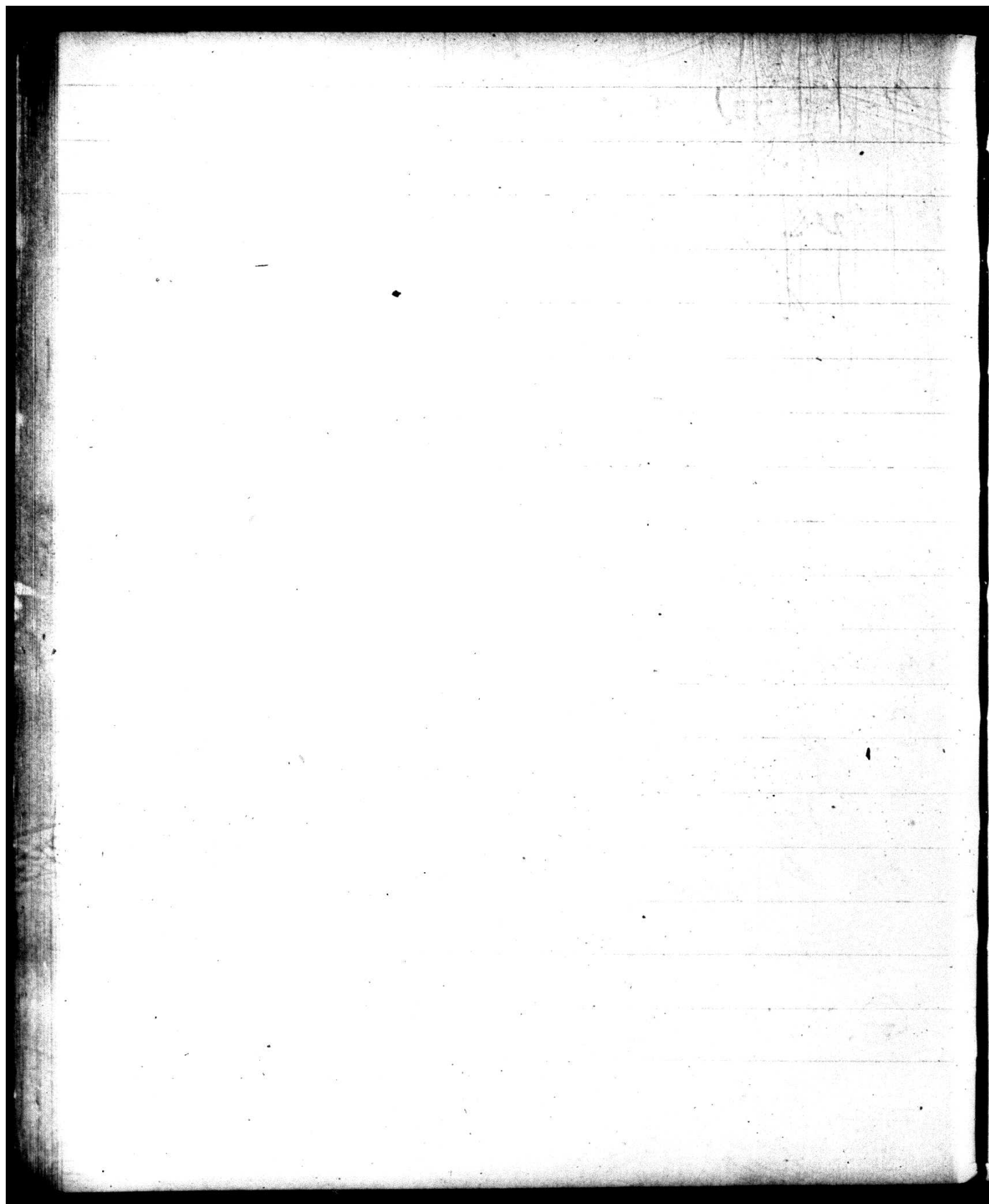
M. Pathological!

G. It really is, you know. Neurosis of a
sort.

M. Pressure on the occipital
sub-clavian masillary, doc!

G. We'd better throw the body over the
side.





M. He can introduce Walter and James
to Saint Peter!

(They throw him over.)

G. Pity he can't read his own
burial service.

M. That's dust to dust, though.
water - strong waters! -

G. No; ~~water~~ to water.

M. To Walter!

G. This is like the Panic laughter
they used to have in Greek and
Roman days.

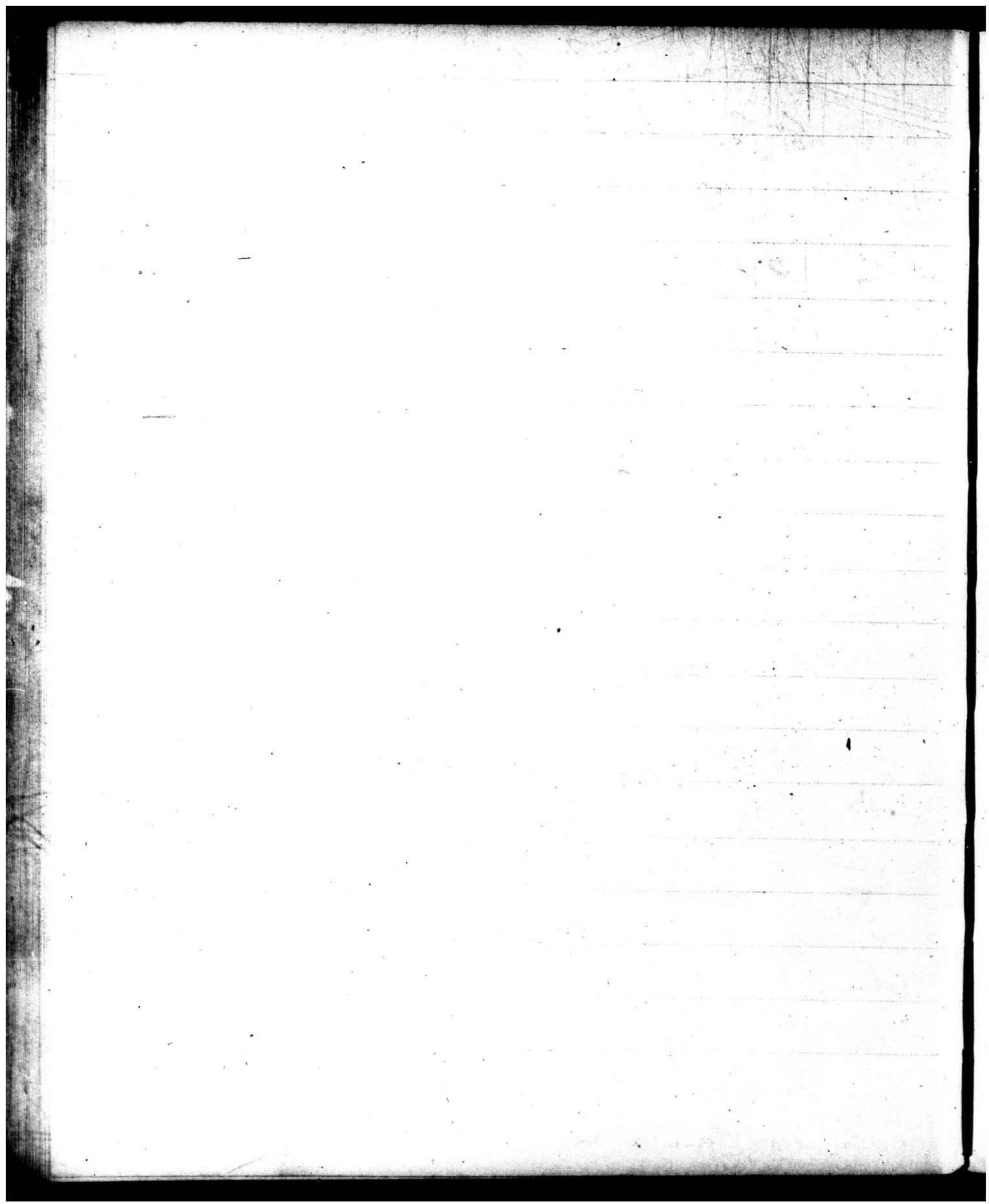
M. Pan was a good skete!

G. They used to invoke him in a
song: something like this:
(chants)

ai Pan Pan! Pan Pan Pan!

Io Pan aegipan, Io Pan Pan!

Io Pan Pan! ae-gi-Pan!



Aegipan, Aegipan, Aegipan, Aegipan,
Aegipan, Aegipan, 1. Pan Pan!

(They both catch up this, and go on
with variations. It makes them wild
to dance. At last they stop, falling
on each others' necks in absolute
fatigue.)

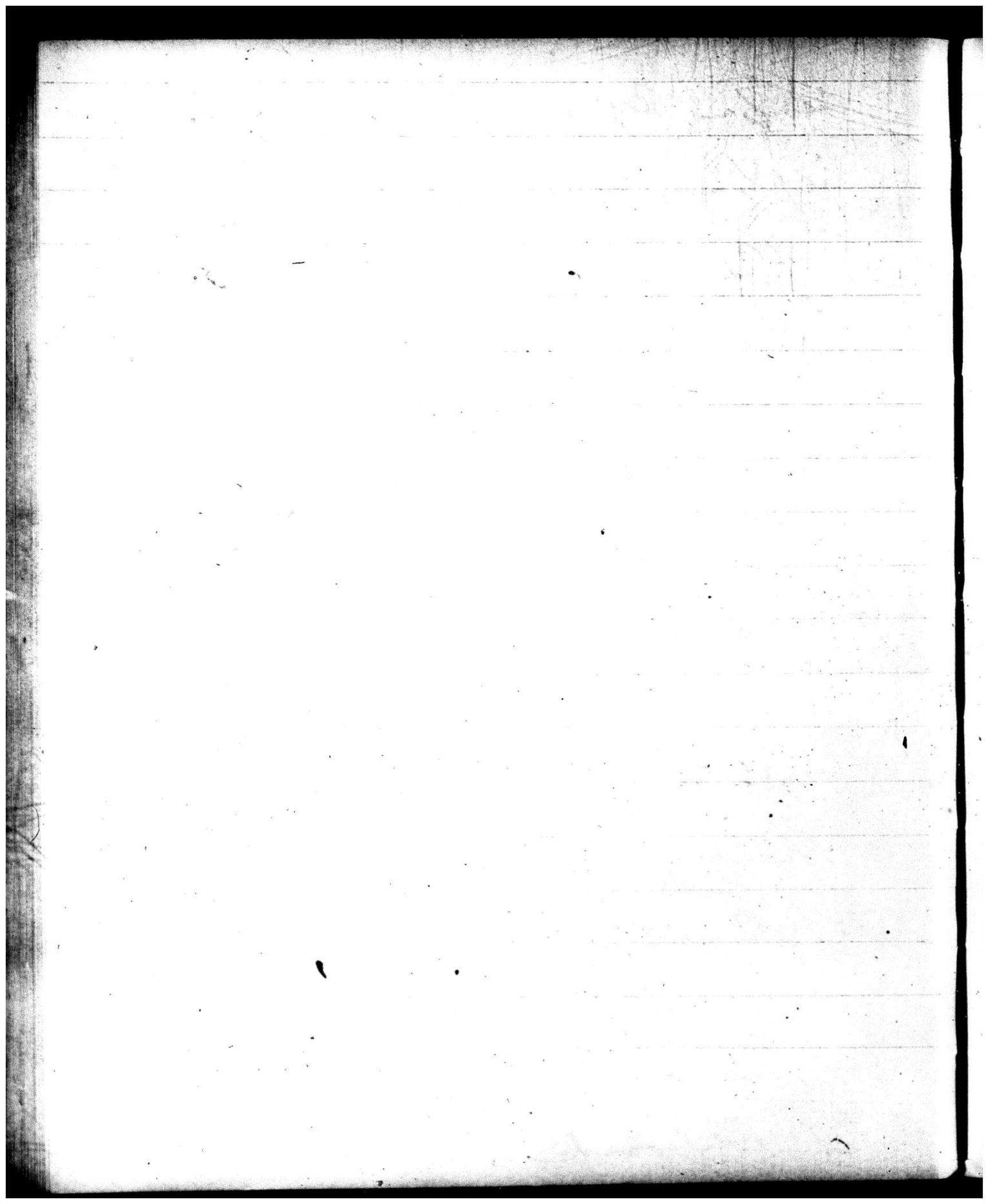
G. Losh! This is pathological.

(They burst out laughing again.)

Look here, Mand! Will you really
be my little wife?

M. Don't be silly!

(She pushes him away. He reels,
catches his foot and goes
overboard.)



Now I've been and gone and
done it!

(She rocks with laughter.)

Oh you deuling! Now I'm yours!

(She puts her arms round
the jade in eye, and nicks her to it)
I seem to be having the last laugh!

(She dances wildly, yelling with

laughter, then falls hump over

more on the ~~image~~, her sides

shaking and heaving. ^{A.} Then her eyes
open in a ghastly stare; she laughs, catches
her breath, ^{and dies.} The laugh rings off.]
Pause. Curtain.

3. In unenlightened countries, a big fat
man in green, ^{very jolly,} resembling the
image, climbs aboard, ~~catches~~
catches her under his arm, she still

Now I've been and gone and
done it!

(She rocks with laughter.)

Oh you deuling! Now I'm gone!

(She puts her arms round
the jade in eye, and winks, but it)
I seem to be having the last laugh!

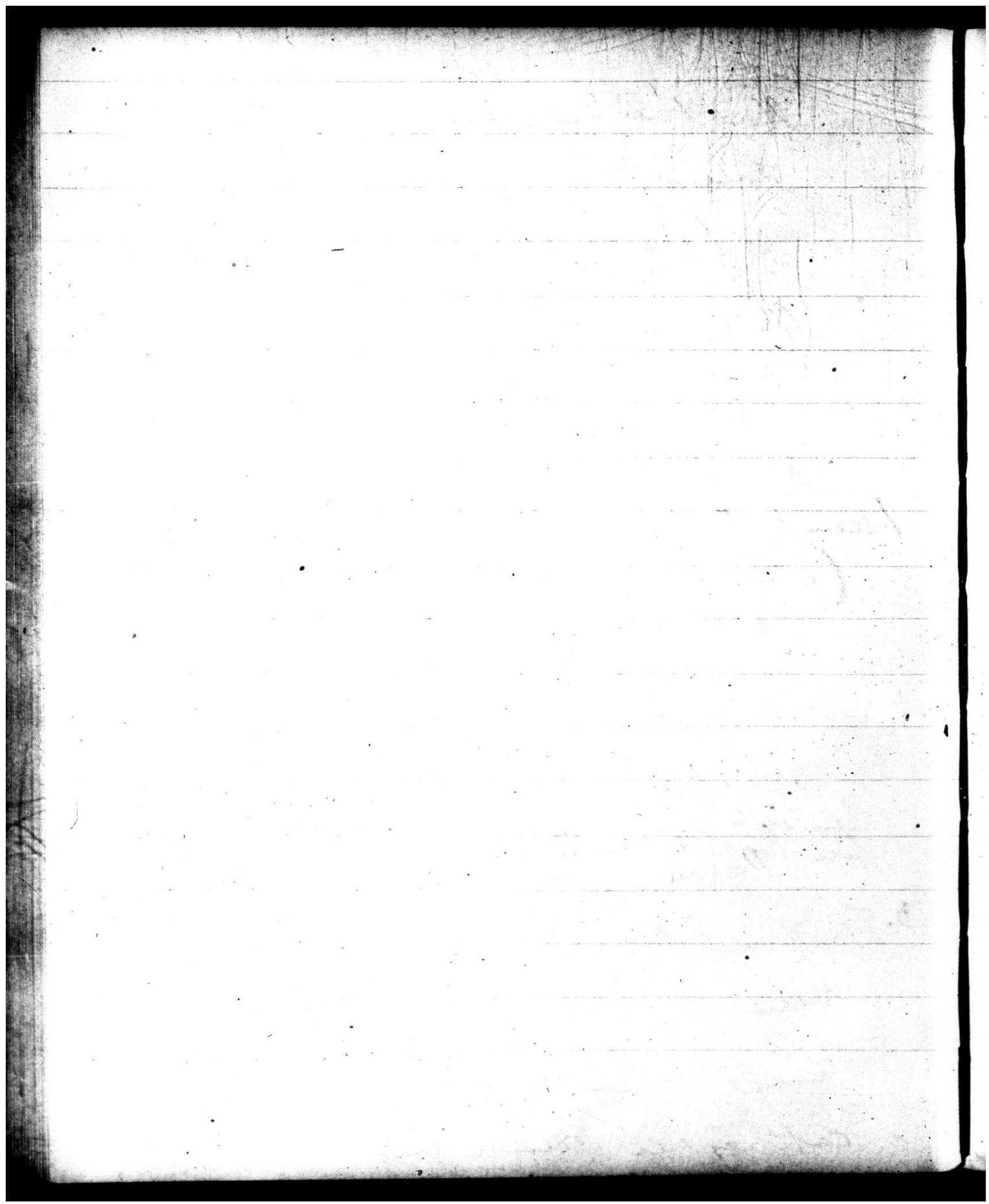
(She dances wildly, getting with

laughter, then falls hump over

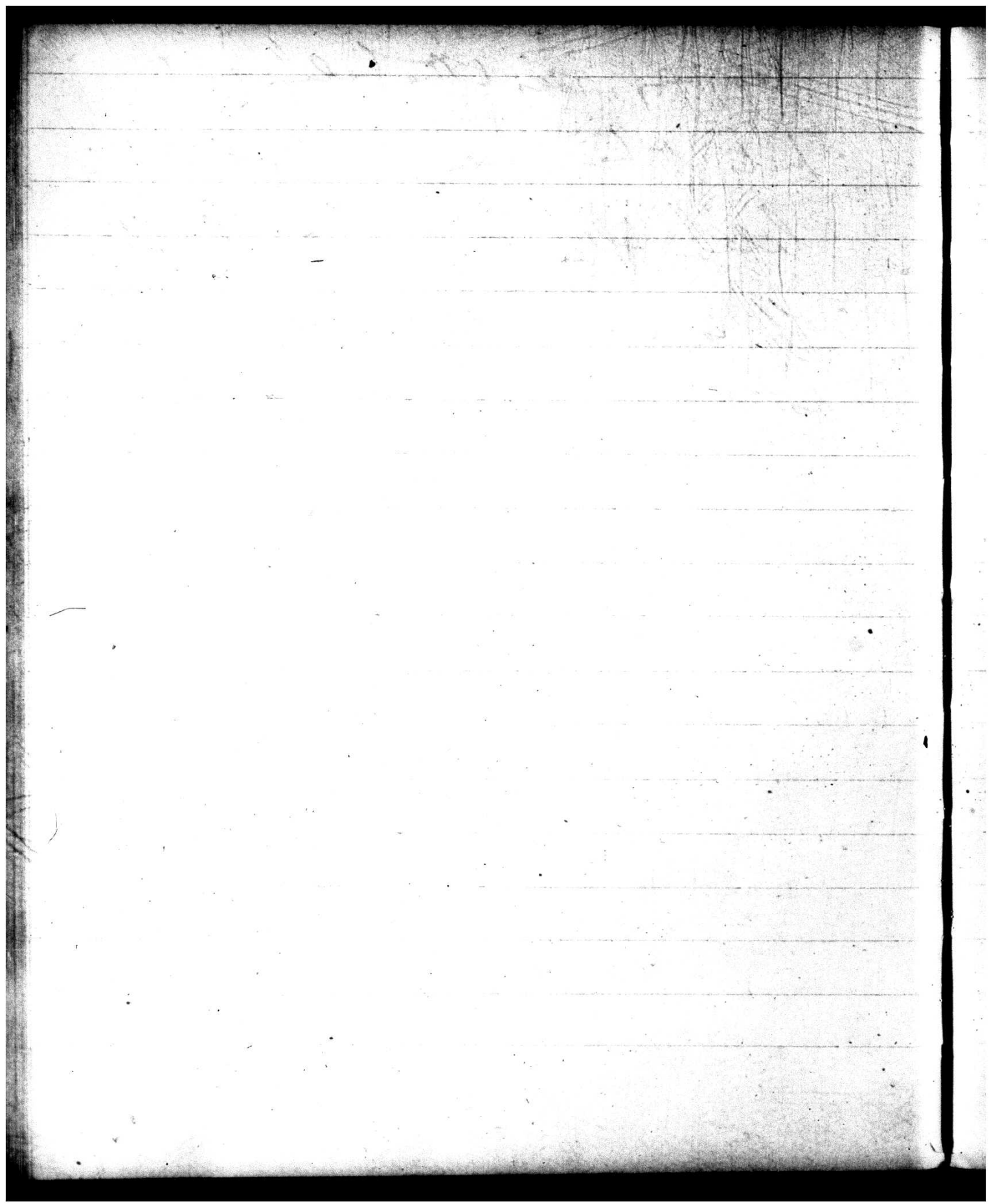
more on the ~~image~~, her sides

shaking and heaving. ^{A.} Then her eyes
open in a ghastly stare; she laughs, catches
her breath, ^{and} ~~eyes~~ ^{eyes} pause. The laugh rings off.]

3. [In uncultivated countries, a big fat
man in green, ^{Very jolly,} resembling the
image, climbs aboard, ~~leaps~~
catches her under his arm, she still



anything, goes to the helm and
puts it hand over, as the anchor
falls. After its fall, the length
off is once repeated, faintly,
as if dying away in the distance.]



Diabetes.

To find this greedy one your uncle
Argues: a Specialist should now be seen.

He will raise eyes, and wag his head,
and snort

Over your last laboratory report.

"Sugar for you is just as bad as meat is;

You are a sufferer from diabetes,

a deadly and insidious disease.

There is no hope of cure. Three guineas, please

It's ^{quite} ~~seems~~ a good deal for a little money;

and, to some people, might appear as funny.

But to the folk who neither drink nor

and yet have got to ^{croak} ~~die~~, ^{smoke} it seems no joke.

Richard

To the Hon. Secy of State

Washington D.C.

Dear Sir

I have the honor to acknowledge

the receipt of your letter of the 10th

inst. in relation to the

subject mentioned therein.

I am sorry that I cannot

reply to you more fully at this

time.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

Richard

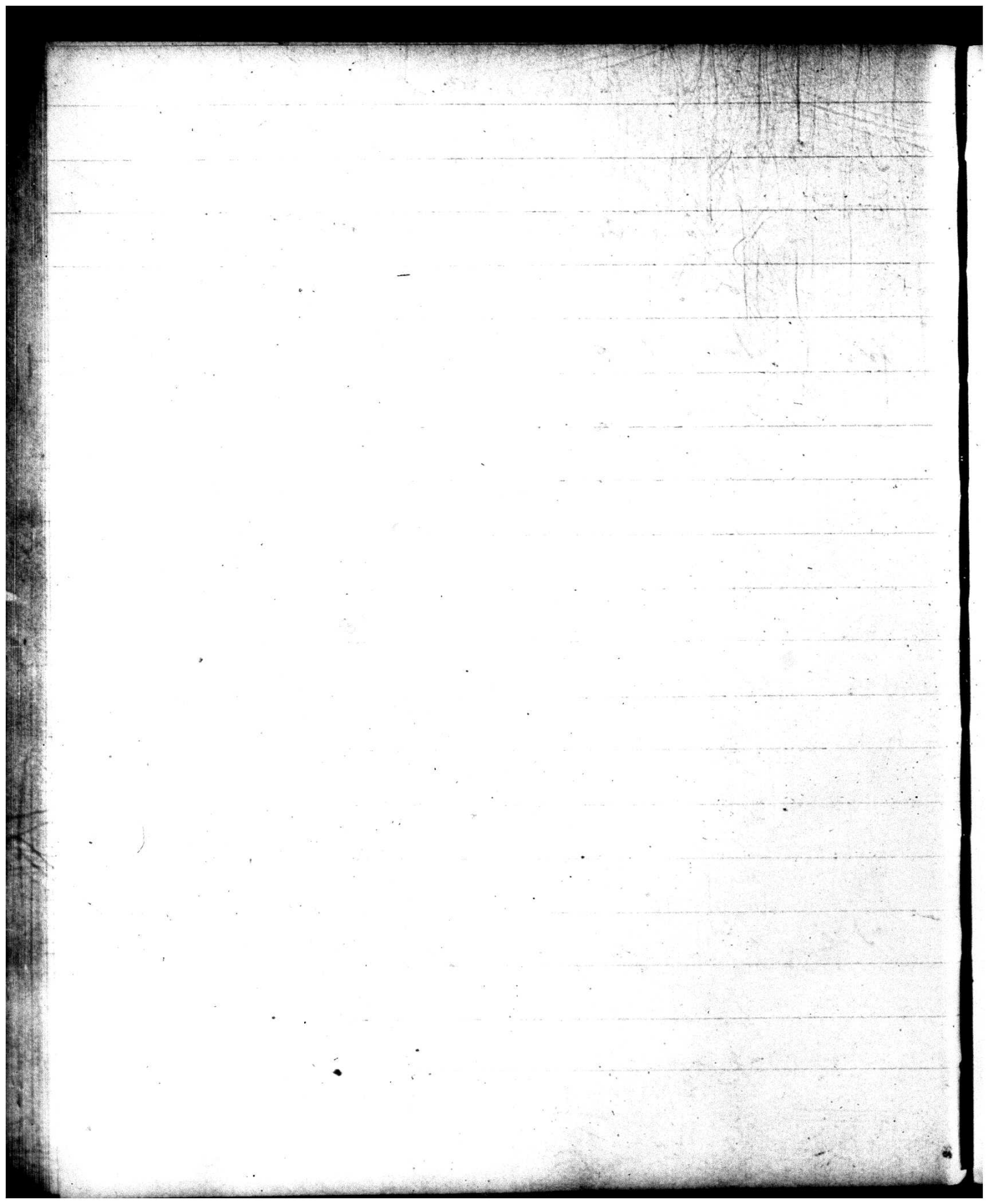
Three Wishes cost 2 cents

Joe. Bill, you don't for one moment seriously believe in that sort of stuff, do you?

W. Joe, I do. In this corrupt age there is no way for a man to prove his faith except by betting on it.

Therefore: I hereby (a) insist for the sum of one Dollar and (b) propose to earn it by betting you that sum that you make a million dollars between now and midnight.

Joe. You silly ass! It's impossible you can't make money where there isn't any money to make.



W. New mind: only one proviso, that
you take a chance if it comes.

J. Sure; but it's impossible. Nobody
even knows I'm here.

W. Is it a bet?

J. If you say so. (They shake hands)

A. He certainly is game to take a
chance.

B. Some people will grab anything

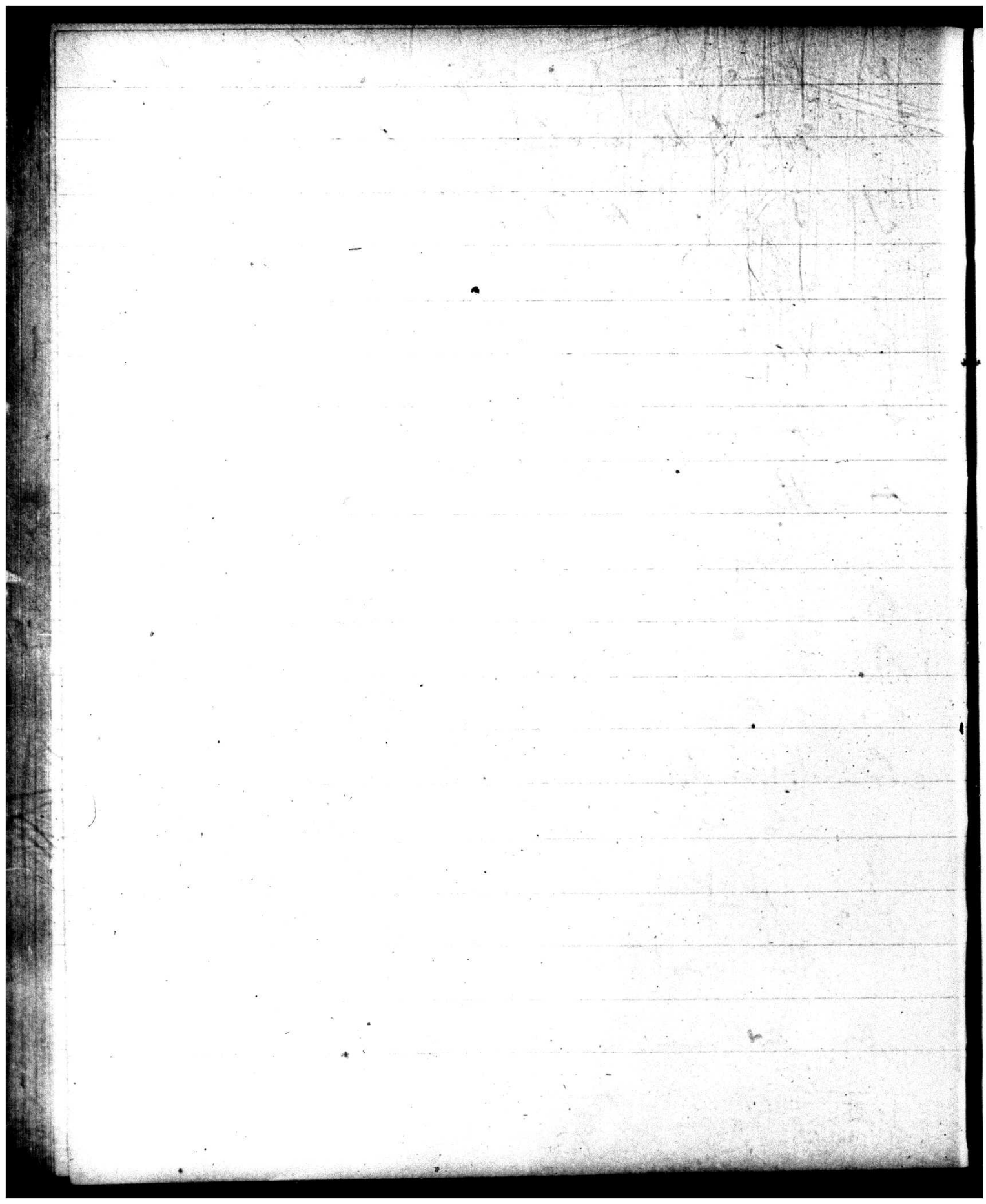
A. Some people are sorry when they've
got what they grabbed.

B. Some people - have sense enough
to let it go again.

J. What in the devil's name is
the matter with you two women?

B. a matter of taste.

A. No matter.



J. It's a mystery to me.

B. Most things are.

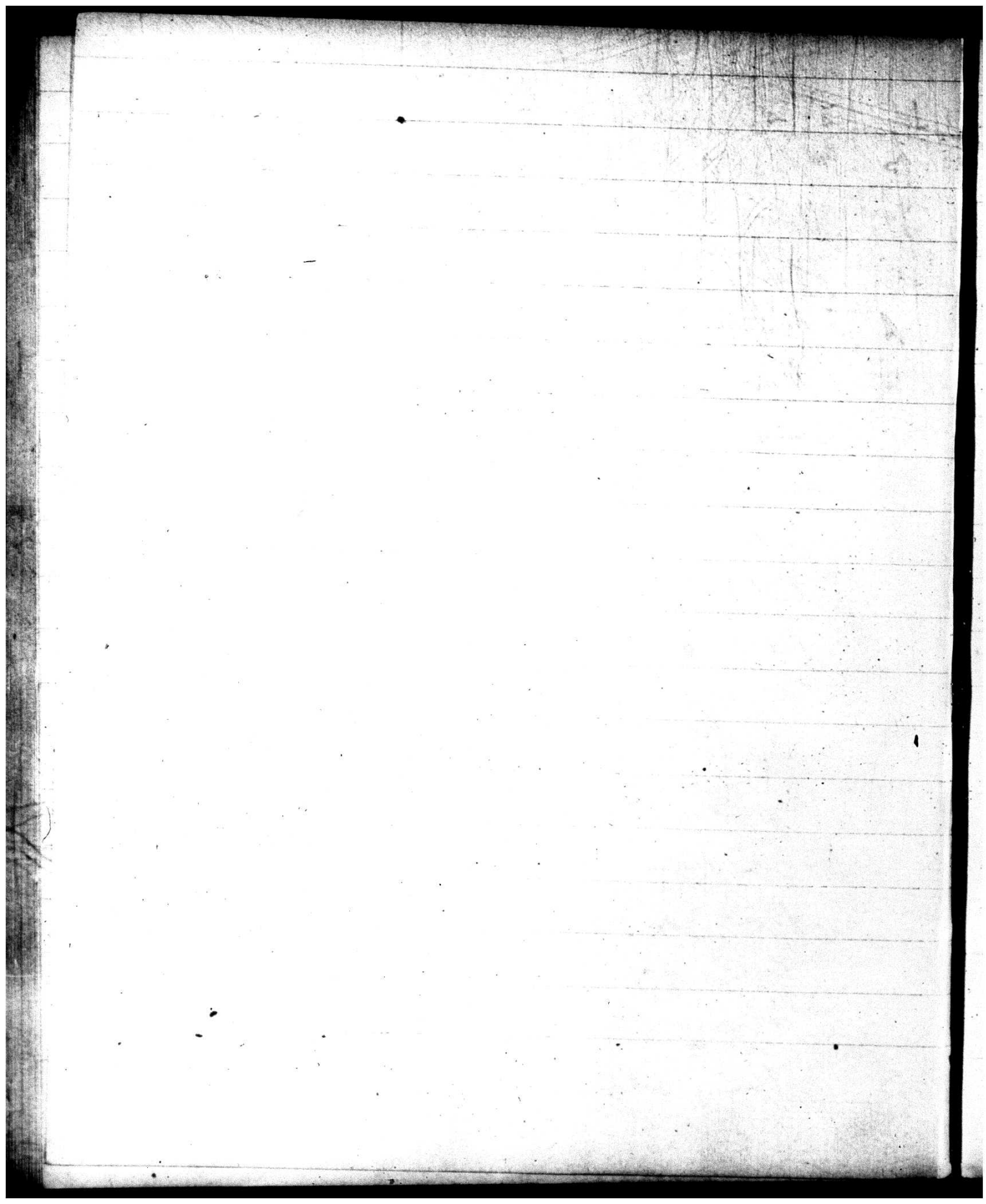
J. Now what does she mean by that?

A. Mischief.

W. Now listen, Joe. Mrs. Davies, you said a whole lot then. Most things are a mystery to him. Do you know that there is a definite equation between time and greatness?

The earth seems to be always changing its place, but time shows that it moves in a more or less unchanging cycle. So do the fixed stars, if you take a long enough period.

Now you can only recognize a cycle as such by repeated observation of it. We only know a thing when we have gone round



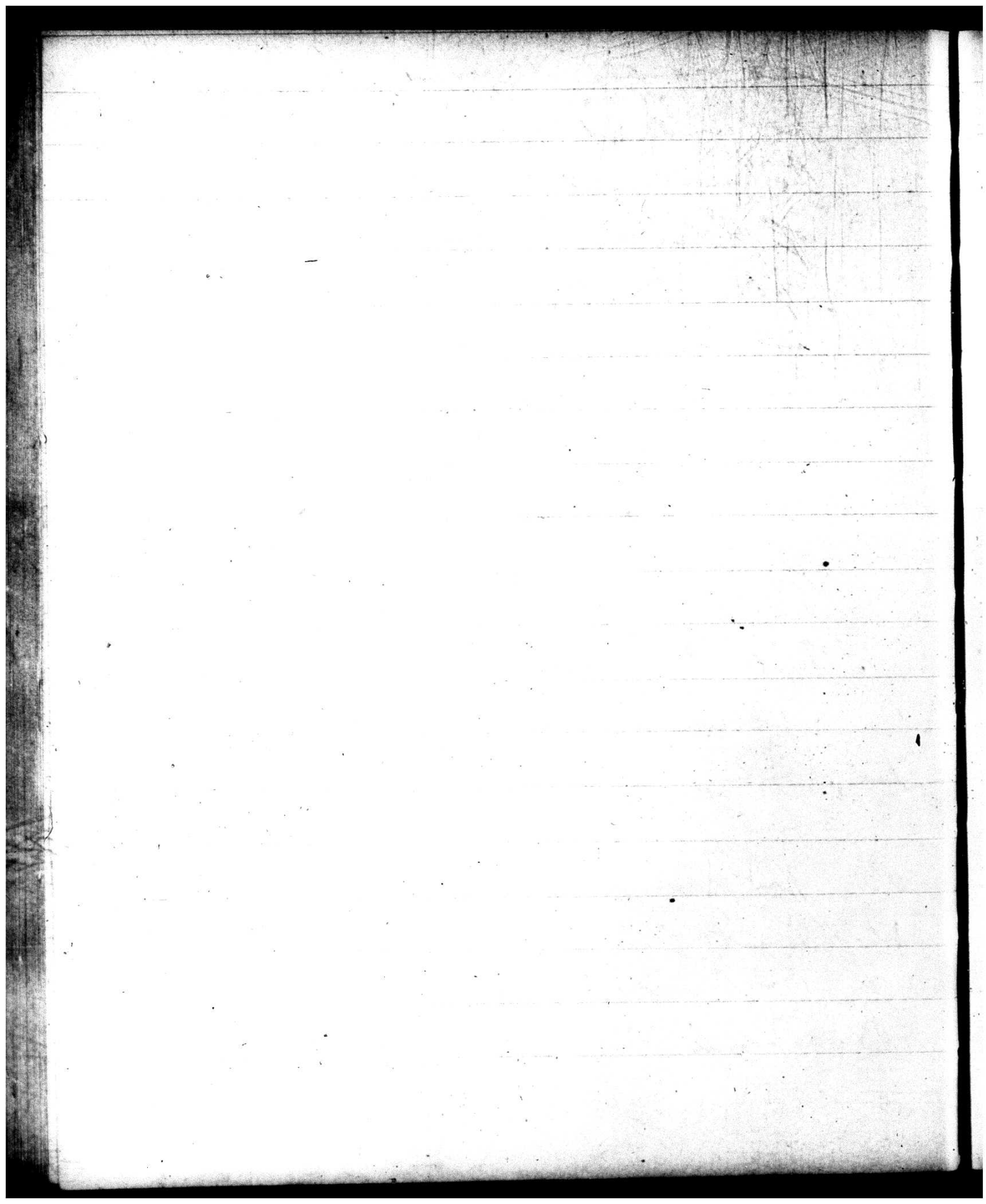
and round it, and round again.
Joe understands very well indeed
the movements in his tiny cycle
of business. I, in the immense
cycle of art, am still half lost
in wonder as each new phenomenon
bursts upon my gaze. It will take
countless centuries for me to be the
master of my cycle as Joe is to-day
of his. This low man goes on adding
one to one, His hundreds soon hit;
That high man, aiming at a
million, misses a unit.

Joe Ah, I aimed at a million,
and Bill at a unit. Ha! Ha!

B. You poor fool!

W. Can't get outside that cycle,
Mr Davies!

B. Thank the Lord I was never in it.



a. We of finer clay feel otherwise,
don't we, M^{rs} Davies?

B. We artistic people!

J. (desperately) I don't see my million
to-night, anyhow!

T. (anxious to help keep peace) and shall
I get my thousand?

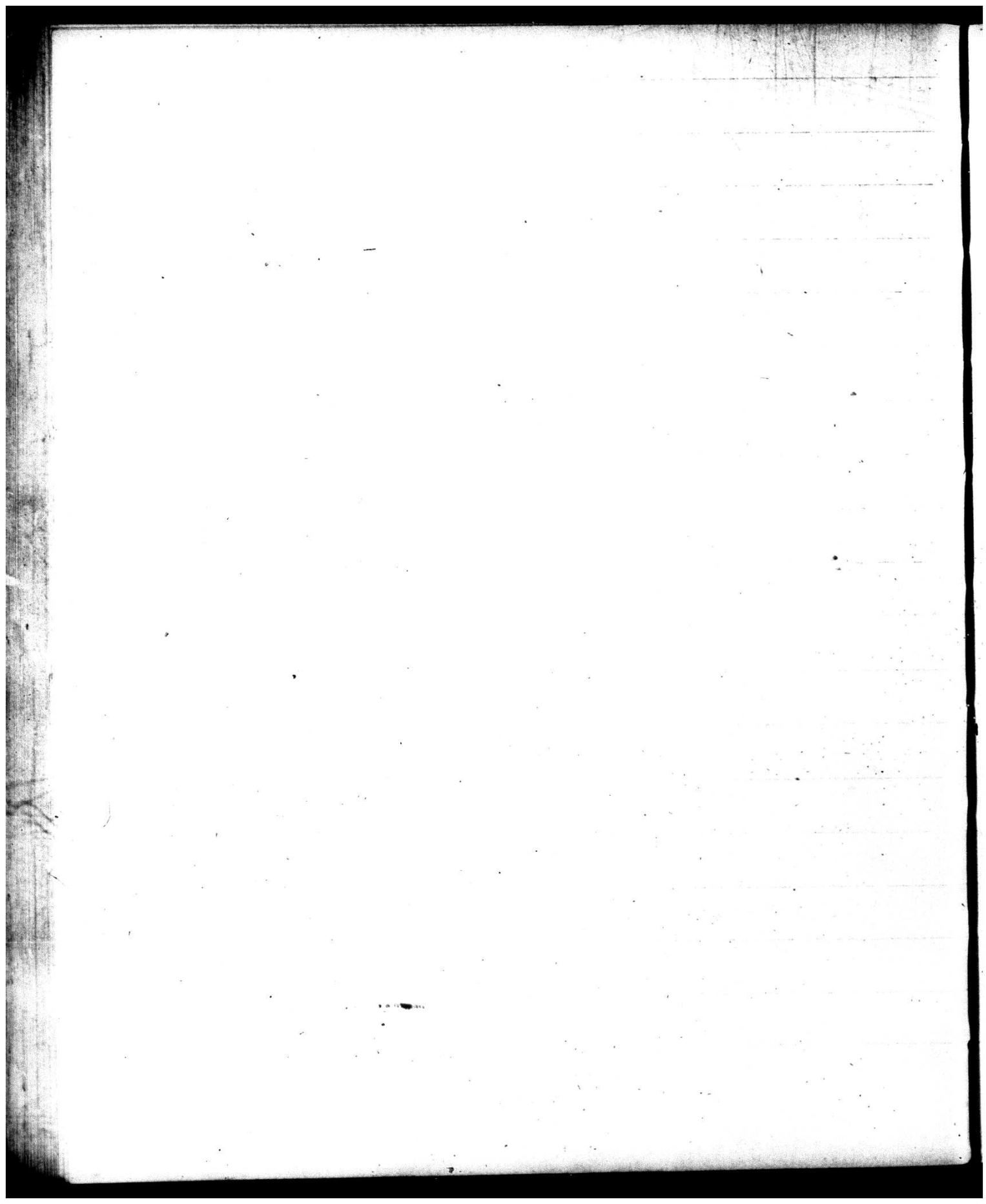
B. You're always in debt; it's incomprehensible
to me: a thousand a year and all paid,
and you're in debt.

