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## I Am A Camera: The Open Shutter, The Open Wound

David M. Houghton

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I AM A CAMERA

THE OPEN SHUTTER, THE OPEN WOUND

a creative thesis presented to  
the faculty of the Department of  
Fine and Performing Arts  
Lindenwood College

in partial fulfillment of the  
requirements for the degree of  
Master of Fine Arts

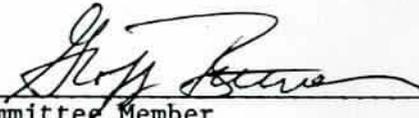
by  
David M. Houghton  
Spring 1983

THE DEPARTMENT OF PERFORMING ARTS  
OF  
LINDENWOOD COLLEGE

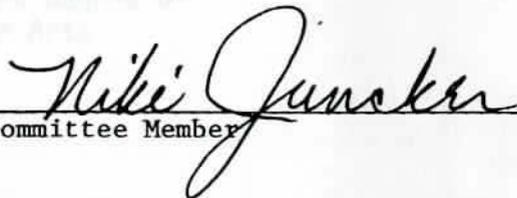
Upon the recommendation of the Department of  
Performing Arts, this thesis is hereby accepted  
in partial fulfillment of the requirements of the  
degree of Master of Fine Arts.



Chairman, Department of Performing Arts



Committee Member



Committee Member

10 May. 1984

Date

THESIS PERSPECTUS - MASTER OF FINE ARTS - LINDENWOOD COLLEGE

David M. Houghton, M.F.A. Candidate

As partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree, Master of Fine Arts, I must undertake a creative thesis project. As my choice, I have selected to propose that I direct a full-length production on the Lindenwood campus. The specifics follow:

PROPOSAL:

I propose to mount, stage, and direct a full scale production of John Van Druten's theatrical adaptation of Christopher Isherwood's novel Berlin Stories, I Am A Camera.

GOALS:

To become intimately familiar with all aspects of directing a full-length production in a college setting. These aspects include:

- 1) Play selection and screening
- 2) Play analysis and conceptualization
- 3) Realization of concept through staging and design
- 4) Productive communication skills with production staff
- 5) Audition and casting process
- 6) Rehearsal process
- 7) Production problem-solving and solution implementation
- 8) Post-production critique and reviews

If approved, my graduate committee shall consist of the following:

Dr. Robert Peffers  
Niki Juncker  
Groff Bittner

## I AM A CAMERA

The Open Shutter, The Open Wound

A Directorial Thesis by David M. Houghton

The following is a Master of Fine Arts directorial thesis. It will encompass all elements of conceptualization, background, preparation, staging, and performance of John Van Druten's I Am A Camera. The elements discussed will include the following:

- I. Process of Choice/Selection of the Piece
- II. Evolution of the story, from Isherwood's Berlin Stories to the movie Cabaret
- III. Preparation for production - the search for a facility and identification of technical problems
- IV. Casting and Staging
- V. Performance
- VI. Aftermath and Reflections

The project was conceived, sponsored, and mounted as a part of the "Second Season" of the Lindenwood College's Department of Performing Arts in March of 1983. I undertook it as a requirement towards fulfillment of a Master of Fine Arts degree in Directing/Theatre.

## ELEMENT I

### Process of Choice/Selection of I Am A Camera

A partial list of my directing credits prior to the project in question will help to put the selection process into perspective. My first directorial experience was with a Baptist church during my junior year in high school. One of my love interests at the time was given the task of finding someone to take charge of her church's newly formed Christian Drama Group, and I was selected. My first attempt at directing was a Christian one-act called "The Cell." From there, a community theatre production of Barefoot in the Park and George S. Kaufman's Still Alarm rounded out my projects as a director during secondary school.

College undergraduate work at Southern Illinois University - Edwardsville included directing productions of Old Times, The Zoo Story, A Midsummer Night's Dream, Godspell, The Birthday Party, and a collection of cuttings from the Bard's classics called Shakespearean Blackouts in the studio, and an unprecedented mainstage production of Plaza Suite. Undergraduate class work included courses in all levels of acting and directing for all styles and a solid core of technical and design courses in all areas.

Graduate work prior to the thesis project, was, ironically, considerably more limited to class work and theory than in undergraduate school and saw only productions of The Lady of Larkspur Lotion, Henry IV, Part I, and another collection of Shakespeare scenes for recruitment touring.

In summary, I felt that my previous experience, such as it was,

had offered me a wide and diversified background from which to choose a culminating project. My experience not only led me in the direction of my ultimate choice of projects, but it also gave me a practical sense of expectations about what I should and about what I could expect from a graduate thesis production. So, with these background factors in mind, I developed a criteria for play selection.

First, I looked for a project that would balance my belief that a Master of Fine Arts thesis production should have full technical support and my own patented brand of the KISS method (Keep It Simple, Stupid). My own ideas about play selection are based on the idea that, as a director, you should avoid placing any more difficulties on yourself than is absolutely necessary. In other words, don't make trouble for yourself by choosing a play that requires an earthquake onstage if you can avoid it. This philosophy also derives from the fact that I consider myself to be an actor's director and in my definition that means that the most important element of any production is the actor as storyteller, and all other aspects of the production are secondary and supportive. This perspective leads me to choose works for production that are small cast with well-developed characters that offer three dimension potential for the actors. I also try to avoid plays that require a large number of unnatural events occurring onstage. I have found that effects like rain, snow, fire, explosions, and other spectacles stress the audience's willing suspension of disbelief unnecessarily and are better left to the movies. Theatre is for the actor. Even the commonplace technical support areas such as lights, costumes, and set should be in the show and not be the show.

In summary, requirements for a play for my thesis were: an "actor's" piece with a simple technical shopping list and emphasis on plot and character development. My goals were to demonstrate that I had reached a point in my directorial training and development that I could select, conceive, adapt if necessary (it was), and mount a full-length production that best reflected not only my accumulated tools as a director, but to some degree the "style" that my own personal brand of directing had evolved into.

My first selection was a "from the hip" personal preference. Directing Harold Pinter's The Homecoming had been a goal of mine since I was introduced to the work in my final year of secondary school. I had met with a limited success in directing Pinter's works, and felt I had a better-than-average grasp of his unique style, and an unlimited affection for the playwright's plays. It was because of this "familiarity" that I rejected the notion. I felt I had a foothold on directing Pinter, and Simon, and Albee. I had studied Miller in scene work, on paper, and in theory until I felt I could readily delve into his works. I had prepared an extensive series of scenes from Tennessee Williams' A Streetcar Named Desire and felt a handle on that playwright's style. I sought a work that while not being foreign or alien in nature, would force me into an area that I had not ventured into previously. The work needed to be a new sort of challenge, while still fitting into my own self-imposed requirements. After about two weeks of reflection and research, John Van Druten's I Am A Camera was chosen and approved by my faculty advisor and department chairman, Dr. Robert Peffers.

I first became aware of the Isherwood saga indirectly in the early '70's when Liza Minnelli's photograph appeared on the cover of Time

magazine announcing a story on the new movie Cabaret. Little did I know that this most contemporary and recent form of the story was only the latest edition in a long evolution of plot, character, and action.

My next contact with the work was in my sophomore year of undergraduate work when the stage musical version was performed as part of our mainstage season. The themes alone were enough to stir the local chapter of the American Nazi Party into bringing the show under its close and unwelcome scrutiny. It was perhaps at this point in time that I began to realize the full contemporary relevance of the story, and how some things for some people had not changed.

From my assistant stage manager's vantage, I could feel twinges of fear in myself and everyone else involved. Well, if not actual fear, then at least extreme discomfort as their watchful eyes perused our open rehearsals and performances. I remember being confused over exactly why I felt this "fear," but I knew distinctly that I did not like it.

It was this undefineable legacy of intimidation and fear that gave the work a very real and tagible sense of relevance. What I was then unaware of was that a much more poignant and concise statement on the human relationship and reaction to this type of fear was already in existence in the form of I Am A Camera.

My first contact with the play came in 1980 during a rare April snowfall in Nashville, Tennessee. Vanderbilt University Theatre's production of I Am A Camera was moving and effective to the extent that it helped me to define and articulate my own feelings about the type of oppression that the Nazi movement was so indicative of. These feelings and observations eventually evolved into the working concept

for my production of the show. At this point, it is sufficient to state that the script said things I felt needed to be said, and despite some structural shortcomings, said them very well.

To sum up this selection process, I Am A Camera was chosen as my thesis project because I felt it would: 1) make a social statement that I felt was relevant both to myself and to the community, 2) was a stylistic stretch for my directorial skills and lastly, 3) met the limiting technical requirements of facility and talent pool.

## ELEMENT II

### Evolution of the Story - Berlin Stories to Cabaret

The story told by Christopher Isherwood of a small group of people caught in 1930 Berlin during political upheaval and the fears, choices, and decisions that they face is effective in all its forms. Its universal themes, human relationships, and statements on the human condition under stress are given credence by its basis in real events and characters.

Christopher Isherwood came to Berlin in 1929 and remained until 1934, hence being on hand for the world altering rise of Adolf Hitler and the early phases of minority persecution. Paying his rent by teaching English, he circulated in all social circles. His universal service, the need to speak English, and his talent for speaking German, brought him into contact with everyone from Communist subversives to Jewish aristocrats to Nazi agitators. These experiences over four years provided material for a major novel and four short stories, all based on real events he kept record of in his personal diary, which is the first evolutionary link in the story that eventually became I Am A Camera.

The novel, Mr. Norris Changes Trains or by its American title The Last of Mr. Norris, dabbles in subtle decadences and subversions of the time. Although there are no characters or situations in "Mr. Norris" that carry over into the I Am A Camera saga, the atmosphere of intrigue is thick and prevalent and well-establishes the mood for later works.

The other and more significant stories drawn from those four years are the short stories "The Newaks," "The Landauers," "Sally Bowles,"

and "Berlin Diary: Autumn 1930."

Of these four, "Sally Bowles" appeared in a small separate volume in 1937 with the remaining three being published in their earliest literary forms in issues of John Lehmann's New Writing.

It had been Isherwood's original intention to combine all material recorded in his diary into one major novel, but he found he could not get all characters to jumble into journalistic coherency. His working title for the unified, expanded novel had been The Lost, a very interesting insight into the writer's perspective of the time he spent in that unstable Germany.

Eventually Isherwood combined his four short stories into a second novel of his Berlin years. The year 1939 saw the publication of Goodbye to Berlin.

The final literary phase of the story came with the end of World War II. In 1945, New Directions republished The Last of Mr. Norris and Goodbye to Berlin in the form they are now available in, the double novel, Berlin Stories. Thus, ended the literary phase of the evolution of the Berlin years, and thus began the theatrical evolution.

In his forward to the Berlin Stories, Isherwood writes of John Van Druten's production for the stage:

Then in the summer of 1951 John Van Druten decided that he could make a play out of "Sally Bowles." His adaptation, I Am A Camera, was written with his usual skilled speed, and was ready for production that fall. I arrived in New York to sit in on rehearsals...<sup>1</sup>

Isherwood found the embodiment of himself, his past, and the people and situations he had known to be thought-provoking and perplexing. He searched for the truth and past reality of his lost youth:

As I watched those rehearsals, I used to think a good deal - sometimes comically, sometimes sentimentally about the relation of life to art. In writing Goodbye to Berlin I destroyed a certain portion of my real past. I did this deliberately, because I preferred the simplified, more creditable, more exciting fictitious past which I'd created to take its place. Indeed, it had now become hard for me to remember just how things had really happened - that is to say, how I had made them happen in my stories. And so, gradually, the real past had disappeared, along with the real Christopher Isherwood of twenty years ago. Only the Christopher Isherwood of the stories remained.<sup>2</sup>

The effect of seeing one's past dramatized and presented in the theatrical media is, must be, a very strange one. The real meeting the unreal, the past colliding with the immediacy of the stage.

Isherwood reacted this way:

Watching my past being thus reinterpreted, revised and transformed by all these talented people upon the stage, I said to myself: I am no longer an individual. I am a collaboration. I am in the public domain.<sup>3</sup>

Fifteen years passed, the story remained in its latest form.

Then in 1966 Ebb and Kander wrote the book and music for a new Broadway musical, Cabaret. It, and its film successor of the same title, will not be examined here, as they play no part in the evolution of the textual story as I adapted and interpreted it. Later references may be made to their respective contributions to the atmosphere and individual character development, but for now, it is sufficient to say that the story of people in a city of extreme turmoil has been universal and strong enough to survive seven major revisions and still remain compelling and poignant.

### ELEMENT III

#### A. The Search For Performance Space

#### B. Identifying Technical Problems

#### A. The Search For Performance Space

My production was a test case. A ground-breaker, if you will. Mine was the first directorial thesis production in five years not to be assigned to the mainstage, and the first in two years anywhere. It was also the first of our department's relatively new administration. The exact significance of M.F.A. directorial productions and their place in the overall scheme of the department's goals and procedures was not clear, and my project was to be the first shot at clarification. Lucky me.

With the new administration came the idea that a university theatrical program was not complete without a lab or studio theatre to backstop its mainstage work. This idea was not unfamiliar to myself and other graduate students who had experienced the benefit of such programs at undergraduate school. It was perhaps partially because of this experience that it was decided that I Am A Camera would be the first full-length production of Lindenwood Theatre's newly conceived lab theatre, officially referred to at the time as "The Second Season."

As far as a space for the production was concerned, that was another matter. No well-suited facility for such an endeavor was in evidence. The only theatre on campus, the mainstage, was constantly in production or being used for set construction due to limited shop facilities.

Throughout discussions with Dr. Peffers and members of my graduate

committee, I remained steadfast in my belief that whatever facility was chosen, it should offer potential for full technical support. I was determined that design options be as broad as possible in order to enhance the conceptual process.

With this criteria in mind, several possibilities were examined and dismissed. Our acting studio was a converted art studio that was initially rejected because there was no existing lighting system. Next examined was an auditorium/lecture hall in our Fine Arts Building. This facility did have a lighting system consisting of several parabolic aluminized reflectors with extremely limited dimming control. The lighting positions themselves were all but inaccessible, making focus or instrument interchangement doubtful at best. These restrictions, though troublesome, did not automatically disqualify this performance space. What finally did eliminate Fine Arts Building, room 101 from further consideration was stage depth. Although suggestion was made of methods to temporarily extend the playing area, it was decided that budget and manpower considerations did not allow for such adaptations.

The search continued. More than one tour was subsequently made of the campus to examine any and all possible spaces.

I suppose the one image I recall most vividly in our search was the day Dr. Peffers and I stood in the middle of the long-abandoned and useless swimming pool in Butler Hall kicking away cobwebs and trying to envision it as a performance space. If nothing else, this experience did point up the dire need for a lab theatre space if there was to ever be an ongoing "Second Season."

After seemingly all potential spaces had been explored, from a maintenance supply shed to our mainstage dressing rooms, I was about

to move off-campus in my search when Dr. Peffers presented a seemingly acceptable solution. The St. Charles Presbyterian Church and Lindenwood College Campus Chapel all-purpose room and auditorium was offered and accepted. The room itself was more than ample in size to accommodate folded-chair seating. At one end was a 30' wide by 20' deep playing area. It also had a house lighting system, crude, but at first glance operable at about 80% of its original capacity. It had a storage room in the wing area useable as a dressing room and green room, and workable wing space for a single-set production.

The space had been selected and agreed on. Logistic and scheduling problems lay ahead, yet unforeseen. All that could be done was to begin the technical management process of identifying technical problems inherent to that performance space and requirements and procurement of a design staff.

## B. Identifying Technical Problems

Initial discussions with the design staff quickly helped to identify the main, underlying technical problem in mounting the first full-length lab theatre production. There were no technical provisions for manpower, materials, or creative consultations for lab theatre productions.

I immediately realized that manpower and material procurement would be an uphill battle. As far as materials were considered, all stock had been earmarked for other uses. There was no flexibility at first examination. The design staff's attitude concerning manpower was discouraging at best, if understandable. It was sort of a "have at it and good luck." Needless to say, these considerations had a great influence on my selection of a production staff.

**Stage Manager:** It was evident from the beginning the management problems of this production would be extraordinary. It would require energetic attention and well-developed organizational skills. After a search rivaling only that for a space, it became apparent that there were no veteran stage managers available. My next choice was someone energetic, enthused, and willing with basic organizational skills. My choice was freshman, Dara Townsend.

**Properties:** Fortunately, our technical staff did have a permanent props master who could expand his focus and energies to include our production, Tony Michalak.

**Costume Designer:** This was the one area that I felt I needed to try to work from within the department. I needed someone with sufficient design experience, familiarity with our costume shop, and organizational skills adequate enough for the short move to an

unfamiliar space. The choice was senior Jackie Goodal.

Set Designer: Needed here was someone with a background in set work with limited resources and artistic sense enough to research and develop a re-creation of a flat in 1930's Berlin. After discovering that there was no such person within our department, I employed the services of Jeff Horvath. Mr. Horvath's experience included professional work and community theatre, which would have seemed to qualify him infinitely.

Light Design: In this area, I was, perhaps, the most fortunate. Art Lowell, a high school cohort, veteran of summer theatre from scratch, and an electrical engineer for McDonnell-Douglas, seemed tailor-made for the specific problems of the production.

So, with a space and a production staff in order, I returned to the text for concept and analysis in final preparation for the casting and staging process.

## ELEMENT IV

### Casting and Staging

I have always maintained that the single most important period in the production process is the time between when you begin auditions to the time you post your cast list. Considering myself an "actor's director" as I do, I find the successful and prudent selection of a cast even slightly more important than a production staff. It is in this casting process that I feel a show either makes or breaks.

You may think from this that my tendency would be to cast only tried and true friends in my productions. Not true. I find my instincts on new, unfamiliar talent to have a very high rate of success, although these excursions into the unknown are the most risky. I have decided that the artistic process cannot exist without risk. Therefore, you will usually find a balance of known, unknown, experienced, and un-experienced talent in my casts. I Am A Camera was no exception.

When planning for auditions, I realized that requiring a prepared piece would be counter-productive. This stipulation would only serve to frighten away most potential auditioners under the excuse that "they didn't have the time" to prepare. Therefore, it was decided that the format would be cold readings from the script.

The auditions had a fair turn-out and the following cast was selected for the reasons given:

Christopher Isherwood - Tony Michalak. In this actor, I perceived both the maturity and the experience to understand Isherwood, while at the same time having some of the same uncertainties of ultimate direction.

conduct, requiring an actor with the experience to accomplish the role and the human depth to understand the character. Tom had both.

Natalia Landauer - Beth Houghton. I know what you're thinking and I want to just say that if it were true, I would have cast her as Sally. Seriously, this was one choice that I knew there was no risk involved in. Besides trusting her implicitly, I had already seen her play the role and I knew that she had the essence of what I needed from the character. In answer to any possible charges of nepotism, let me only say that of the three women called back for Natalia, she was the only one who felt it important enough to show up. Ms. Houghton also spoke German.

Fraulein Schneider - Violet Horvath. A second year graduate student, my reasons for casting were mainly two. First, Ms. Horvath's credentials as a character actress were unquestionable. Secondly, her value as a cast member was greatly increased by her experience in dialects and her ability to impart this knowledge to others. Violet also had a physical attribute necessary to the role - a large bust.

Clive - Greg Gobberdiel. Greg, a graduate student in art, brought some limited acting experience to the auditions. Despite some inhibitions and undeveloped disciplinary habits, I decided that for the two brief scenes that Clive was in, I could get what I wanted. This was a challenge that I did not accept as readily as others, but my choices were limited.

## The Staging Process:

The main problem in the staging process was not, as you might expect with the actors, but with logistic hassles. The search for rehearsal space was comparable only to the search for a performance space in its scope and complications. My main objective in the rehearsal process was to find and maintain rehearsal space that would put our action out of the way so we would not be bothered, and that we could call our own. This objective failed miserably, but the results were somewhat constructive. Without going into specific details, let it suffice to say that in a given week we may have rehearsed in three different spaces from the acting studio to the dressing room. It was confusing, distracting, discouraging, and frustrating, but it did have one major benefit. The cast and crew were very well-prepared for the move into an unfamiliar performance space. Adapting to new dimensions had practically become second nature.