T. It's the children, madam.

J. Damn it, Blanche, you're always
in debt too!

a. How lucky to have a multimillionaire
for a husband!

w. Oh; it's nature's way. It's the
children of the Times that make



the millions for the Joes. Why, Tim
himself founded your fortune, old
boy! He brought the news of Harper's
death.

J. ^{He} Didn't know how to use it. But
I was grateful; I gave him a
competence for life.

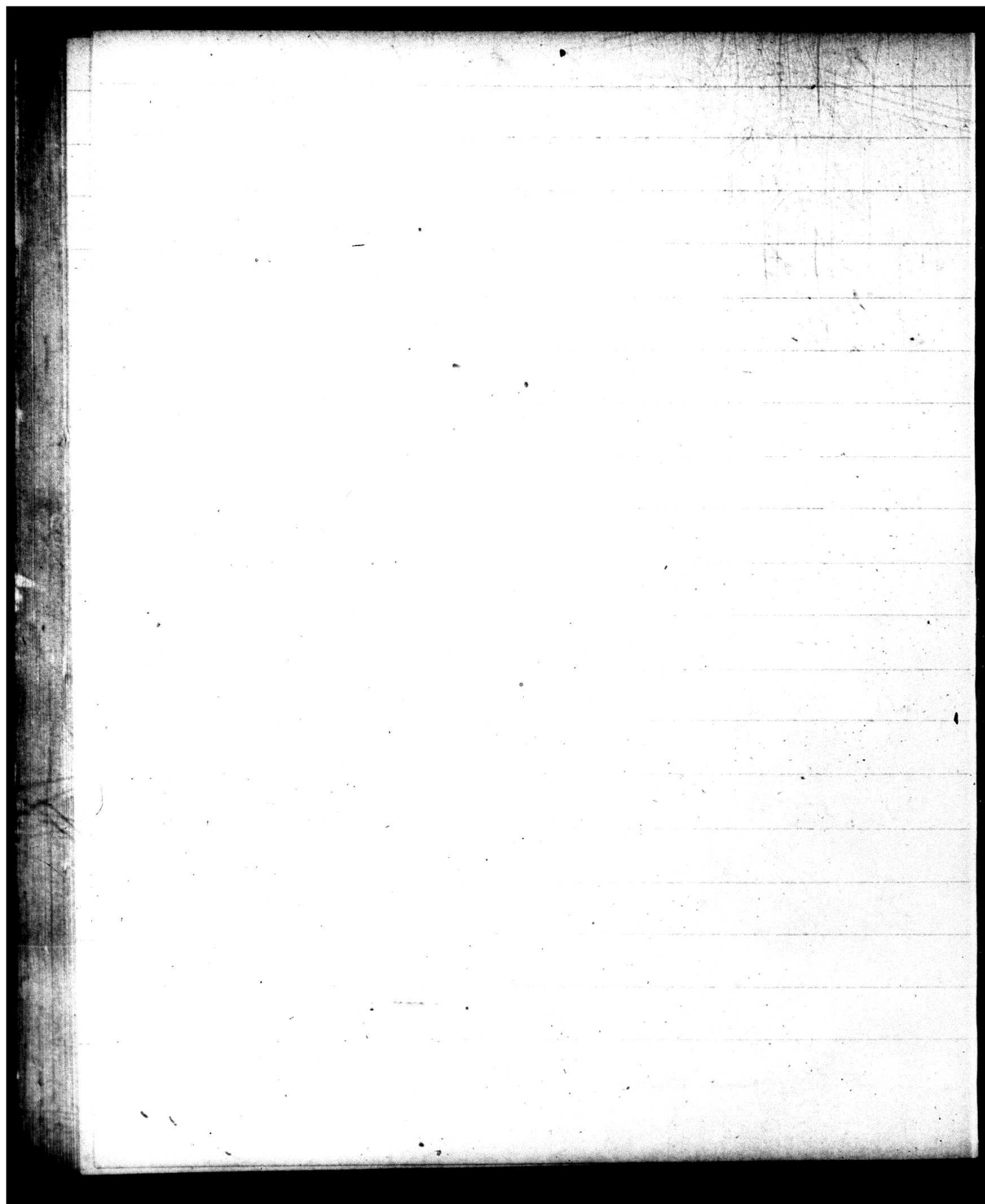
W. How do you feel about it, Tim?

T. I'm very comfortable, thank you, sir
(a hush)

W. Now, by my fay, who hushes so
late?

Walter Neville (without) May I come in
for a second, Wilbur?

W. Sure thing (aside) Walter
Neville, from the ~~British~~ Embassy
(opens door)



(Enter Neville . . . introductions . . .

Joe is in a corner in the dark.)

He comes forward . . .)

N. Mr^r Davies! This is plain Providence.

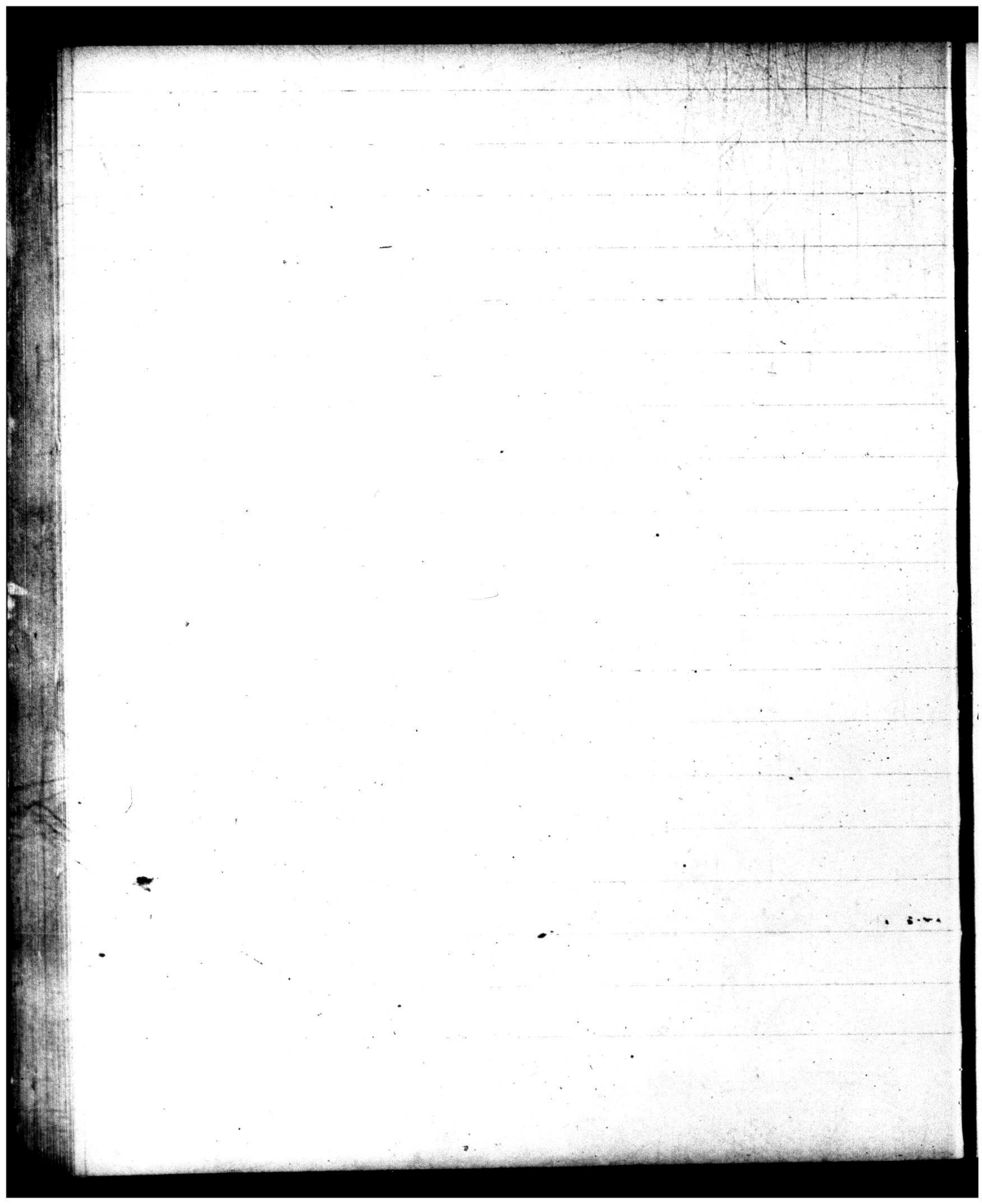
Do you know, Mr^r Davies, I have
ten messenger boys out this minute
looking for you.

(takes out watch)

At the eleventh hour - and
twenty minutes.

Ladies and gentlemen, I'm going
to be most awfully rude. Do
excuse Mr^r Davies and myself
for about five minutes! It's life
and death.

(all retire, W. sending his pipe
in a setter, B. Conche gazing
at him eagerly, Adela quietly



embroidering, Tim and family
blotted out as ever.)

J. Well, Neville, what's the news?

N. Oh it's an option on building lots.

Half a million dollars - expires
at midnight. My man got
cold feet this morning, or he's
really strapped, as he says. I

offered the man - Gaus, the banker -
ten thousand francs for a three-day
extension, and he ruined me

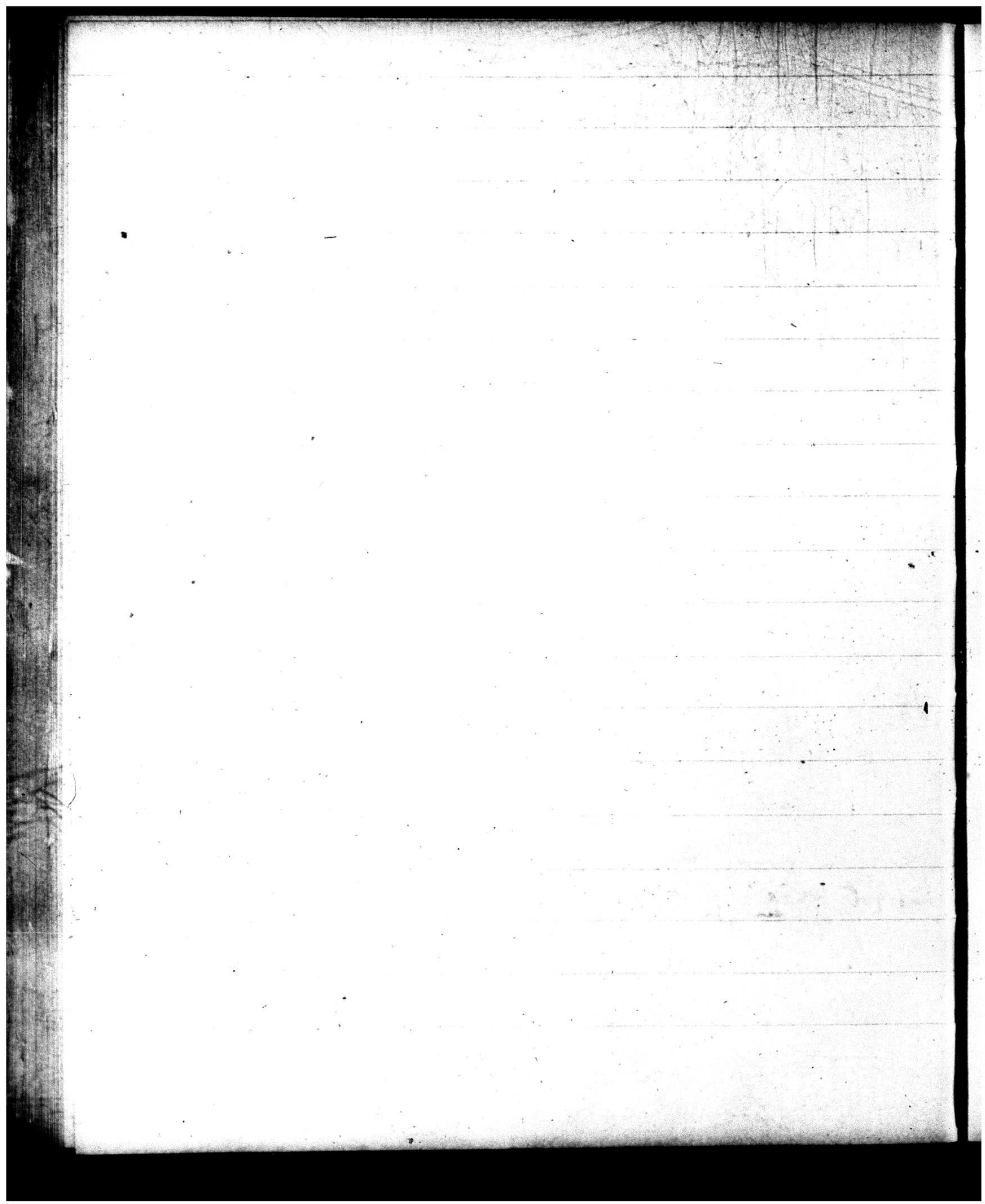
down. The secret is - the Government
want those lots for barracks -
we've been working secretly for it,

you understand, and Gaus is
has got wise to it. I can sell at a big profit to-morrow.

J. Where do I come in?

N. You help me to take up the

option - four hundred thousand



is wanted - and -
Joe. / clear?

N. (figures on paper) a million
dollars.

Joe. I know you, Neville; but if you
were the most obvious cro man
in the profession, I should write
you a cheque. (Mysteriously) This
is the night of the big fire.

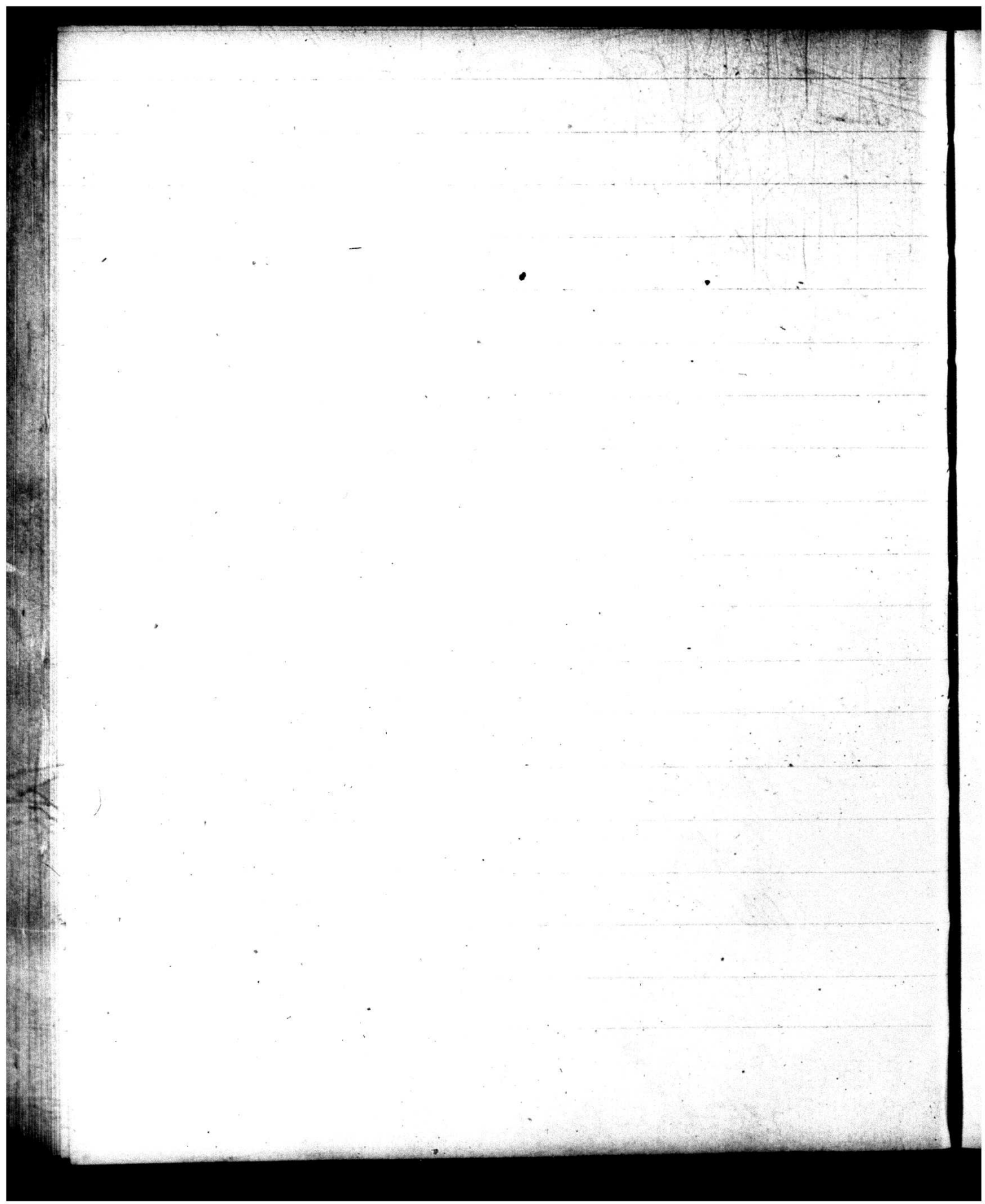
N. (misunderstanding, laughs.)

W. Converted, by Joe!

Joe. (Picks out note - both check-books)
Put it there.

(N. writes contract and J. check.
They exchange.)

N. But, damn it, how can I
get down before twelve? Gans



lives at 76 by B. referred Harrison,
but - there's no taxi within a mile
of here, and the buses won't come up
the hill.

T. (advances) Excuse me, sir, but -
that is, Emily thought how B²
Davies might be freed, and I took
the liberty of having the Napier sent
to the door (Emily at window)

E. Yes, sir, she's there now.

J. Tim, you've done it again! Here
and now I announce publicly
my belief in fairies, and I present
you with the sum of one Thousand
Dollars (Pulls it from his wallet.)

By the way, Wilbur, nearly forgot - what
I came up for. ~~For~~ I want you to drop
in at the Embassy just chance. The
Government are making you their expert
in that art business - so you're a
dollar-a-year man now.

W. The Three Wishes!

N. (misunderstanding) Health, Wealth,
and Happiness! ~~W~~

Now, Tim, put Mr Neville in the
car - ~~and~~ plenty of mine!

E. Perhaps Tim and I had better
go home to see all right in the
house, madam.

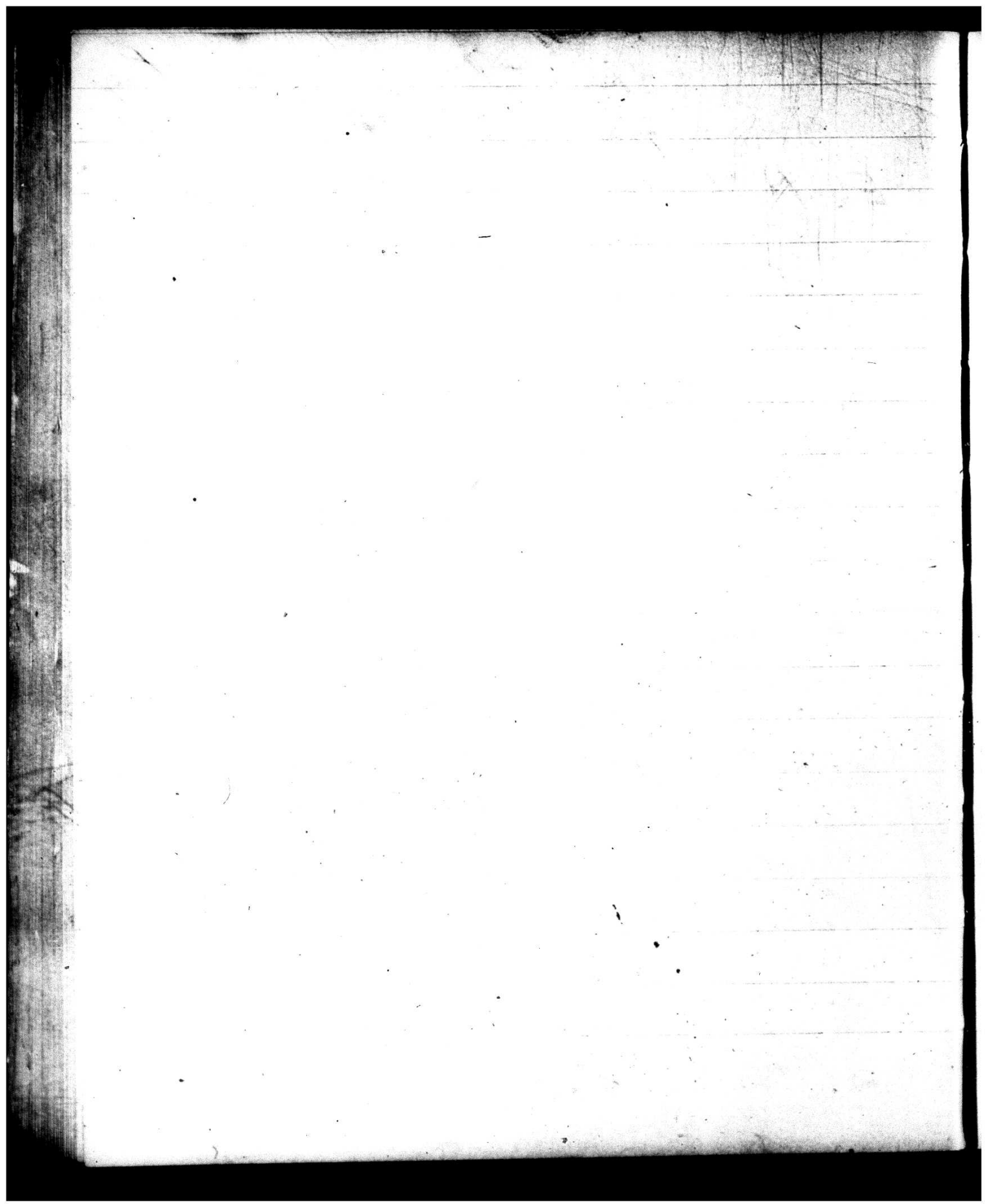
B. Yes, you had.

J. and more solemnly still, o Wilbur
Owen, I present you with this
dollar, won in honest-betting.

N. a Thousand Thanks, Davies, I'll be

off. (He takes his leave, and
goes out with Tim and Emily)

B (very slowly and clearly) I've
been wishing, too. Wishing that I
had come into that ~~to~~ room
about ten minutes before I did.



J. Damn it, Blanche, are you making
love to the man before my eyes?

B. Now that you have exhibited your
well-known force of character,
perhaps you will rest the
afflicted part. So if you've got
anything else to say, shut up!

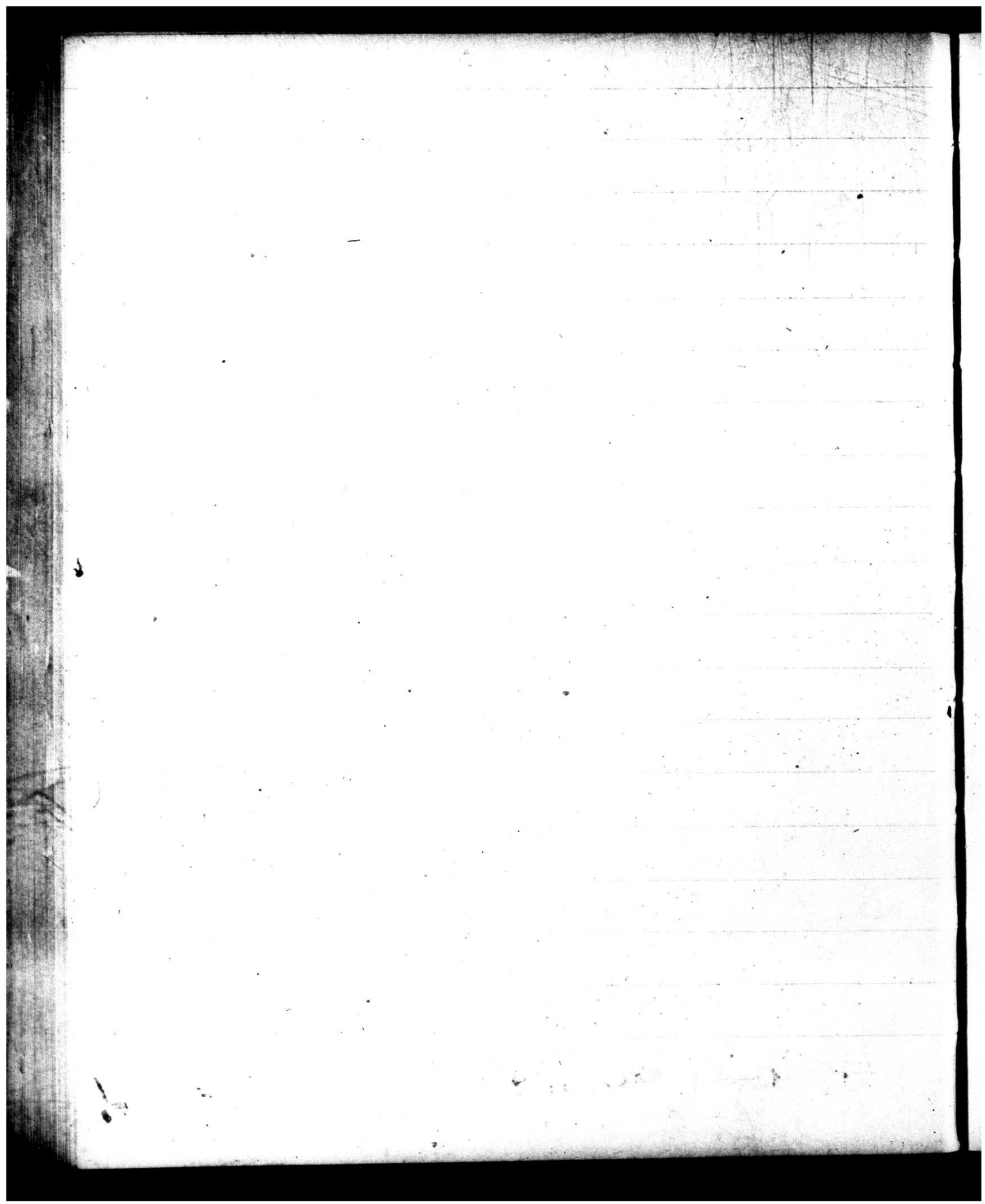
J. Remember where you are!

B. I've borne too much; to-night I'll
cut loose.

J. Borne? What have I borne?
Constant intrigues with Dago
and myfers, ~~chaffers~~, ammen,
pianists, tango ligands —

B. Never with you!

J. So I care? What did I want you
for?



B. My money!

J. Your lawyers looked damned well after that. and yet you're charging

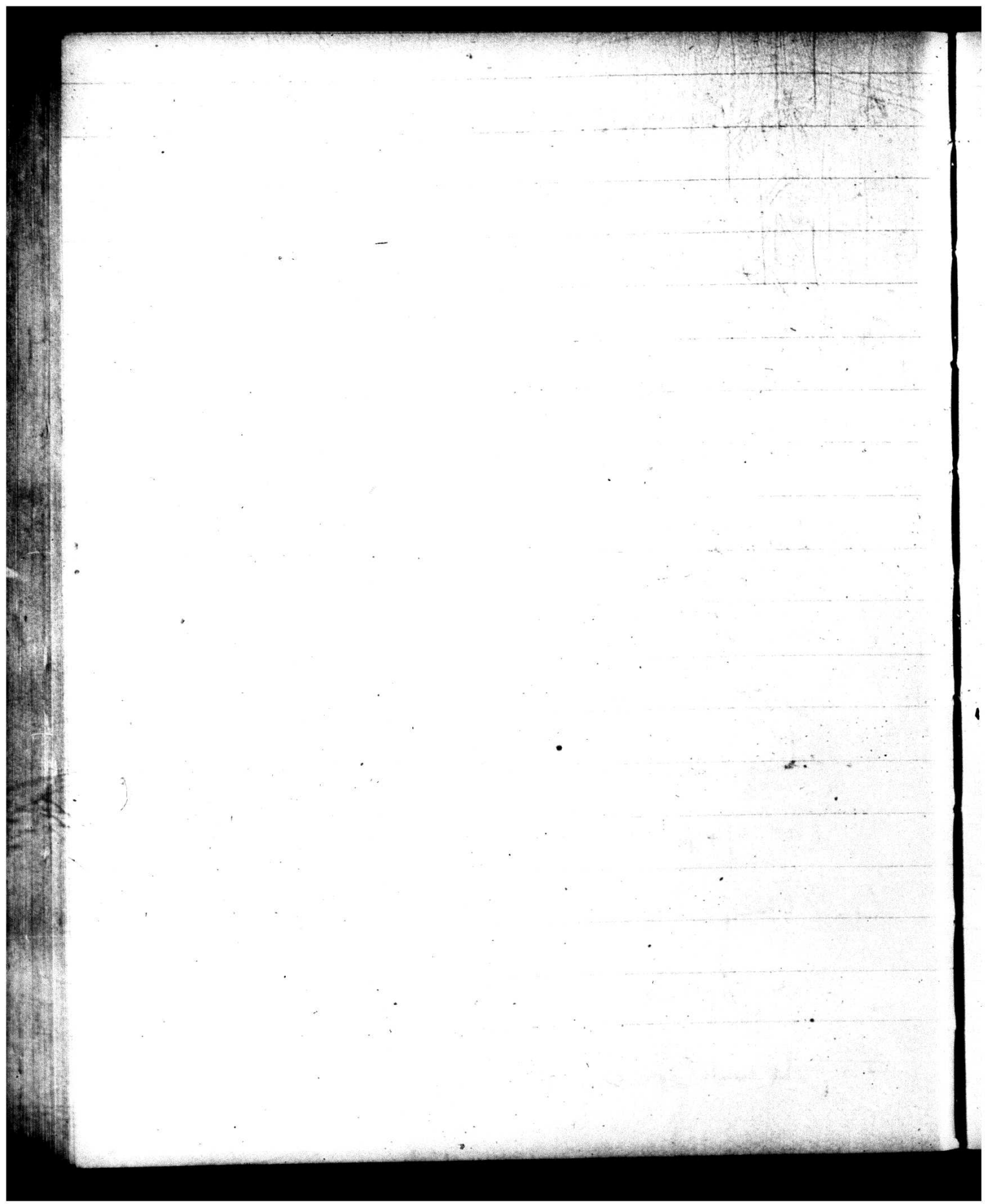
~~the~~ running after me for money!
What do you pay it for? Blackmail!

B. More reason and justice for you to pay it - the blackmailer blackmailed!

J. Was there any other man you could get? When the night before our marriage you were caught with a wop chauffeur?

B. Only - a blackmailer, a southern,
a ponce, a —

J. Quit that, you dirty dyed street-walker!



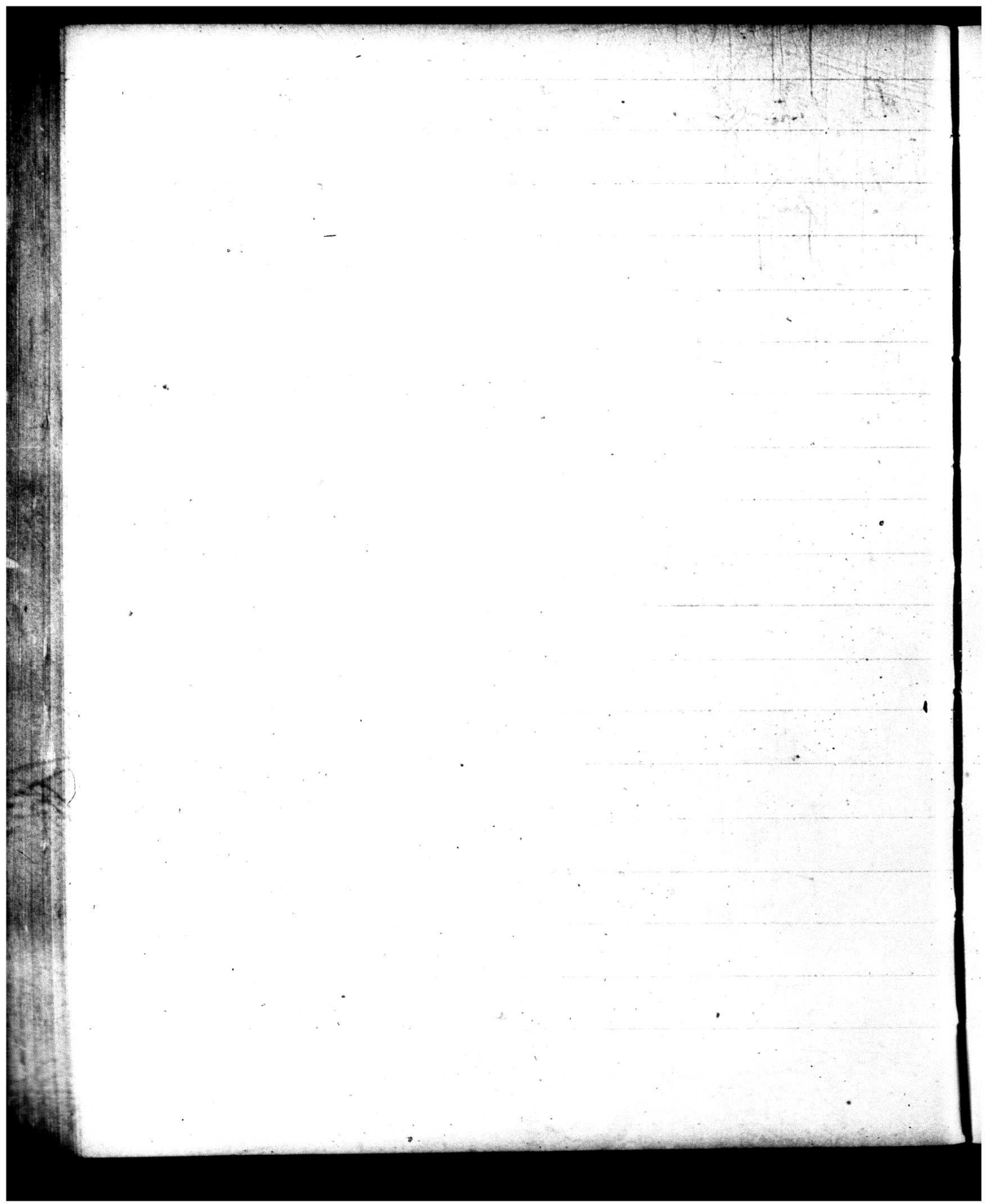
B. You-low-dirty-dog!

J. You can't do it again, and get away with it. (He catches her arm)

B. Nor can you, now I know what the law is. (She brings out a gun, and points it at him) I should love to ~~shoot you~~ ^{put a slug} in your greasy guts, you hound!

W. Don't, please, Mrs Davies, not here. They are crazy about these things in France - no end of trouble if you shoot a man. Go to Long Island!

B. (wrenches herself away) Hell!



A. Time and Emily would say that money does not always bring happiness.

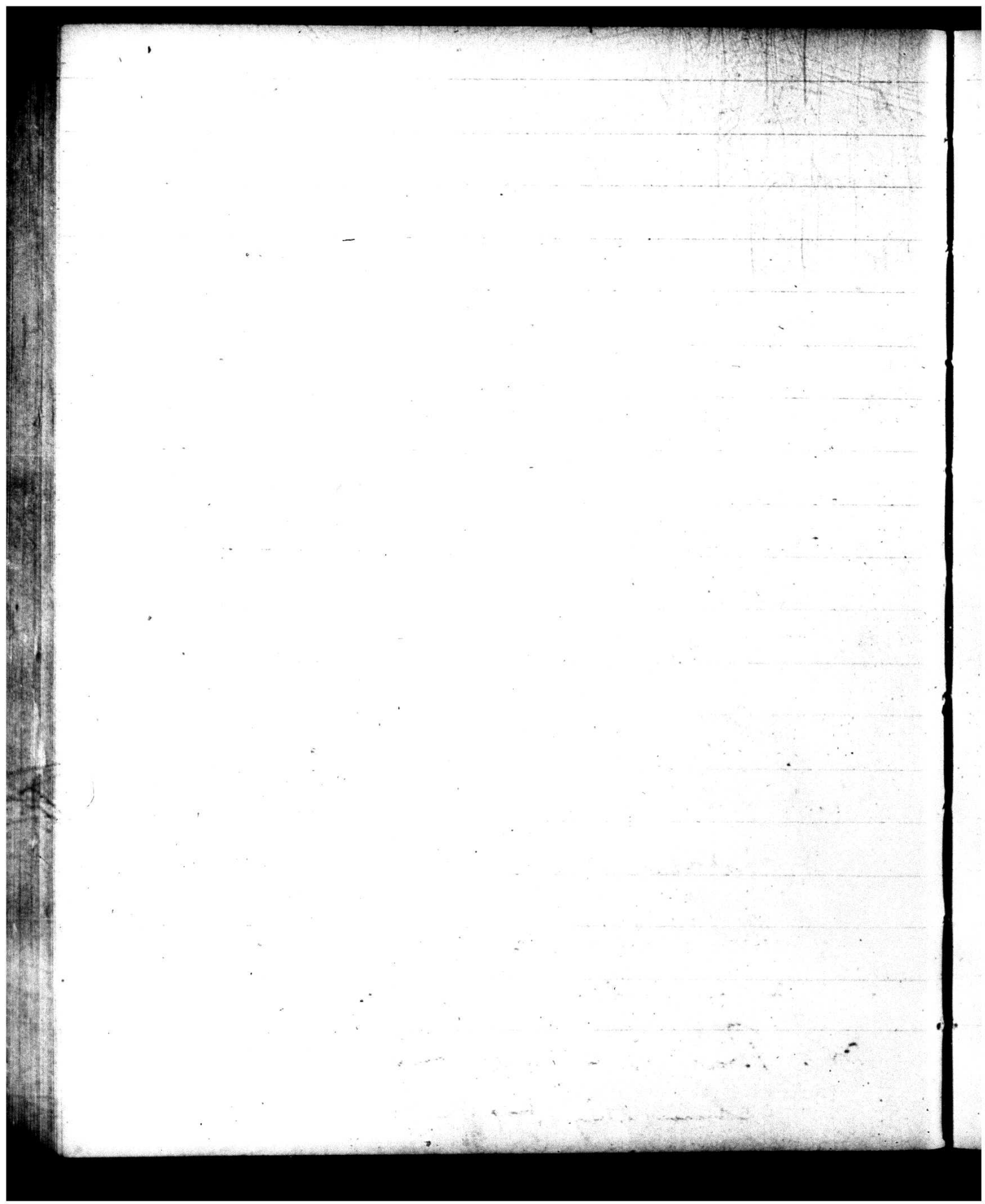
W. True, but it buys about some amusing scenes.

B. I wish - I wish - oh if I'd been in that room ten minutes earlier.

A. The early bird of mine, ^{Blanche dearest.} ~~My dear.~~

B. My sweet Adela! The early sportsman sometimes catches the early bird.

W. Excuse me, ladies, but I haven't the slightest idea what you're talking about. Who got into what room, and why? and what would have happened if there had



been a Daylight-Saving Act?

B. Joe's room, you blind man!

a. None so blind as those who won't see!

W. Leave her alone, cousin!

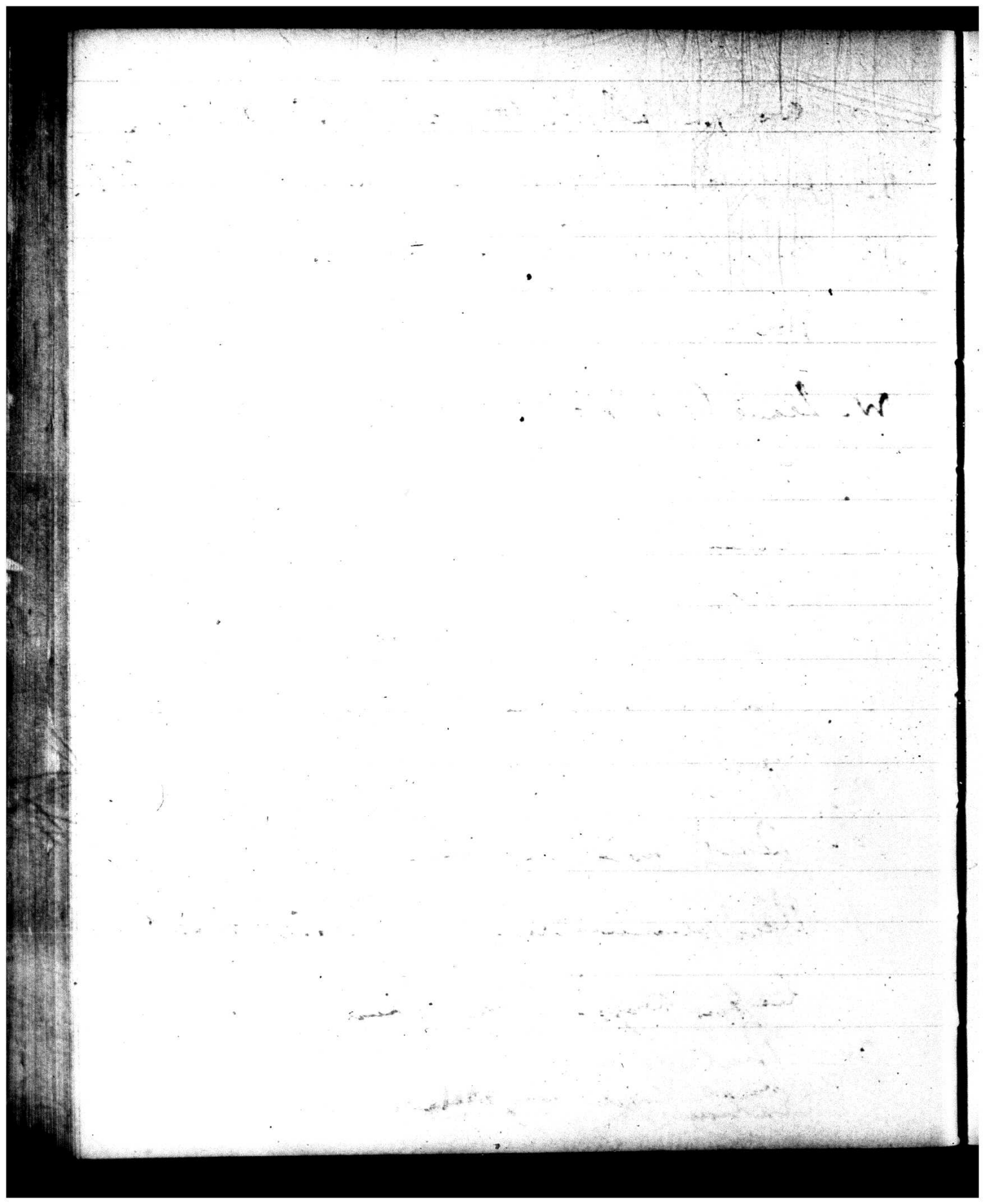
B. If I'd been in the room when you came in that morning, you'd never have noticed that sly quiet act!