As is my standard operating procedure, the show was pre-blocked and edited prior to the first rehearsal. My philosophy on blocking has become that experimenting is well and good, following the actor's instincts can be very constructive, but you'd better have a strong backstop of concrete ideas when you go in. I feel that the director should, as much as possible, allow actors to find their own directions. The director should have very strong and set ideas about where he wants the show in general and specific characters to eventually be. These two ideas may not seem to match up, but the success comes from helping the actors from their own way to where you want them to go. At the same time, the director should remain open to ideas that are either better than his, or of equal

merit. Suggestions are often lent more credence if they are the actor's. In other words, if an actor has an idea that is just as good as yours, use theirs because it will make them feel better, more confident, and a more important part of the process. So, with these and other basic theories and philosophies in mind, I began the rehearsal process and encountered the following problems. They are presented as a representative cross-sample to demonstrate my skill levels in identifying and coping with production problems. The relative success of this process will be examined in my discussion of the performances themselves.

Dialects. The script calls for several dialects, as noted in the casting process. Work on dialects included drills with Tony and Violet. The biggest problem encountered here was with Kate (Sally). The upper-middle class British accent required for the role was so far from her own speech pattern that it was almost as if it were a completely foreign tongue. The short German phrases that she needed to speak were practically an insurmountable problem that eventually required a character adjustment to cope with.

Besides cast members with heavy background in dialects, it was of great aid that Violet and Beth had spent some time in England and Germany. Their insights proved invaluable in determining proper dialects and interpretations.

Discipline. Tom Meuer was not a disciplined actor. I knew this when I cast him and weighed what I thought he might be motivated to do for the show and what I thought he would be motivated to do for our personal friendship. Promptness and attendance problems were kept to a minimum. The real discipline problems came with the text. Not learning his lines was secondary to his using the smoke screen that he

had not yet "found himself" in the scene. After going through my gamut of directorial tools for motivation, I finally had to tell him I felt he was using this as an excuse. He responded to this tactic.

Logistics. Time available in the actual performance space was severely limited. This meant being concerned with technical aspects when the focus should have been on acting considerations. Perhaps the most vivid example of what we were up against was that we could not have a technical run-through the Monday night of performance week because the auditorium was being used for a card party.

Add to this that the lighting system turned out to be only 50% operational and that our set designer was rarely in evidence. Adaptations were the order of the day.

A discussion of how those and other considerations effected the actual performances follows in the next element.

## ELEMENT V

### Performance

Long, late hours preparing the lighting system for its maximum possible output were at an end. Last minute work on the set was hurriedly completed, as our set designer had disappeared, never to see a rehearsal or performance. The actors were ready. They had remained steadfast in their objectives and concentration. The time for performance had come.

Kate White was the biggest single success of the production. Her progress in character work had been unmatched by her colleagues. Her dialect had been mastered more than adequately to make that aspect of her character extremely believable. Her single most notable accomplishment was the development of her text-subtext thought process. Her focus on the character seemed absolute. At any given time she could be stopped and asked what Sally was thinking, feeling, wanting. She always knew, and answered without hesitation in a way that seemed to wonder why I would need to inquire on something that clear. I felt that our Sally Bowles was an exceptional one.

Our major overall problem in performance was that of pace. Some of the scenes are written beginning on an upbeat note, suddenly brought crashing down with the introduction of some piece of catastrophic news. Other scenes, such as the one after the abortion, being on a very low level with everyone in pajamas and feeling sick. This emotional roller-coaster was too much for the actors to overcome completely. Opening night excitement carried the first performance well, but on the second night the challenge of playing the low-key moments with pace

and energy became too much in some spots. I had not devoted sufficient time in the rehearsal process to successfully prepare the actors for this eventuality.

Greg (Clive) is inherently a low-key person. In an attempt to counteract the effect this might have had on his stage persona, I had him attack the character head on. Clive became almost a dynamo of boundless energy. He took his entrances on the run, throwing people, props, and set pieces to the four winds in an undying search for excitement. This tact seemed to work well and provided his character with the needed motivation to suddenly leave as he does.

Tony (Christopher) accomplished the difficult task of presenting his character as someone who is initially merely a passive observer, and who then experiences the transformation into an active participant.

The romantic/noble relationship between Fritz and Natalia was another area I felt was a success. The decision process, the desperation of Fritz's plight, and the strength of his eventual decision all seemed to play very well and to stay clear of the overly sentimental.

Violet (Fraulein Schneider) was also faced with an acting challenge she handled very well. Her grasp of the character's super objective and how it effected her conduct and her relationships was very satisfactory. Violet, for her work on technical aspects of the show, coaching in dialects, and as an actress, proved invaluable to the production.

#### Technical Aspects in Performance-

Set. The set, despite a less than complete commitment by the designer, served its purpose well. The atmosphere and flavor of the production's historic period was adequately enhanced by the stage

environment.

Lighting. The lighting concept had been the stark, revealing effect of a flash bulb. This was successfully accomplished through the use of sharp angles and ungelled instruments.

Costumes. Due to some very fortunate acquisitions the costumes did a lot to present the image of 1930's Berlin successfully.

## ELEMENT VI

### Aftermath and Reflections

A total of 43 people over two nights saw Lindenwood College's "Second Season" production of I Am A Camera. Although it could have easily been a disappointment that not more people saw the show, I would not allow it to be. What did disappoint me more than simple numbers in attendance were the types of people who were not in attendance, namely performing arts students, but I will not dwell on that here.

The cast had been well-prepared for, and expected a low turn-out. If the small audiences had an effect on their performance, it was not in evidence. One of our goals had been to concentrate on the story-telling aspects of the work, and to do our job for whoever cared to listen. In this respect, I feel we succeeded.

My goals, as set forth in the beginning chapter of this thesis, were all met with a high degree of success. There were few aspects that could be called failures, mainly ideas that couldn't work and therefore, had to be discarded in lieu of others.

I feel that I did what I set out to do as best I could, and that is the ultimate success.

Beyond what I had set out to accomplish, I felt that I had laid the ground work for a permanent lab theatre, and set a standard, such as it was, for its productions.

I felt we had given six actors a chance to explore a rarely seen piece, and brought a seldom seen chapter of the Isherwood/Cabaret evolution before the public.

Finally, I felt I had consummated my status as an M.F.A. director.

The project had been conceived, constructed, and executed according to the highest standards obtainable. For this, I am proud of my cast and crew, and very thankful to everyone who had a constructive hand in the process.

## TEXTUAL ANALYSIS

- I. Given Circumstances
- II. Dialogue
- III. Dramatic Action
- IV. Characters
- V. Idea
- VI. Tempos
- VII. Moods

### Sub-Divisions:

1. Framework of the Play: Given Circumstances and Dialogue
2. The Hard Core of the Play: Dramatic Action and Character
3. The Derivatives of Dramatic Action: Idea, Tempos, and Moods

### I. Given Circumstances:

material in a playscript that delineates the environment - the special world of the play in which the action takes place

This includes:

1. Environmental conditions, specific conditions, place and time
2. Previous Action - all that has happened before the action begins
3. Polar Attitudes - points of view toward their environments held by the principle characters

## ENVIRONMENTAL FACTS

### Act I, Scene I

1. Geographical Location:  
A rented room across the passage from a smaller one in a boarding house in Berlin, German. It is mid-summer.
2. Date: Late 1920's -early 1930's.  
Season: Mid-early summer  
Time of Day: Tea-time, mid-afternoon  
The significance of the date is that it makes the action occur at the same time the Nazi party was rising to power in Germany.
3. Economic Environment:  
Class - lower to middle.  
Economic level is poor to moderate.
4. Political Environment:  
Extremely significant. Effects all characters. At start - very unsteady. Nazi party is "getting bolder, more arrogant."  
They are "rioting in the streets."
5. Social Environment:  
Increasingly decadent lifestyle contrasts with Victorian heritage against a shifting background of ethnic norms.
6. Religious Environment:  
Formal controls. Formal religious controls seem to have very little bearing on any particular player's behavior.

## PREVIOUS ACTION

1. There has been heavy Nazi rioting.
2. Isherwood came to Berlin for a weekend and stayed on.
3. Isherwood has run out of money.
4. Isherwood has begun giving English lessons.
5. Isherwood has rented a room.
6. Isherwood has written a book with poor success.
7. Isherwood has been in Berlin for six months.
8. Fraulein Schneider was married for 11 years and then widowed.
9. Isherwood has lost all his pupils except one for the summer.
10. Isherwood is two months behind in his rent to Schneider.
11. Fritz Wendal has had a rough time in business.
12. Sally Bowles has been a singer-actress at the Lady Windermere.
13. Natalia Landauer is the daughter of a "stinking rich" Jewish department store owner.
14. Bowles has had trouble with her landlady.
15. Wendal is a former student of Isherwood.
16. Wendal and Bowles have known each other for an unspecified time.
17. Bowles has been having an affair with her accompanist, Klaus.
18. Bowles had been paying 80 marks a month for her room.
19. Landauer has had a cold.
20. Bowles has slept with a variety of men.
21. Lancashire, England is Bowles' home.
22. Bowles has been expelled from school by claiming she was pregnant.

POLAR ATTITUDES

Christopher

Beginning: "I am a camera, with its shutter open, quite passive."

End: "The camera's taken all its pictures and now it's going away to develop them."

Sally

Beginning: "I've got to have a free soul. You know, I think I'm really rather a strange and extraordinary person, Chris."

End: "I'd love to see my name in lights, but even if I had a first night tomorrow, if something attractive turned up, I'd go after it."

Fritz

Beginning: "I need money. Maybe her [Natalia's] father will take a liking from me and give me a job in the business."

End: "I know now I am in love with Natalia."

Natalia

Beginning: "My dear young man, I am not sixty years old, and I can go home unmolested all by myself."

End: "I do not think you know me. I do not think I know myself."

## DIALOGUE

### Imagery-

Christopher: "Sally Bowles was a girl of about...I wonder how old she is. Her face is young but her hands look terribly old. And they were dirty too. Dirty as a little girl's hands. Sally's hands were like the old hands of a dirty little girl."

Sally: "I'm afraid he's rather a bloody person, really. Oh, Chris, I am a lousy picker. It's always the duds who'll do me in."

Fritz: "It is terrible. Lousy and terrible. Or I pull off a deal in the next month, or I go as a gigolo."

Natalia: "It is consumption. From the lungs. They are consumed in phlegm."

### Forcing-

Fraulein Schneider: "I have charged twenty-eight marks when times were good."

Schneider is "forcing" Chris to make an offer on the rent.

Fritz Wendal: "She is a friend of mine. Evnetually she is coming around here this afternoon. I want that you should know each other."

Wendal is "forcing" Chris to inquire further on his relationship with Sally.

Sally Bowles: "Dear old mother's ruin. Gin will be wonderful. Am I terribly late, Fritz darling?"

Bowles is "forcing" Fritz to bolster her ego by assuring her she is not late.

Christopher Isherwood: "Really, Sally, that was a little cruel. Fritz really is in trouble."

Isherwood is "forcing" Sally to offer an explanation as to why she was so cruel to Fritz.

Natalia Landauer: "I come back from the country two days before yesterday. He comes to call on me that evening. Fraulein, I think I have done you perhaps an injustice."

Landauer is "forcing" Sally to inquire as to what that injustice might be.

Text/Subtext-

Fraulein Schneider:

Text: "You are too good, Herr Issyvoo. You entertain whoever comes. No matter whoever."

Subtext: "I don't like this visitor, and he's coming at a bad time."

Fritz:

Text: "Then if I should meet her and perhaps make a pass after her, you would not mind?"

Subtext: "I don't even know her, but if she's rich, I'll go for it."

Sally:

Text: "I thought you were English."

Subtext: "All true Englishmen keep a supply of whiskey on hand."

Christopher:

Text: "She's very rich, you know. And Fritz is very broke."

Subtext: "Fritz plans on taking advantage of her for her money."

Natalia:

Text: "And, Christopher, if you could stay away for just a little while, it would be nice, too. I have something that I wish to say to Fraulein Bowles."

Subtext: "Buzz off, so I can talk to Sally alone."

## CHARACTER BREAK-DOWN

### Character Division-

Primary: These divisions are tricky under the traditional definitions as Christopher can hardly be considered to be a pivotal character, and at the same time finding the correct slots for Schneider and Clive are equally hard since more seems to actually "happen" to them than to Sally.

For further instruction in the break-down, let's check Hodge's exact definitions:

"It is density that separates the primary characters from secondary or supporting characters."

Therefore, going by respective "densities," would look like this:

#### Primary:

Chris  
Sally  
Fritz  
Natalia

#### Secondary:

Fraulein Schneider  
Clive  
Mummy

### Character Models-

Christopher: Charles Rancillio

Sally: Kate White

Fraulein Schneider: Marilyn McNee

Fritz: Bob Kratky

Natalia: Mary Knipen

Clive: Hugh Hefner

Mrs. Watson: Pat Noonan

### Character Wants-

Christopher - success without pain

Sally - pleasure without pain

Fraulein Schneider - survival

Fritz - Natalia

Natalia - to know the world

Clive - happiness

Mrs. Watson - her little girl

### Character Wills-

Christopher - hide behind a typewriter

Sally - search in beds across Europe

Fraulein Schneider - betray, judge, follow masses

Fritz - risk life to face the truth

Natalia - expose her soul and heart

Clive - literally go anywhere in the world

Mrs. Watson - accept lies and distortions

### Character Decorum (from the script)-

Christopher: in his twenties, English and untidy, flannel trousers, very dirty, and a shirt

Fraulein Schneider: large, bosomy, German woman

Fritz: young and dark

Sally: young and attractive, wears black silk, a small cape, page boy's cap, green fingernails

Natalia: about twenty-two, correctly dressed, very German, formal and decided

Clive: late thirties, large, American, blond, and drunkish

Mrs. Watson: middle-aged, English, in tweeds, carries a cloak

## WHAT THE PLAY COULD BE ABOUT

Decadence in 1930 Berlin

Early experiences of one of England's foremost contemporary writers

Love between a man and woman against odds

Jewish plight in Nazi Germany

Transition period of Germany

Struggle of one man and his religious identity

Sally Bowles career off-stage

Survival

Awakening to human plight around you

Standing up for what you believe in

The evils of extra-marital sex

Hiding from the real world

Being prisoners and not knowing it

Standing by and watching someone die

## ABSTRACT IMAGES/POSSIBLE CONCEPTS

Chris' Dunkirk, standing by in disbelief and apathy until you're pinned to the sea and must run.

Safe and warm in bed while all around you people are freezing.

America, epitomized in Clive, wants to have a good time. Its tunnel vision ignores global threat on the horizon.

England, manifested by Sally, fails to perceive long-term consequences of political events.

Germany, as represented by Fraulein Schneider, goes along with the game to insure survival and maintain order.

## I AM A CAMERA - WORKING CONCEPT

The play is about the experience of Christopher Isherwood in 1930's Berlin. The action of a city in turmoil forces a transition in the young writer from an apathetic neutral observer to a concerned participant in the injustices taking place around him.

There are a series of photographs taken by a photographer who's intention it is to remain completely neutral. The photographs are of a room and different people in that room. There are captions with the pictures that tell who the people are and what they are doing. You cannot understand why the people are acting as they do and there is no explanation in the captions.

In these pictures of the room you can see a window in one corner. You cannot tell what is outside the window, but you know it must have some effect on why the people do what they do. Hoping to find out, you make enlargements of the window. What you see, you are shocked and horrified by, but then you understand the actions of the people in the room, and know you must do something to help them.

The photographer can no longer remain objective, but must take part in the very action he was observing.

The play is about concerning yourself only with what happens in your house, only the things that effect you, and suddenly waking up to the outside world and realizing that other people's problems are your own, and hiding from them won't make them disappear.

The play is about remembering to look out the window.

### Technical Manifestations of the Concept-

#### Stage:

Stage pictures that tell stories of relationships and characters, at times "posing" for pictures of the mind.

Subtextually, there must always be the sense that this is a place that is safe and that outside is fear and danger.

#### Lighting:

Stark, contrasting images in camera-like flash effect and shadows.

#### Set:

Picture-frame, comfortable, sanctuary.

#### Costumes:

The characters sometimes dress up for the camera and are sometimes caught in candid, unguarded moments.

## HISTORY

First produced in November (28) 1951 at the Empire Theatre in New York with the following cast:

Christopher	William Prince
Fraulein Schneider	Olga Fabian
Fritz	Martin Brooks
Sally	Julie Harris
Natalia	Marian Winters
Clive	Edward Andrews
Mrs. Watson	Catherine Willard

Produced by Gertrude Macy in association with Walter Starckle.

Directed by John Van Druten.

Designed by Boris Aronson.

HISTORY

Other plays on Broadway that season:

The Lady's Not For Burning

Country Girl

The House of Bernarda Alba

Billy Budd

Saint Joan

Paint Your Wagon

Don Juan In Hell

Gigi

# I AM A CARROLL IN THREE TERTIERS

What was Carroll's intention  
in "I Am a Carroll" in the  
New York Times?

Carroll was a  
... ..

The ... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

Reviews:



**I AM A CAMERA.** (left) This new John van Druten play with the ubiquitous title centers around Berlin of 1930 and features Julie Harris and William Prince with author-director van Druten. Due in New York in time for the holidays.

Theatre Arts Magazine  
Nov. 1951  
#12, Vol. XXXV, p.13



THE NEW YORK TIMES, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1951.

"Amusements", p. 37

## 'I AM A CAMERA' IN DEBUT TONIGHT

John van Druten's Adaptation  
of Isherwood's 'Berlin Stories'  
Will Open at the Empire

By SAM ZOLOTOW

Opening at 8 P. M. tonight at the Empire is John van Druten's latest effort, the oddly entitled "I Am a Camera," which he adapted and staged.

The successful dramatist-director has based his play on "The Berlin Stories," an autobiographical collection written by Christopher Isherwood, dealing with the English-American novelist's student days in the Berlin of 1930, just before Hitler rose to power. Realism is emphasized in the adaptation by the inclusion of Mr. Isherwood by name in the dramatic personae.

He is personified by William Prince, who is featured along with Julie Harris, a young actress, who has consistently shown her mettle in everything she has done lately, most recently in "The Member of the Wedding." Thank goodness, she gets away from teen-age portrayals and blossoms forth as a mature actress in "I Am a Camera."

Other players in a cast of seven are Martin Brooks, Catherine Willard, Olga Fabian, Edward Andrews and Marian Winters.

Sponsoring the offering is Gertrude Macy, in association with Walter Starcke. The scenery and lighting were devised by Boris Aronson, the costumes by Ellen Goldsborough.

Next week Mr. van Druten will get busy on the direction of the "Bell, Book and Candle" road company. Besides Rosalind Russell and Dennis Price, the performers in his comedy will include Dorothy Sands and Joseph Leon, who temporarily replaced Larry Gates in the original production. Under the aegis of Shepard Traube, the route will start Dec. 21 in Wilmington.

## THE THEATER

### New Play in Manhattan

**I Am a Camera** (by John van Druten) is an interesting stage piece though an unsatisfactory play. A pastiche of Christopher Isherwood's tales of Berlin in 1930—a decadent city already loud with Nazism—the play uses young Chris himself as a camera eye. But what counts most are the very candid camera shots of an English girl named Sally Bowles—a bad little good girl, strenuously bohemian, ostentatiously wanton, spotted with living without really having been touched by life. Julie (Member of the Wedding) Harris plays Sally brilliantly, with amazing verve,



John Seymour Evans  
**JULIE HARRIS AS SALLY BOWLES**  
A bad little good girl.

and with a naughty-child air saves her from seeming nastily tarnished.

Sally is the center of attention for a play that has no center itself. There is expressive writing, alert direction, some touching minor characters. But the camera cannot quite decide between an individual photograph and a group picture, a person and a place. Sally creates a sort of Green-Hatted Dream Girl, but her gaudy make-believe never really counterpoints the hoodlum realities of Berlin. And Chris, despite resolute note-taking and soliloquizing, seems much less a camera for events than a mere confidant for Sally. William Frouce makes him seem any pleasant young man rather than a talented writer.

The play itself turns darkest toward the end, where there might be a more ominous light in the sky, a more urgent orchestration to the story; there are the merest stage dings about Sally's tweedy British mother. Though never dull, *I Am a Camera* suffers from too much of Sally's own live-in-the-moment disorder.