W. I rather like these red Persians, don't you know.

B. I could have loved you all your life - passionately.

J. I'll be sober in an hour; I hope; meanwhile I'll smoke some.

W. That is a long time, and an exhausting manner.



B. Are you absolutely callous? Don't you see what shame I've put on myself? But I just had to speak - I've loved you all these years. You've hunted my dreams; you've come between me and the —

J. Champfers!

(B pulls out her pistol; W. jumps in, disarms her, and puts the gun out of reach.)

W. Don't spoil our nice quiet chat! These reminiscences of childhood's happy days! I have had playmates, I have had companions.

B. Oh, never mind; you can't speak
it like that. I love you. I've never
loved any one else - all these years
I've wanted you.

W. That's absurd, really; you never
gave me a thought till we met by
chance yesterday on the Boulevard.

B. Ah, you may not believe it;
perhaps I didn't know it myself.

W. Now we're getting a bit nearer; we
can never tell what the subconscious
is often; and I am awfully beastly
jolly lovable, of course. But
there's no reason for me to love
you.

J (chuckling) That's blown a type!

B. Don't you admire me? am not I
beautiful?

W. I admire the clock-hall at Gyres
- it is beautiful.

B. Oh you low duty dog. I'm of an age
with Adela, Twenty-eight.

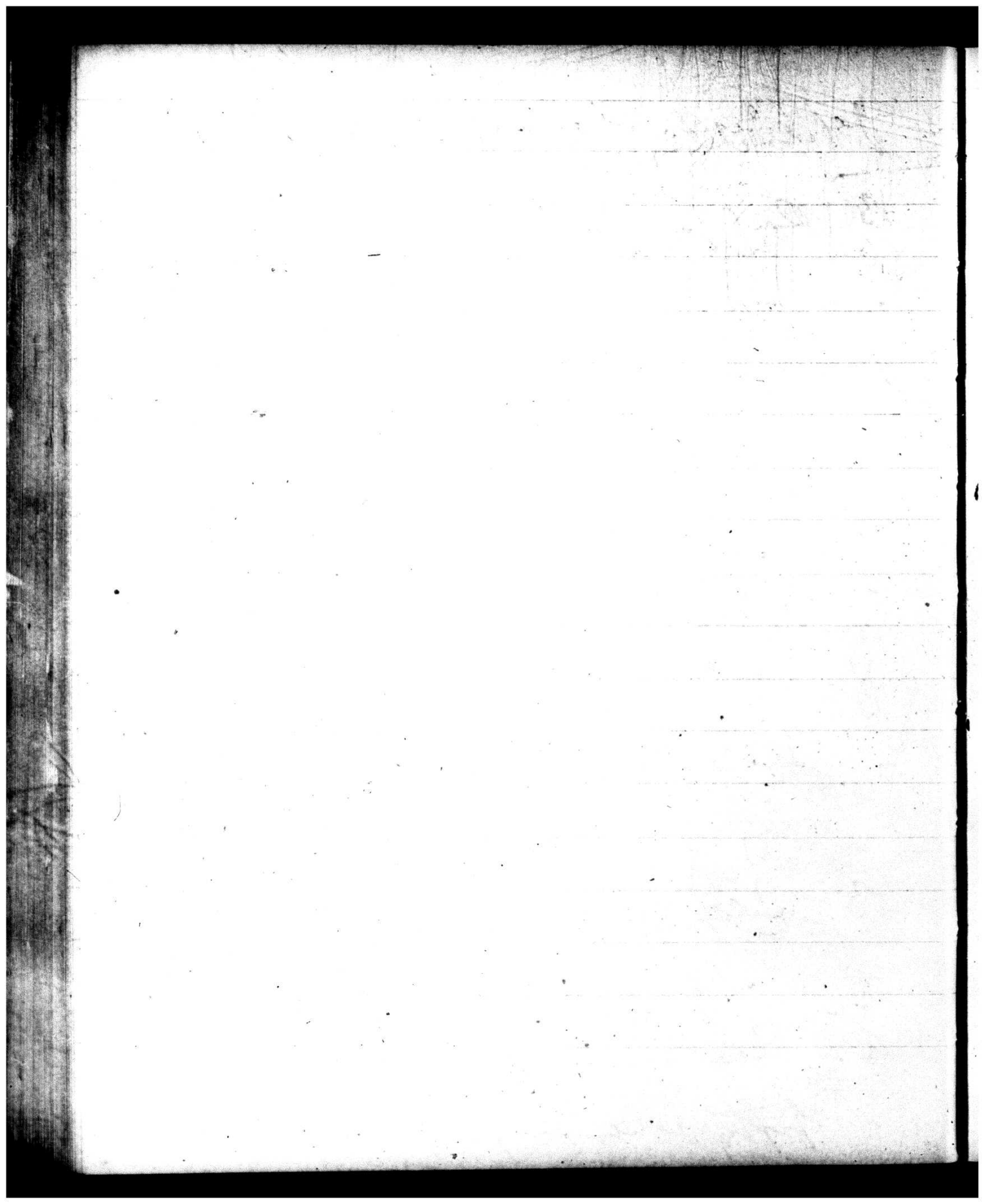
a. I'm thirty-four.

W. Pardon me, no; she is of no age.

She is older than the Sphinx and a
by sight more mysterious.

B. These shining rats look young till
they're fifty; and then they wither.

a. These white guinea-pigs look
fifty when they're thirty-four -



Joe (begins to thoroughly amuse)
Had you there, Blanche!

B. Shut up! Shut up! Shut up!

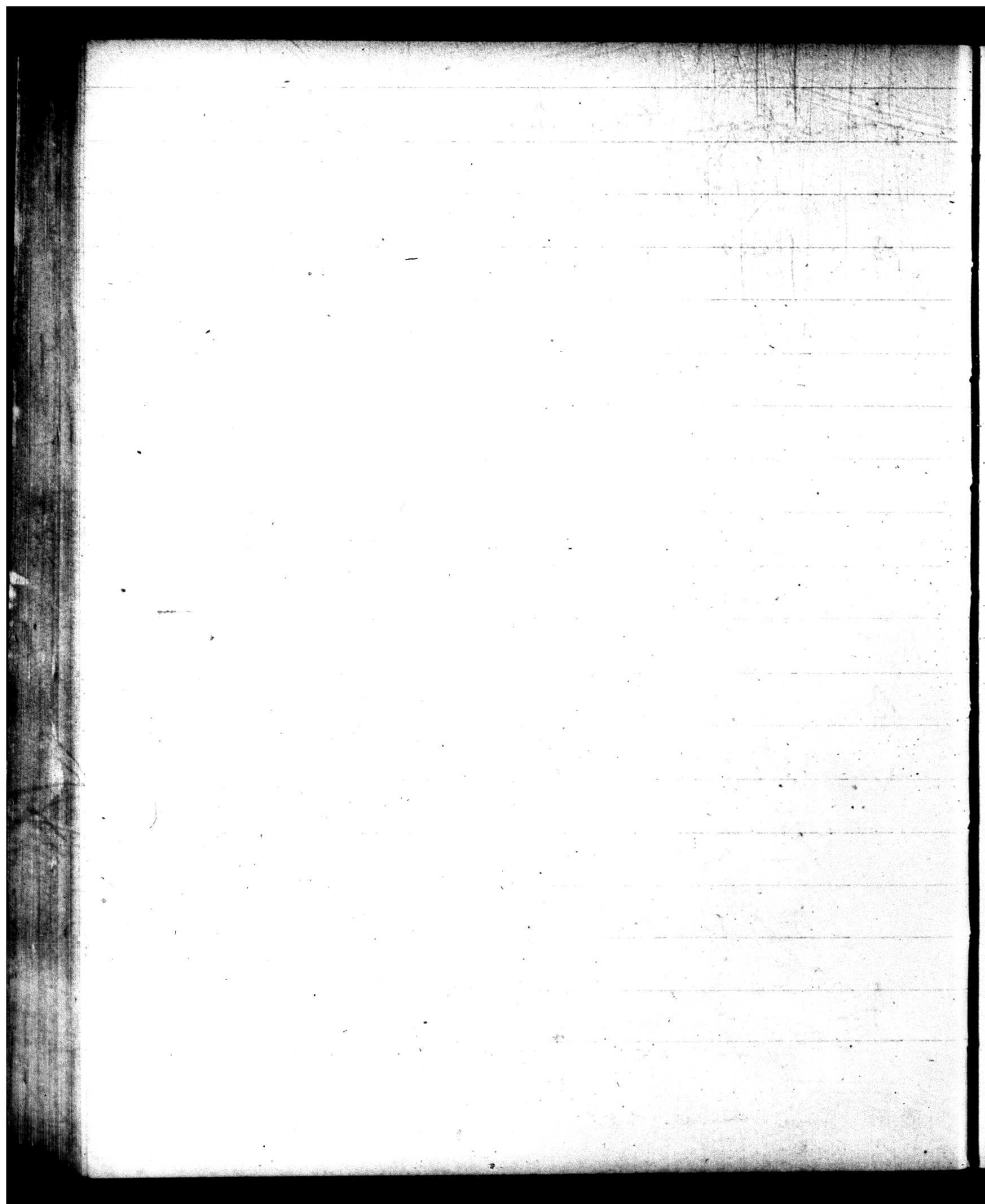
Will - my Will - you are my Will -
I'll give you a million dollars if
you'll come and live with me
six months.

J. Here, you're getting the wishes ^{mixed!} ~~my~~.

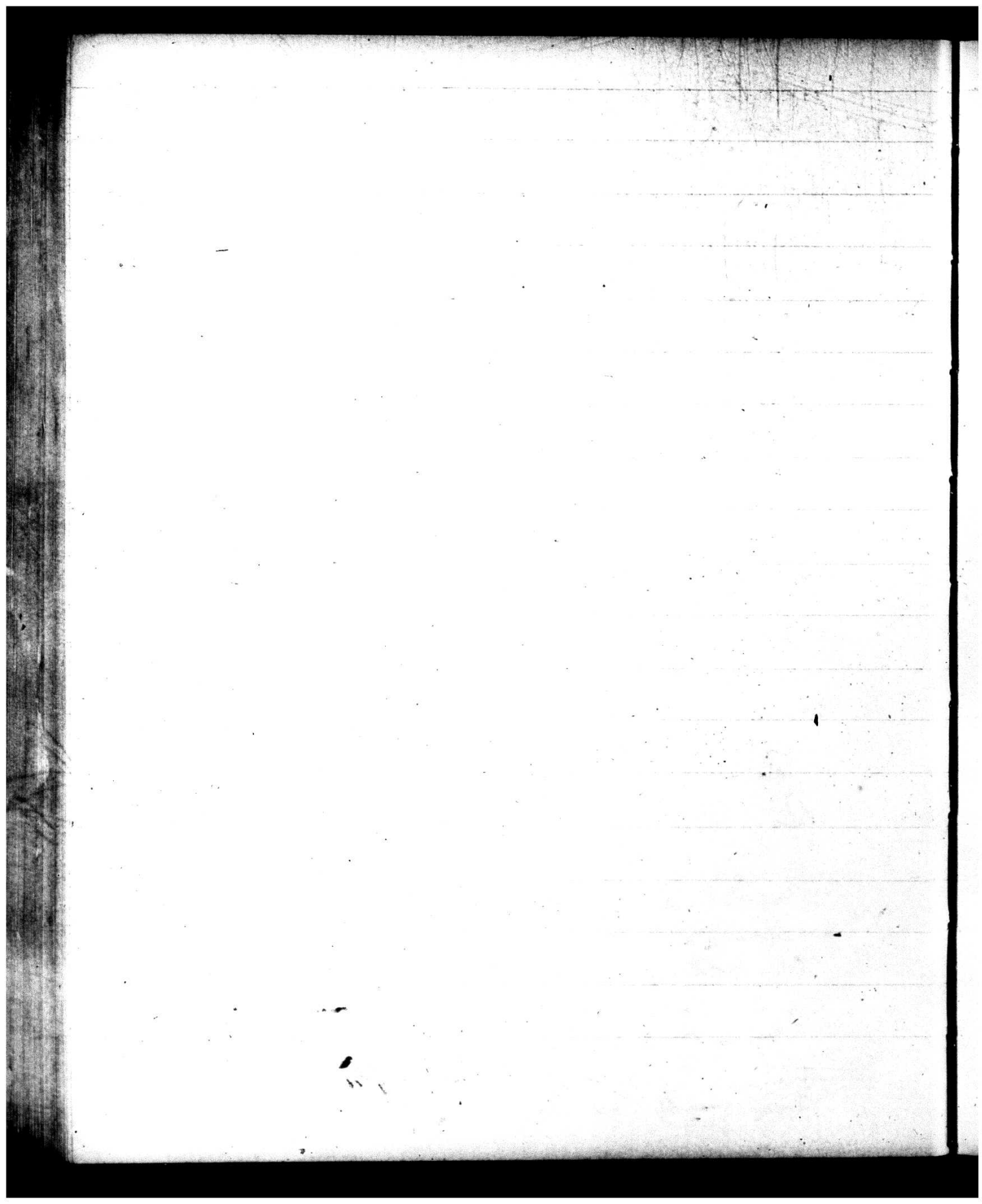
B. G₂!

W. Thank you very much, Blanche, but
I'm afraid I might get to like
the taste -

A. Of money.



W. Exactly. As I was about to say when
I was rudely interrupted, I might
get to like money - the taste of it -
and lose my art. Do you see,
Blanche, when I wished for that
dollar it was to buy a book, a book
of magical shells to conjure beauty.
And I bought it. It was the Book of
Art, inexhaustible well of joy.
Did Joe buy better value for his
million? I haven't repented my
choice; I dine sumptuously every
day - or nearly every day - on fresh
air and exercise. I have the



greatest gallery of pictures in the world. I have Adele!

B. Arent you ever tried of Adele?

W. Now and again, as one tries of Goya, Leonardo, Greuze, now and again.

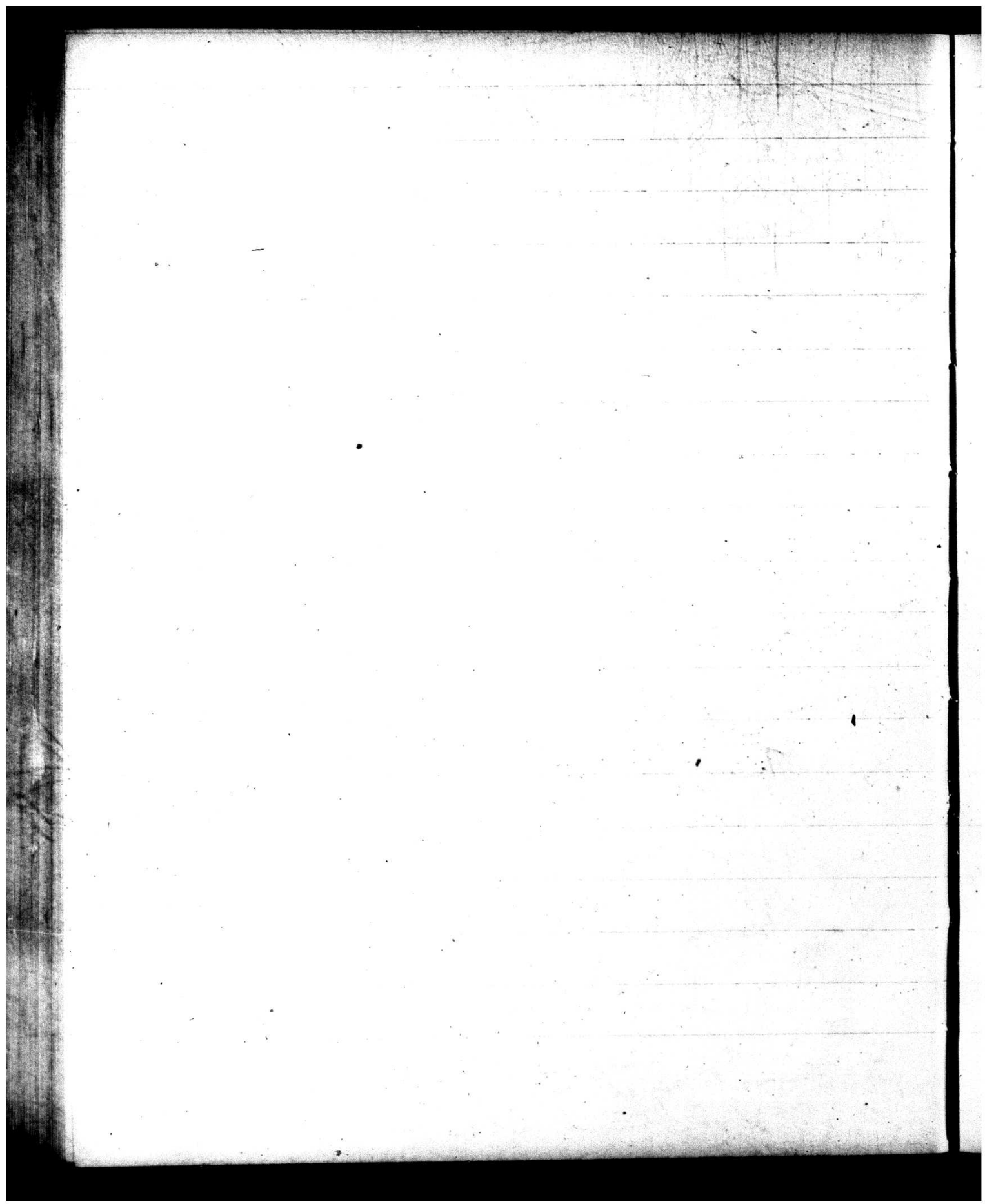
B. I wouldn't try you — — I dare say you're right, and I only want you for a little while.

W. Six months, I think you said. Three I might manage.

B. Three minutes would be Paradise.

a. Some snake!

W. Hush! Adele, you've been catfish about this all evening; I must say it suit like you.



a. I'm sorry. They gave pardon, Bamber; will you kiss me?

B. One more or less doesn't matter

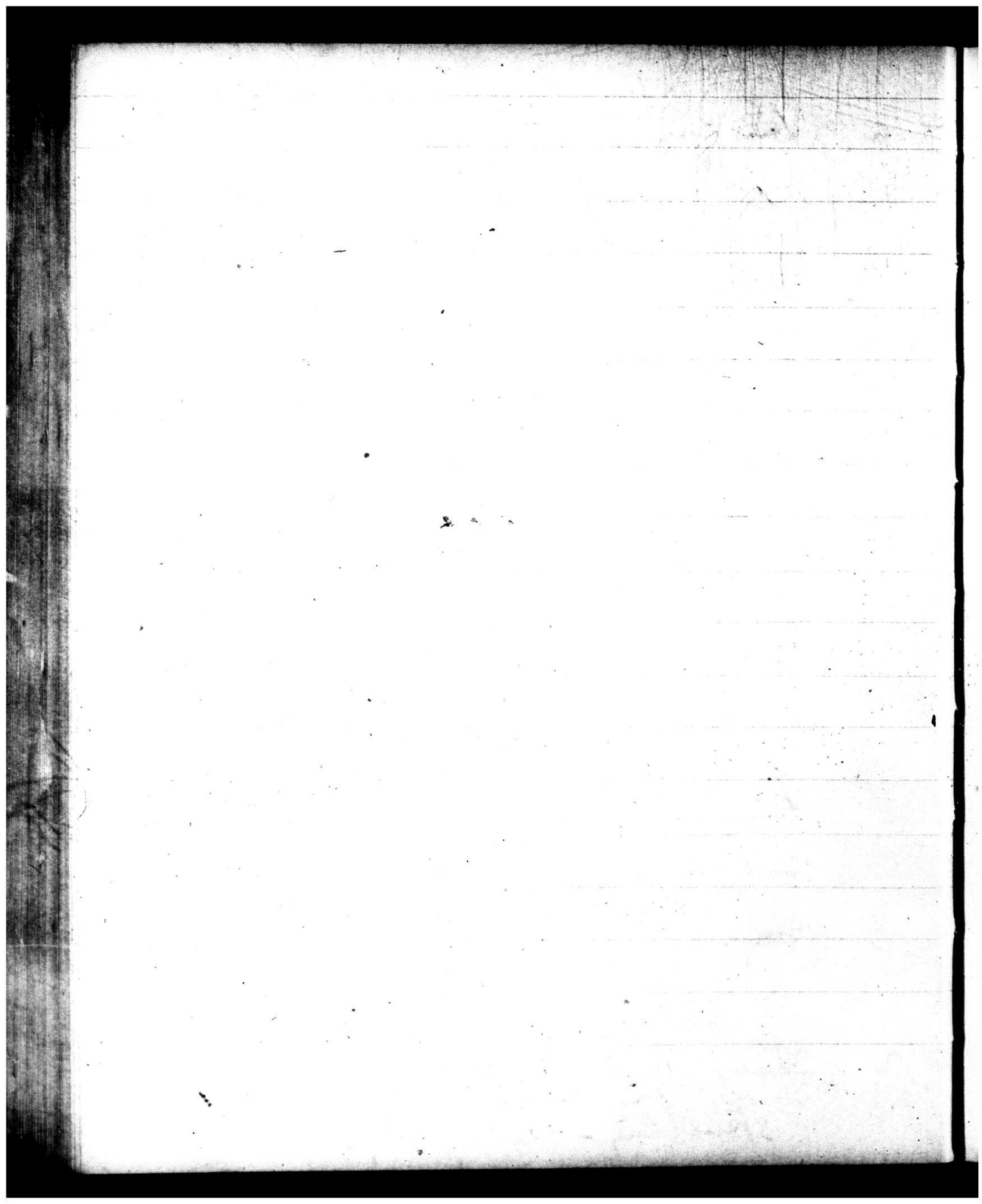
a. Now I ought to have said that! ^(They kiss)

B. Oh my dear, I'm a fool. I ought to be glad you'd such a great man to love you, to be true to you.

W. Wait, wait; you're all in too much of a hurry.

B. I'm sorry, Will. I loved you; I couldn't help telling you. I love you more than ever for that speech about the million.

W. Well, that was certainly a stumbling-block and a rock of



offence. I think he'll cut that out,
but I'll go with you.

^{That's cruel; for I'm serious.}
B. Rats! (Adela believes him, sits
down, and suddenly begins to cry.)

W. Adela! This is Treardian. You have
a complex; you are jealous only because
you were ^{subjugated by me} ~~jealous~~ of Blanche ^{of Blanche} ~~fifteen~~ years ago.
You haven't been jealous of fifty other
women, where cause existed, as it
does not here - at present.

a. Thanks, Bill, I was a fool. Go to
it!

B. Wha-a-t? Do you mean —

(pense. Joe chuckles, thinking
B. is being made a fool of.)

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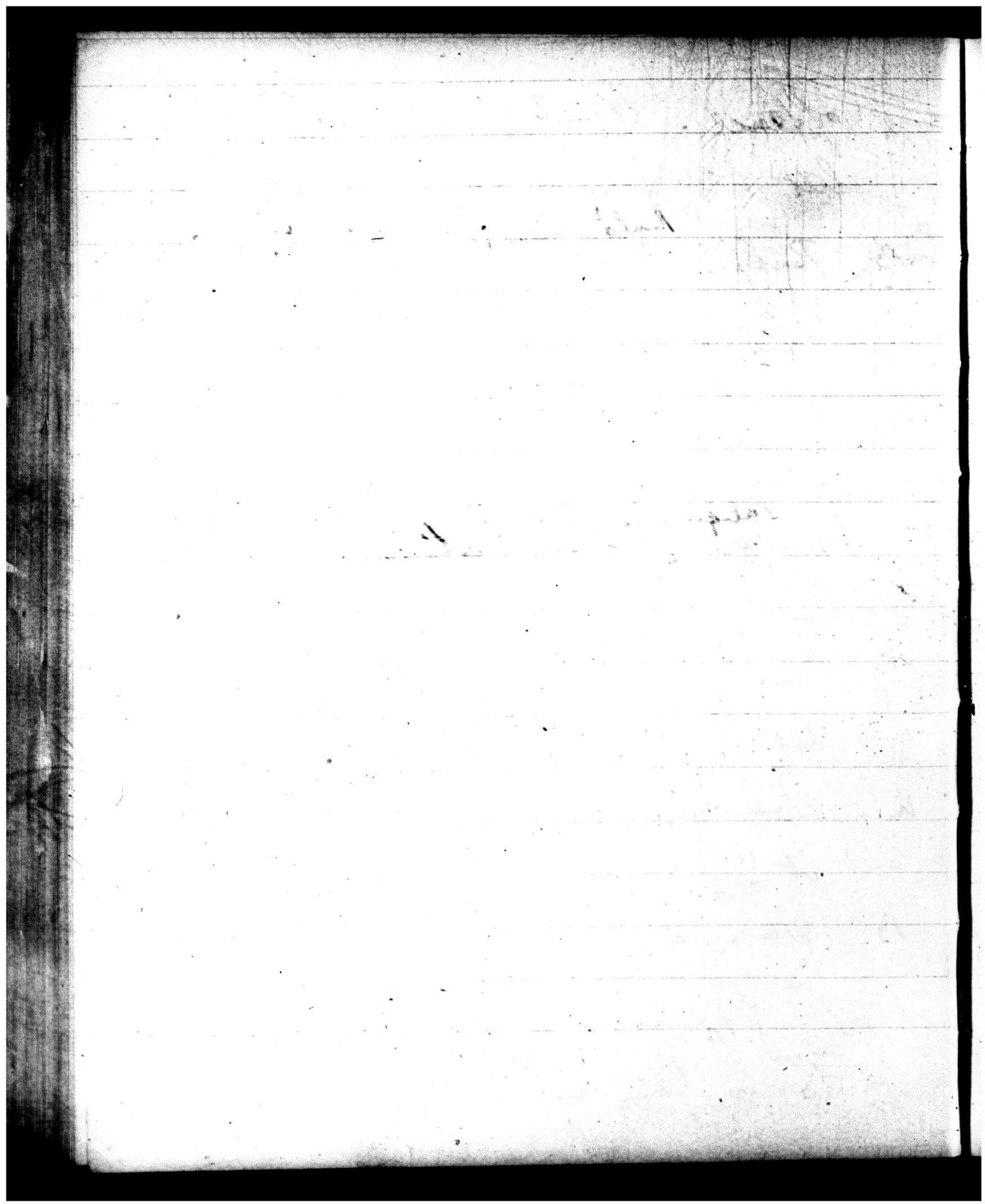
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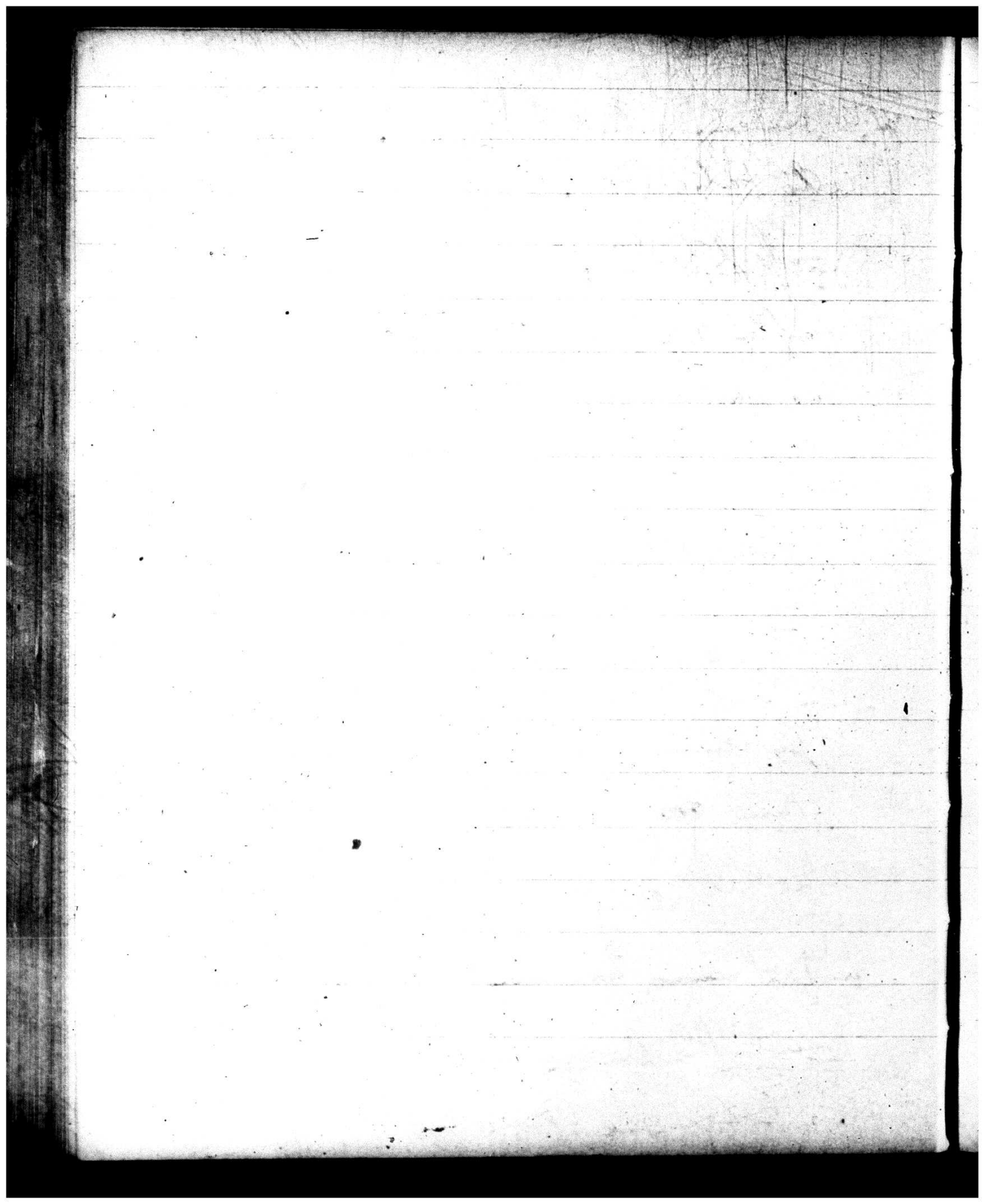


W. I mean what I say. I, Vilma Owen,
do take thee, Blanche Davis, to have
and to hold, for richer or poorer, for
better or worse, till three months do
us part.

You remind me of an overripe
Camembert cheese - which I love
most of cheeses - and therefore do
I love you.

You remind me of the leaves as they
turn ~~very~~ orange and flammings at
the fall - and therefore do I love you!

You ~~remind~~ are hot, spicy, fishy -
and thereby remind me of France



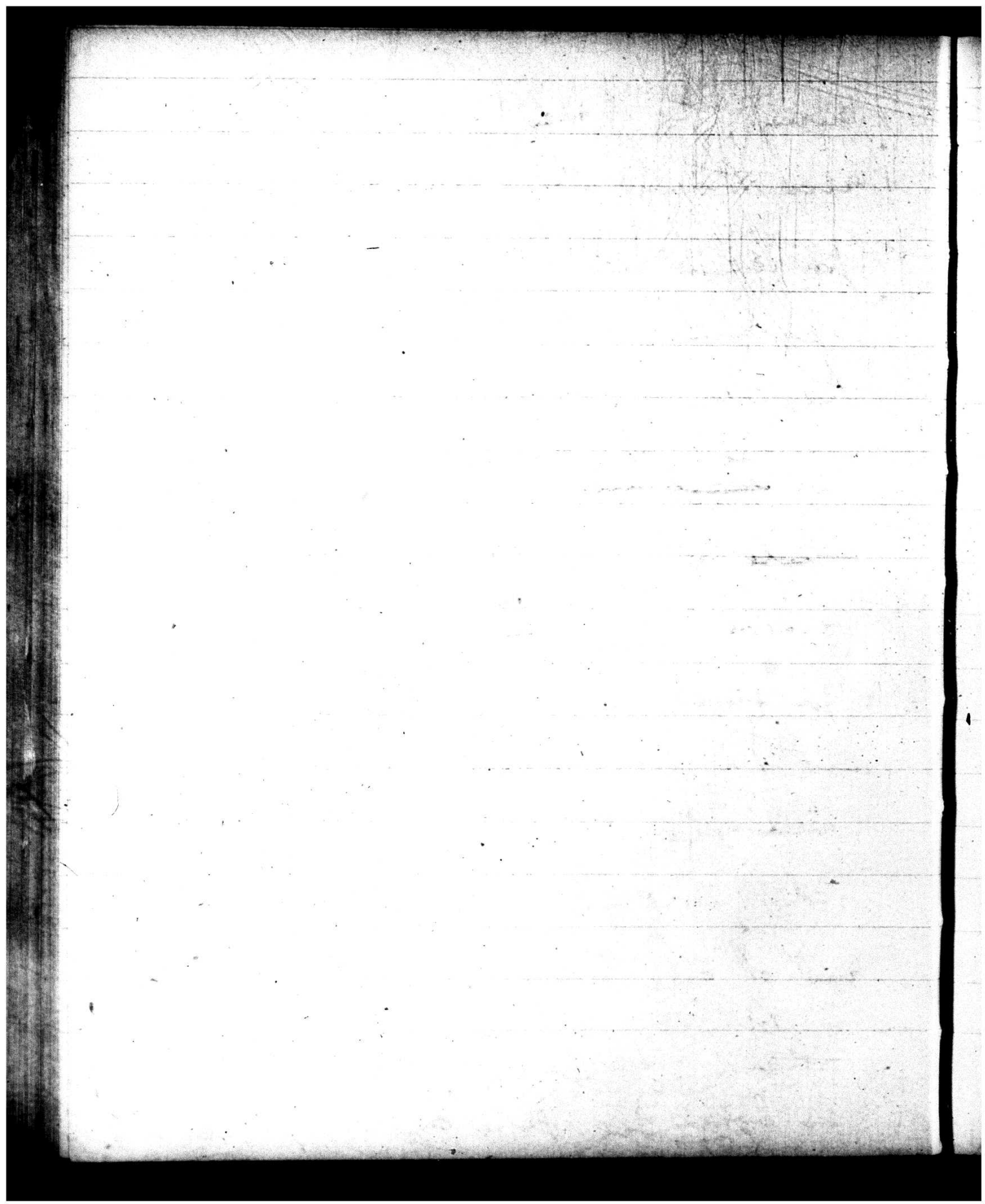
curry, the best dish of Singapore -
and therefore do I love you.

You remind me of a strawberry
shortcake with vanilla ice ^{cream} all over
the top - and therefore do I love you.

You are dressed like a peacock - a
You ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~white~~
~~white~~ peacock with a white body
- and therefore ^{do} you I love you.

You smell of musk and patchouli
and Trifle cream and roses
and old brandy - and therefore
do I love you.

End of Epithalium: essent. L. long,
adele, see you this day three months;
so long, Joe, take care of yourself



- I'm giving you a chance!
Now then, all things being accomplished by
the blessing of God, I'll embrace my
lady, and we walk forth on our
adventure under the starry night!

(They ^{come} together, and kiss long,
voluptuously, intensely.)

Joe. (on his feet) Can you stand this?

a. Why not? (It often happens.

J. That's so (bitterly) even in my
limited cycle, that's so.

a. Take no notice; keep right on
with the business of life. Follow
your own star; don't worry about
the eccentricities - real or
apparent - of other people's orbits.

Joe. Bill, do you mean that? Do you mean
to tell me that in all these years
I've never sold a picture?

W. Not yet. But to-morrow is
also a day. I live in hope.
What with the high cost of
living, and the strenuous life,
and trying to make out what
the Presidents' manifestos mean,
so many people are going insane,
but I might sell one any day.
and so - farewell, ^{thee} my boyhood's
friend!

J. By George, that's wisdom! What a business woman you would have made!

a. Perhaps I am one. Here, Bill, back away; what if any one should come in your absence to buy a picture? (releases Blanche)

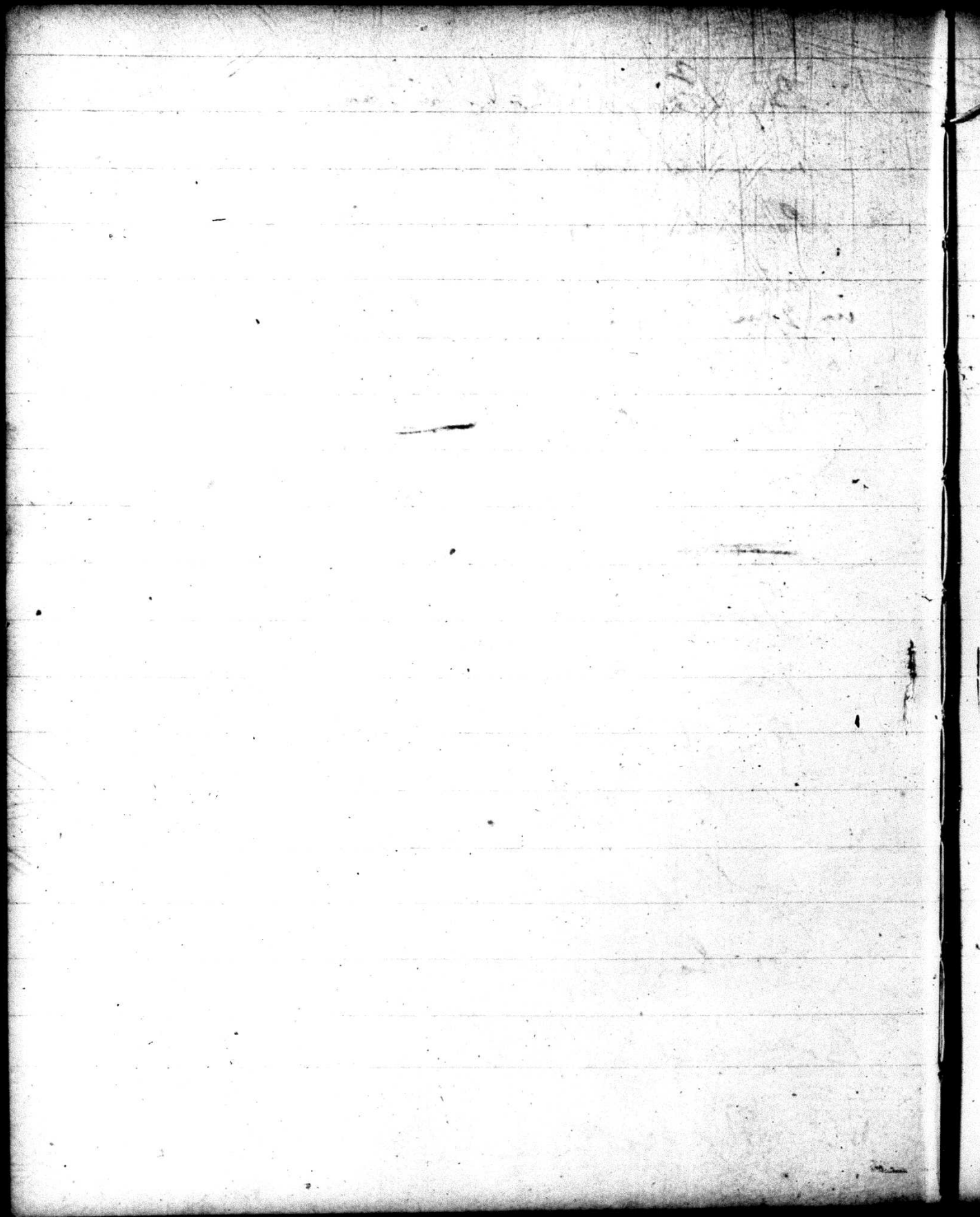
W. Don't tell me ~~that~~ ^{hear}; I might believe it, and then I'd know for sure I was ~~asleep~~ asleep.

a. You'd want some things to take with you.

W. Pardon the thought, kindly though it be. Blanche and I are going to walk from this spot, without money or baggage, to Gibraltar.

B. Indeed I'm not!

W. The less need for preparation.



B. I'll go with you to hell!

(They blow kisses to the others,
and walk out.)

J. Jesus Christ! Tamed that wild-cat
with a word. Am I going crazy?

A. Not at all, Mr. Davies, it's all
perfectly natural. Let me wish
you another good.

J. Thanks, I guess I will. You know,
this is funny - lots of us left
grass-widows, as you may say.

A. So you are about to propose
to take a villa for me at
Deauville?

J. Say, how do you know what

B. I'll go with you to hell!

(They blow kisses to the others,
and walk out.)

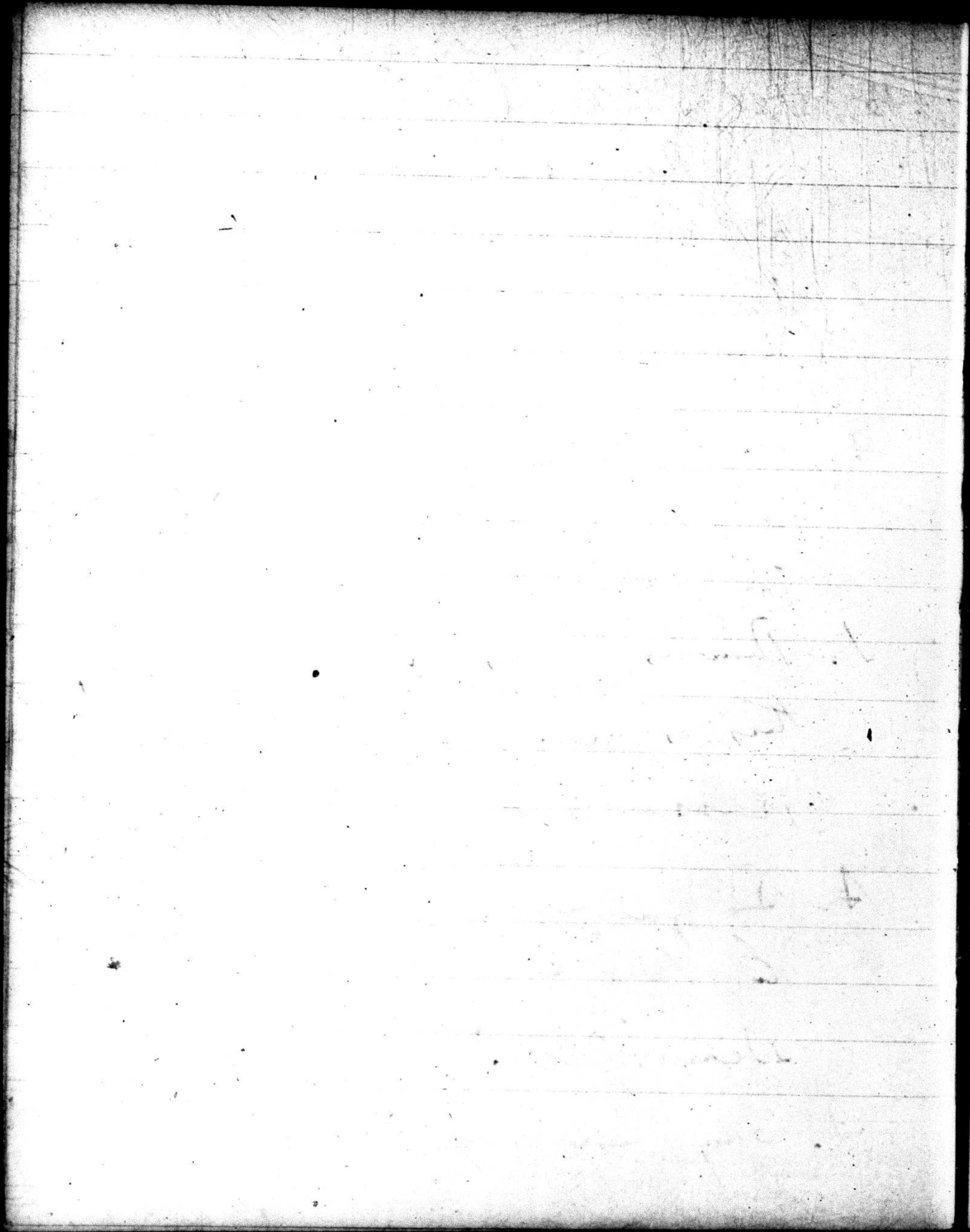
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grass-widows, as you may say.