TIME, DECEMBER 10, 1951

## Reviews

**I Am a Camera** (Gertrude Macy, Walter Stareke) is John van Drueten's dramatization of Christopher Isherwood's "The Berlin Stories," semi-autobiographical pieces about the English poet's reactions to Berlin of the early 1930s. One of the principal characters in the play is identified as Isherwood himself (sympathetically impersonated by William

Prince), and the unusual title explains both authors' approach to a terrible history in the making—the passive and wide-open lens of the camera that sees all but withholds comment.

Van Drueten, who readily admits that he is not a man for either plot or message, does well enough here by once again demonstrating his stagecraft and, to a greater degree, his special affinity for life-size characters ("The Voice of the Turtle," "I Remember Mama"). Certainly he is incisive enough in expressing his horror of the Nazi brutality toward the Jews, but in other respects his play lacks summation as well as substance. It is only in the candid, sharply defined characters that are photographed against Boris Aronson's set that "I Am a Camera" succeeds in taking on some measure of distinction.

Directed by the playwright, all the performances are first-rate—Marian Winters and Martin Brooks as a pair of bewildered young Jews and Olga Fabian as a middle-aged Nazi in the making. However, the play's impact would be almost negligible without its miniature biography of Sally Bowles, the British-born expatriate of high degree and comparatively low morals, and without Julie Harris's truly brilliant performance in the role.

Only eight months have passed since Miss Harris played the freckled, string-bean adolescent of "The Member of the Wedding." Within this time and with this pathetic, gallant, and remarkably attractive portrayal of a frustrated rebel, the once "promising" youngster becomes one of the American theater's demonstrably fine actresses.

PLAYWRIGHT SUMMARY

John Van Druten 1901-1957

Originally of Dutch extraction, Van Druten was born in London, but later became an American citizen.

His first work of note was Young Woodley, produced in New York in 1925.

Other works included light comedies such as:

After All 1929

London Wall 1931

There's Always Juliet 1935

The Distaff Side 1936

Bell, Book and Candle 1954

I Am A Camera was adapted from Christopher Isherwood's Berlin Stories in 1951.

It should be noted here that in 1966 the now popular, much performed Broadway musical Cabaret opened.

By BROOKS ATKINSON

With the assistance of a remarkable actress, John van Druten has put together an impromptu acting piece, "I Am a Camera," which opened at the Empire last evening. The actress is Julie Harris, who was playing a restless tom-boy in the same theatre two years ago. Now she is playing a glib, brassy, temperamental woman of the world—all cleverness, all sophistication. She plays with a virtuosity and an honesty that are altogether stunning, and that renew an old impression that Miss Harris has the quicksilver and the genius we all long to discover on the stage.

The phrase "impromptu acting piece" indicates the difficulty of describing Mr. van Druten's play. It is interesting. It contains several fascinating characters. It touches on a few vital principles. It is written with the ingratiating informality of his best work. But "I Am a Camera" keeps losing its way all through the evening. Although it never is dull, it never accomplishes much.

Mr. van Druten has adapted it from some stories Christopher Isherwood wrote about life in Berlin in the first days of the Nazis. One of the two principal characters is named Christopher Isherwood. He is a young writer who, like a camera with the shutter open, is taking pictures of people and places in a period of history. He is reporting how a crucial moment in the affairs of the world looked to a bystander.

On the whole, they looked random and amusing. For "I Am a Camera" is fundamentally the character sketch of an effervescent, amoral English girl who is living a Bohemian life in Berlin and of young Christopher Isherwood, who likes her, enjoys her company and wonders about the futility of what he is doing. There are rumblings of hostility to the Jews, and a pair of young Jews bring their problems into the play for a moment or two.

But on the whole, Mr. Isherwood's camera shows nothing more than the harum-scarum antics of a couple of immensely likable Eng-

### The Cast

**I AM A CAMERA**, a play in three acts and seven scenes, by John van Druten, adapted from Christopher Isherwood's "Berlin Stories." Staged by Mr. van Druten; setting and lighting by Boris Aronson; costume by Ellen Goldborough; presented by Gertrude Macy, in association with Walter Starcke. At the Empire Theatre.

Christopher Isherwood.....	William Prince
Fraulein Schneider.....	Olga Fabian
Fritz Wendel.....	Martin Brooks
Sally Bowles.....	Julie Harris
Natalie Landauer.....	Marian Winters
Clive Mortimer.....	Edward Andrews
Mrs. Watson-Courtneidge.....	Catherine Willard

lish people, fooling around as young people were in New York, London and Paris in the previous decade.

That is why it is best to accept "I Am a Camera" as an acting piece and to be grateful for the perfection of the stage work that is in it. Out of his own memories of Berlin, Boris Aronson has designed a mouldy, dingy pension room that reeks of living and indicates the rootlessness of the fable. As his own director, Mr. van Druten has done a superb job.

In the part of the young writer, William Prince is excellent. His acting is as effortless and as engaging as the writing, and he catches all the friendliness, the ineffectualness and the vagrant misgivings of the part. Martin Brooks is also first-rate as an apprehensive young man of Berlin, and Marian Winters gives a tender, poignant performance as a Jewish girl moving toward an ominous world.

There is an immensely enjoyable performance of a sociable landlady by Olga Fabian, who is full of temperament. Catherine Willard plays the more conventional part of an English lady disturbed by her daughter's behavior; and Edward Andrews acts a flamboyant, rich American who cannot be trusted in a crisis.

Mr. van Druten has written big scenes for his important characters. The scenes ring true; the characters are searchingly observed, and the acting—particularly by Miss Harris—is illuminating and exciting. In view of the high quality of the workmanship, is it ungrateful to wish that "I Am a Camera" had more to say in the theatre? Or that the photography were a little sharper with a wider perspective?

## AT THE THEATRE



Martin Brooks, left, Julie Harris and William Prince in a scene from "I Am a Camera."

By CLARA HIERONYMUS

**O**VERALL, the Vanderbilt University Theater production of *I Am A Camera* effectively creates a mood of impending devastation. A solemn, sad undercurrent is felt from the first sound of recorded German cabaret songs to the reports of Nazi confrontations in the streets. Under the surface wiles a heavy awareness that ultimately takes over the characters.

The play is set in Berlin in 1930 and peopled with drifting individuals, each of whom is rootless and troubled. Ostensibly a biographical play based on novelist Christopher Isherwood's own young days as English writer in Berlin, it is played by quite a good student cast that clearly understands the point it makes.

**THE DIRECTOR'S** note in the program admits to taking "a few respectful liberties," but the loose ends that leave the viewer puzzled should not have been the result of those liberties. There is no real reason for the rearrangement of the furniture in the flat which is the setting throughout, and Isherwood's aches and fever are without dramatic meaning.

Richard Wall plays Isherwood, the aspiring writer, and would have been satisfying except that one is not sure that he feels. He extends genuine friendship to the spirited, pretty, and emotionally immature Sally Bowles, but it's in the dialogue rather than in his characterization.

Sally Hubbard, as Sally Bowles, is a delightful and exasperating creature, incapable of being serious or straightforward but charming and lovable. One sees destruction ahead for her and wishes he could put this bright little butterfly in a flowery cage and protect her from herself.

**FOR TRUE** dramatic creation of a character, honors in this cast must go to Alex Stuhl as Fritz Wendel. When we meet him he is a sort of gigolo, a dandy who boasts that women find him irresistible, a male with an engagingly arrogant ego, but not terribly likeable. He sets out to win the daughter of a wealthy Jewish merchant, motives entirely ulterior, then comes to love this plain, honest, serious young woman. She rejects him because he is not Jewish; the audience knows his agonizing secret but she does not.

From shallowness and narcissism he develops a capacity for pain and unselfish concern for another, and Stuhl lets us see this growth, a very fine skill in an actor.

**BETH HETZLER** is remarkable as Natalia whom Fritz loves, also delighting her audience with a role in which the alteration is visible. She is edgy, didactic and unattractive when she first comes to Isherwood's flat as a student to be coached in English. As the story progresses, some of her literalness wears off, as well as some of her disdain, and she becomes both tender and vulnerable. Miss Hetzler handles this with serious restraint that speaks directly to her viewers.

Susan Hatchett and Clive Mortimer are seen as Fraulein Schneider, the landlady, and a blow-hard, insensitive playboy, respectively.

Fraulein Schneider comes across as being essentially as empty as Sally Bowles, diverse though they are in age and style. But where Sally will harm only herself, Fraulein Schneider will coldly take up the Nazi ideology and as coldly destroy its innocent "enemies."

"What is wrong with survival?" she asks, her face a mask of chilly insensitivity.

**THE ENDING** is equivocal, as sorrowful as a gray November day suddenly turned sleety and scattering the last leaves. Fritz and Natalia have said last goodbyes. Sally has turned in the doorway as she departs, "I do love you," she says, and with a wave and a smile has followed another phantom. Isherwood alone remains, but he too will soon go.

It is a brooding moment, but spoiled on opening night. Some miscue of lights, some awkward prolonging of the scene reduced its impact but perhaps these will be corrected. Directed by Barbara Moore, *I Am A Camera* will continue tonight and Sunday night at 8 p.m. in Neely Auditorium on the Vanderbilt campus.

# Vanderbilt's 'Camera' Clicks With '30s Style

THE TENNESSEAN, Saturday, February 24, 1979

Director's First Contact With  
I AM A CAMERA

PLAYWRIGHT SUMMARY

John Van Druten 1901-1957

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It should be noted here that in 1966 the now popular, much performed Broadway musical Cabaret opened.

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1. I am a camera.

A. Christopher man-handles himself.  
Exposition

## I AM A CAMERA

ACT I

SCENE 1

SCENE: *The scene throughout is a room in Fräulein Schneider's flat in Berlin around 1930. The bed is hidden, or partially so, behind curtains upstage L. The door to the hall is in the R. wall. Windows in the L. wall. The room is excessively German and middle-class. There is a tall, tiled stove with an angel on it upstage R. A combination washstand-cupboard like a Gothic shrine by the curtains upstage against L. wall. A best chair like a bishop's throne L. of stove. Antlers make a kind of hatstand by the door. There is a small table for tea now standing R. of wardrobe. The wardrobe is C. against rear wall, behind curtains and L. of bed. A backless sofa, or couch, D. C., and a pouffe D. R. of it. A large table (used as Christopher's desk) D. L. by the window piled with books, papers and notebooks. A chair by the table and another chair against L. wall, downstage of washstand. There are one or two good Medici prints on the walls, between heavy German engravings.*

TIME: *A summer afternoon.*

*When the curtain rises, the stage is dark except for a light on Christopher Isherwood, seated alone at the table D. L. He is in his twenties, English and untidy. He wears flannel trousers, very dirty, and a shirt. (He wears this throughout the play. The only change will be in his tie.) He is writing and smoking. Then he stops and reads over what he has written.*

**A** CHRISTOPHER. (*Reading aloud.*) In the last few days, there has been a lot of Nazi rioting in the streets, here in Berlin. They are getting bolder, more arrogant. (*He stops.*) No, that's all wrong. (*He crumples the page and throws it aside.*) That's not the right

way to start. It's sheer journalism. I must explain who it is who is telling all this—a typical beachcomber of the big city. He comes to Berlin for the week-end, stays on, runs out of money, starts giving English lessons. Now he sits in a rented room, waiting for something to happen—something that will help him understand what his life is all about. *(Rises, pouring beer into a glass, and sits on end of table.)* When Lord Tennyson wanted to write a poem, they say he used to put himself into a mystic trance by just repeating his own name. Alfred Tennyson. Christopher Isherwood. Christopher Isherwood. Christopher Isherwood. I like the sound of my name. "Alone among the writers of his generation, Christopher Isherwood can be said to have achieved true greatness." *(Drinks.)* Shut up, idiot. The only book I ever published got five reviews, all bad, and sold two hundred and thirty-three copies to date. And I haven't even started this new one, though I've been here six months already. *(Sits at the table again.)* Well, you're going to start now, this minute. You're not leaving this chair until you do. Write "Chapter One." *(Does so.)* Good. Now begin. Create something. Anything. *(He writes, then reads.)* "I am a camera, with its shutter open, quite passive. Some day all of this will have to be developed, carefully printed, fixed." *(The lights come up on the room. There is a knock on the door.)* Who's that? **A**

SCHNEIDER. *(Off.)* It is I, Herr Issyvoo. **B**

CHRISTOPHER. Come in, Fräulein. *(Schneider comes in, she is a large, bosomy, German woman, and carries a lace tea-cloth. She crosses to tea table u. c. and puts cloth down on it.)*

SCHNEIDER. I bring you this tea-cloth. When you are having a lady guest, you can trust Schneiderschen to make things elegant. *(Crosses to pouffe d. r. and picks up books and papers.)* Now, where do you want all of these things to go, Herr Issyvoo?

CHRISTOPHER. Oh, put them on the floor. **E**

SCHNEIDER. But you cannot put things on the floor. *(Crosses up to behind couch.)*

CHRISTOPHER. There are a lot of things there already. **G**

SCHNEIDER. But they must not stay there, not if a lady is coming. It does not look good at all. *(Picks up pile of laundry from couch.)*

CHRISTOPHER. You'd better put them on the bed. She won't be looking at the bed. **I**

## 2. Fraulein Schneider

- A. Schneider distracts Christopher.
- B. Schneider coos at Christopher.
- C. Christopher invites Schneider.
- D. Schneider mothers Christopher.
- E. Christopher juggles Schneider.
- F. Schneider scolds Christopher.
- G. Christopher excuses himself.
- H. Schneider mothers Christopher.
- I. Christopher gives in to Schneider.
- J. Schneider teases Christopher.  
Schneider primps Christopher.

3. Young and Saucy

- A. Christopher scolds Schneider.
- B. Schneider shows Christopher.
- C. Christopher strokes Schneider.
- D. Schneider strokes herself.  
Schneider plays tag with Christopher.

4. Suitcases

- A. Schneider excites herself.  
Schneider remembers husband.  
Exposition - Schneider

5. One of my pupils

- A. Schneider probes Christopher.
- B. Christopher pouts to Schneider.  
Christopher sighs to Schneider.  
Christopher feels sorry for himself.  
Exposition - Natalia

6. I can't go on living here.

- A. Christopher tugs Schneider.
- B. Schneider answers Christopher.
- C. Christopher jolts Schneider.
- D. Schneider whines to Christopher.
- E. Christopher strokes Schneider.
- F. Schneider comforts Christopher.
- G. Christopher pays off Schneider.  
Christopher plays tag with Schneider.

7. Little room across the hall

- A. Christopher probes Schneider.
- B. Schneider mothers Christopher.
- C. Schneider is stroked by Christopher.
- D. Schneider purrs to Christopher.
- E. Christopher probes Schneider.
- F. Schneider pacifies Christopher.

SCHNEIDER. And how do you know that, Herr Issyvoo? A handsome man like you? *(Moves to L. end of couch.)*

A CHRISTOPHER. *(Fräulein Schneider. I'm surprised at you.)*

B SCHNEIDER. *(With a big laugh.)* Oh, Herr Issyvoo. I have been young, too. Young and saucy. *(Rather archly, she takes the things on the bed behind the curtains.)*

C CHRISTOPHER. I suppose you had a great many admirers, Fräulein Schneider? *(Picks up books from couch. During this speech Schneider crosses to couch, picks up towel and hangs it on rail b. s. of washstand, then returns to r. of Christopher.)*

D SCHNEIDER. Oh, I had dozens, Herr Issyvoo. *(Christopher picks*

A *up magazines on floor and puts them on table.)* But only one friend. *(She returns for more stuff.)* Eleven years we were together. Then he died. And it was after that that I became fat. The bosom, you know. It grew and it grew. And it is such a weight to carry about with you. It is like carrying a suitcase. *Two suitcases. (Crosses to below couch, picks up dressing gown and slippers, then to chair u. r. for pyjamas, all of which she puts into wardrobe. Christopher rises.)* And it is sad that it should all have grown after he died. He was a man for bosoms. It would have made him so

A happy. And now it does no one any good. *(This young lady you are expecting: she is very attractive? (Crosses to bed and closes curtains.)*

B CHRISTOPHER. She is one of my pupils. She wanted to see where I lived. Though when I say she is one of my pupils, it isn't true. She's the only one I have left. The others have all gone away

A for the summer. *(Turns and steps to ber.) (Fräulein Schneider, I have got to have a talk with you.)*

B SCHNEIDER. Ja, Herr Issyvoo?

C CHRISTOPHER. I don't think I can go on living here.

D SCHNEIDER. What? Oh, Herr Issyvoo, you are not going to leave me? Are you not comfortable here?

E CHRISTOPHER. Yes, I am very comfortable here. It's just that I can't afford it.

F SCHNEIDER. Oh, that can wait.

G CHRISTOPHER. No. It's been waiting too long. I haven't paid you for two months, not properly. I've got it here. *(Takes money*

A *from wallet.)* I was just wondering: that little room across the passage, just across the passage, that's not let?

B SCHNEIDER. But it is so small, Herr Issyvoo. Why, you could

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hardly get into it. And what do I do with this room? With the summer coming on, I shall never find a tenant for it.

CHRISTOPHER. (*Handing her money.*) Oh, I'm sure you will. **C**

SCHNEIDER. Danke. **D**

CHRISTOPHER. And until you do, why don't you live in it yourself, instead of the sitting-room? **E**

8 SCHNEIDER. (*Bringing iwie to u. l. of couch and setting tea-cloth.*) I like the sitting-room. (*Christopher sits c. of couch.*) **I/A**  
can look on to the corner and see what's going on. And believe me, Herr Issyvoo, there is plenty. Those women, they are as old as I am—almost—and they stand there and whisper to all the men who pass by: Komm, Süßer. And believe me, Herr Issyvoo, they come. (*Moves round to front of table.*) Sometimes I think I shall adopt that profession myself.

9 CHRISTOPHER. Can I rent the other room, Fräulein Schneider? **A**  
What do you charge for it?

SCHNEIDER. (*Crossing to above couch, l. of Christopher.*) **I B**  
I have charged twenty-eight marks when times were good.

CHRISTOPHER. I can't afford twenty-eight. **C**

SCHNEIDER. (*Ruffling his hair.*) Ach, du armer Junger. But of course you can rent it. I will not have you leave. You rent it for twenty marks. **D**

CHRISTOPHER. You're very sweet, Fräulein Schneider. **E**

10 SCHNEIDER. Sweet? Ja. Once I was sweet. Sweet as a sugar **A**  
cake. Now I am sweet like a fat old bun. (*Crosses to table and tidies it.*) And soon you make a great deal of money with your stories that you are always writing, and you take this room again, and everyone is happy once more.

CHRISTOPHER. I'll buy you a fur coat. **B**

SCHNEIDER. Ja! And then I become one of the ladies. Only I will **C**  
not go up and down the street in those high heels. I sit at my window in my fur coat and call out, "Komm, Süßer." Komm to the third floor. And then I open the coat a little, just a little, and what do you think I have on underneath? Nothing! I have nothing on underneath. (*Bell rings.*) Ach Gott, there is the bell. It will be your young lady. (*Takes beer bottle, glass and plate from table and crosses to door.*) **A**

11 CHRISTOPHER. You need not tell her that I am leaving this **B**  
room.

SCHNEIDER. (*On her way out.*) But of course not, Herr Issyvoo. **C**

Christopher and Schneider stroke each other.  
Exposition and Character development.

8. Komm Susser

- A. Schneider excites herself.  
Schneider fantasizes to herself and Christopher.  
Character development.

9. Twenty-eight marks when times were good.

- A. Christopher slams Schneider.
- B. Schneider slams Christopher.
- C. Christopher sputters to Schneider.
- D. Schneider mothers Christopher.
- E. Christopher strokes Schneider.

10. A fur coat

- A. Schneider strokes Christopher.
- B. Christopher strokes Schneider.
- C. Schneider excites herself.  
Christopher and Schneider fantasize.

11. Your young lady

- A. Schneider is jolted by the bell.
- B. Christopher confides in Schneider.
- C. Schneider mothers Christopher.  
Schneider plays matchmaker with Christopher.  
Transition

12. Herr Wendel

- A. Fritz probes Schneider.
- B. Schneider shoos Fritz.
- C. Fritz brushes Schneider aside.
- D. Christopher greets Fritz.
- E. Fritz teases Christopher.
- F. Christopher welcomes Fritz.
- G. Fritz asserts himself.
- H. Christopher probes Schneider.
- I. Schneider teases Fritz.
- J. Fritz primps himself.  
Fritz and Schneider spar.