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Deauville?

J. Say, how do you know what



Never heard of Dougherty
I'm thinking? / ^{sounds good - but} it sure was my idea.

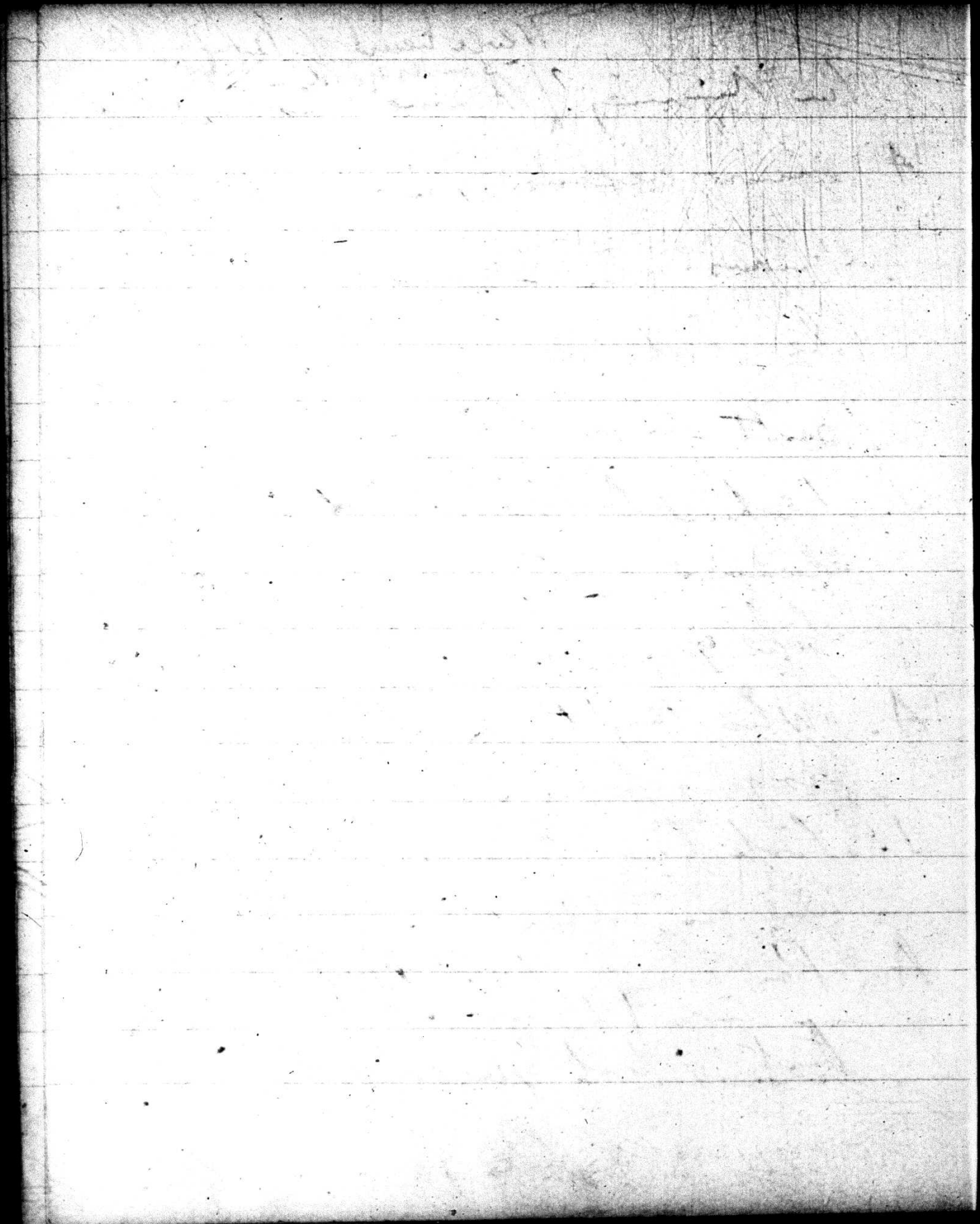
A. I know because you're hurt - God knows why - and that would be about your primitive idea of getting even.

J. I suppose that's it. But you're a damned pretty woman, and I like your style. Call it on?

A. Who taught you to woo so exquisitely?

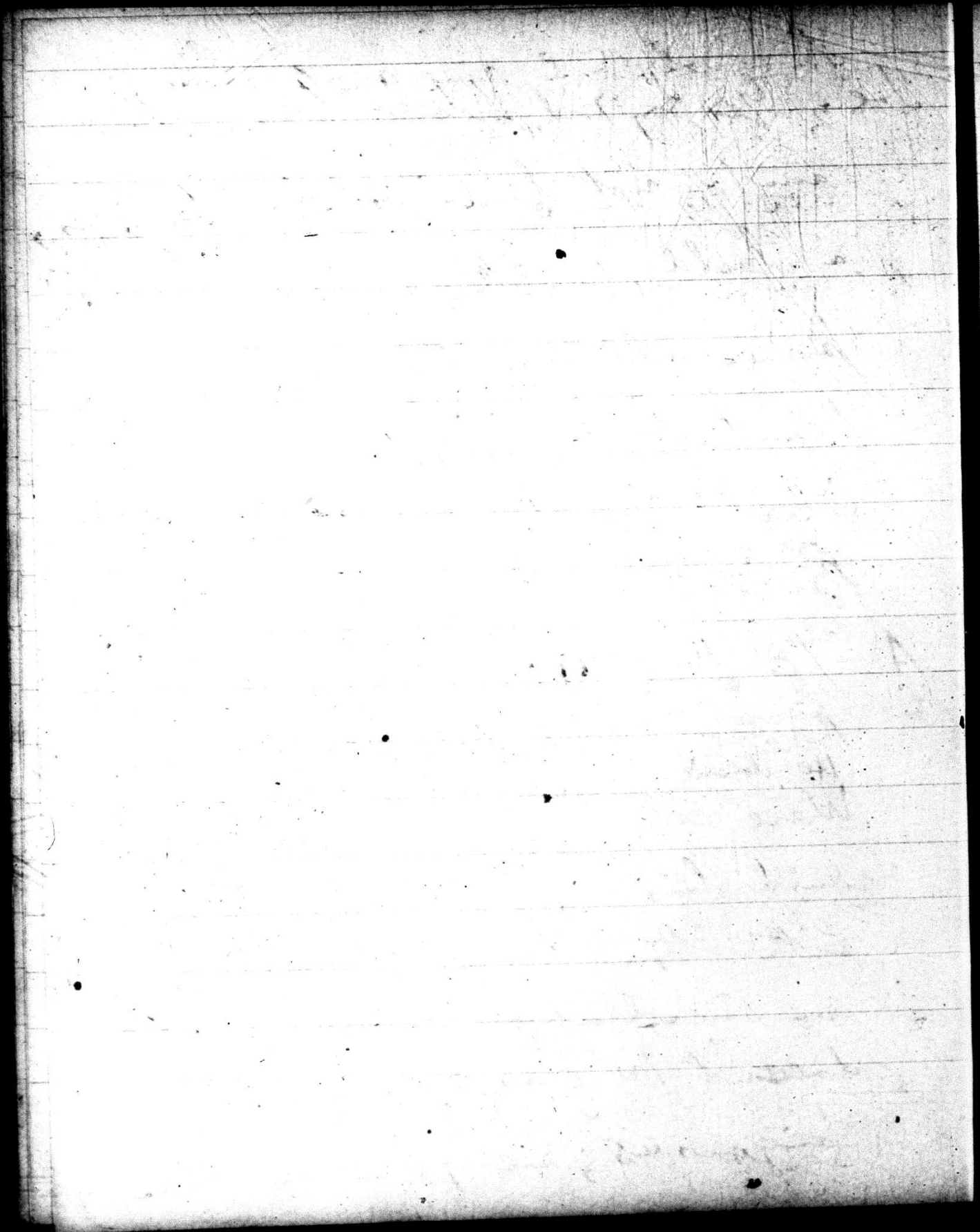
J. Look here, that isn't fair. I never had no education.

A. I'm sorry, I shouldn't have said that; but you complained.



Joe. Yes, by God, I do complain. These
ant, not bad-looking, strong as
a bull, healthy as a baby, ^{in my opinion} ~~have~~,
power all over the world; and
I can't do a thing with two women
who'll just howl with joy for
Bill Owen to tread on them!

A. 'E' that cycle, Joe. You believe
there are such things as women.
^{He doesn't}
We're only the moths fluttering
round his big light. He's busy
with other things; women are
an incidental to his art. He
doesn't take us seriously. That
biques us; we go - too often



^{wego}
I. Go wool, and come back soon.
But it's worth it.

J. All the same, what about Newville?

A. Quite impossible, I fear. There's an unexpected rush of certain Government business which keeps two of my parsons in Paris all summer.

J. (his jaw drops) My Owen!

A. Miss Grey, please; or Adelay, if you like.

J. Good God! And here I've been assuming you were true to Bill!

A. So I am.

J. But what did I hear you say?

^{wego}
I. Go wool, and come back soon.
But it's worth it.

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say?

stun me myself, and get
into a groove ^{and he's dull,} and grow old and
ugly, and have him hate me for it
when it wouldn't even please him
at the time: Why, ~~it~~ ~~is~~ ~~not~~ ~~an~~ ~~arrangement~~
make conversation!

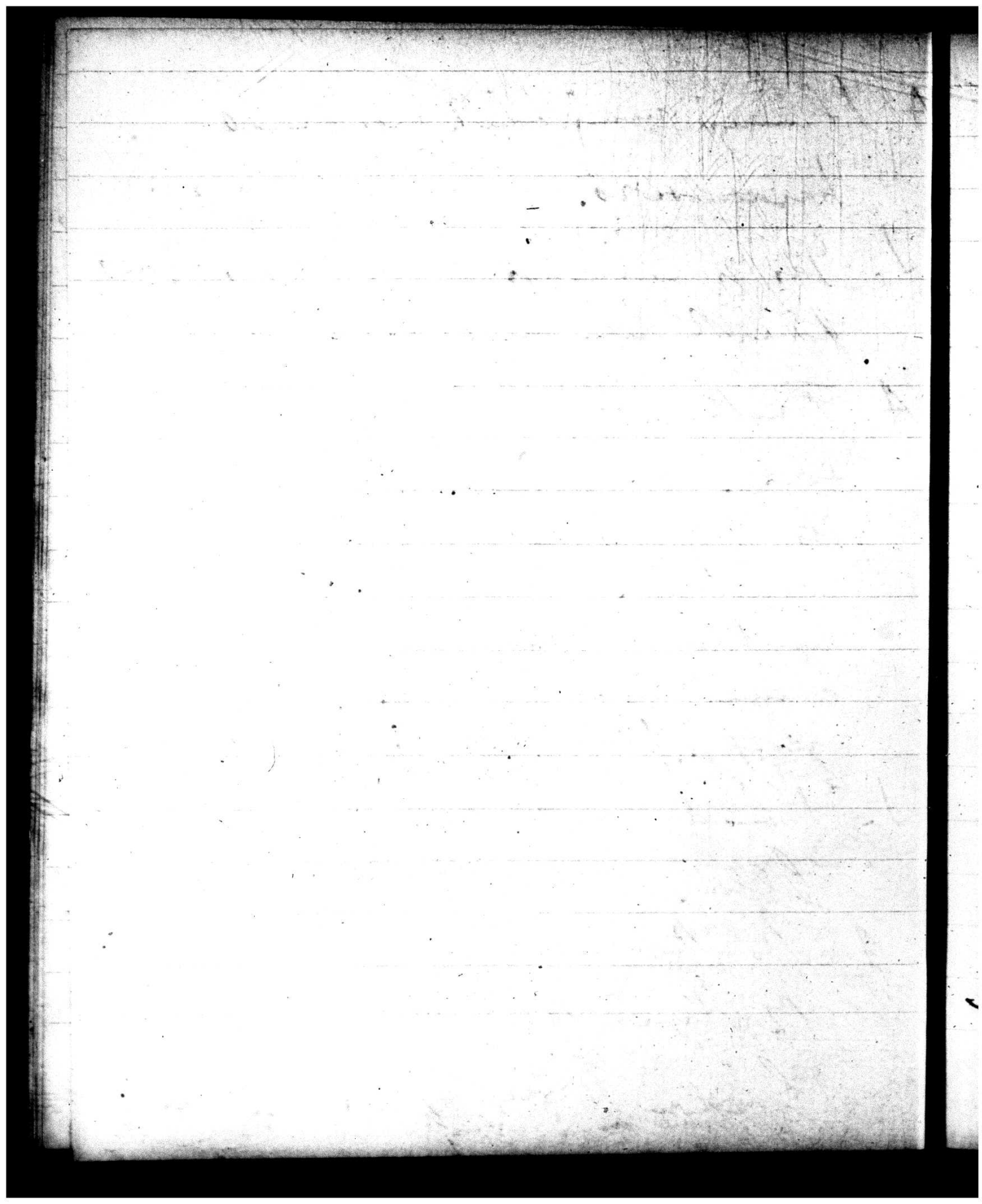
A. I guess I may have mentioned
parameters.

J. Yes, paranoias; how does that
go with being true to Bill?

A. Truth is the love of heart and
soul. Body goes with them, but
its appetites are occasionally
eccentric. Am I unfaithful to
my town when I eat beef, or
commit suicide when I blow my
nose? I live for him; I'd die for him;
but I don't see why I should

J. I find this a little hard to
follow.

A. It's the mountain air, of
Montmartre; Joe! air of
freedom! air of art! air of



beauty, health, good sense -
damn it, everybody does it,
who, can; only some of us don't say so, and
those who can't kick up a
fuss - some grapes!

J. But society ---

A. Society - the Four Hundred
and the By Four and the
Forty Arts to] - does it. Leave
it for Tim to say that the
foundations of human intercourse
quake when a married lady
winks.

J. That's true, too, now you say
it. But what about my
question? Why don't women love

a. I'm sorry. I beg your pardon, Bamber; will you excuse me?

B. One more or less doesn't matter

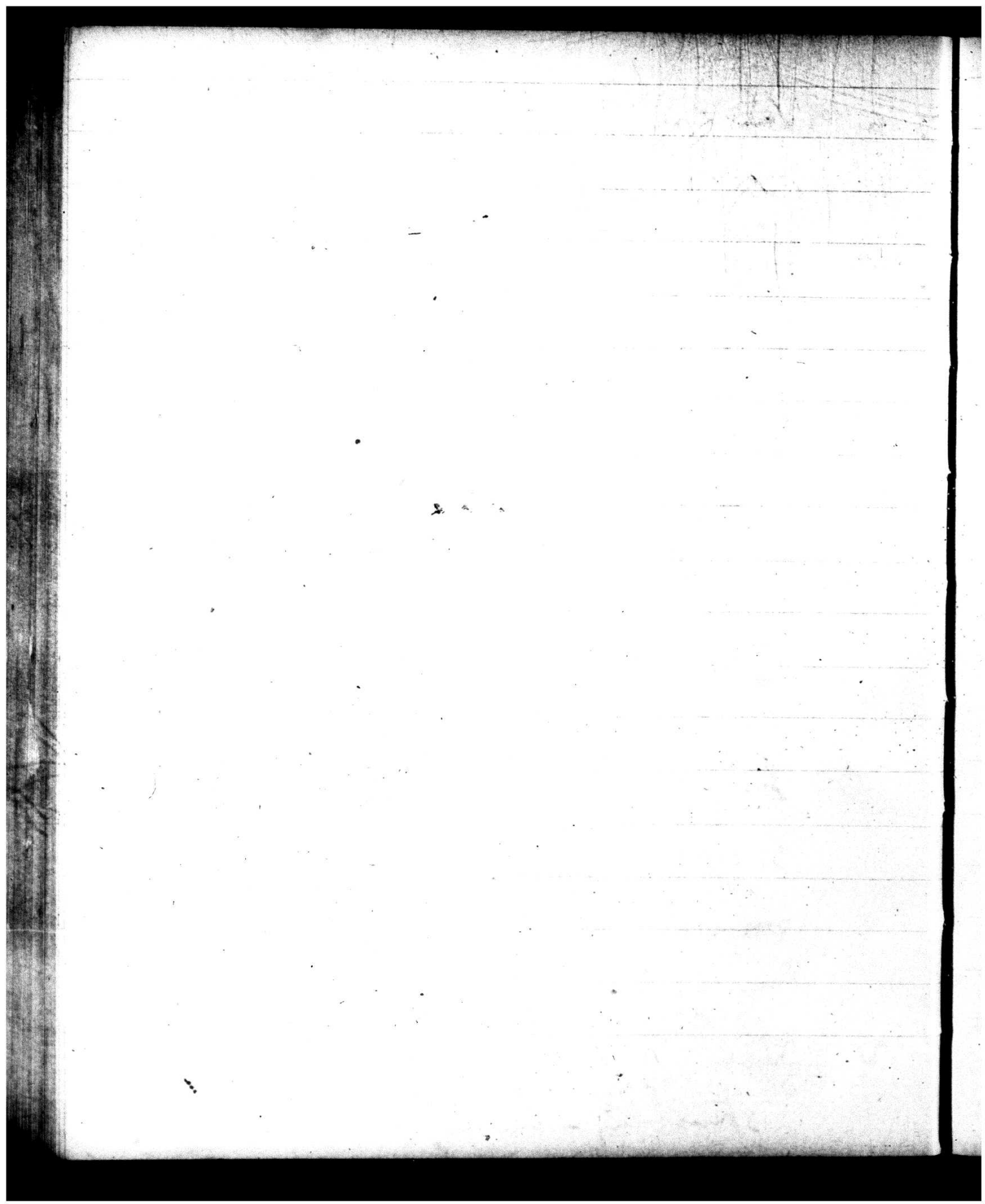
a. Now I ought to have said that! ^(they hear)

B. Oh my dear, I'm a fool. I ought to be glad you'd such a great man to love you, to be true to you.

W. Wait, wait; you're all in too much of a hurry.

B. I'm sorry, Will. I loved you; I couldn't help telling you. I love you more than ever for that speech about the million.

W. Well, that was certainly a stumbling-block and a rock of



offence. I think he'll cut that out,
but I'll go with you.

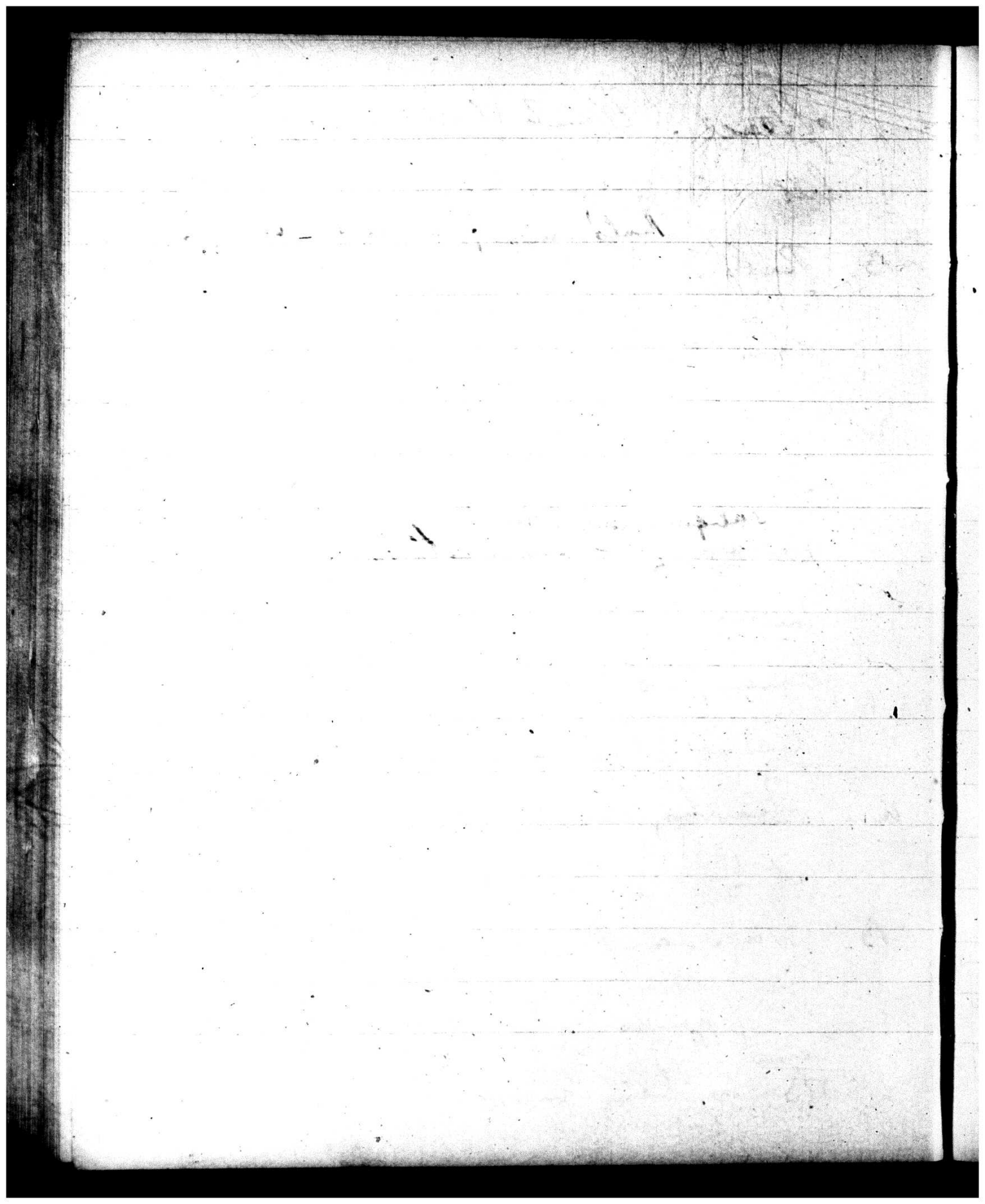
B. Rats! ^{That's cruel; for I'm serious.} (Adela believes him, sits
down, and suddenly begins to cry.)

W. Adela! This is Treardian. You have
a complex; you are jealous only because
you were ^{subconsciously by an injury of Blanche} ~~jealous~~ ^{fifteen} years ago.
You haven't been jealous of fifty other
women, where cause existed, as it
does not here - at present.

A. Thanks, Bill, I was a fool. Go to
it!

B. Wha-a-t? Do you mean —

(Pause. Joe chuckles, thinking
B. is being made a fool of.)

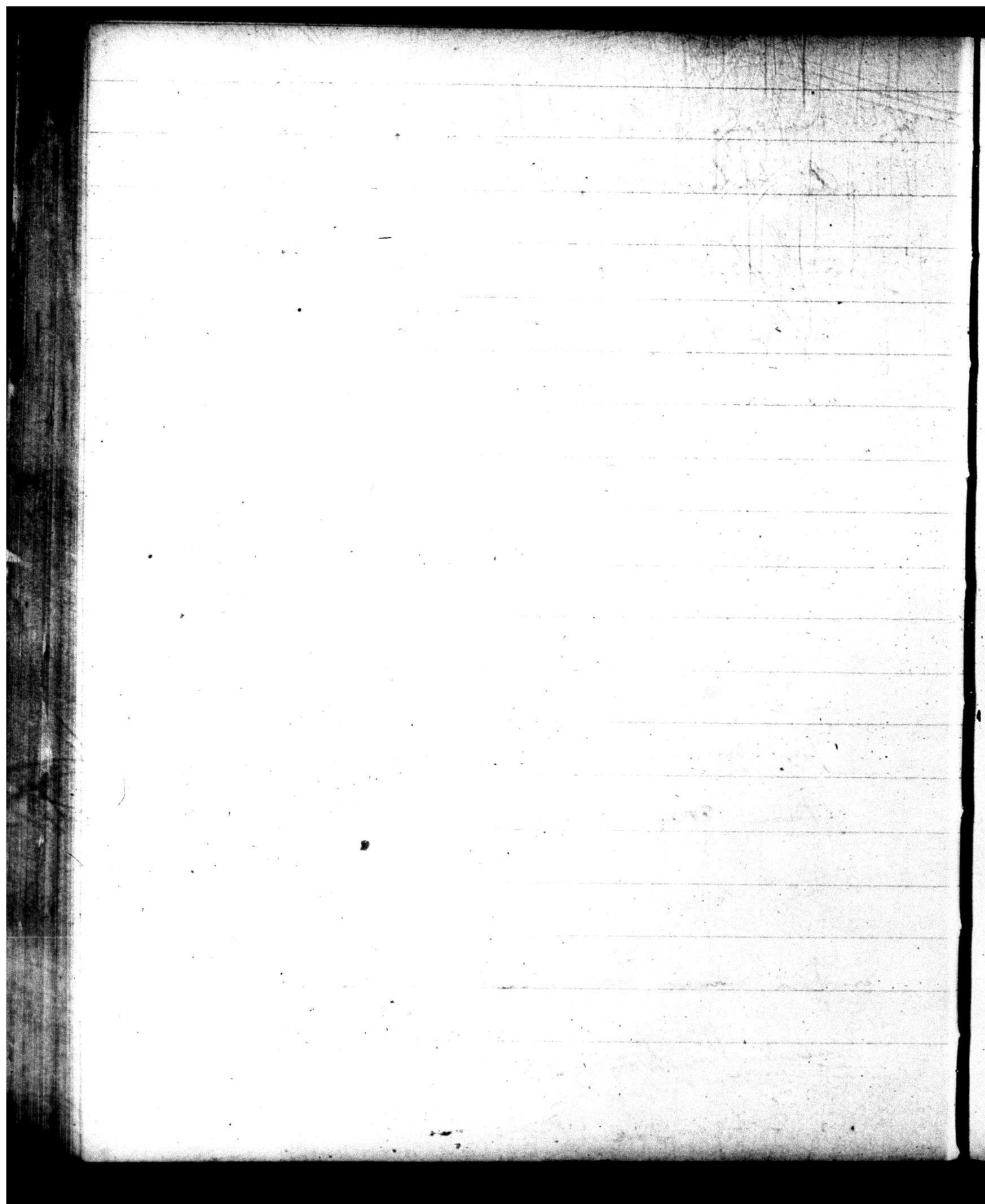


W. I mean what I say. I, Vilma Owen,
do take thee, Blanche Davis, to have
and to hold, for richer or poorer, for
better or worse, till three months do
us part.

You remind me of an overripe
Camembert cheese - which I love
most of cheeses - and therefore do
I love you.

You remind me of the leaves as they
turn ~~very~~ orange and flammings at
the fall - and therefore do I love you!

You ~~reminds~~ are hot, spicy, fishy -
and thereby remind me of France.



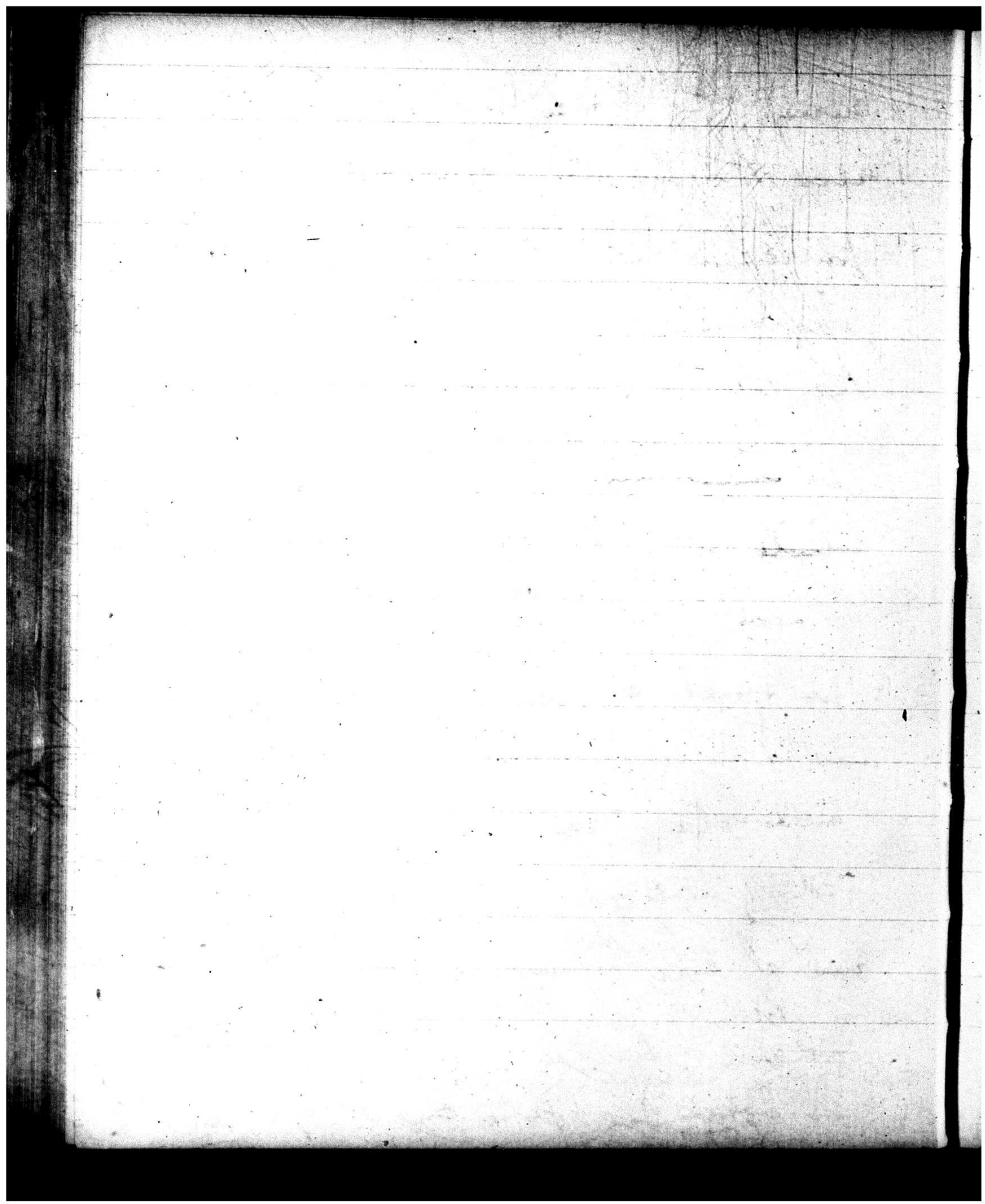
curry, the best dish of Singapore -
and therefore do I love you.

You remind me of a strawberry
shortcake with vanilla ice cream
on the top - and therefore do I love you.

You are dressed like a peacock - a
You ~~resemble~~
~~white~~ peacock with a white body
- and therefore ^{do} you I love you.

You smell of musk and patchouli
and Trefle beanmat and onions
and old brandy - and therefore
do I love you.

End of Epithalium: Escent. So long,
wdele, see you this day three months;
so long, Joe, take care of yourself



- I'm giving you a chance!
Now then, all things being accomplished by
the blessing of God, I will embrace my
lady, and we walk forth on our
adventure under the starry night!

(They ^{come} ~~are~~ together, and kiss long,
voluptuously, intensely.)

Joe. (on his feet) Can you stand this?

a. Why not? (It often happens.

J. That's so (bitterly) even in my
limited cycle, that's so.

a. Take no notice; keep right on
with the business of life. Follow
your own star; don't worry about
the eccentricities - real or
apparent - of other people's orbits.

Joe. Bill, do you mean that? Do you mean
to tell me that in all these years
you've never sold a picture?

W. Not yet. But to-morrow is
also a day. I live in hope.
What with the high cost of
living, and the strenuous life,
and trying to make out what
the President's manifestos mean,
so many people are going insane.
But I might sell one any day.
and so - farewell, ^{thee} my boyhood's
friend!

J. By George, that's wisdom! What a business woman you would have made!

a. Perhaps I am one. Here, Bill, break away; what if any one should come in your absence to buy a picture? (releases Blanche)

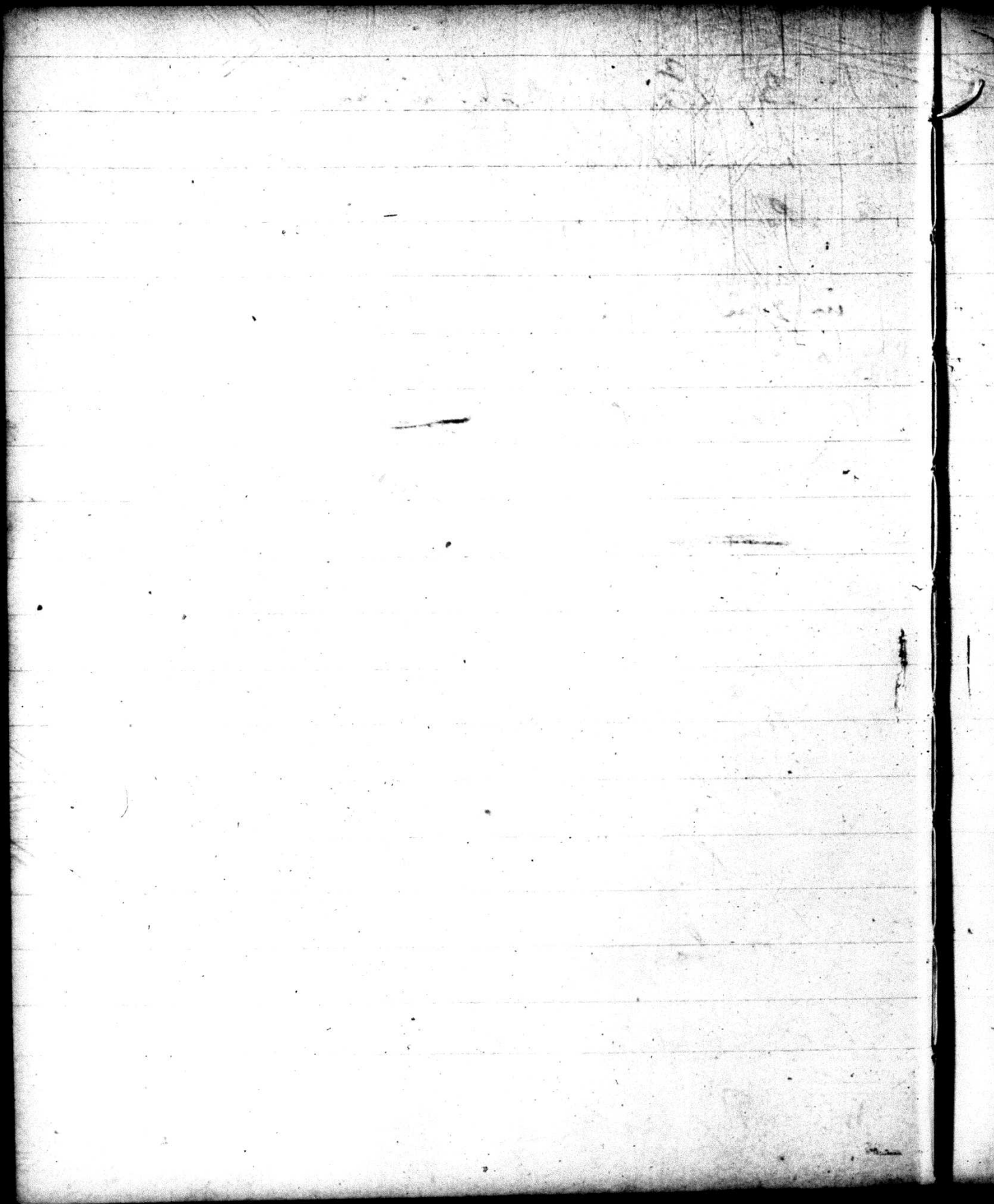
W. Don't tell me ~~that~~ ^{hear}; I might believe it, and then I'd know for sure I was ~~asleep~~ asleep.

a. You'll want some things to take with you.

W. Pardon the thought, kindly though it be. Blanche and I are going to walk from this spot, without money or baggage, to Gibraltar.

B. Indeed I'm not!

W. The less need for preparation.



B. I'll go with you to hell!

(They blow kisses to the others,
and walk out.)

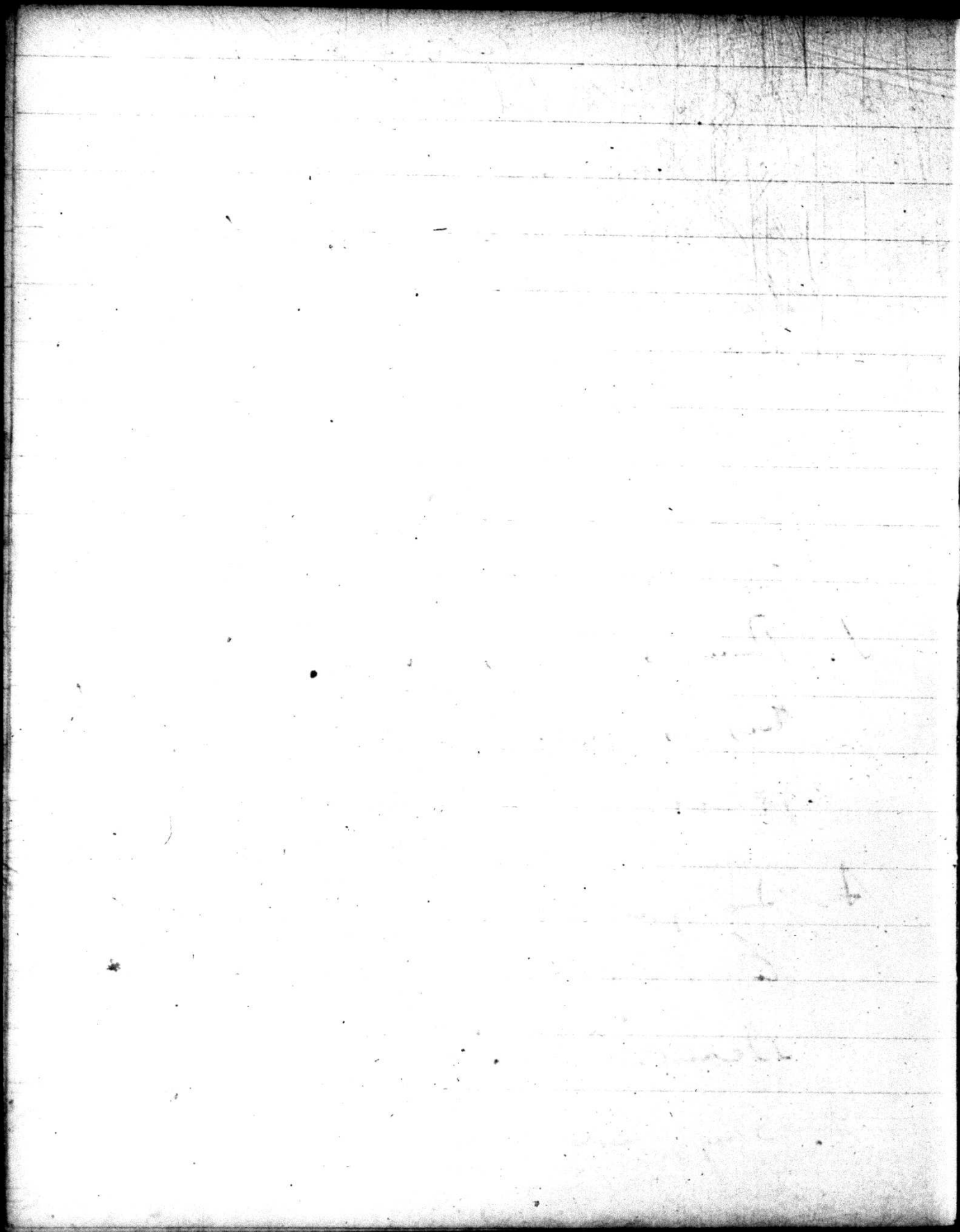
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with a word. am I going crazy?

A. Not at all, Mr. Davies, it's all
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you another good.

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this is funny - lots of us left
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Never heard of Doughville
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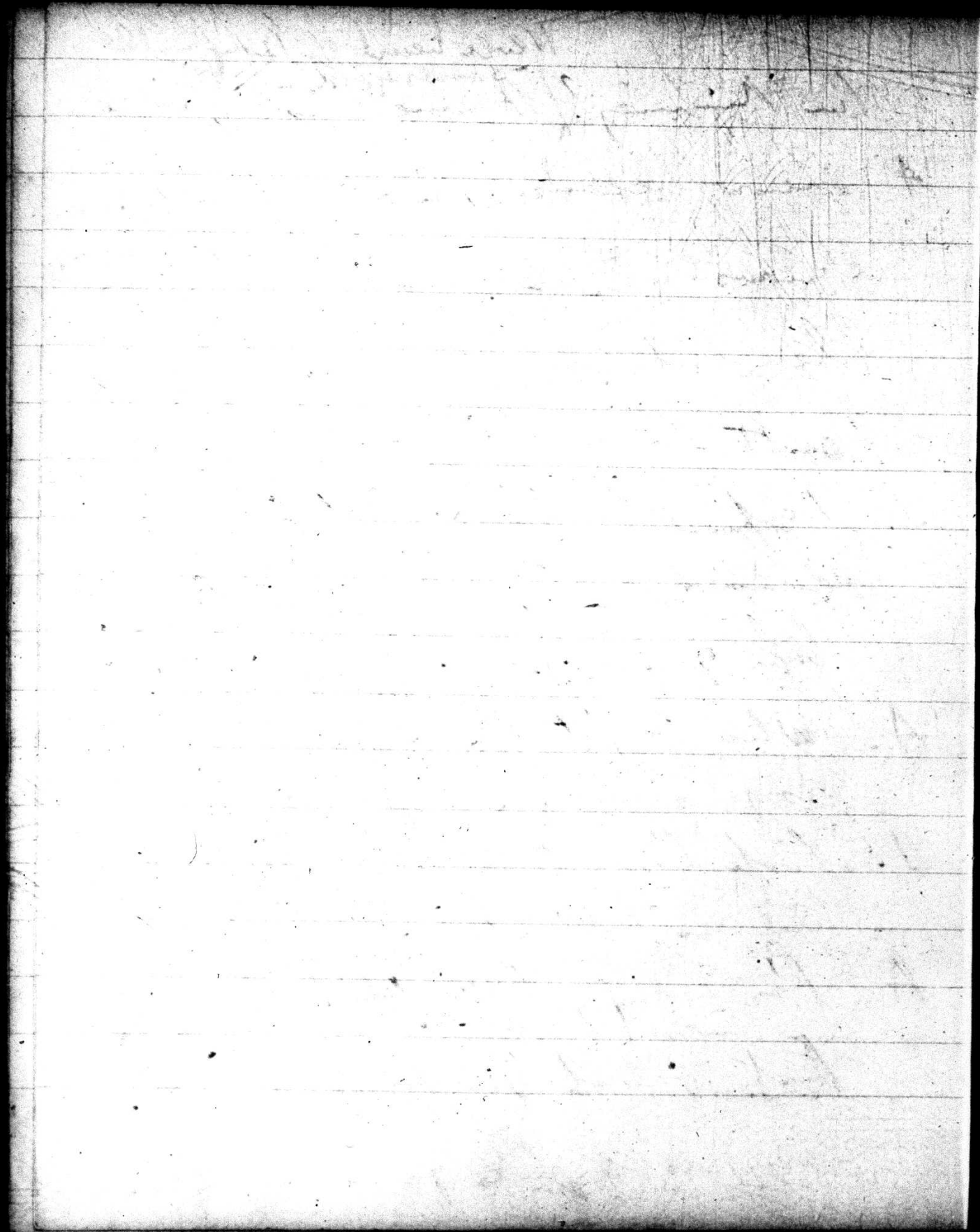
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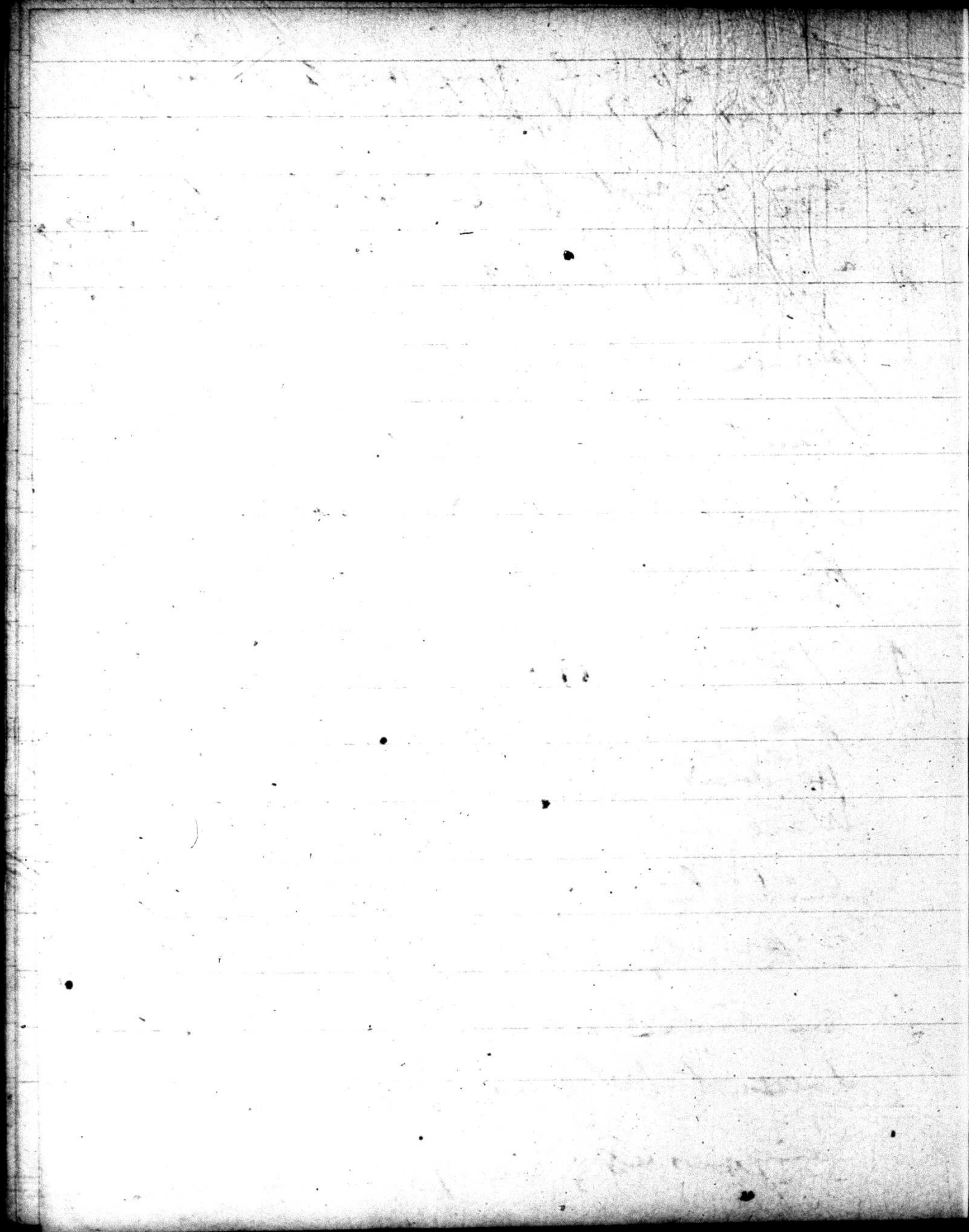


Joe. Yes, by God, I do complain. There
aint, not bad-looking, strong as
a bull, healthy as a baby, ^{in my opinion,} a
power all over the world; and
I can't do a thing with two women
who'll just howl with joy for
Bill Owen to tread on them!

A. /t/ that cycle, Joe. You believe
there are such things as women.
^{He doesn't}
We're only the moths fluttering
round his big light. He's busy
with other things; women are
an incidental to his art. He
doesn't take us seriously. That
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J. for wool, and come back soon.
But it's worth it.

J. All the same, what about Newville?

A. Quite impossible, I fear. There's
an unexpected rush of certain
Government business which keeps
two of my paramours in Paris
all summer.

J. (his jaw drops) My Owen!

A. Mrs Grey, please; or Adela,
if you like.

J. Good God! And here I've been
assuming you were true to Bill!

A. So I am.

J. But what did I hear you
say?

stun me myself, and get
into a groove ^{and he's dull,} and grow old and
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make conversation!

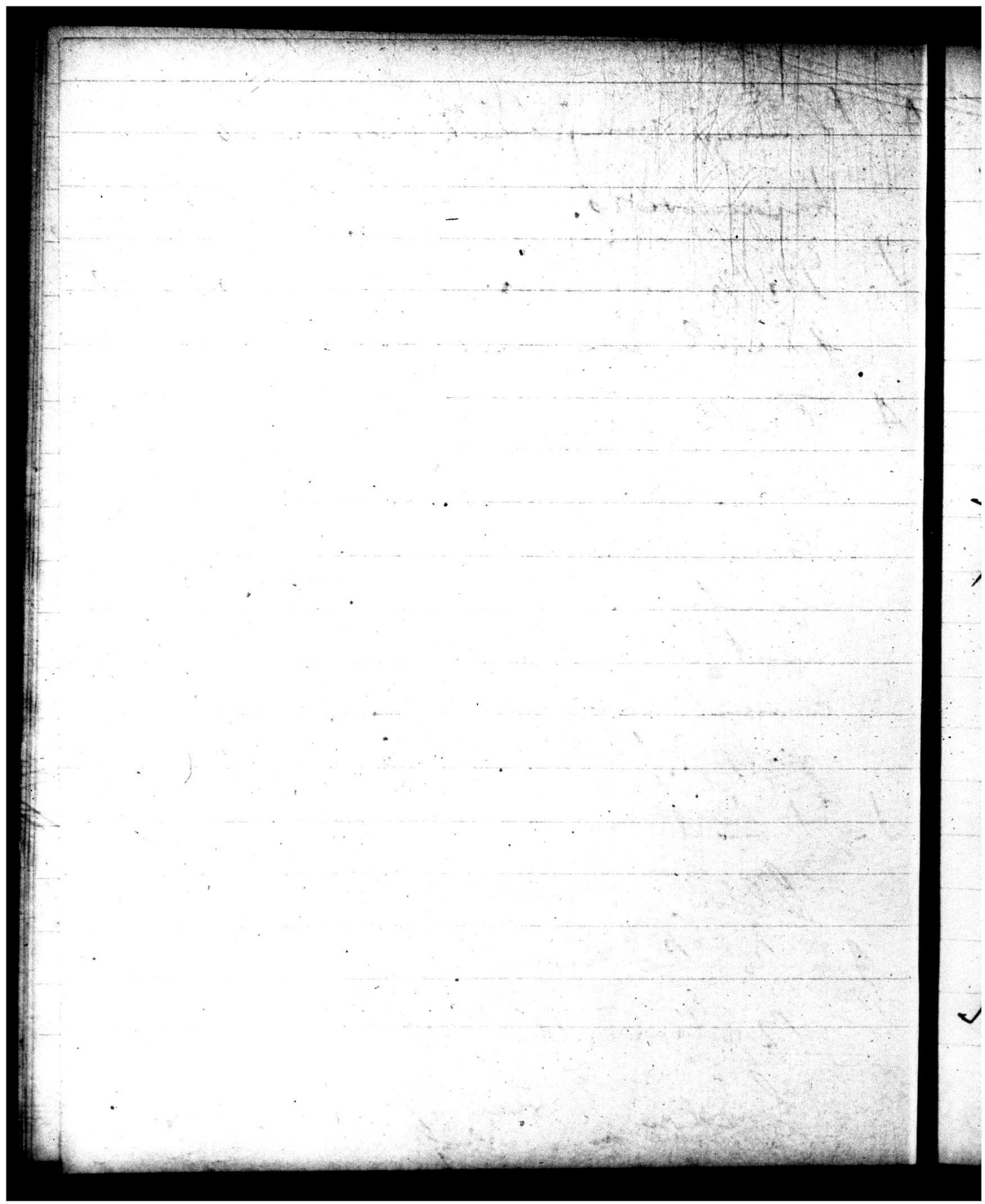
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nose? I live for him; I'd die for him,
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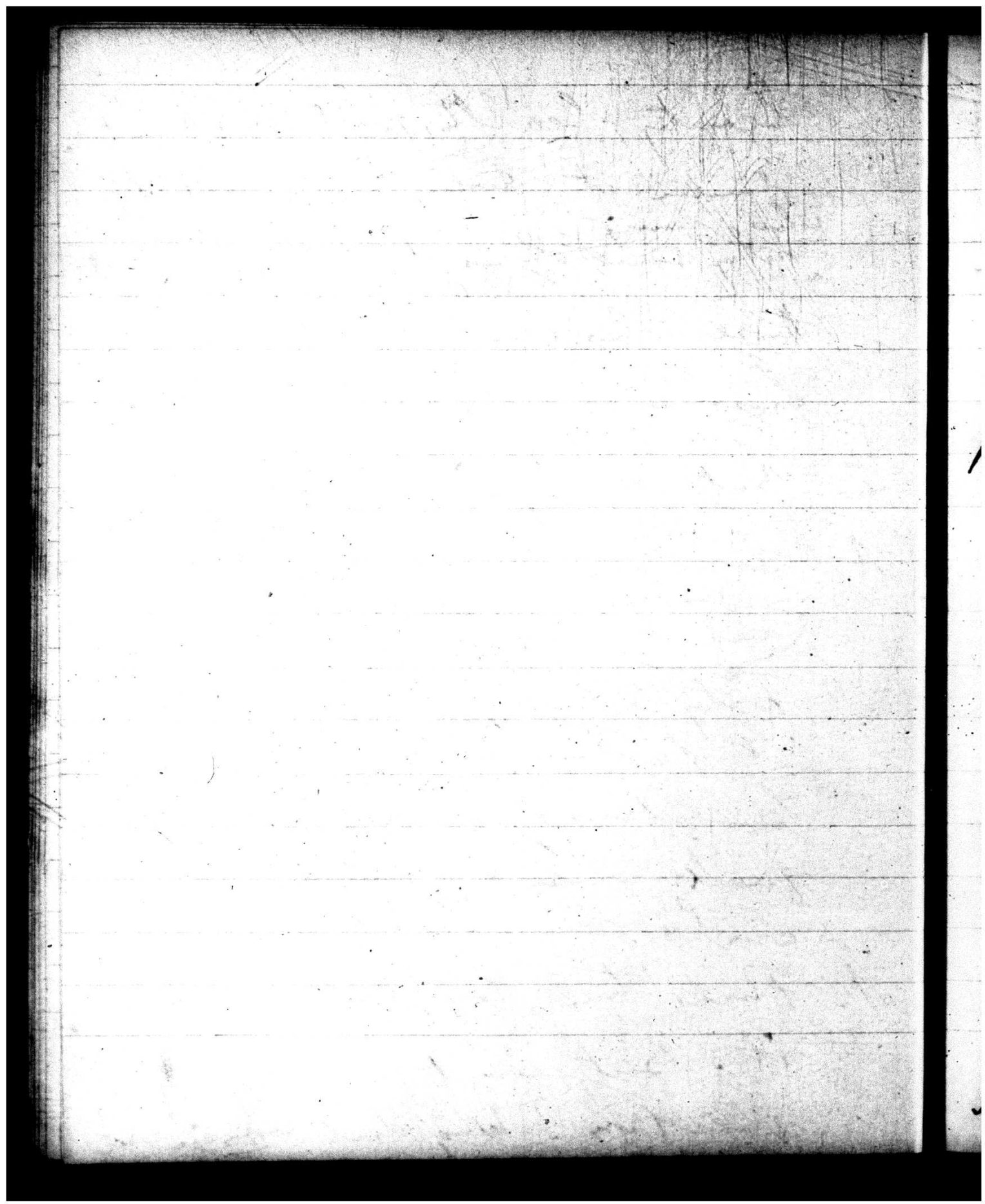


beauty, health, good sense -
damn it, everybody does it,
who care;
only some of us don't say so, and
those who can't kick up a
fuss - some grapes!

J. But society---

A. Society - the Four Hundred
(and the By Four) and the
Forty arbs to] - does it. Leave
it for Tim to say that the
foundations of human intercourse
quake when a married lady
winks.

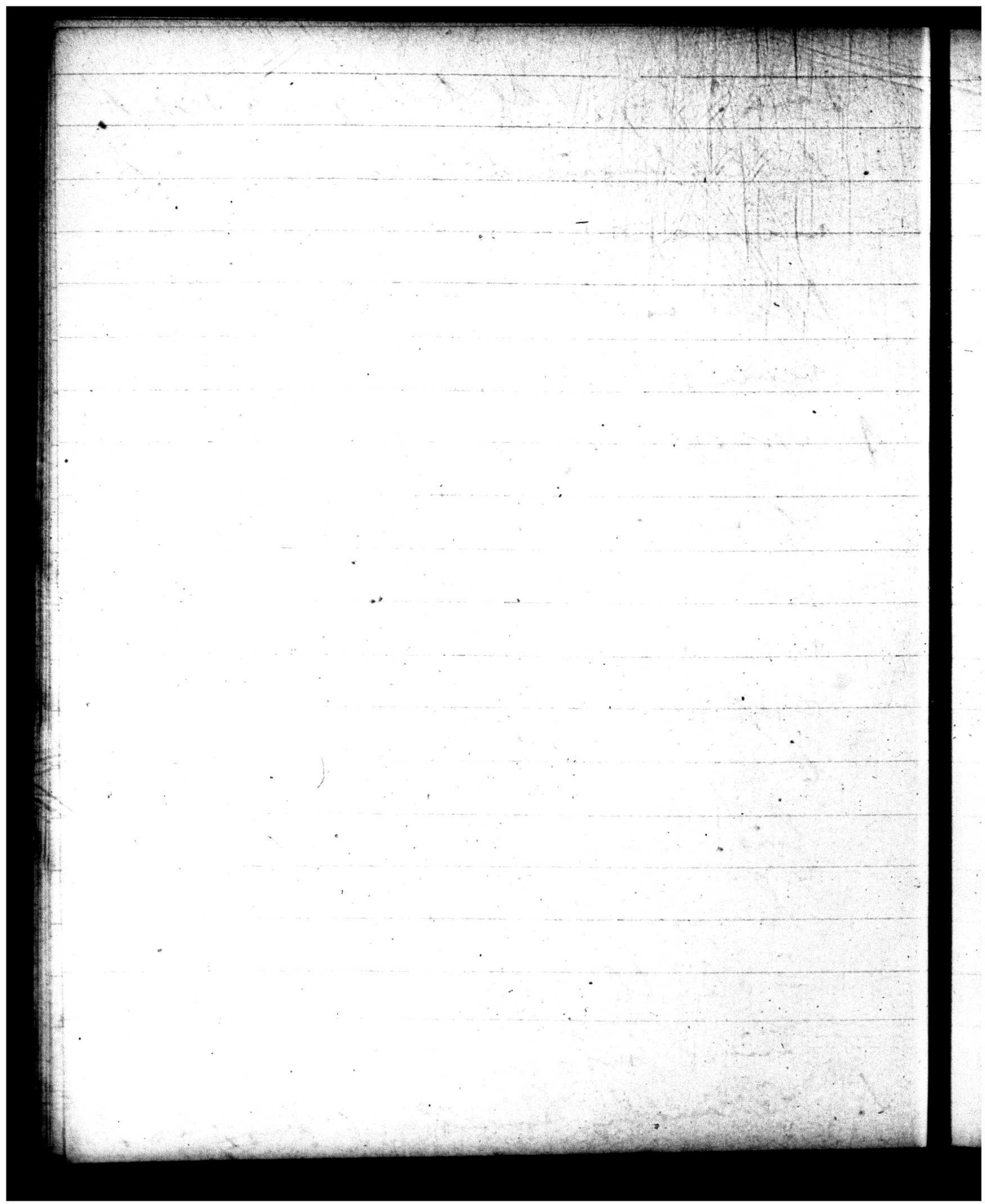
J. That's true, too, now you say
it. But what about my
question? Why don't women love



me? Say, I'll tell you a secret.
I blackmailed Blanche into
marriage - for her money. Then
I fell in love with her; and I
never got anything but contempt.

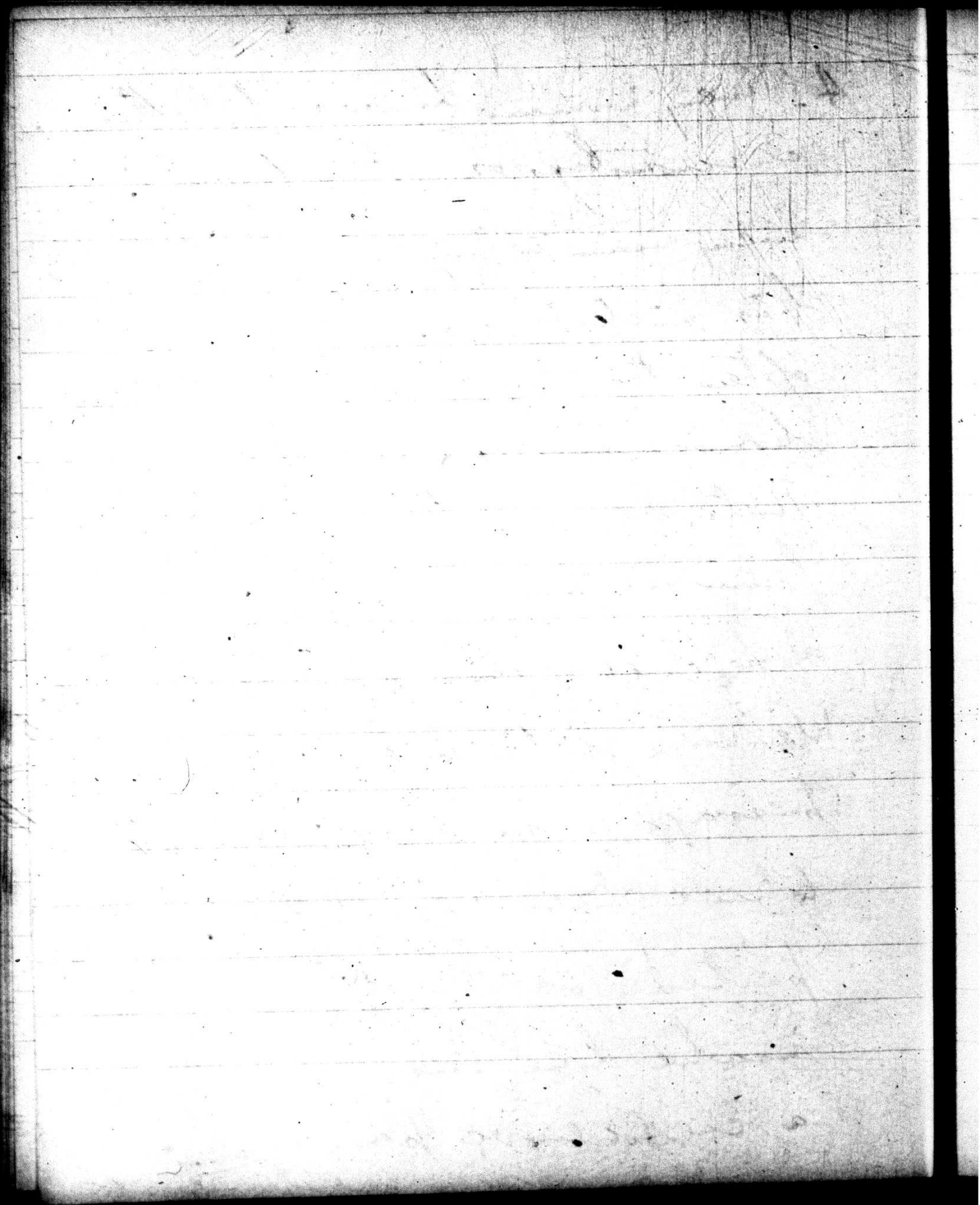
A. Bill not only takes no notice
of me; he expects me to take
no notice of him. He treats
me as if I were a man, fully
responsible; of all importance
to my own life, none at all to
his. So we can be friends and
lovers, and live on together
- oh these ten, twelve years
since passion died!

J. Blanche knows all this, too?



A. Every woman knows it, either
consciously or instinctively.

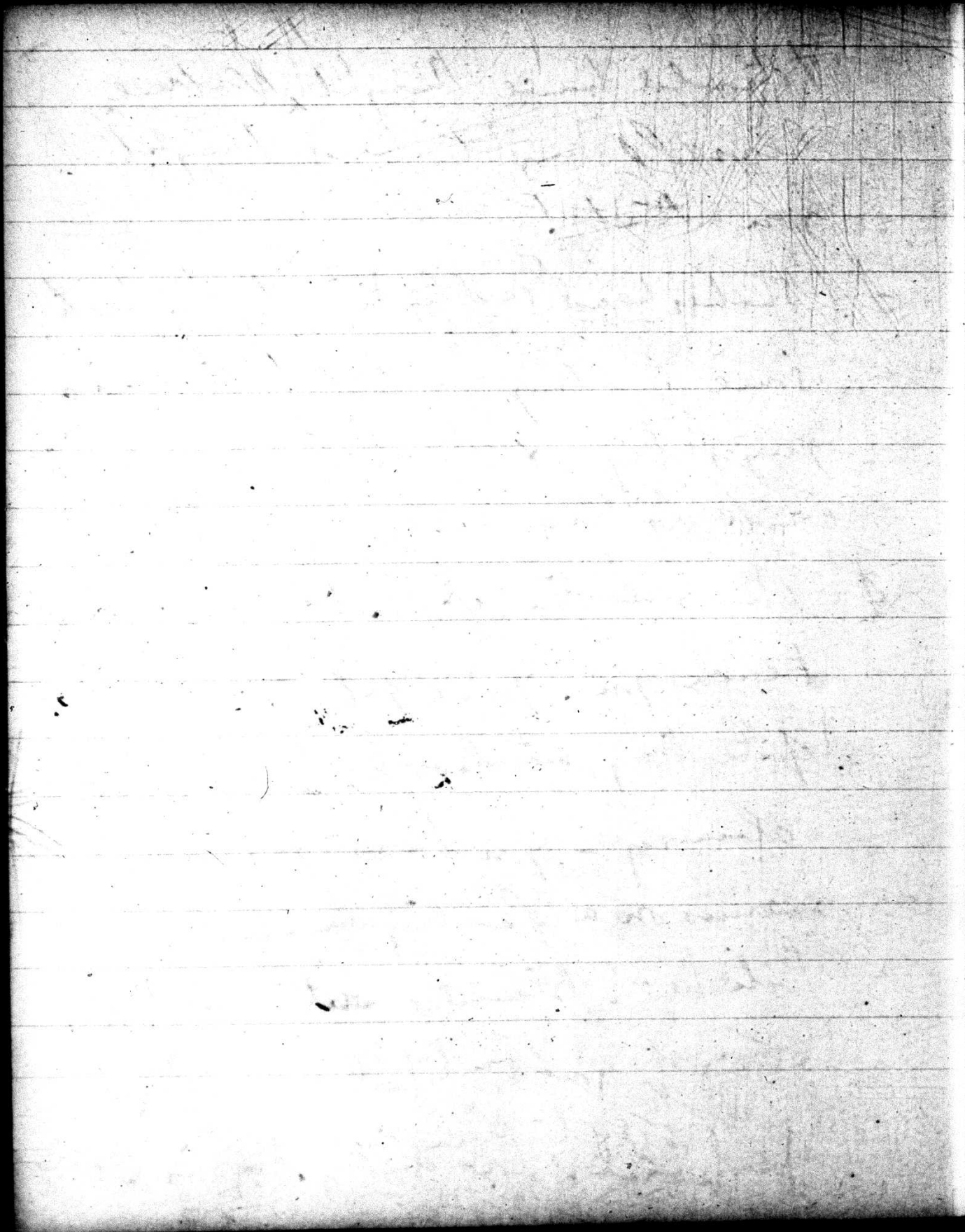
Every man who knows it takes
his side of us. Notice how
often the toy men, half men,
homosexuals, attract women?
That's because they understand
feminine psychology. You did
a perfectly foolish thing to-night.
We were both in a diminishing
passage of our lives; we ought
to have been very polite, and
parted coolly. You can only
make love successfully on
a crescent passage.



I should have thought ^{that} Natalie
herself might have taught
you that!

J. (Shakes head sadly) Yep, by heck,
some falling market! The wise
guys buy at the bottom, and
wait for the rise.

A. That's better, Joe. I believe I could
teach you. Grive got the essence
of the thing, manhood. But you're
clumsy - you burst people's
ears on a falling market!
Look here! Blanche wrote me the
story of your beautiful marriage
proposal. Low duty dog is what



90
el
-

you were. But all women
love low dirty days. Hence, by the
way, various legends of the Pasiphae
type. But you had ~~been~~
got her, not from scare, but because you touched
when her market was rising - she was
saying at having her affair with
Rocco interrupted by the fire. She
was sexually wild; so she stepped
you, and said "I will - you swine",
which is actual ^{best English} for the romantic
"Darling, I love you". If you had
raped her then and there, she
would have loved you instead.
You showed that you cared for
nothing but her money - she

and all the time he was exciting her
by long romantic speeches, the actors'
point of view, and all that, when
he saw how she sucked down the bait.

would have forgotten that if you
had let her!

Joe, I see; thought to have caught her
on the rising market.

a. See how Bill worked Blanche!

He began by contemptuous indifference,

that put her on her mettle. Once

he got her going, he whipped
her with insults, ^{even bull's eyes, like he being old-} till he would

her mad to the limit. Then he

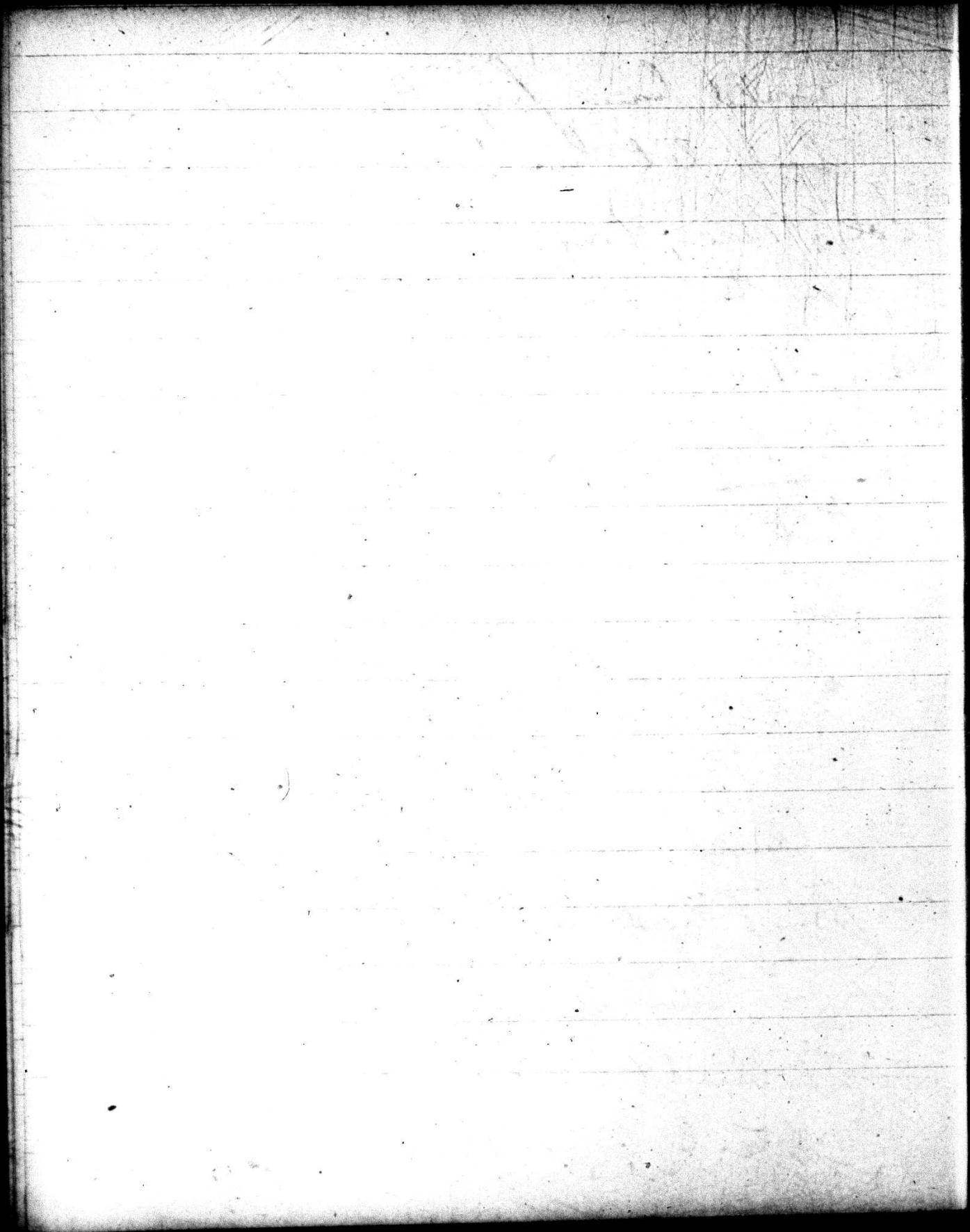
slowed round suddenly and

snatched her. He just tested

his sword with that walk to

Gibraltar; its' true tempered

steel; he sheathes it, and

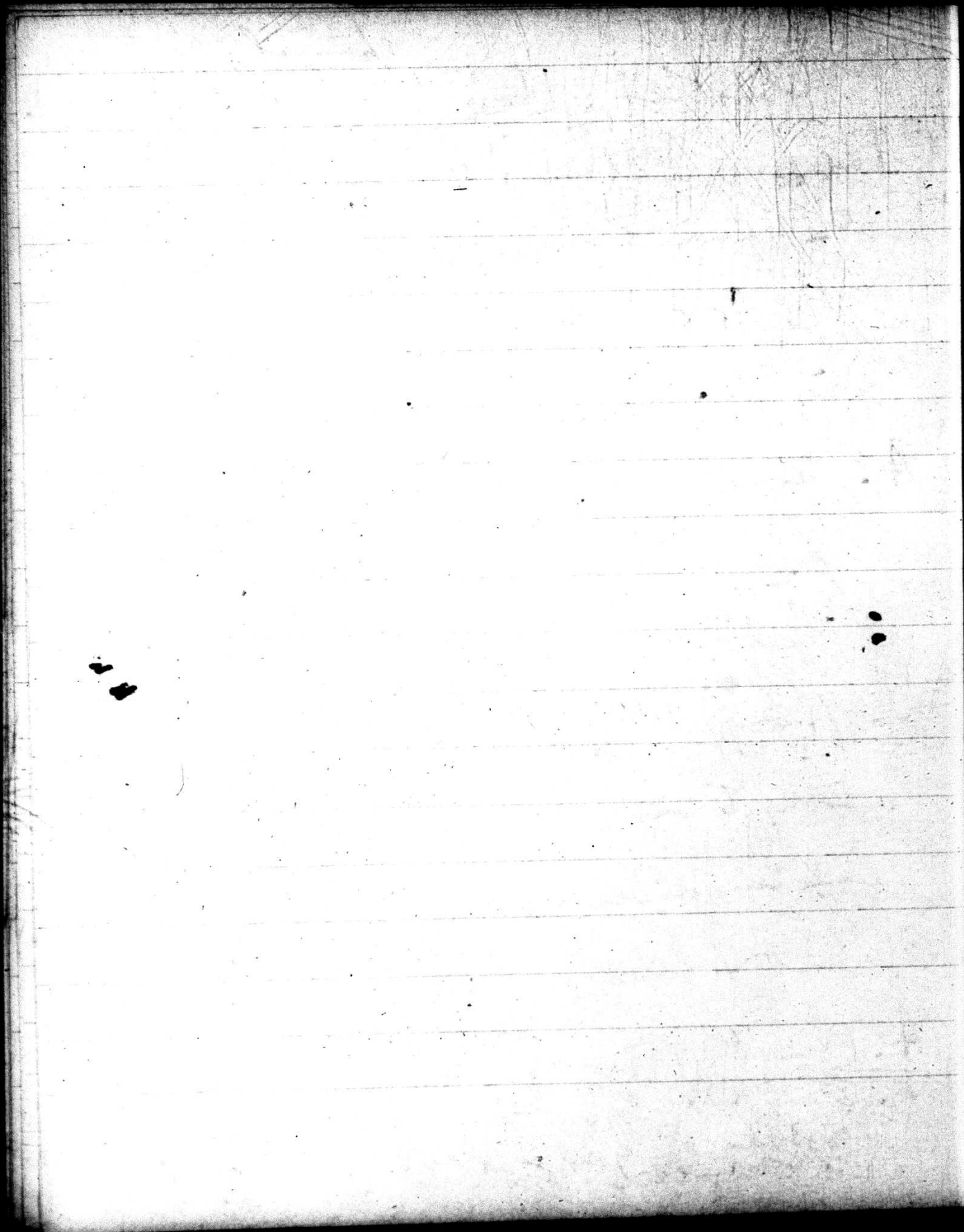


whistles. She's his ^{spaniel} bitch!
J. Sometimes I think I'm in
a madhouse, only all the time
time's something tells me you're
right.

A. Well that's enough: lesson one
for my big dance! Let's go to
bed.

J. (musing) Why, Mrs Grey, I'm awfully
sorry to have kept you up to such
an unconscionable hour (takes
hat + cane) Good-night!

A. (sweetly) Good night, Mr Davies.
So dear of you to have looked us



up.

J. I hope I may have the pleasure
of seeing you again shortly.

A. Indeed, I trust it may be so.

(He is at door)

Didn't you hear what I said?

J. (Starts sharply) Hear what you said?

A. Yes. Four words.

J. Four words!

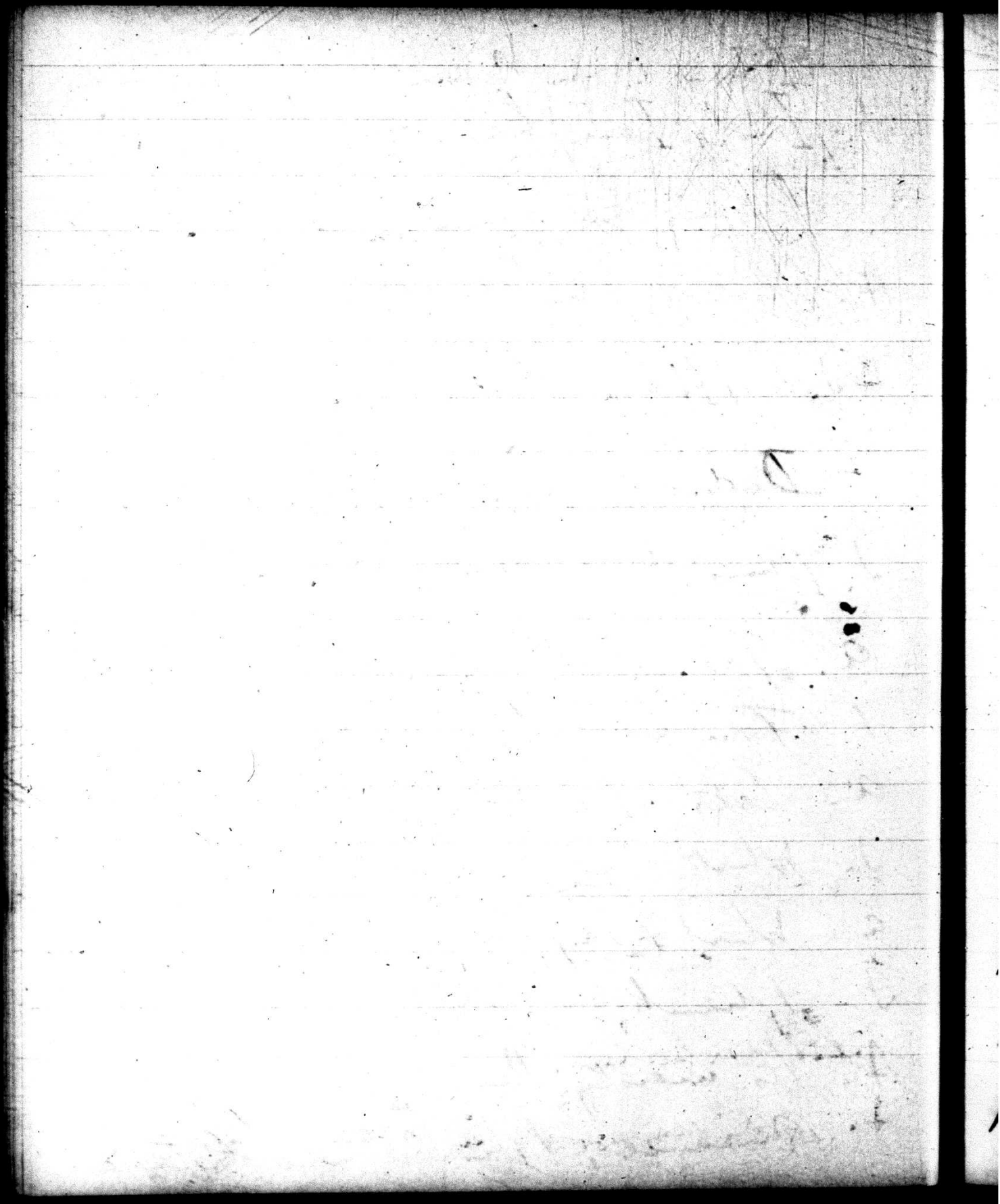
A. Let's go to bed.

J. What d'ye mean?

A. What I say.

J. I drank too much: I'm dizzy.

A. It's merely that I pity your
ignorance; I should like to teach



You how to win Blanche, for her sake,
poor darling; and that can only be
done by personal instruction. I don't
love you at all.

^(pensive)
J. No, / you, Miss Grey.