13. The world is lousy

- A. Fritz provokes Christopher.
- B. Christopher probes Fritz.
- C. Fritz solicits Christopher.
- D. Fritz solicits sympathy from Christopher.

14. Who is Sally?

- A. Christopher reprimands Fritz.
- B. Fritz provokes Christopher (about Sally).
- C. Christopher probes Fritz (takes bait).
- D. Fritz primps Christopher.
- E. Christopher probes Fritz.
- F. Fritz provokes Christopher.
- G. Christopher probes Fritz.
- H. Fritz strokes Sally.  
Fritz wets Christopher's appetite.

3

You can trust me perfectly. (*Turns to him.*) And I will bring you paper serviettes for your coffee. Most ladylike. Ladies appreciate these things. (*Goes out, leaving door open. Christopher crosses to washstand and straightens his tie.*)

A FRITZ. (*Off.*) Herr Issywoo?

B SCHNEIDER. (*Off.*) Nein, nein, Herr Wendel. Sie können nicht hinein gehen. Herr Issywoo erwartet heute eine Dame.

C FRITZ. (*Off.*) Aber ich muss mit ihm sprechen. Christopher. Christopher.

D CHRISTOPHER. (*Going to door.*) Fritz. (*Fritz enters, young and dark.*)

E FRITZ. (*At door.*) Fräulein Schneider says I cannot come in. She says you expect a lady.

F CHRISTOPHER. Yes, I do. But that's all right. Come in, Fritz. (*Schneider stands behind.*) Do you want some coffee? One of my pupils is coming.

G FRITZ. But yes, I would like some coffee. Black coffee.

H CHRISTOPHER. Will you make enough for three, Fräulein Schneider?

I SCHNEIDER. You are too good, Herr Issywoo. You entertain whoever comes. No matter whoever. (*Goes out, shutting door. Christopher takes Fritz's hat and cane. He bangs hat on hatstand and puts cane in umbrella stand.*)

J FRITZ. (*Crosses in front of couch to L. of it, taking gloves off.*) I do not think your landlady likes me. And that is with me all right. Ultimately, I do not like her, too. In fact, I think the world is lousy.

B CHRISTOPHER. Is business bad? (*Coming down to R. of Fritz and offering cigarette which he refuses.*)

C FRITZ. It is terrible. Lousy and terrible. Or I pull off a new deal in the next month, or I go as a gigolo.

A CHRISTOPHER. (*Sits R. end of couch and lights cigarette.*) Either—or I'm sorry. That's just force of habit.

B FRITZ. I am speaking a lousy English just now. Sally says maybe she will give me a few lessons.

C CHRISTOPHER. Who is Sally?

D FRITZ. (*Crossing above couch to L. of Christopher.*) She is a friend of mine. Eventually she is coming around here this afternoon. I want that you should know each other.

E CHRISTOPHER. Is she a girl friend of yours?

12

13

14

FRITZ. Not yet. But she is wonderful, Chris. **F**  
 CHRISTOPHER. Who is she? What does she do? **G**  
 FRITZ. She is an actress. She sings at the Lady Windermere. Hot **H**  
 stuff, believe me. Ultimately she has a bit of French in her. Her  
 mother was French. (*Crosses to hatstand and puts gloves with*  
*bat.*)  
 CHRISTOPHER. I wonder what Natalia will think of her. Natalia **A**  
 Landauer is the pupil I am expecting.  
 FRITZ. (*Crosses to above R. end of couch.*) Landauer? Of the **B**  
 big department store?  
 CHRISTOPHER. Her father owns it. It's the family business. **C**  
 FRITZ. But they must be enormously wealthy. **D**  
 CHRISTOPHER. Oh, yes, they're stinking rich. **E**  
 FRITZ. (*Kneeling on side arm of couch.*) And are you going to **F**  
 marry her?  
 CHRISTOPHER. (*Laughing.*) Me? No, of course not. **G**  
 FRITZ. Do you not want her? **H**  
 CHRISTOPHER. Not a bit. Except as a pupil. **I**  
 FRITZ. Then if I should meet her and perhaps make a pass after **J**  
 her, you would not mind?  
 CHRISTOPHER. But you haven't even seen her. **K**  
 FRITZ. (*Moving across to table L.*) Why would that make a dif- **L**  
 ference? I tell you, Chris, I need money. Maybe then her father  
 will take a liking from me, and give me a job in the business. If I  
 marry her, a partnership perhaps.  
 CHRISTOPHER. What makes you think she'd have you? **M**  
 FRITZ. All women will have me if I want them. **N**  
 CHRISTOPHER. Not Sally, apparently. **A**  
 FRITZ. (*Crosses below couch to pouffe D. R. and sits.*) Sally has **B**  
 been too busy. With other men. But one day she will be free, and  
 then I will ultimately get my look in.  
 CHRISTOPHER. (*Teasing him.*) Perhaps you won't be free. **A**  
 Perhaps you will be all tied up with Natalia.  
 FRITZ. (*Seriously.*) Yes, ultimately business must come first. I **B**  
 suppose she is a Jewess?  
 CHRISTOPHER. Oh, yes. **C**  
 FRITZ. Well, there is always something. And you know, Chris, **D**  
 I am very broad-minded. (*Bell rings.*)  
 CHRISTOPHER. (*Rising.*) That will be Natalia. **E**  
 FRITZ. (*Rising and moving up to R. of couch.*) How do I look, **F**

15. Landauer of the big department store.
- Christopher provokes Fritz.
  - Fritz probes Christopher.
  - Christopher primps for Fritz.
  - Fritz probes Christopher.
  - Christopher excites Fritz.
  - Fritz explores Christopher.
  - Christopher blushes.
  - Fritz probes Christopher.
  - Christopher is indignant with Fritz.
  - Fritz seeks approval from Christopher.
  - Christopher probes Fritz.
  - Fritz fantasizes with himself.
  - Christopher tests Fritz (slams).
  - Fritz strokes himself.  
Christopher inspires Fritz.  
Fritz develops business interest in Natalia.
16. I will ultimately get my look in.
- Christopher slams Fritz.
  - Fritz strokes himself.  
Christopher slams Fritz - reoccurring pattern
17. I suppose she is a Jewess.
- Christopher teases Fritz.
  - Fritz slams Natalia.
  - Christopher re-enforces Fritz's distress.
  - Fritz condescends for himself.
  - Christopher excites Fritz.
  - Fritz rpimps himself.  
Christopher and Fritz spar over Natalia.

18. She is a lady.

- A. Sally stumbles over language.
- B. Fritz ignites Christopher.
- C. Christopher probes Fritz.
- D. Fritz nudges Christopher (wink).
- E. Schneider lies to Sally (snubs).
- F. Sally sputters at Schneider.
- G. Fritz embraces Sally.
- H. Sally slams Schneider.
- I. Fritz presents Sally.
- J. Christopher welcomes Sally.
- K. Sally flirts with Christopher.

19. I'm allergic to coffee.

- A. Christopher probes Schneider.
- B. Sally denies Schneider.
- C. Christopher concedes to Sally.  
Sally slams Schneider.  
Exposition  
Character development

20. Prairie oysters

- A. Sally probes Christopher.
- B. Christopher concedes to Sally.
- C. Sally slams Christopher.
- D. Christopher excuses himself.
- E. Sally probes Christopher.
- F. Christopher appeases Sally.
- G. Sally purrs.  
Sally pushes Christopher - tests - early exchange.

Chris? How is my hair? (*Gets out a comb and mirror.*) Um Gotteswillen . . . a grey hair. No, that is too much. (*Pulls it out.*) You see, Chris dear, I must marry soon. You will help me to arrange the marriage settlement? (*They meet in front of couch. Voices off.*)

- A SALLY. (*Off.*) Herr Isherwood ist er zu Hause? 18
- B FRITZ. That is Sally. Chris, put on your coat.
- C CHRISTOPHER. Why?
- D FRITZ. She is a lady. Very elegant. (*Christopher crosses to chair above desk for his coat.*)
- E SCHNEIDER. (*Off.*) He is not here. He is not to house.
- F SALLY. (*Off.*) But he must be. He is expecting me. Isn't Herr Wendel here?
- G FRITZ. (*Going to the door while Christopher puts his coat on.*) Sally—liebling . . . (*Exit.*)
- H SALLY. (*Off.*) Fritz, darling. The old lady said there was nobody here.
- I FRITZ. Come in. (*Sally comes in with Fritz behind her. She is young and attractive. She wears black silk with a small cape over her shoulders, and a page boy's cap stuck jauntily on one side of her head. Her finger-nails are painted emerald green. Schneider stands again in the doorway.*) Sally, this is Christopher. Christopher, this is Sally. Sally Bowles. (*Christopher and Sally meet in front of couch c.*)
- J CHRISTOPHER. How do you do?
- K SALLY. (*Shaking hands.*) I'm terribly glad to meet you.
- A CHRISTOPHER. Make coffee for four, will you, Fräulein Schneider? 19
- B SALLY. Oh, not for me. I'm allergic to coffee. I come out in the most sinister spots if I drink it before dinner.
- C CHRISTOPHER. (*To Schneider.*) Just for three, then. (*Schneider goes, shutting the door.*)
- A SALLY. I always have Prairie Oysters for breakfast. Don't you adore them? Eggs with Worcester Sauce all sort of wooshed up together. I simply live on them. (*Sits, draping cloak over head of couch.*) Actually, I suppose I couldn't have a whisky and soda, could I? I'm simply dead. 20
- B CHRISTOPHER. I'm afraid I haven't got any whisky.
- C SALLY. I thought you were English.
- D CHRISTOPHER. I am. But I'm also poor.