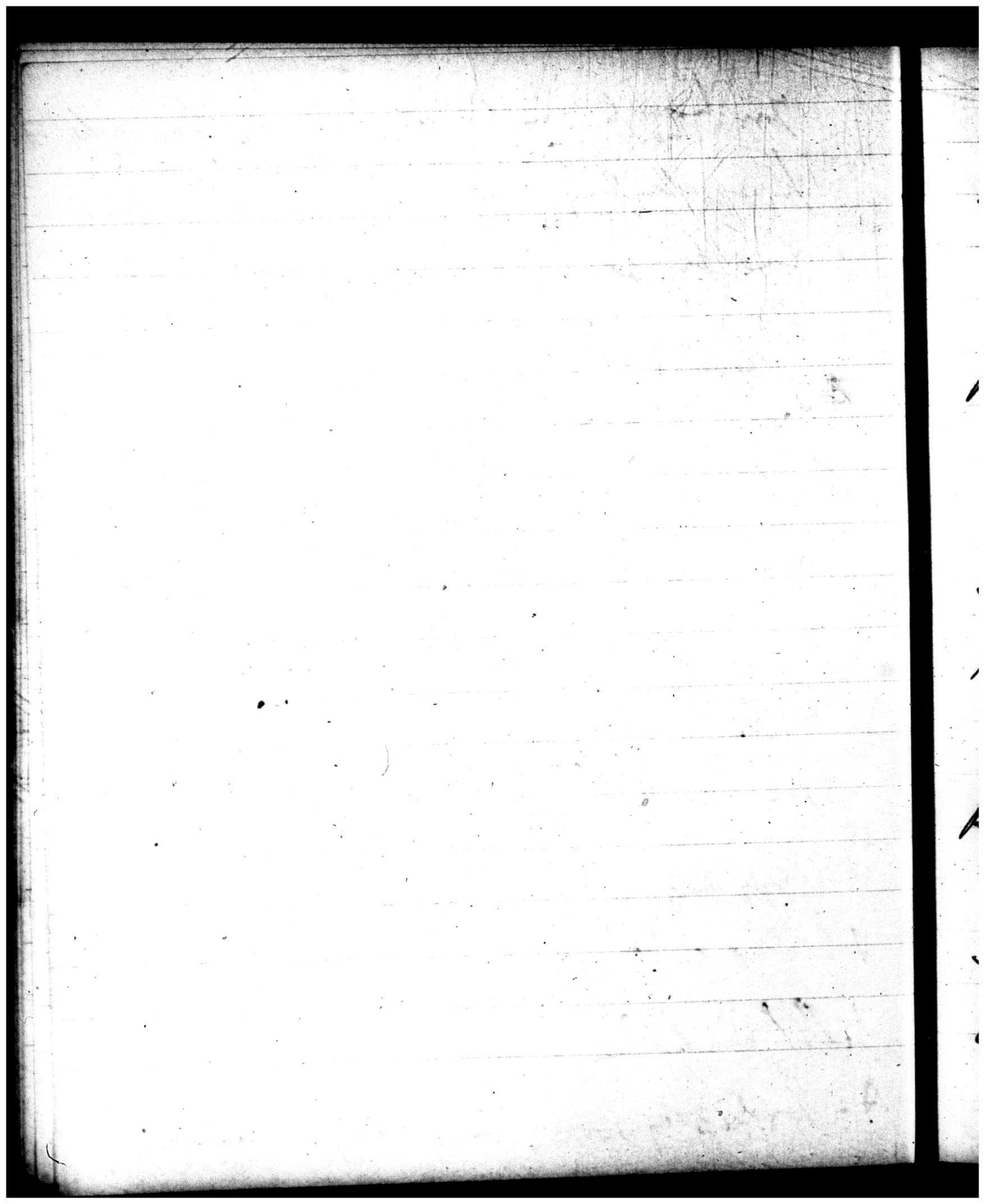
A. Very good, very good! You see, to
men you may seem a power, a
ma~~mand~~mand, a monster, a - oh all
sorts of terrible things. To women
you are a big simple-hearted fool!

J. (anxiously) am I?

A. One can't take you seriously, can one?

J. I'll make 'em.

A. Good, very good, in theory. Beware



of theorizing, Joe, my Jo!

J. (sits down) Yes; there's something radically wrong with me. What's lacking?

A. Possibly what the late J.M.W. Turner used to mix his paints with.

J. What's that?

A. Brains, madam, Brains.

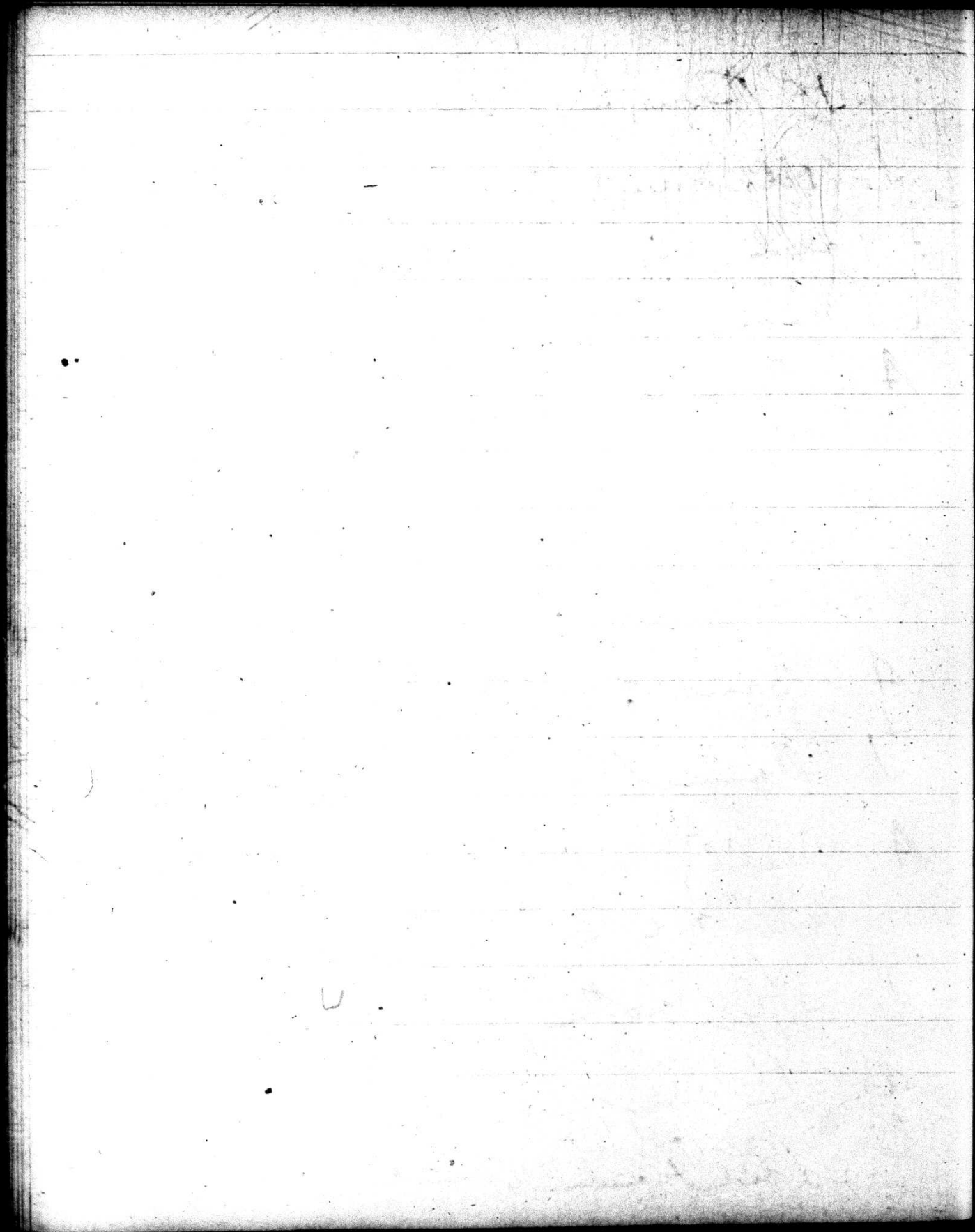
J. Damnation!

A. Well, shall I mix you another grey? a stiff one?

J. Stiff nothing!

A. I'm sorry, Joe. ———

I didn't mean to make you angry.



A. I'm not angry; I'm just - done -
and out. I don't know anything any
more!

A. Give 'em - - - - - let's go to bed.

J. I'm damned if I do!

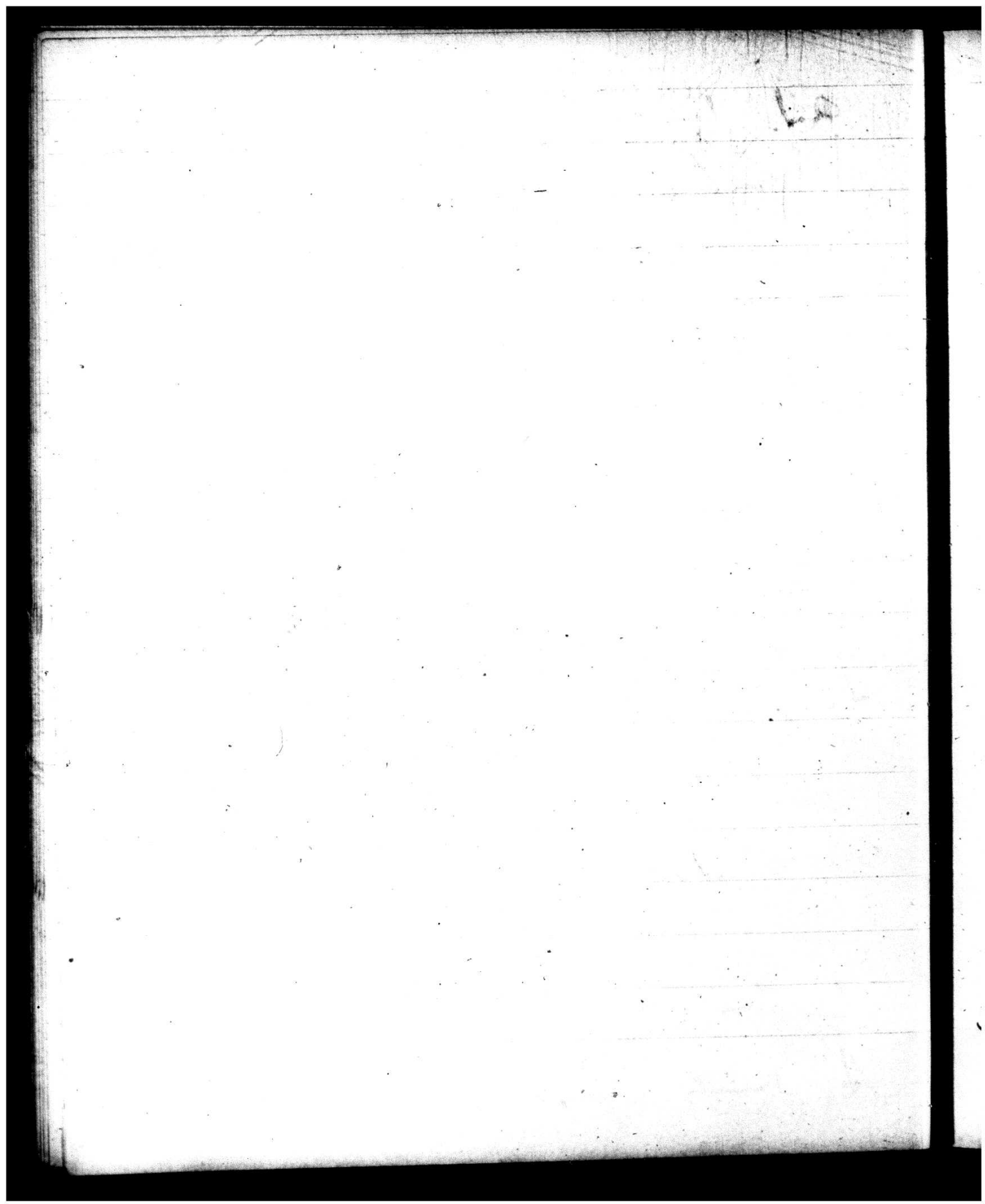
(Pushes out of door and slams
it. Adela takes out her watch
and counts the seconds..)

A. One - two - - - - - (up to) -
forty-four.

(Doe dashes in; flings his
hat & came down hysterically)

J. I'm damned if I don't!

A. Small chance of salvation, in that

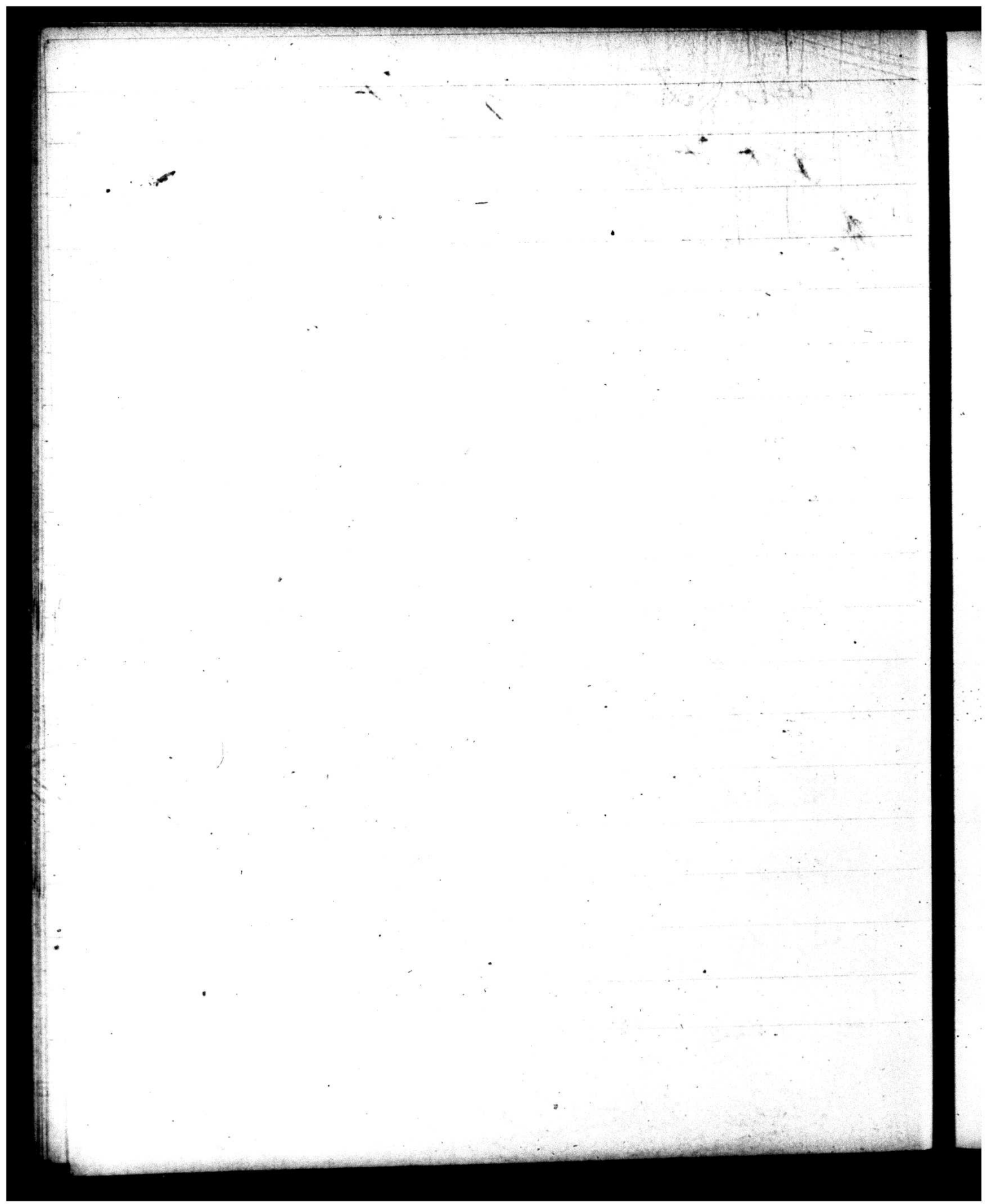


case, Joe. You get it coming, and you
get it going!

M. J. Adela, I love you. I'd die for you.
I never knew what it was to love
before. Come over here!

^{in his arms,}
A. (very sadly and seriously) Oh Joe,
I'm so sorry. I've played with you.
I never thought you'd stay. It's utterly
absolutely impossible — really
and truly. Yes; you understand, I'm
sure. Take me to dinner two
nights from now — will you?

Joe. (very affected, drooping, holding
her listlessly) Sure I understand,



sweetheart. I'll be here at six
o'clock. Take care of yourself, honey!
Sleep well!

(He kisses her again, patting my hair,
and goes out.)

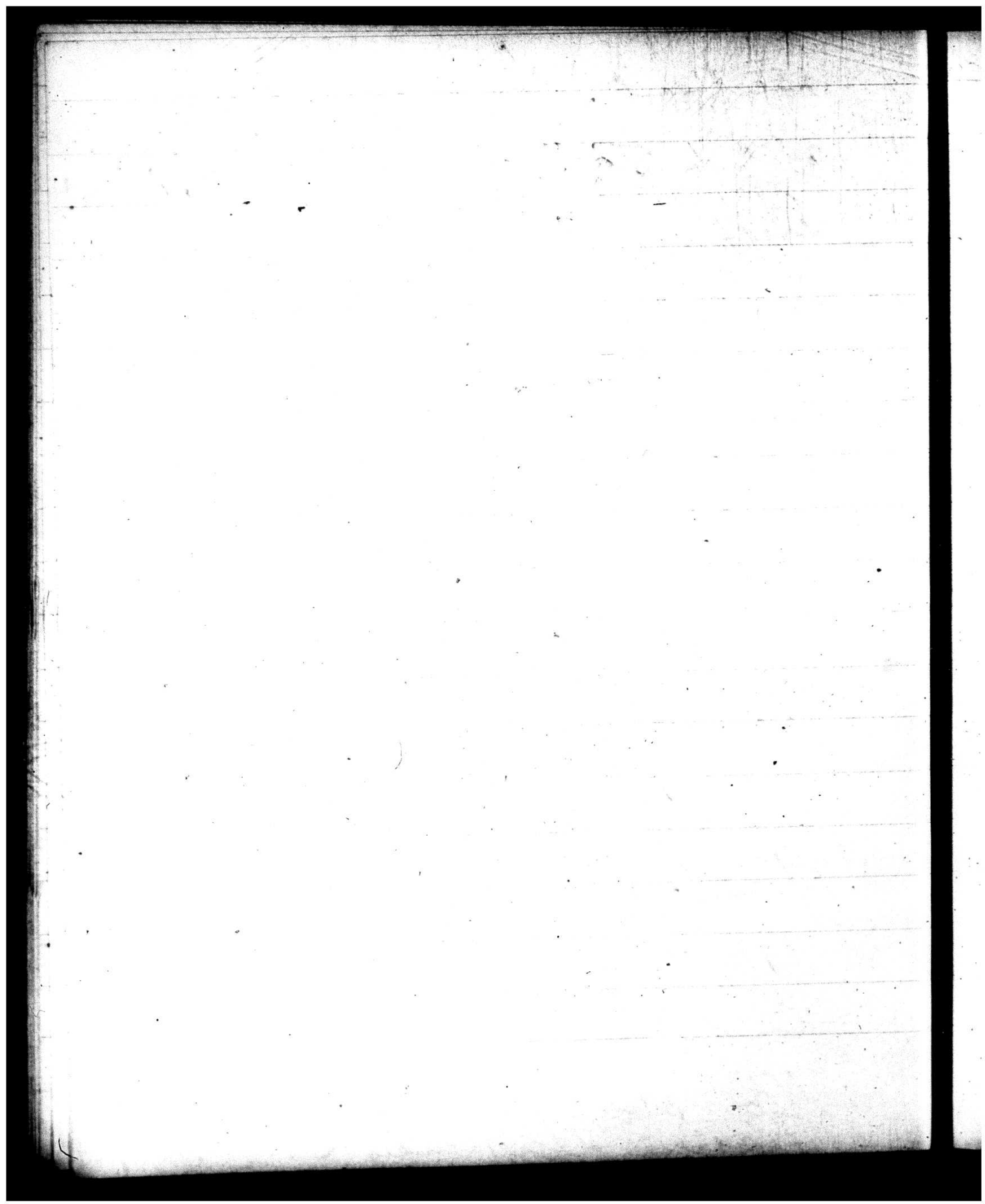
A. and I quite forgot to mention that
I'm going to Beauville with Mimi
Lalange tomorrow morning!

(She breaks into fit after fit
of laughter.)

I must - really must. The end
(goes to phone) of a perfect day!

Clichy 31-69

Non: 31-69
Monsieur de Malmaison?



~~oui!~~

Oui! moi-même. ---

Je suis seule! ---

Bon. goes to door & leaves it ajar;
(rings off, & begins to address
himself a love-song.)

The curtain falls.

(Finished
July 21 10.30 P.M.)
1919.

Joe (50) is old, puny, haggard,
neuros, bloated, bald, very red-faced.
Tim old, fat, stupid, cringing. White
hair.

Blanche, a complete ruin newly
decreased by a bad firm.

Emily, dowdier than ever.

Adela, hardly older than before,
looks at most 35. In green
~~and fawn~~ (rich dark ivy) and
lilac.

Act III.

The Breakfast-room at Joe's Palace
on Fifth Avenue. It is overburdened
with bad pictures, statuary, and
objects d'art. The table is
a mass of carving-plates and
gold plate.

Joe going through a pile of
letters. Blanche smoking, in
an extravagant negligée.
Emily writing at table.
Tim as secretary.

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The Breakfast-room at Joe's Palace
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with bad pictures, statuary, and
objects d'art. The table is
a mass of crystal-plates and
gold plate.

Joe going through a pile of
letters. Blanche smoking, in
an extravagant negligée.
Emily writing at table.
Tim as secretary.

July 22 11:30 am.

Joe, passing letters to Tim.

Holy answers that.

No.

No.

Send him a statement.

I'll talk this over with Holy.

God damn it - this is awful. Look here, Blumhug, you better cut out that violinist. Do you realize we're paupers? Income tax, property tax, succession, assessments; ~~taxes~~ I'll die in the workhouse; it's abominable.

B. languidly but acidly. There's always my five millions.

J. Which I made in the thirty-five, don't forget that.

B. Well, I suppose I can have a cheque

for the cats' meet' man on Saturday.
Joe - I guess so. Fact is, they haven't
got on to some of my profits yet.
I move a bit too quick, maybe, for
the old ^{one-eyed} uncles in Washington.

B. You were always quick on the draw

J. Yes: I've done well. What's this?

Adela Grey? That's that red-haired
wretch of poor old Bill's. Wants
to come up and see me this
morning - exhibition over here - can
I help to arrange it? Sure I will;
poor old Bill. God! what a rotten
mess that chap made of his life!
Had brains too, and he never sold
one picture, and died in absolute

penury. Phone her at her
hotel, Tim, she can come here at
ten. Wonder what she looks like
at fifty.

B. ^(sharply) She's not fifty yet. and she looks
a pretty good, I guess. She had a
real man to love her.

J. Send this on to McGrath.

I'll answer this.

and this.

Tell Holy never bother me with
this kind again.

No.

Yes: tell him to call.

all right; send Miss Baum
to the library. I'll be along.

(Tim goes out, with letters)

oh yes! Wonder what that
hol President said & the

Banker's association last night

(picks up paper & reads and
President scores wealth ^{comments})

He would, wants the Bolshevik vote
in the Fall.

"Intolerable by saying - malefactors
of great wealth - find no criminal
is above the law - organized
robbery and oppression - a
treacherous and I believe a suicidal
policy -

Lord, what a topsey-turvy world we're
drifting into for cash of a little
business - and vote-catching, damn
his eyes! -

"Rebellion is imminent. May
I not -"

May he not? He'll get what the

[Handwritten mark]

camel got, right in the place where
the camel got it.

"We must tax these invidious traitors
to death; they must be bled white."

The damn fool - with half the capital
in the country going to England, and
the other half buying diamonds
to salt down.

"Wealth is the cause of the body
politic."

That's what I get: might as well
have died unknown like Bill.
at least he got a little peace
now and again.

B. He's at peace now.

J. Oh, sure! But I like a fellow

By Fire in Chicago. Eight hundred
hunt alive - all night, nowhere
near our interests -

(Runs page)

who makes his mark. He's dead
and rotten; and not half-a-dozen
people remember him.

(Turns page of paper.)

"France honors America's greatest
son."

Not me - though I did get the old
Legion of Honor.

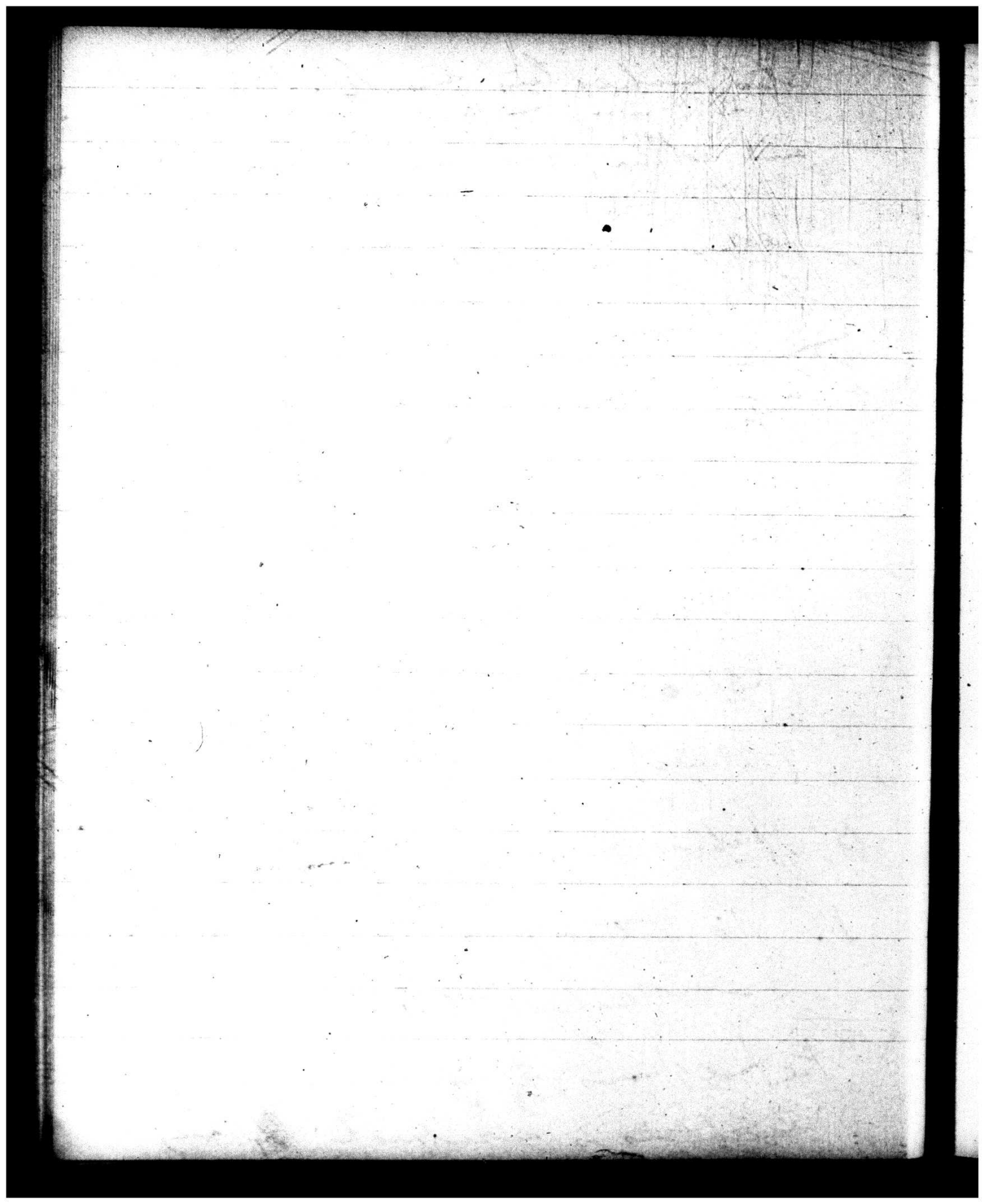
(appalled) Wilbur Owen!

(calmer) That can't be our Bill.

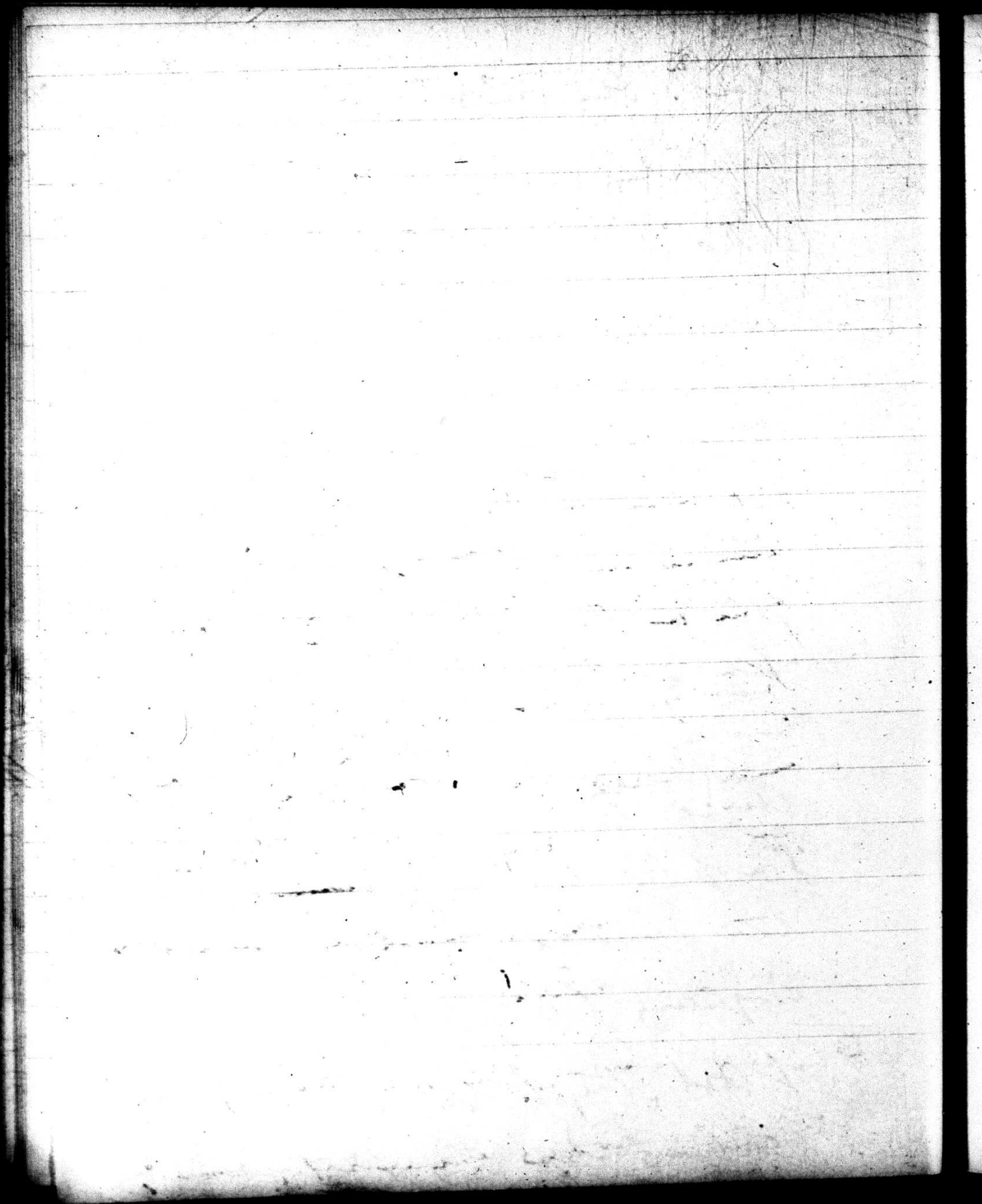
B. Suppose you were to read it?

J. The greatest since the Renaissance
- whenever that was -

the fine genius of his immortal
conceptions is unshuffled by any



flow. On our great Rodin —
Blanchy dear, this is the speech
of the President of the French Republic
— on our great Rodin had
neither his eye nor his mastery
of form. ~~Like~~ The American Eagle
came to the ^{eye} ~~eye~~ of the French
Eagles — and the stranger looked
upon the sun with lidless eye
underly led as no man has done
since Titian and Michael Angelo.
Son of the morning! ~~France~~ ^{Time} bows
her lamelld brow before thy
conquering fulchion; France, nurse
of Art, thy foster-mother,
confirms upon thy forehead the



wreath of bay's immortal that
they buy as trusted for thy crown."

This is Bill! This is the President
of the French Republic a Bill!

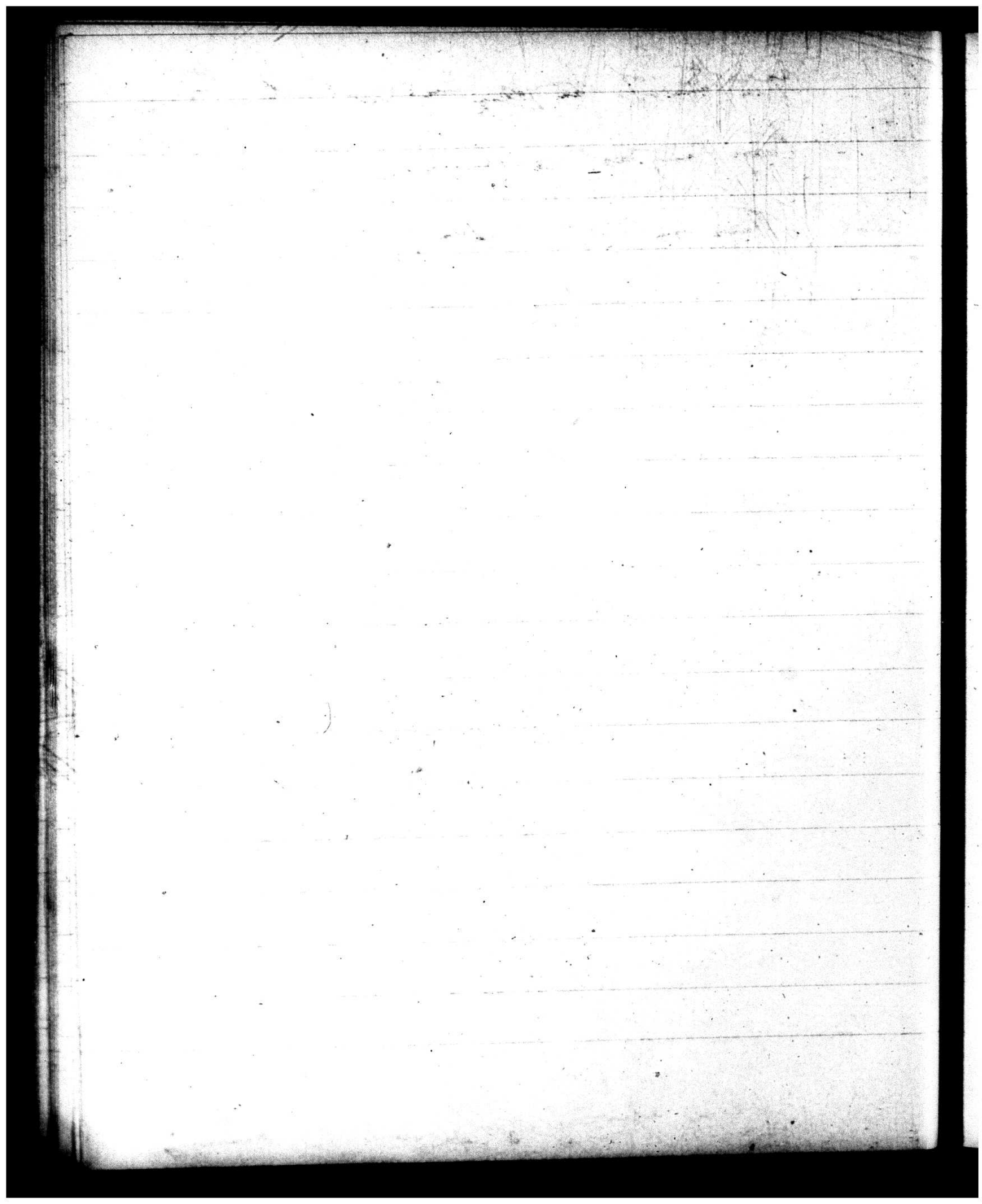
(Genuinely)

The idea is a simple one. Bill
became a French citizen; so well
put him in the Pantheon, as an
American hon, won't America
join in the celebration? Like
Kelly will.

and here's our boob Presidents'
cable " May I not be the first.

— " oh damnation, what a
rotten world!

B. You always hated Bill; you
were always afraid of him;



You knew in your heart that he
was a better man.

Joe The hell I did!

— "death doubly lamentable
in that it leaves no man worthy
to raise a fitting monument
over the mortal part of him."

Oh — Oh — Oh!
(He is attacked by apoplexy.)

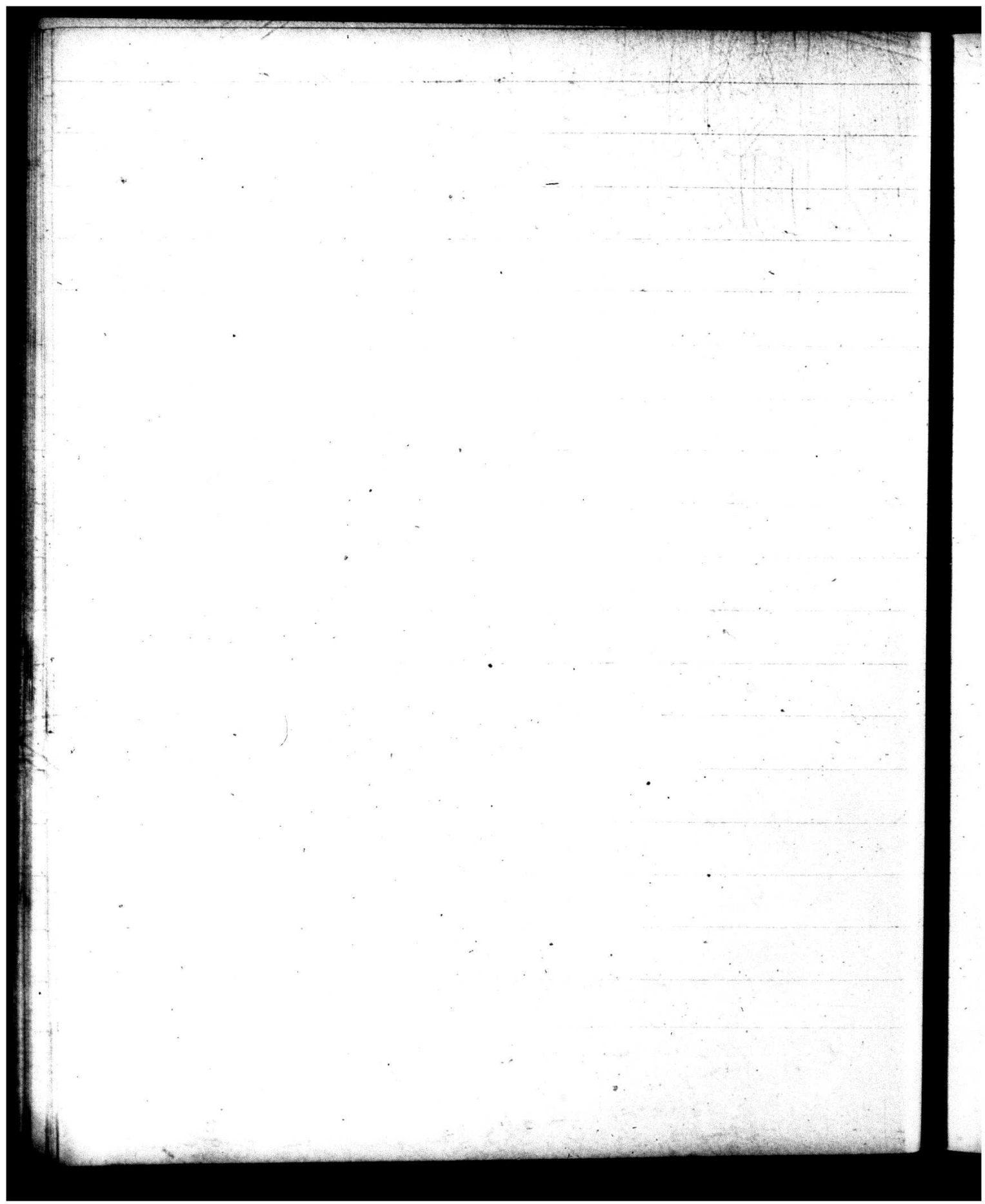
B (screams) What's the matter?

(screams again and again)

Help! The master's sick.

(family and Tim rush in)

E. Ring the doctor, Tim! (she
tends Joe. Blanche in violent



ambition of several kinds - on the
point of breakdown Tim 'phones.

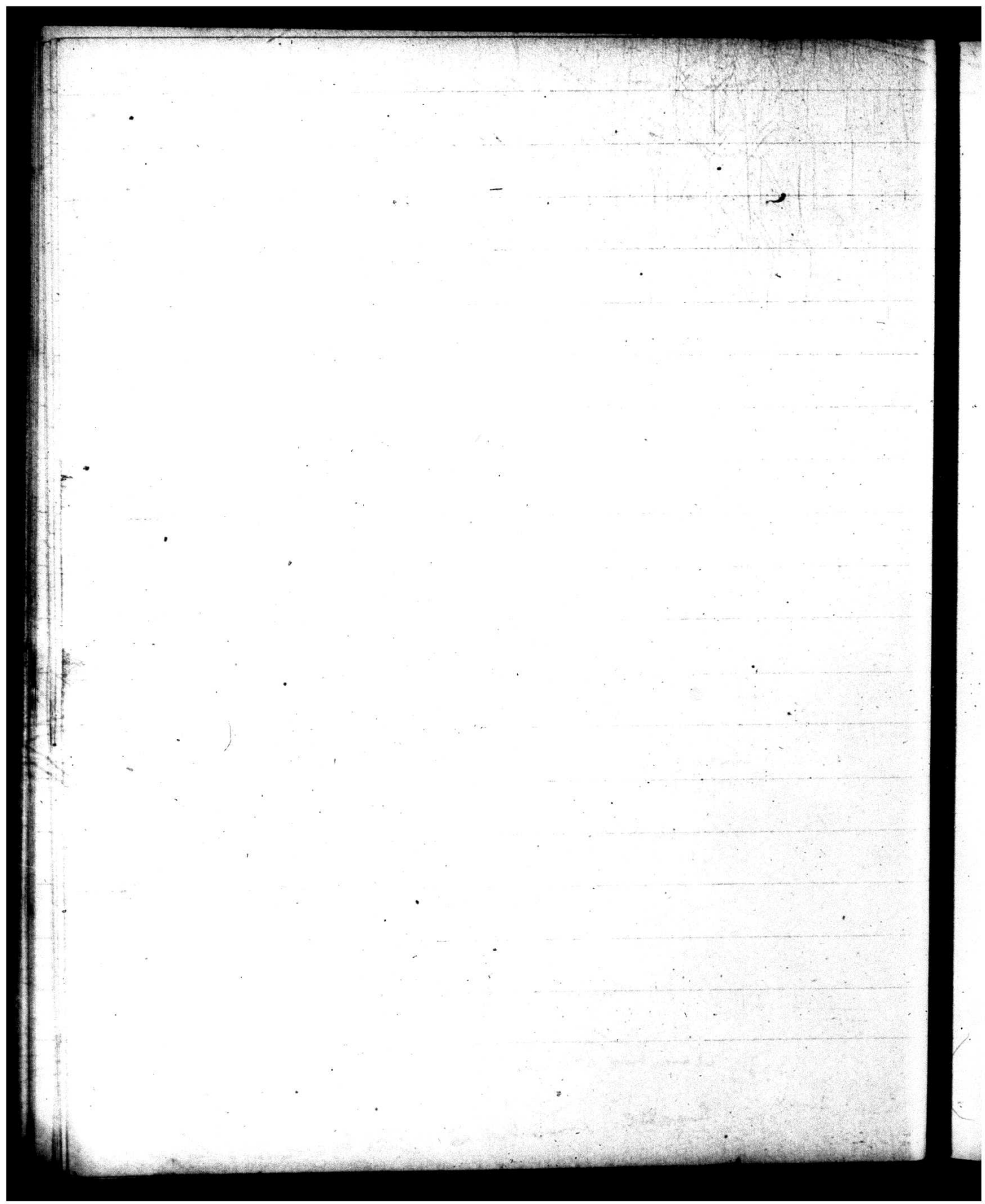
E. I'm afraid this is a bad business,
madam. My brother went that
way last year.

T. I got him just as he was starting.
He'll be round in a minute.

B. A minute! a minute! I'm
in eternity, and I'm a damned
soul. I'm thirsty.

T. Drink some water, madam. I'm
sure you'll feel better.

B. drinks mechanically, and
sinks down, calmer. A little
more mistress of herself, she



pulls up her dress and injects
morphine in her thigh. (Amig. off.)
T. That's the doctor, ma'am.

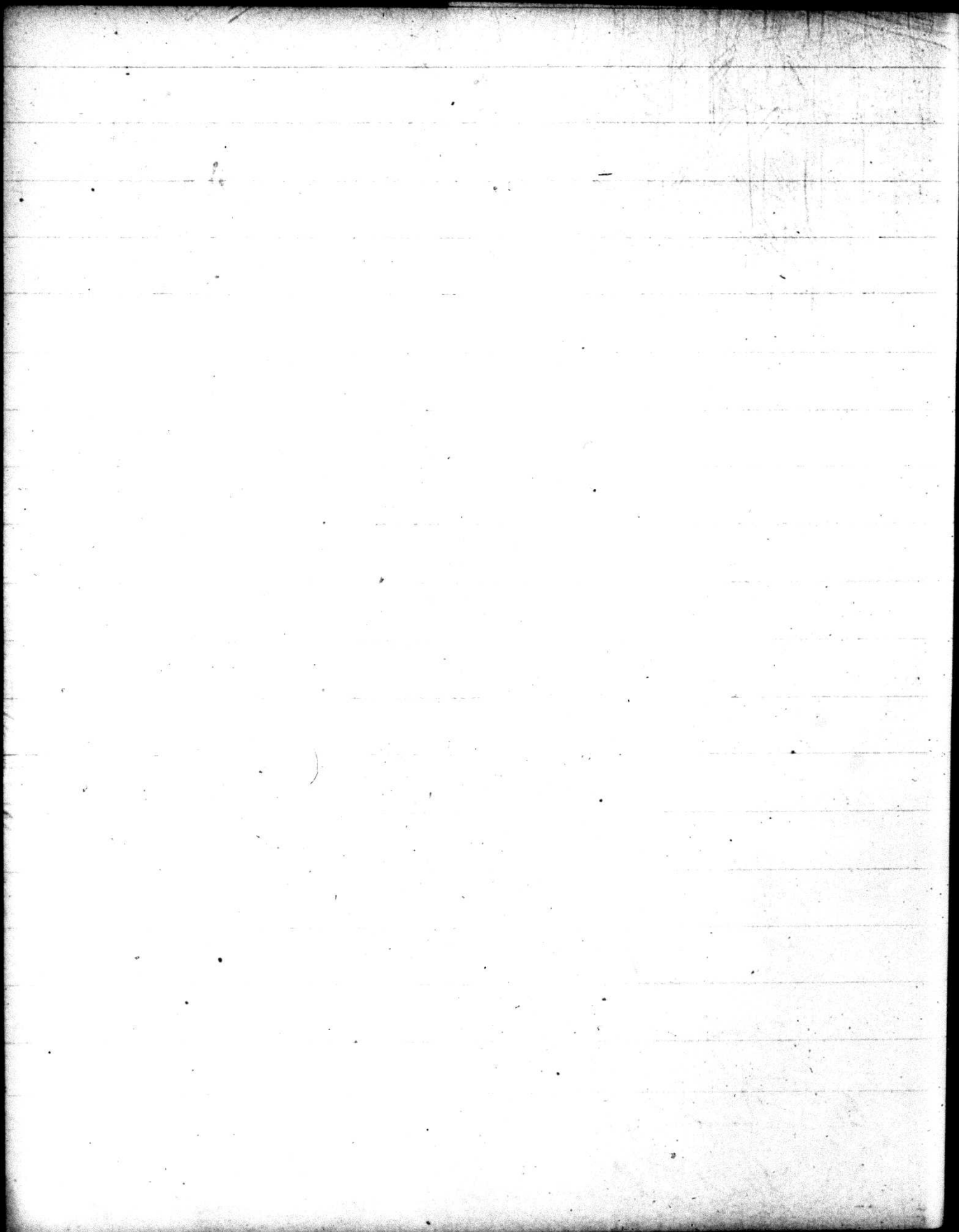
(over to admit him.)

Doct. Good-morning Mr. Davis. al tree-
that - that. (examining Joe)

B. That means he's dead. I thought so.

Doct. I wounded him less than a month
ago. That he had a tendency to
apoplexy. Too much breakfast -
some unusual excitement -
it will, we must all go one
day.

B. Thank you very much for your
factual consolations. Can the



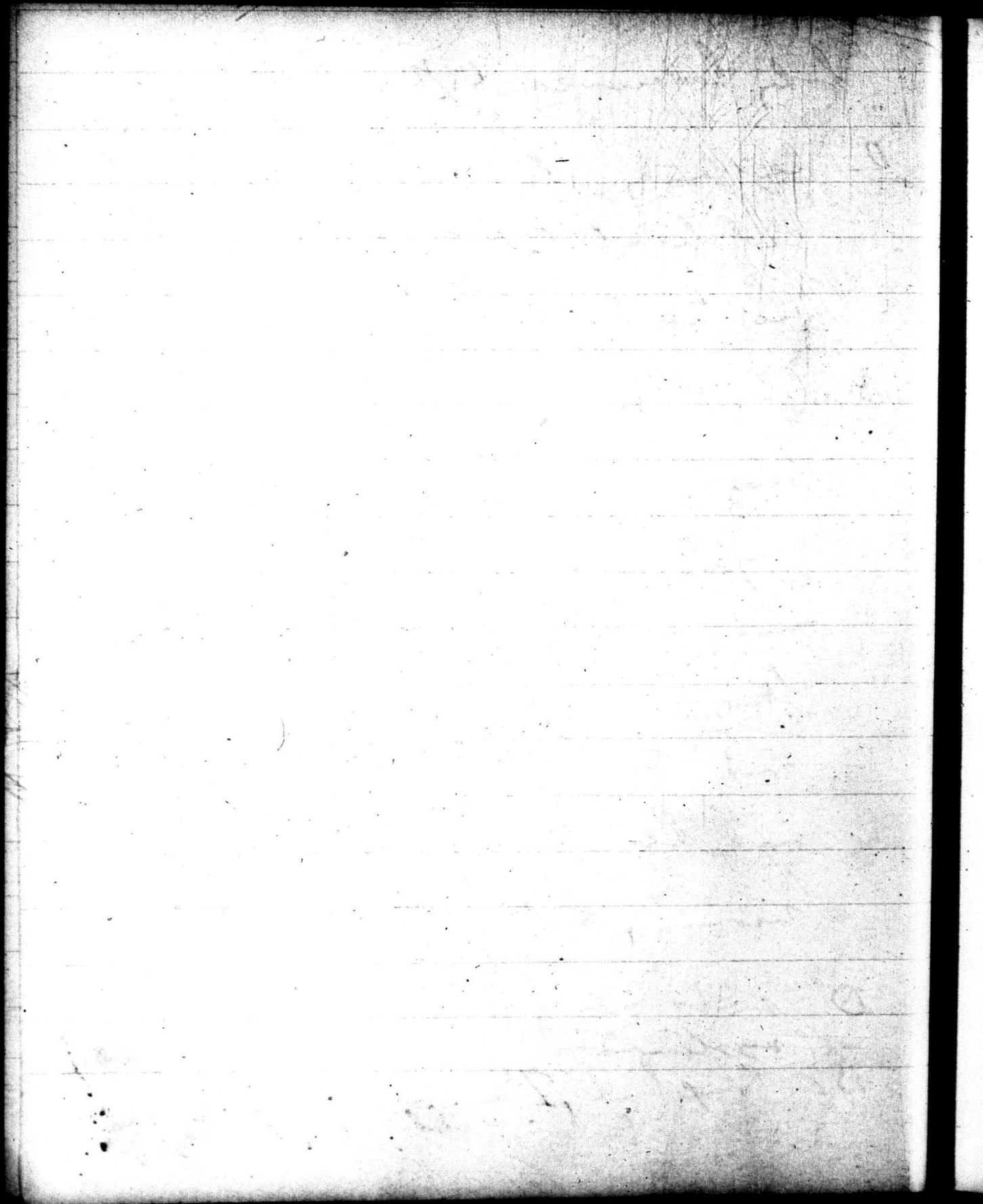
body be moved to the bedroom?

D. Certainly, of course. I'll sign the certificate at once. There'll be no trouble.

B. (Lighting a cigarette) I am too much prostrated by grief to attend to anything. Tim, ring up Mr. Holy, and have him be careful about how the market takes the news, and then he can come round here and see to everything. Good-morning, doctor.

D. Good-morning, madam. (Goes)
(mysteriously)

B. Come back, Tim, when you've phoned.



T. Yes, ma'am. ^{He goes.} (B lurches, very restless,
gives himself another shot of
~~morphine~~, morphine, Tim returns with two
forbner, who ^{begin to} remove the body.)
B. You've got the combination of the
safe, Tim?

T. Yes, ma'am. But he had the
key.

~~B. Let me one moment with
my dentist. (The doctor goes.)~~

They used to be on a chemi. ah,
but they are. Call the man
back, Tim!

~~(They return & remove cap)~~

Get me the will out, Tim. ...

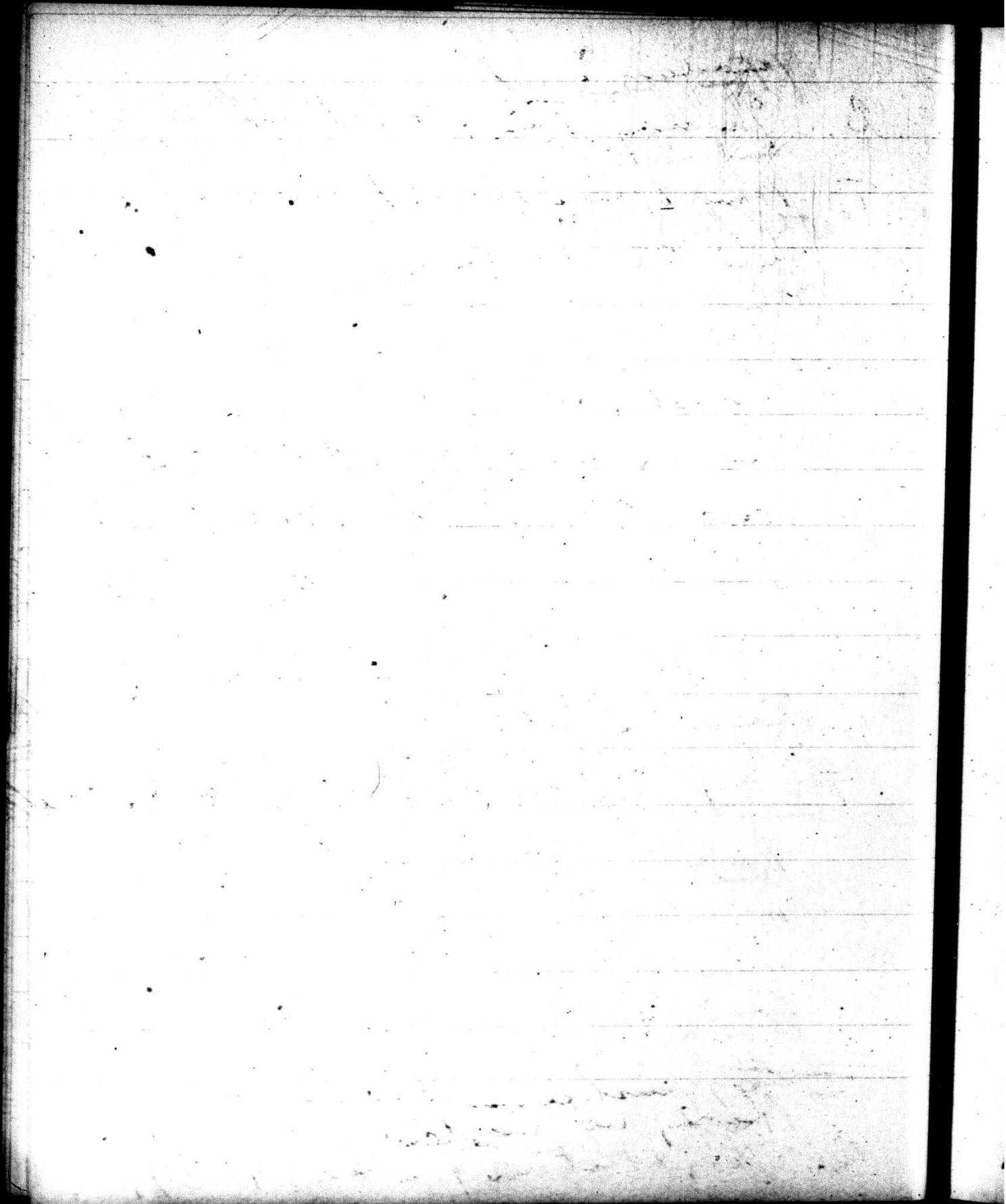
[Faint, illegible handwriting on lined paper]

(Tim opens safe, and finds will
and brings it to her. She reads.)
Oh Nits' all right, Nits' fine!
What's this? Oh, he surely had
a sense of humor. He insured
himself for a million, ^{so that} ~~and~~
he should make that even by
dying - and he left poor old
Bill a dollar, and you a
thousand, Tim (she laughs.)

Tim. Very satisfactory, in some
manner. (He is moving about, very
nervous, restless, distraught, as
if he had something on his mind. A
long pause for this.)
May I say something very privately,

(Tim seems safe, and sends will
and brings it to her. She reads.)
Oh Nits' all right, Nits' fine!
Whats' this? Oh, he surely had
a sense of humor. He insured
himself for a million, ^{so that} ~~and~~
he should make that even by
dying - and he left poor old
Bill a dollar, and you a
thousand, Tim (she laughs.)

Tim. Very satisfactory, in some
manner. (He is moving about, very
nervous, restless, distraught, as
if he had something on his mind. A
long pause for this.)
May I say something very privately,



madam?

B. You may, Tim, if it's not too long.

T. Have I given satisfaction to you and the master, madam?

B. You let you have! You have been honest, loyal, obedient, diligent, uncomplaining, faithful, truthful, careful, accurate, mindful, Jesus Christ, I never knew there were so many virtues, and you'd got 'em all.

T. Yes, ma'am, I believe I have. And I can't stand it any more. Every thing I do seems to you to a thousand dollars. This last is the cashier... and... and... having no master.

B. Yes, whatever you had, you would

40

[Faint, illegible handwriting on lined paper]

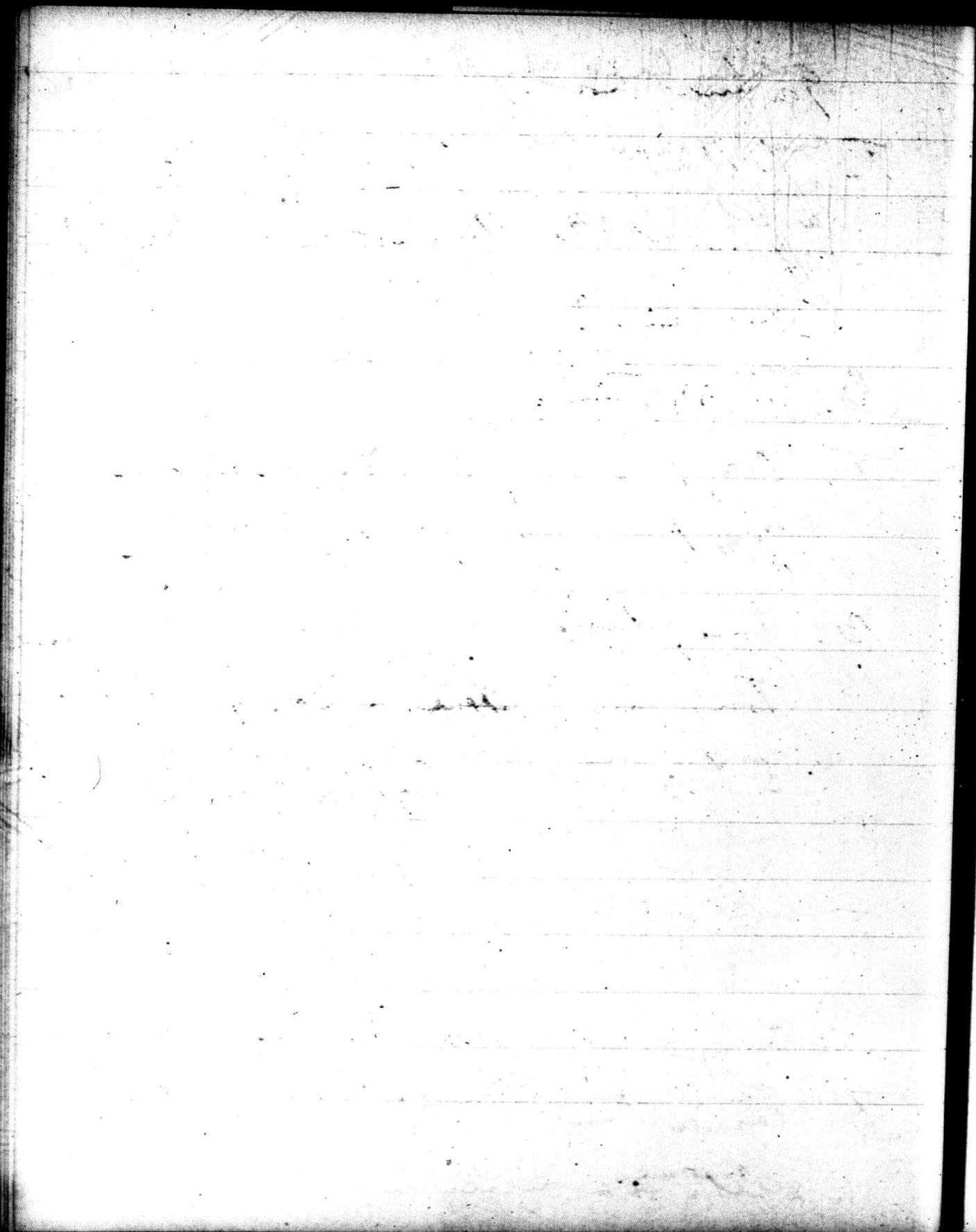
never have anything, because there's
no you to have it. Give only
a copy-book with noble precepts
beautifully hunted - and not
even a child to scribble over it.

T. Indeed that's true, ma'am. If I've
served you well - may I ask you me
favour?

B. I will not - I will positively
not - bid you, Tim.

T. Indeed, ma'am, Emily wouldn't
like it if you did. I only wanted
- tell me, isn't there an easy
way to die?

B. Easier than living, Tim. Oh yes,
death is a delicious delirium when



you know how.

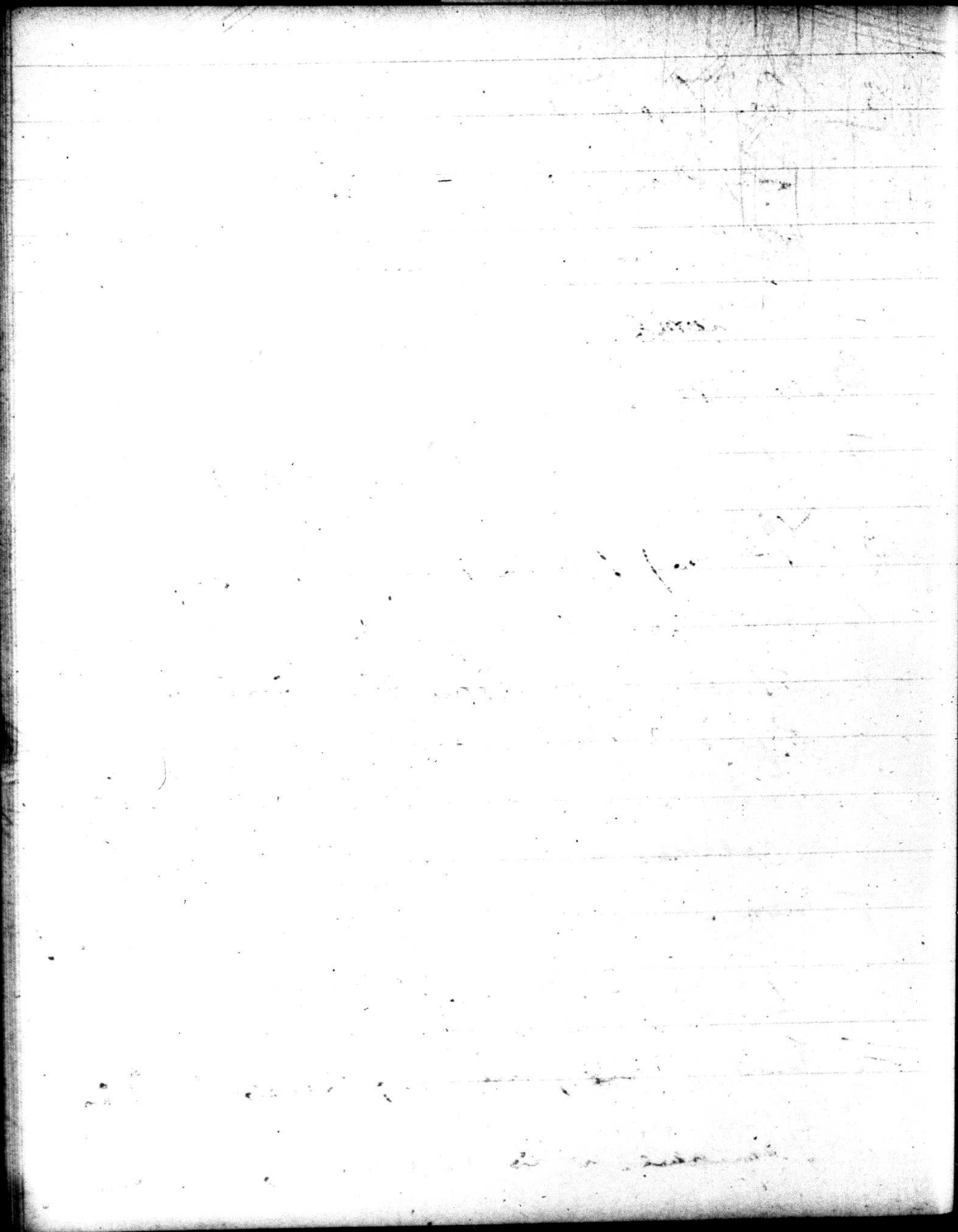
T. Is that — (he gasps with
fear at the thought of a 'dang')
morphia?

B. It is, Tim.

T. May I — may I — have some —
just enough, you know —

B. Sure, take some of these tablets.
Four now, ~~five~~ when you begin
to feel sleepy. Gorgeous dreams, and
never wake up! (Gives pills)

T. Thank you ma'am, thank you. I
humbly take my leave. I'm
glad the queen sat's Jubbin,
ma'am.

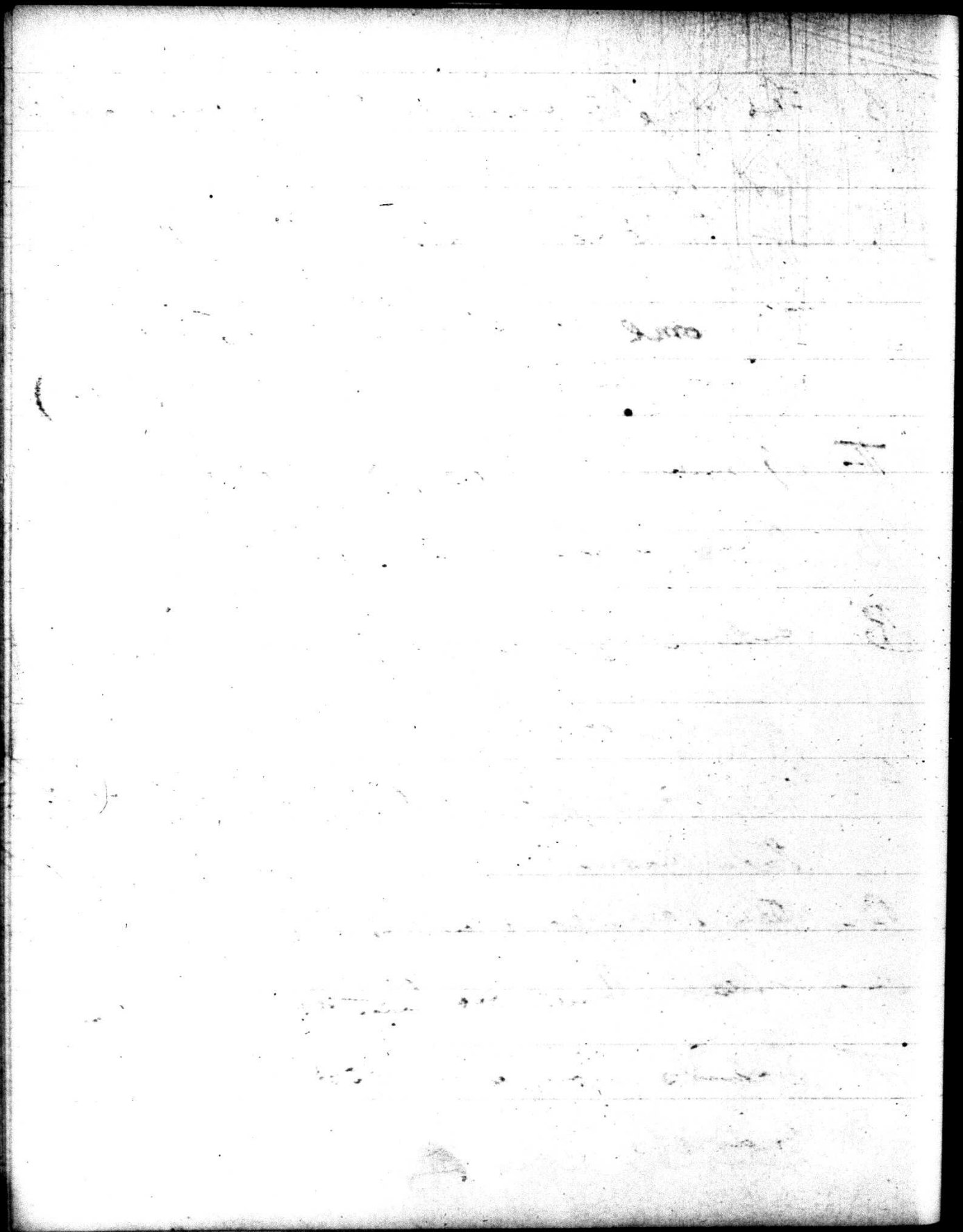


B. God' bye and god' luck! But I say,
look here, don't die about the house.
Take a room in a hotel. I can't have
my ~~home~~ all cluttered up with
corpses.

T. Yes, ma'am. (He goes out.)

B (gawps.) I think I'll wear my
Hungarian to-day: or shall it
be my men from the Sicilian
Players? Perhaps it would be
more proper to go straight into
full mourning. Oh, I'm so tired of
men! (injects herself) So - tired!
(a knock. Enter Fortunio.)

F. Excuse me, ma'am; there's a Miss
Grey here who had an appointment.



I told her the news, and she requested
to see you, madam.

B. Now that's really amusing - show her
in. (He goes. Blanche darts to the
mirror and powders herself &c)

F returns Miss Grey!

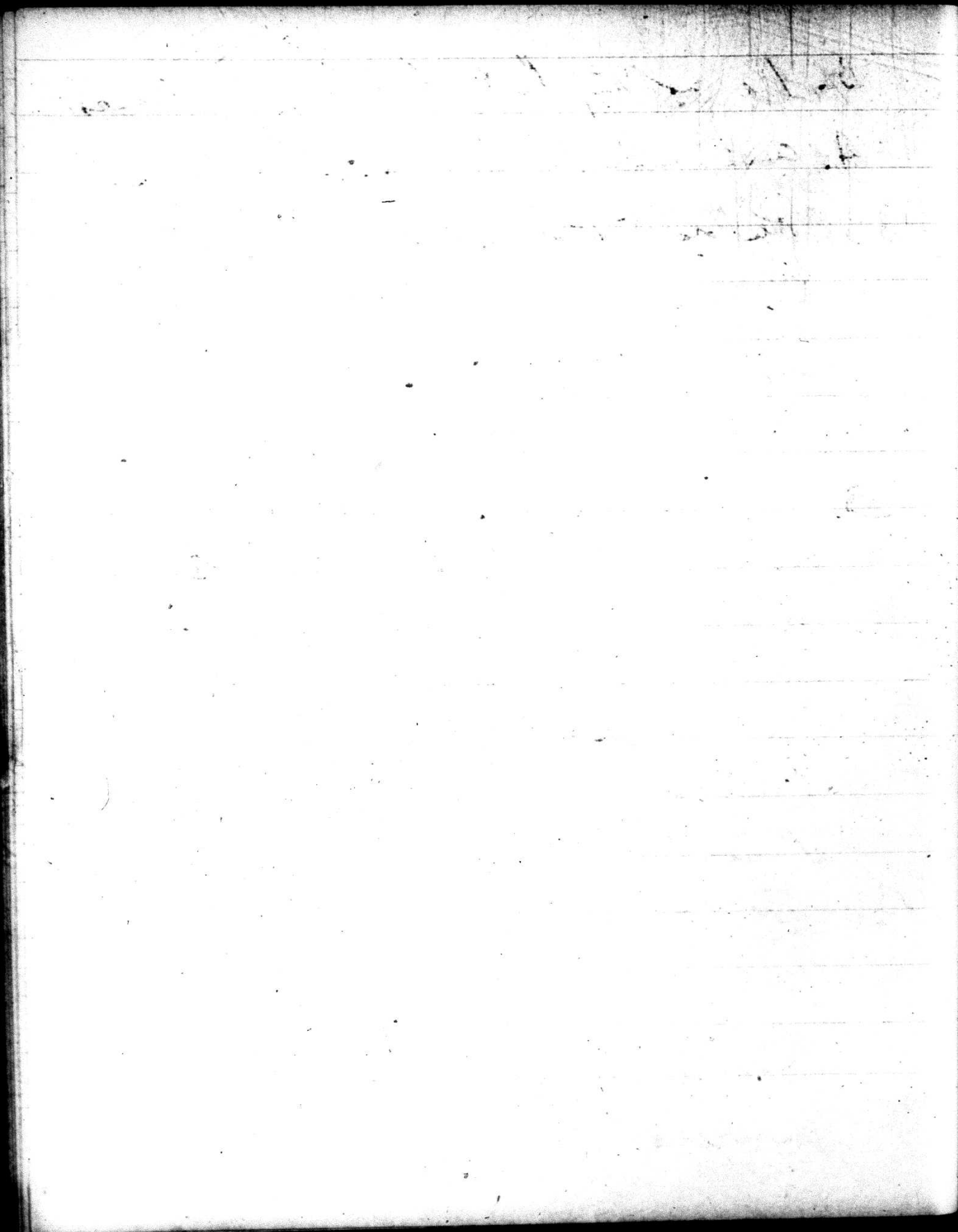
(Adela walks in.)

B. Adela, you sweetest thing, how
well you look!

A. By denting Blanche, you're lovelier
than ever!

B. Oh I am so glad to see you!

A. Indeed, there's no friends like old
friends, though we did have our
quarrels.



B. I've nothing but love for you, dearest.

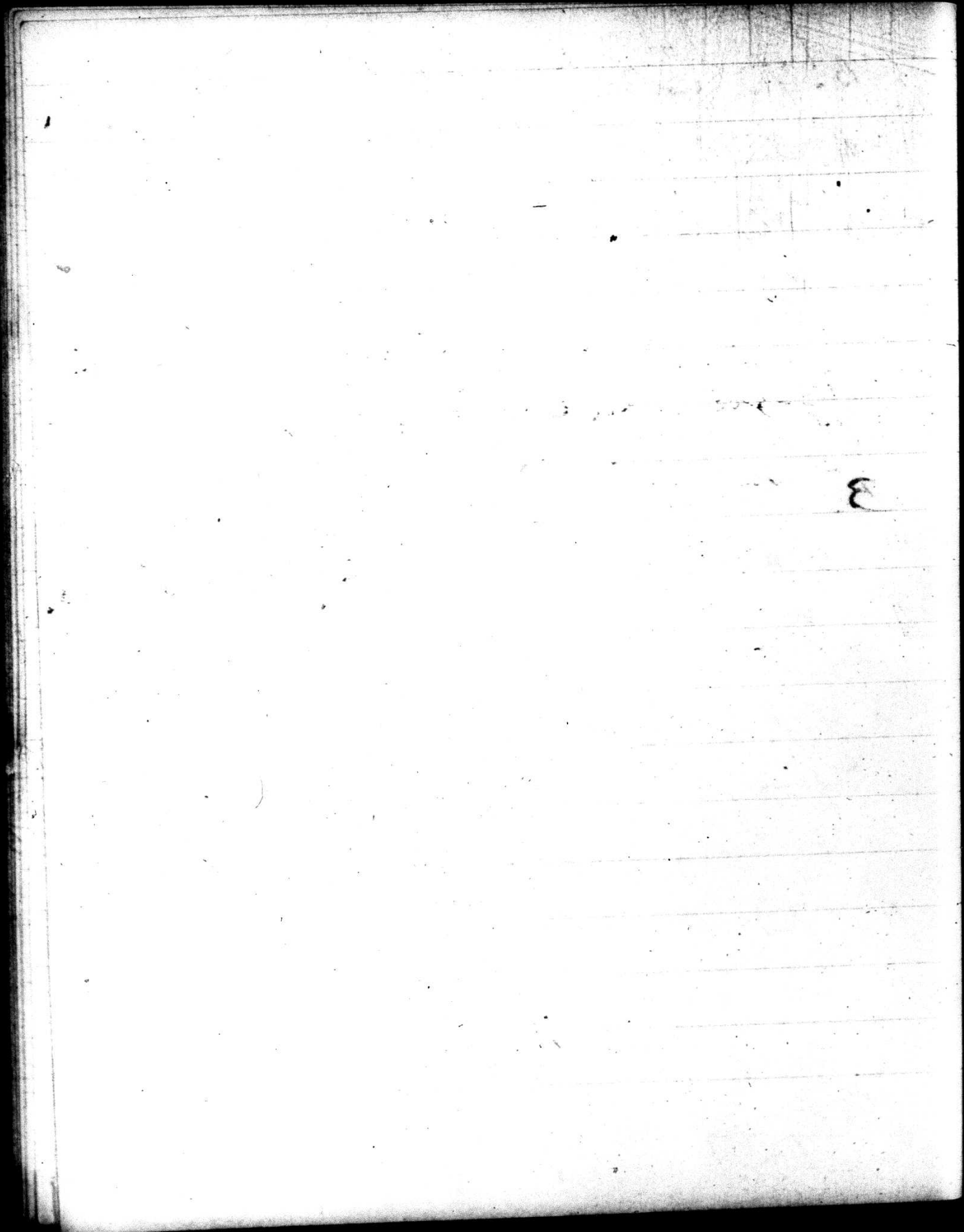
A. and I wish I'd been kinder to you.

B. Oh do sit down, sweetheart, and let me tell you all about Joe dying this morning.

A. Oh I should just love to hear it.

B. It was all your fault, really, for you did everything to make Bill what he was. So when Joe heard Bill, whom he despised for a fool, called America's greatest ~~son~~, he just got apoplexy. What a lovely dress that is, my dear!

A. Yes; it's Beer's. My circumstances have changed a good deal since Bill died, of course. The dear big boy was hardly dead three months



before they destroyed him. It's been
a fury of work, but I've put him
where he belongs - with the great
Jeds that pity men and care to live
among them. He liked me best in
ivy-green and violet because
of my hair.

B. He liked me best in heggais' sags.

A. I wish you'd tell me that some
day. I never asked Bill what
happened, nor let him tell me.
I had a - a feeling about it; I
can't explain it.

B. I can; he really loved me for a
few minutes. You see, I had been
loving it over men all my life,

Handwritten text at the bottom of the page, possibly a signature or date, including the number "10".

and the wild beast in him wanted
to tame me, hunt me, humiliate
me, to amble me.

A. I see. and you liked it?

B. What woman wouldn't? I know
lots of suffragettes who'd give their
ears to be kicked by a nigger.

A. No, some women can't enjoy
anything. The Emily type!

B. Women! The world's full of blind
deaf senseless sexless worms
- the Emily type. I don't call
her a Woman.

(c heck.)

1. Come in!

E in great agitation

O! My pardon, madam, most

1872

1873

1874

1875

1876

1877

1878

1879

1880

1881

1882

1883

1884

1885

1886

1887

1888

1889

1890

humbly, but is Tim here? Has he
gone out?

B. Your agitation appears to be from
some distress.

E. I've a letter of farewell,
mean, from Tim, and now I
can't find him.

B. Well, to cut short your anxieties,
Emily, Tim went out of the house
secretly. His intention (as I
understand) is to take a room
at a hotel under an assumed
name, and pass on himself.

[Faint, illegible handwriting on lined paper]

A. Blanche, how can you?

(She goes and comforts E. who is sitting half collapsed, trembling and crying. She is more like 79 than her 49.)

E. How could he? How could he?
after all these years?

B. But that's it, Emity; that's where you pay for you folly in trying to create a permanent tie in a world of impermanence!

A. There's wisdom in those words, though they seem cruel.

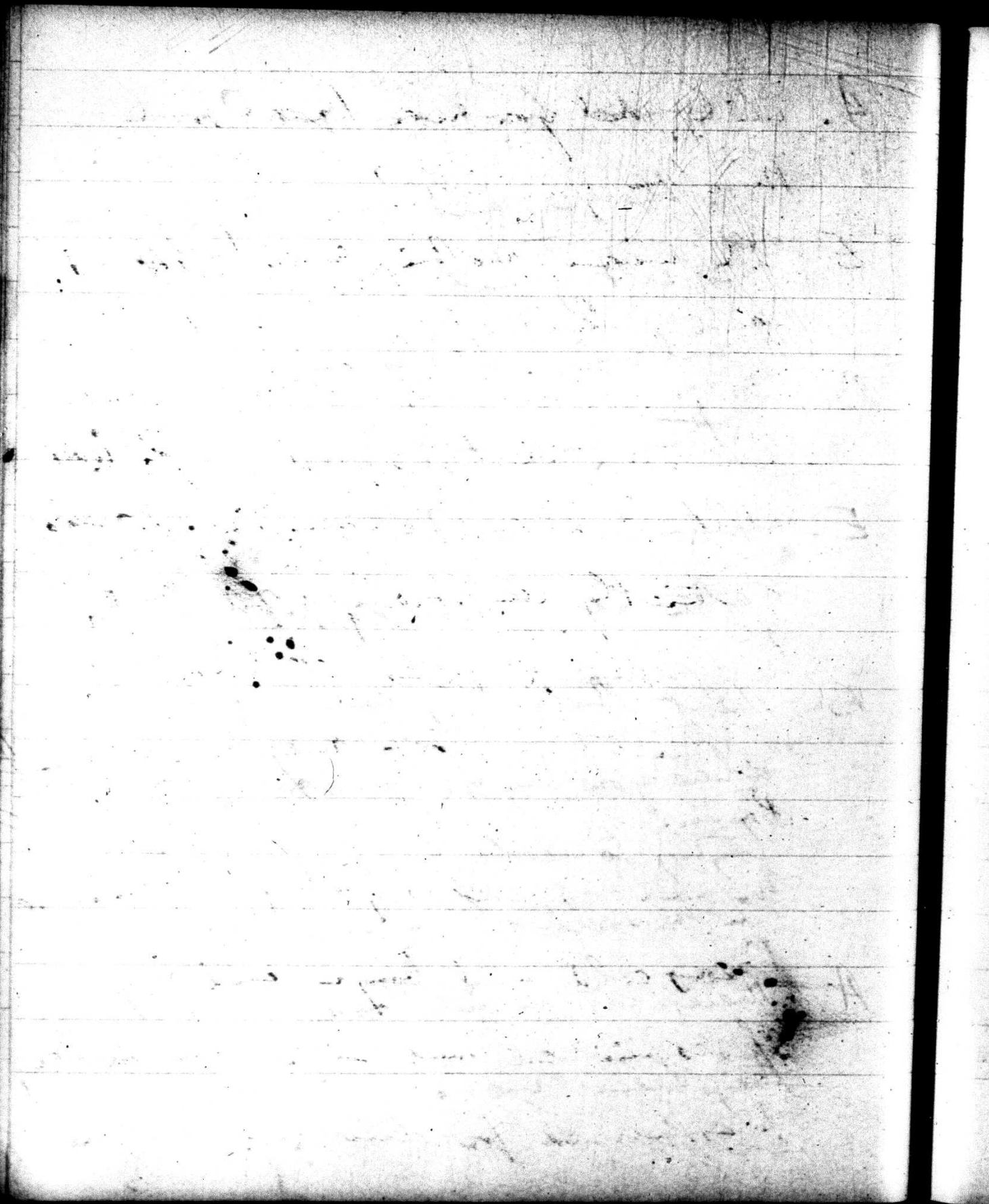
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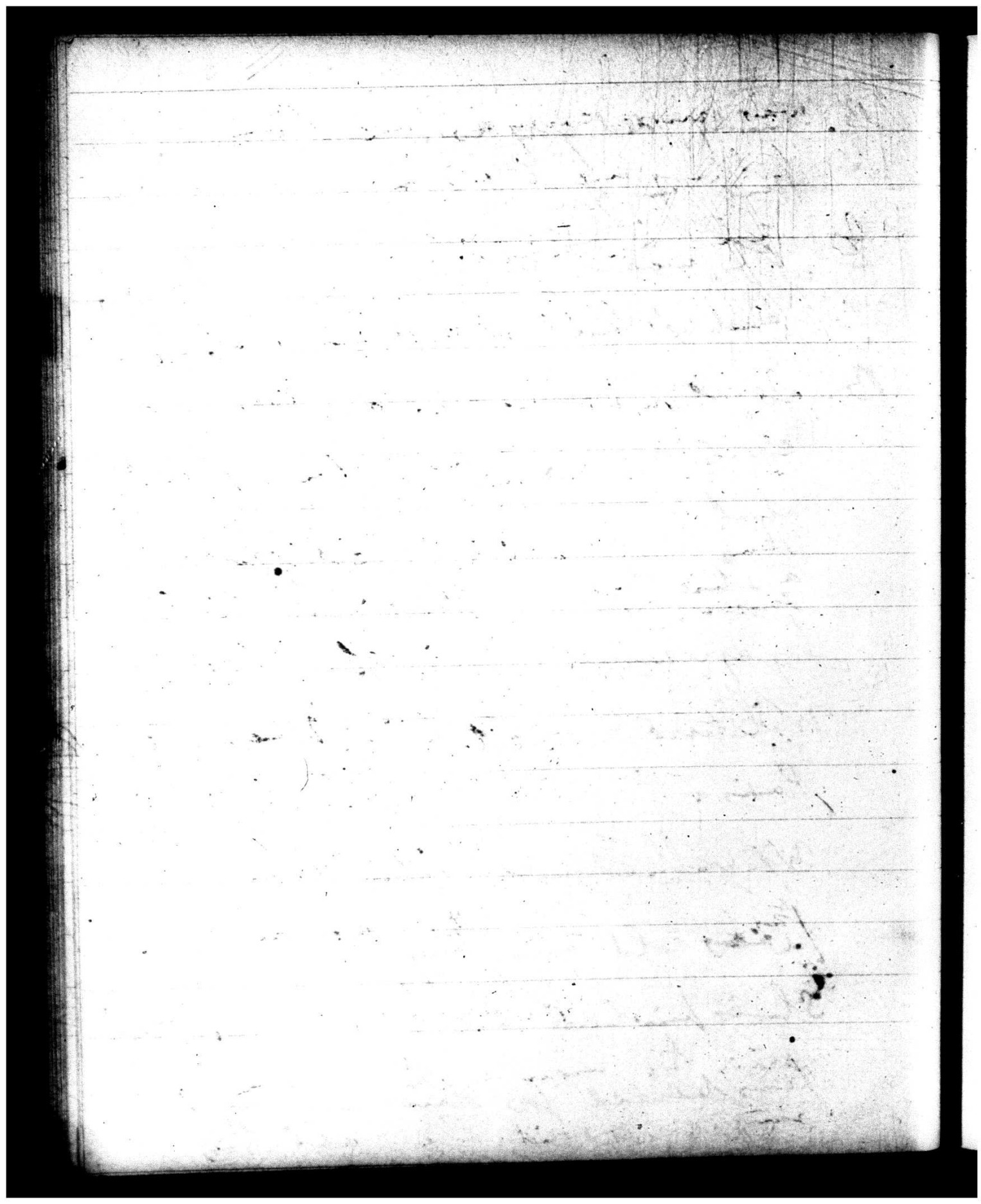


B. Emily, did you ever have a good time in your life?

E. Oh, indeed, nothing ever happened, and I kind of got used to it.

B. Well, I had only one time which counted, and I was just going to tell about it when you came in. It was a strictly temporary good time, by agreement; yes, it was when Wilbur Owen took me away from Paris.

We walked all night; by sunrise I was cold and hungry and my shoes pinched me - you remember, he searched for dinner - and he



was more carrying me than helping me to walk.

A. ah! you bet that!

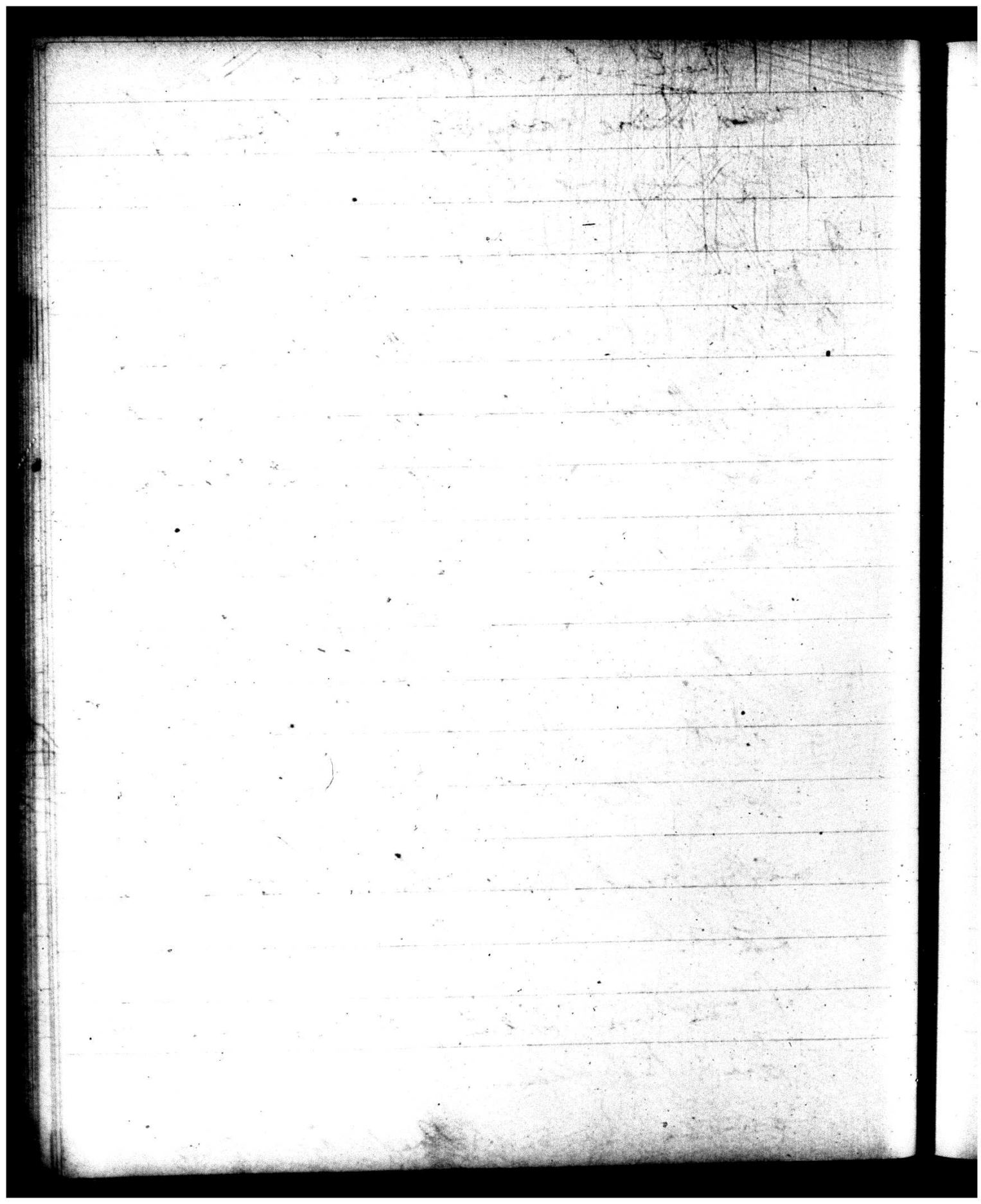
B. You bet. Well, a guard stopped us, thought he was an apache looking a vanderille star, I guess.

Then Bill said: "Be of good cheer, citizen. The republic is safe. We are doing it for a bet"

That reassured him. When we got to the village we had the

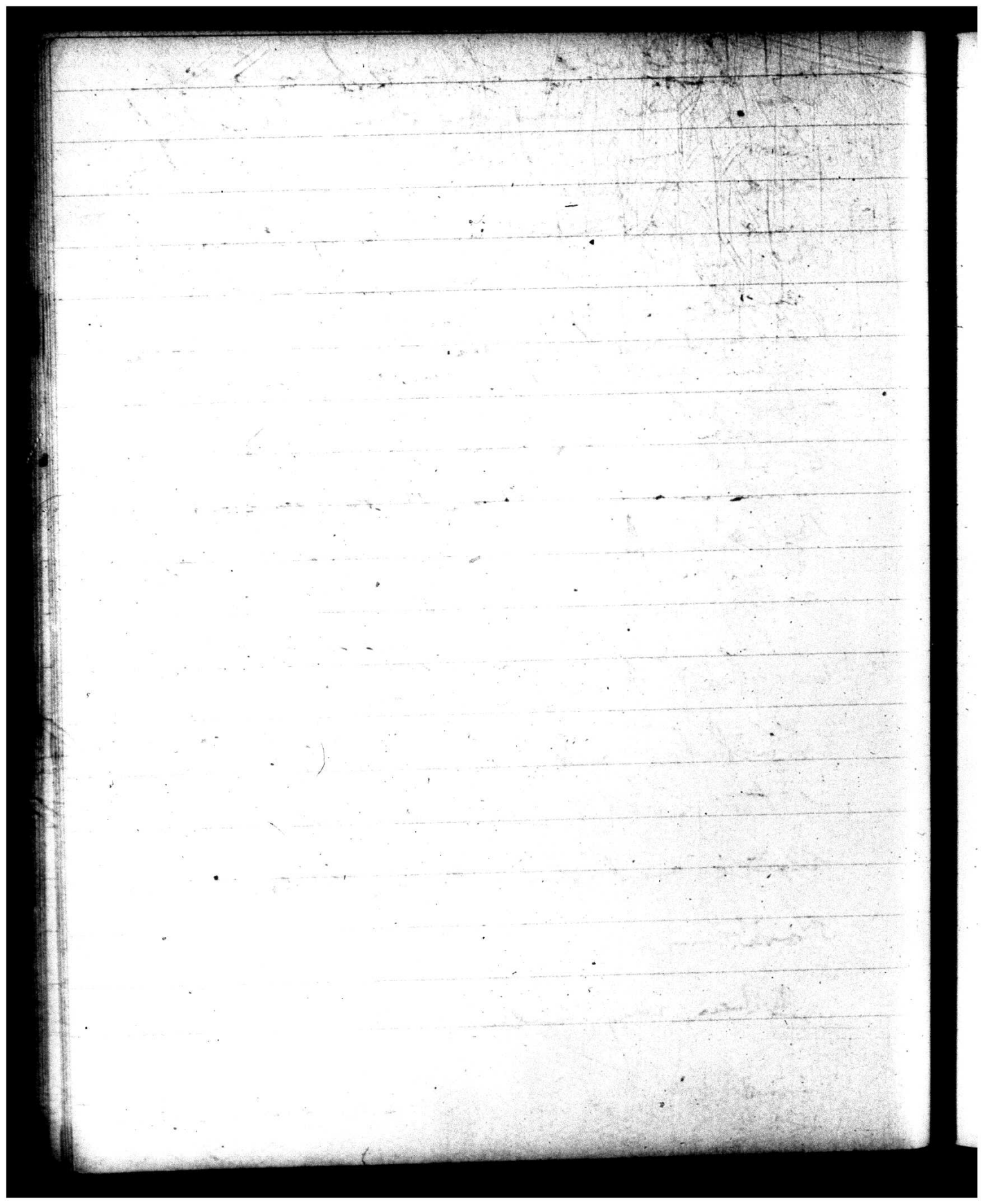
only breakfast I had ever tasted. And then he said:

Mumt charge Lee's dollar, and paid the man with one of my snags. He did that all the



That's where all my pearls are.
way. There was one ring I really
loved, a great ruby set in platinum
One night - we had crossed the
Sierra something in the blazing sun
- we got down to a hamlet - nothing
to eat or drink but goats' milk.
Believe me, I drank it. ^{I can taste it now!} I took that
ruby ring to pay for it - though
we had money by that time. Bill
exhibited me as a wild woman
of the woods - made me eat
meat and live rabbits for a
show -

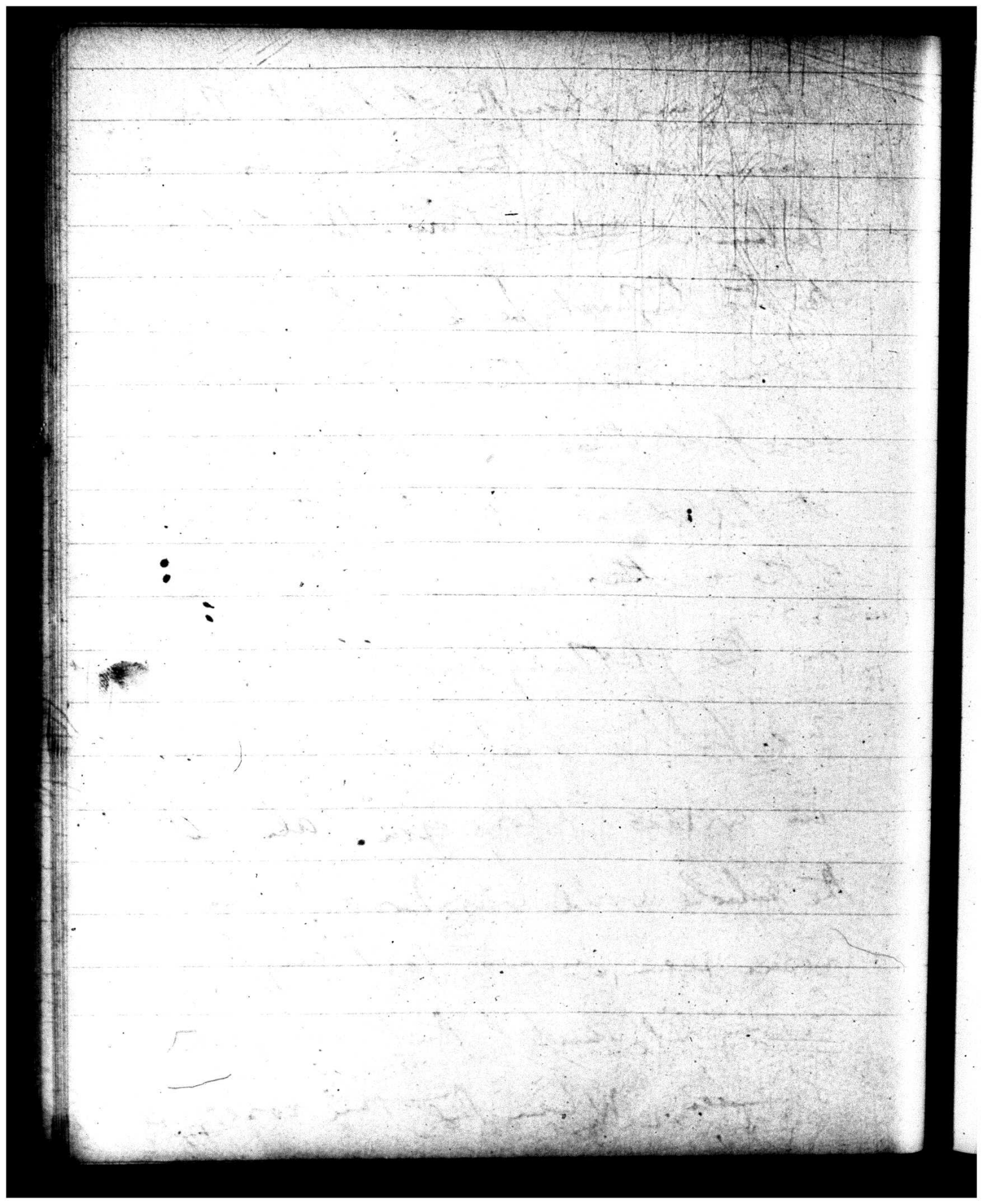
When my evening dress fell off



my back, he got me a gipsy
dress - and I wear it, I looked
fine. We were walking twenty
miles a day, you know. I was
lean, and strong, and almost
brown, I've never had the same
skin since. and every night -
Every night! We lay under the
stars, or in some stable when
the weather was bad, or in some
fenny old inn, and drank great
goblets of wine, rough, red, strong
wine poured from a goatskin
into our hands, thrown back.
and oh! what beauty and what

[Faint, illegible handwriting on lined paper]

skill and strength of love! The
crying need of his country is
technical education. He took me
to the highest peak of the Pyrenees
as we crossed them - we were
barefoot those days - he said
it filled me with the strength
of the earth's currents, and there
on the glittering snow he told
me for the first and only time
in words "I love you." ah, but
the whole world was Love! I had
never seen, known, felt anything
in my life until that halcyon
summer. When the sun rose, he

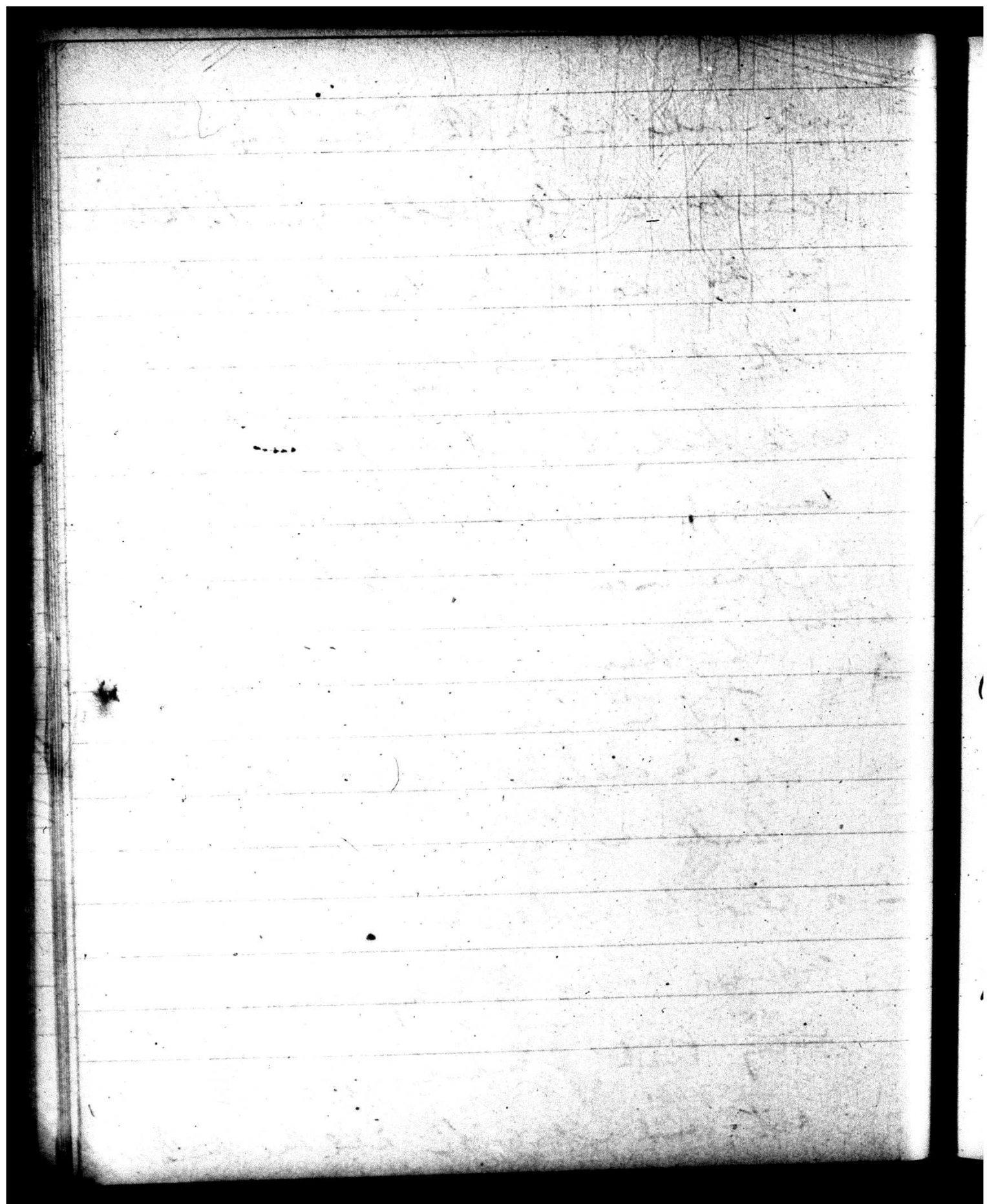


would wake me with "Come kiss me,
Blanche the lily, redder your petals
with the wine of the day, the first
Spill of the sun's fly on; or else I
could wake to find him gesticulating,
dancing, crying about some old
Egyptian incantation to the sun:
(entreat)

Ache due
Tuf ^{me} bin
Tuf ^{me} bin

Big's chefes
Dunder ^{me} of an ^{nuttern}
Dunder ^{me} of an ^{nuttern}

- or else he would wake me with
cedenced caresses, every whisper,
every touch a masterpiece of
art, and yet with all the pulse

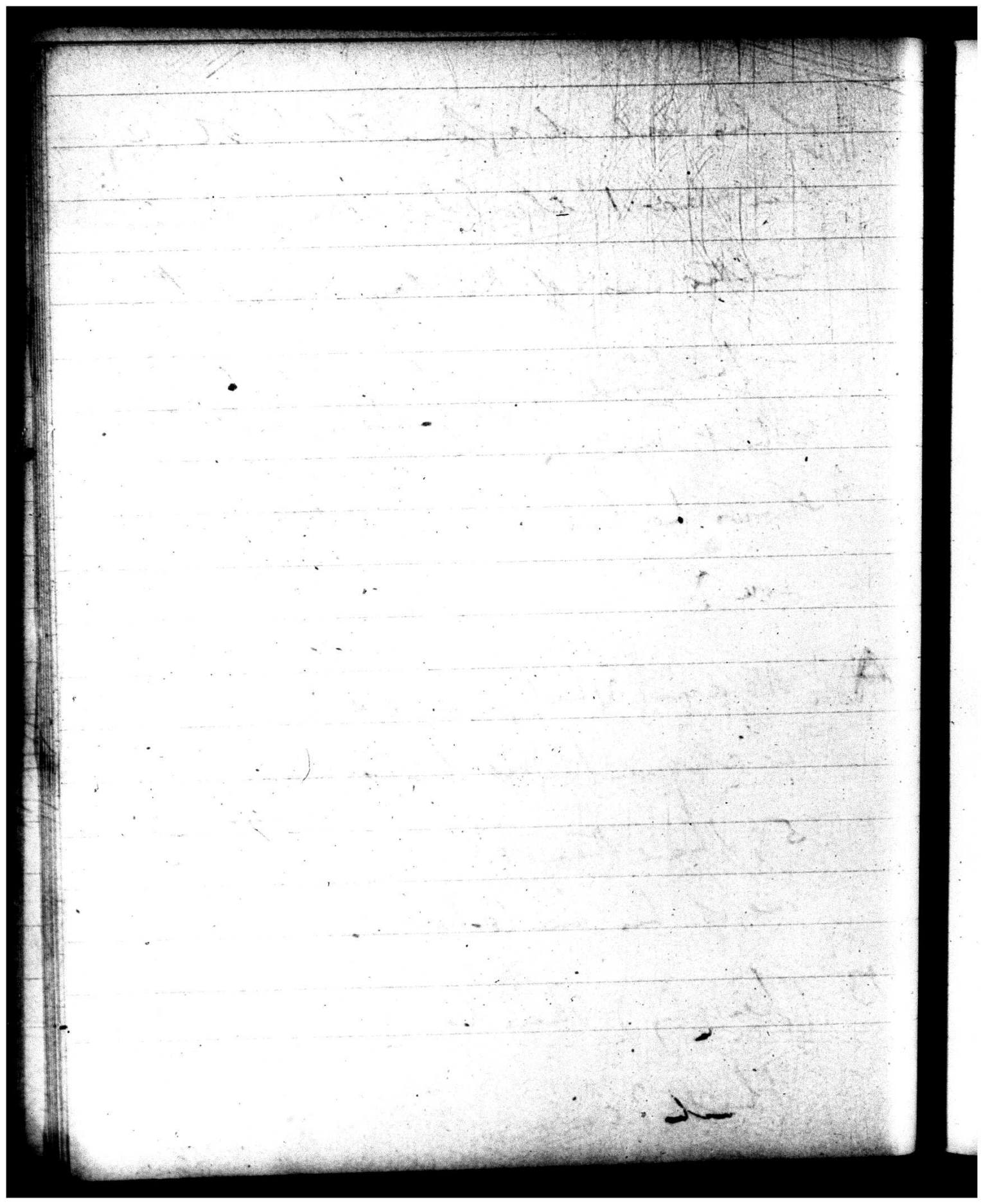


of his soul to inform it! Oh, my
dear, how I hate Gibraltar! The three
months was up the day we got there

- The point of one thing - he left me
without saying good-bye ^{He woke up - and he wasn't there.} / I think that
shows he loved me a little, don't
you?

A. No, dear. What you have described
so eloquently is his Formula No
5; I have them all worked out in
one of his notebooks.

B. (sincerely) Then he loved you like
that?



A. Oh no, dearest. No 5 is only for
very hard cases.

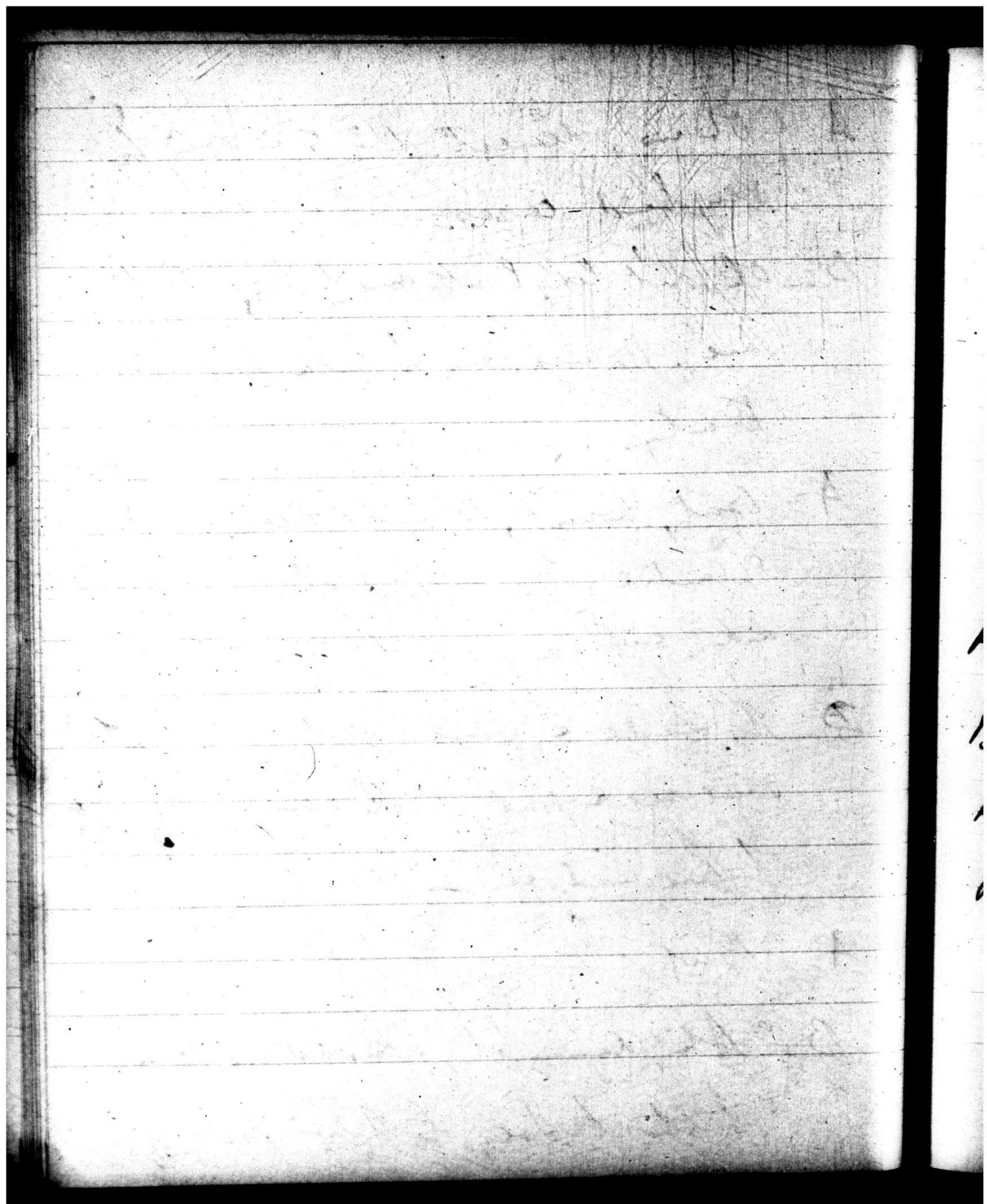
B. Oh don't lay it at me! Oh, I don't
care. He was my formula five and
twenty.

A. But, honest, Blanche dear, you were
splendid. You fulfilled almost as he
did, and you felt it, too.

B. He made a woman out of me; he
gave me a soul, with gainsayers
of his and air —

A. But —

B. Ah, damn it, I know. I came
back to Joe, to New York.



New York is the home of Dead Souls.
Mine died when I first took chocolate
in bed again. Young women, beware!
The chocolate habit is the brief ^{precursor} precursor
of the morphine habit. Wine from
a goat's skin's the only safe drink there
is.

A. and wine from the flegon of the sun!

B. He spelt words like wine.

A. His book was like strong wine.

B. I'm sober now - I soon conquered
the chocolate habit. Oh if you
only knew - he created me, and
my soul wails within me. It's

1. The first part of the paper is a list of names of the authors of the papers in the volume.

2. The second part of the paper is a list of the titles of the papers in the volume.

3. The third part of the paper is a list of the authors of the papers in the volume.

4. The fourth part of the paper is a list of the titles of the papers in the volume.

5. The fifth part of the paper is a list of the authors of the papers in the volume.

6. The sixth part of the paper is a list of the titles of the papers in the volume.

7. The seventh part of the paper is a list of the authors of the papers in the volume.

8. The eighth part of the paper is a list of the titles of the papers in the volume.

9. The ninth part of the paper is a list of the authors of the papers in the volume.

10. The tenth part of the paper is a list of the titles of the papers in the volume.

11. The eleventh part of the paper is a list of the authors of the papers in the volume.

12. The twelfth part of the paper is a list of the titles of the papers in the volume.

13. The thirteenth part of the paper is a list of the authors of the papers in the volume.

14. The fourteenth part of the paper is a list of the titles of the papers in the volume.

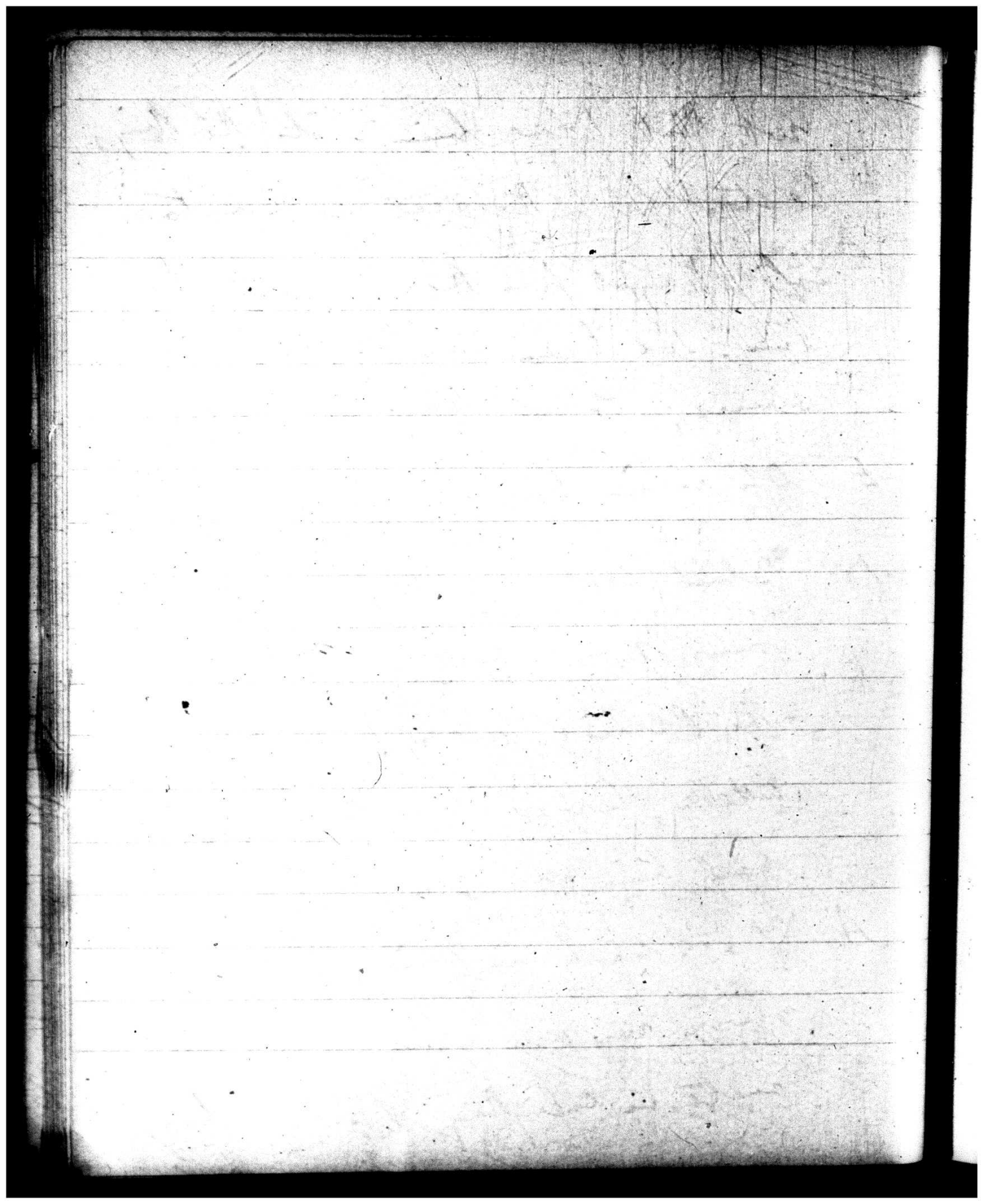
15. The fifteenth part of the paper is a list of the authors of the papers in the volume.

not that I love him - it's the things
he stood for - the real one wants
life straight from the fountains of the
sun. I've been drinking gin in the
shams; it's not the same things.

E. Oh ma'am, how can you talk so?

B. Blind, deaf, senseless, sexless
vipers of the shams - The bourgeoisie!
- the Pillars of Society! But you,
Adela, how is it with you? You
had him all your life?

A. Yes, I drank his wine; but it was
always my own wine. I was his
niece in everything. I should always



have lived some sort of sun-life.

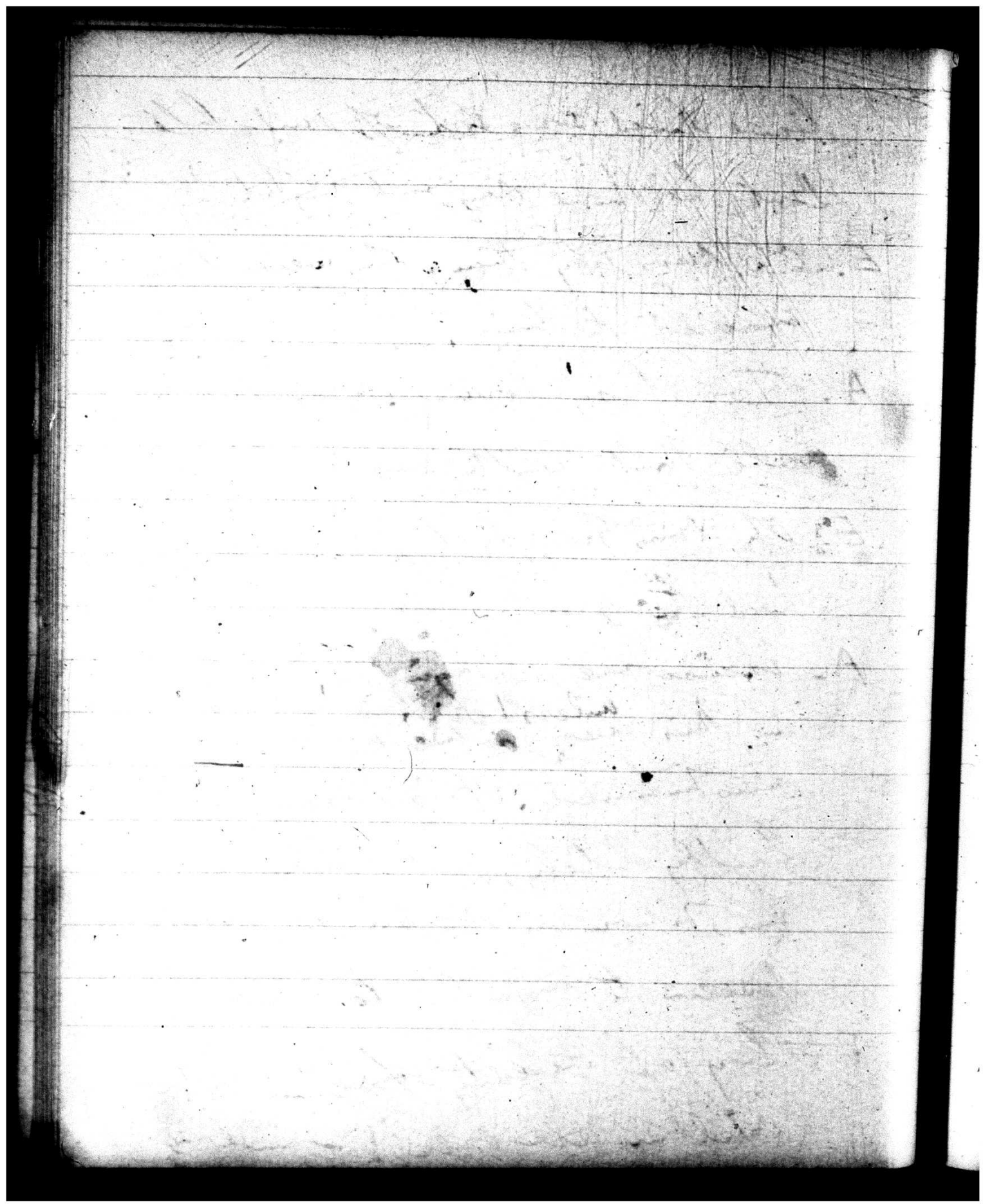
But he shone day and night!

E. Oh, Miss Grey, then why weren't you married to him?

A. Too busy loving. Yes, I've had all that Earth has to offer.

E. Oh, Miss Grey, but you haven't had the great joy of children!

A. Excuse me for saying so, humbly, but in his ^{unless I err,} case, you have been shamefully mistreated. It is possible, though humbly likely, that I may be mistaken on the point, but I seem to myself to have a boy of twenty-five - he's Wilbur all over! - and a



girl of twenty, whom I attribute,
though with diffidence, to a very
nice Spanish boy, a treader

E. Oh Miss Gray, how can you say such
things?

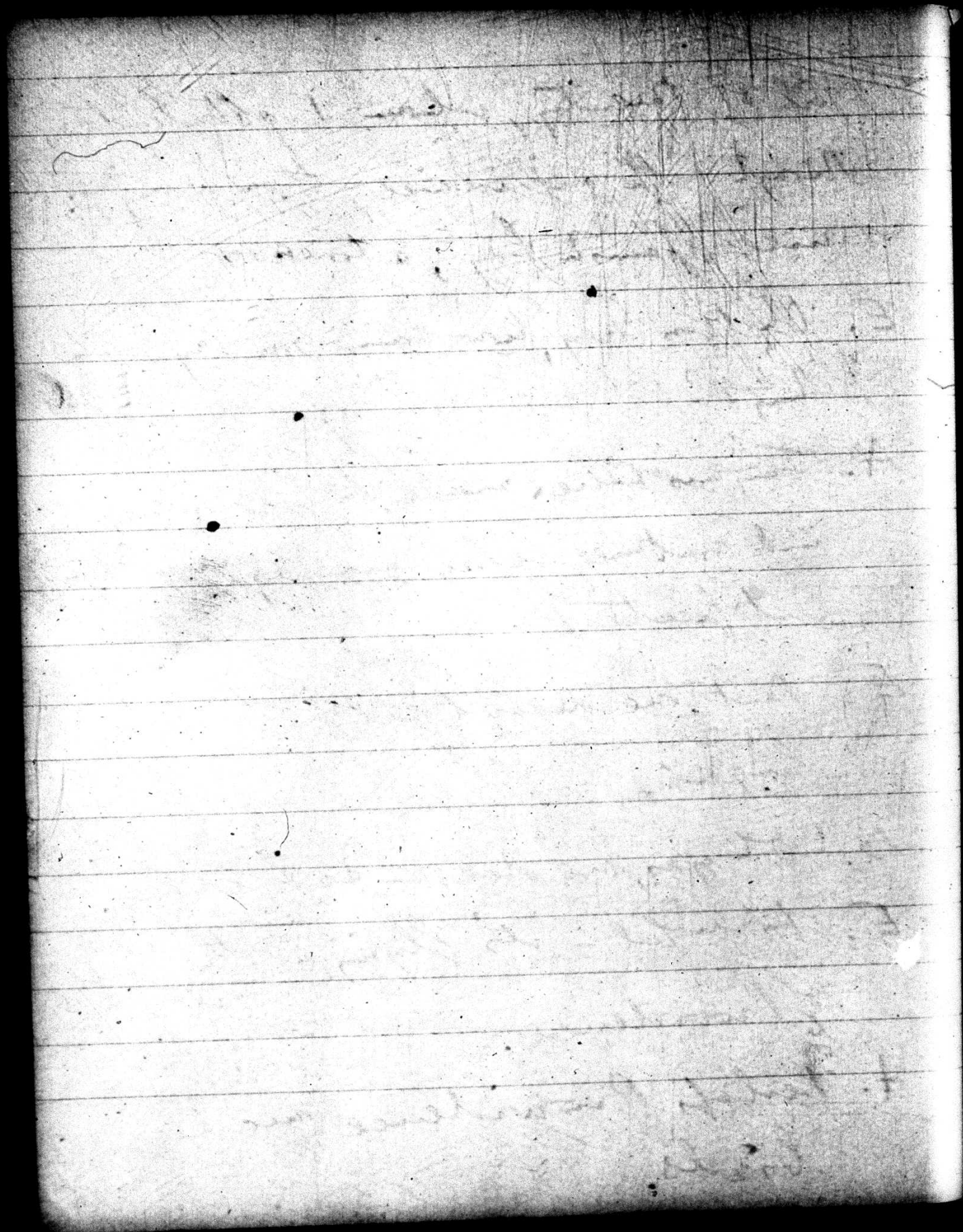
A. Fingers were made before books,
and nature before marriage
certificates.

E. But one doesn't eat with one's
fingers.

B. Oh yes, one does - asparagus.

E. It's woful - it's flying in the face
of Providence.

A. Perhaps Providence made
birds.



E. I don't understand. I'm
afraid I've got nothing out
of life.

A I've got away thing.

B I've got morphine.

(She injects herself as the
curtain falls.)

8:15 P.M. July 22 1919

(Very slow & interrupted)