- SALLY. Oh, so am I. Terribly poor. But I always have whisky. I mean, I think one must. Do you have anything? I mean, anything besides coffee? **E**
- CHRISTOPHER. I think I've got a little spot of gin. **F**
21. SALLY. Dear old mother's ruin. Gin will be wonderful. (Christopher gets gin out of cupboard.) Am I terribly late, Fritz darling? **A G**
- FRITZ. (Leaning over head of couch.) No, you are beautifully on time. **B**
- SALLY. I thought I wasn't going to be able to come at all. I had a most frantic row with my landlady. Finally, I just said pig, and swept out. (Moving down to L. of couch.) **C**
22. CHRISTOPHER. What would you like in this—or this in? **A**
- SALLY. Have you got anything? **B**
- CHRISTOPHER. (Helplessly.) No, I don't think I have. **C**
- SALLY. Then I'll just have it straight. **D**
- CHRISTOPHER. (Going back to cupboard.) I'm afraid it will have to be in a tooth glass. **E**
23. SALLY. That will be wonderful. Give me one of your marvellous cigarettes, Fritz darling. (Fritz offers cigarettes.) Do you ever smoke any of Fritz's cigarettes? (Takes holder from her handbag, fits cigarette into it and lights it.) They're absolutely devastating. I'm sure they're full of opium, or something. They always make me feel terribly sensual. **F A**
24. CHRISTOPHER. (Handing her the glass.) Here you are. (Leaves gin bottle on the tea table.) **A**
- SALLY. Thank you so much. This looks wonderful. (Sips it.) Oh, it is. It's got an extraordinary taste, like peppermint. **B**
- CHRISTOPHER. Oh, I'm afraid I can't have washed out this glass properly. That must be toothpaste. I'm so sorry. **C**
- SALLY. I think it is wonderful. Have some, Fritz. (Hands Fritz the glass.) Taste it. Perhaps we can all make a fortune selling mint-flavored gin. **D**
- FRITZ. (Tasting.) It is extremely interesting. (Hands glass back to Sally.) **E**
- SALLY. (Handing glass to Christopher.) You have some, too. **F**
- CHRISTOPHER. (Tasting.) Perhaps we can all make a fortune selling mouthwash you can get drunk on. (Moves away to table L. and sits on R. edge.) **G**
25. FRITZ. (Sitting on head of couch.) What for was your row with your landlady? **A**

21. Beautifully on time
- A. Sally probes Fritz.  
B. Fritz strokes Sally.  
C. Sally tantalizes Fritz.  
Fritz and Sally flirt.
22. I'll have it straight.
- A. Christopher probes Sally.  
B. Sally probes Christopher.  
C. Christopher concedes to Sally.  
D. Sally concedes to Christopher.  
E. Christopher excuses himself.  
F. Sally strokes Christopher.
23. Opium cigarettes
- A. Sally probes Christopher, strokes Fritz.
24. Mint-flavored gin
- A. Christopher pacifies Sally.  
B. Sally purrs.  
C. Christopher slams himself.  
D. Sally strokes Christopher.  
E. Fritz compromises himself.  
F. Sally dares Christopher.  
G. Christopher strokes Sally.  
Sally, Christopher, and Fritz spar over gin.
25. Row
- A. Fritz probes Sally.  
B. Sally confides in Fritz and Christopher.  
Sally blabbers troubles.  
Plot exposition

26. Klaus

- A. Sally probes Fritz.
- B. Fritz probes Sally.
- C. Sally shocks Fritz.
- D. Fritz probes Sally.
- E. Sally enlightens Christopher and Fritz.  
Sally loves Klaus.  
Foreshadowing and exposition

27. A new room for Sally

- A. Sally probes Christopher.
- B. Christopher probes Sally.
- C. Sally probes Christopher.
- D. Christopher baits Sally.
- E. Fritz probes Christopher (takes bait).
- F. Christopher reassures Fritz.
- G. Sally probes Christopher.
- H. Christopher confronts Sally.
- I. Sally stumbles Christopher.
- J. Christopher smooths Sally.
- K. Sally tests Christopher.
- L. Christopher reassures Fritz.
- M. Sally probes Christopher.  
Sally barter a deal.

28. Bring home men occasionally

- A. Sally exposes herself.  
Sally shows colors.

**B**SALLY. Oh, it was absolutely awful. You should have heard the things she called me. I mean—well, I suppose in a way I may be a bit of a tart . . . I mean, in a nice way—but one doesn't like to be called that. Just because I brought a man home with me last night. And, anyway, I'm terribly in love with him.

26

**B**FRITZ. Anyone I know?

**E**SALLY. You'll never guess. Klaus.

**D**FRITZ. (Rising and leaning over Sally.) Klaus? Your accompanist Klaus?

**E**SALLY. Yes. He was always just like part of the piano to me. And then last night he was absolutely astonishing. Just like a faun, or something. He made me feel like a most marvellous nymph, mile away from anywhere, in the middle of the forest. And then the landlady came in and made the most boring remarks, so I simply can't go back. (Finishes drink and hands glass to Fritz, who returns it to the cupboard.) I shall have to find a new room. (To Christopher.) I don't suppose you know of any, do you?

27

**A**CHRISTOPHER. (Rises and moves in to L. of couch.) A room?

**B**SALLY. Something like this, perhaps?

**C**CHRISTOPHER. Well, there is this one.

**D**FRITZ. (Moving down to L. of Christopher.) Why, are you leaving?

**E**CHRISTOPHER. I'm leaving this room. I can't afford it any more.

**F**SALLY. Is it terribly expensive? (Fritz moves chair from above table to R. of it and sits facing them.)

**G**CHRISTOPHER. I pay fifty marks a month. That includes breakfast.

**H**SALLY. (Rising. Christopher follows her round to above couch.) But that's nothing. I pay eighty for mine. This is very nice. (Looks around.) Is that your bed? Oh, I think that's sweet—all hidden away like that. (Looks behind the curtains.) Oh, that's where you keep things.

**I**CHRISTOPHER. (Laughing.) Only when I have visitors.

**J**SALLY. You mean I could really have this? How soon?

**K**CHRISTOPHER. As soon as you like. I've only got to move across the hall. It won't take me a minute. And I know Fräulein Schneider is very anxious to let it.

**L**SALLY. (Coming down to L. of Christopher.) What is she like? I mean, is she going to make trouble if I bring men home occasionally? I mean, it would only be very occasionally, because I

28

do think one ought to go to the man's rooms, if one can. I mean, it doesn't look so much as if one was sort of expecting it. (*Kneels on couch.*) And men feel very keenly about that sort of thing. And it won't be men, anyway. It'll only be Klaus. I've decided to be absolutely faithful to him. I really have. She wouldn't mind that, would she, or would she?

29. CHRISTOPHER. If she can let the room, I'm sure she wouldn't mind anything. **A**

30. SALLY. I say, am I shocking you, talking like this? **A**

CHRISTOPHER. Not a bit. No one ever shocks me when they try to. **B**

SALLY. (*Rather sharply.*) Why do you say I'm trying to shock you? **C**

CHRISTOPHER. I have an idea you like to try and shock everyone. Why do you paint your finger-nails green? **D**

31. SALLY. I think it's pretty. Don't you? **B**

CHRISTOPHER. Suppose you thought it was pretty to paint dirty pictures on them, would you do that, too? **C**

SALLY. Yes. You know, that's rather a good idea. Not dirty pictures exactly, but sort of stimulating ones. I must get someone to do it for me. Is he really unshockable, Fritz, or is he just pretending? **D**

32. FRITZ. Oh, no, Chris is quite unshockable. I have tried many times, but ultimately I cannot do it. **A**

CHRISTOPHER. But—there is a young lady coming this afternoon who is shockable. So would you mind awfully being just a bit more careful what you say? She's one of my pupils, and I do rather need her. **B**

33. SALLY. Oh, but darling, of course. I'll be terribly ladylike. **A**

CHRISTOPHER. And don't let her know I'm going to move out of here; do you mind? I don't want her to know how broke I am! **C**

SALLY. I won't breathe a word. (*Bell rings. Fritz moves u. c.*) **D**

34. CHRISTOPHER. (*Starting to go to door.*) That must be her now. **A**

SALLY. You'd better put the gin away. **B**

CHRISTOPHER. Oh, yes, thanks. (*Retrieves gin from tea table and puts it in cupboard.*) **C**

SALLY. I'm afraid there isn't time for me to clean my nails. I'll try and keep my fists clenched. (*Christopher crosses to door.*) **D**

NATALIA. (*Off.*) Herr Isherwood? **E**

29. Let the room

- A. Christopher smooths over Sally. Christopher reels in on Sally.

30. Am I shocking you?

- A. Sally tests Christopher.
- B. Christopher shuts Sally down.
- C. Sally retreats from Christopher.
- D. Christopher reads Sally. Christopher puts Sally in her place.

31. Green fingernails

- A. Christopher tests Sally.
- B. Sally tests Christopher.
- C. Christopher tests Sally.
- D. Sally welcomes Christopher. Sally shows colors to Christopher - Sally character exposition.

32. Christopher is quite unshockable.

- A. Sally tests Fritz.
- B. Fritz strokes Christopher. Sally puts Fritz on the spot.

33. A young lady who is shockable

- A. Christopher restrains Sally.
- B. Sally pats Christopher (don't worry!)
- C. Christopher restrains Sally.
- D. Sally pats Christopher. Christopher tames Sally and Fritz. Natalia character exposition

34. Clenched fists

- A. Christopher primps Sally.
- B. Sally scolds Christopher.
- C. Christopher thanks Sally.
- D. Sally teases Christopher.
- E. Natalia announces herself.
- F. Schneider fusses over Natalia.
- G. Schnedier fusses over Natalia.

35. Sehr erfreut, gnädiges, Fraulein.

- A. Christopher presents Natalia.
- B. Fritz charms Natalia (tries to).
- C. Christopher heels Fritz (down boy).
- D. Fritz charms Natalia (tries different channel).
- E. Sally presents herself (jealous).
- F. Natalia makes contact (lesson one).
- G. Sally spars with Natalia.
- H. Natalia corrects Sally.

36. Plegm

- A. Natalia shows off (medical term).
- B. Natalia starts Sally (jolts).
- C. Natalia shows off.
- D. Christopher teaches (corrects) Sally and Natalia.
- E. Natalia challenges Christopher.
- F. Christopher stammers himself.
- G. Natalia goads Christopher.
- H. Christopher sulks.
- I. Natalia challenges Christopher.

37. Phthisis

- A. Sally probes Natalia.
- B. Natalia condescends Sally.
- C. Sally wretches at Natalia.
- D. Natalia puzzles at Sally.

F SCHNEIDER. Ja, gnädiges Fräulein. Er erwartet Sie. Bitte sei.  
(The door opens and Schneider ushers in Natalia.)

G SCHNEIDER. Bitte. Hier ist die Dame die sie erwartet habe  
Herr Issyvoo. (Exit. Natalia is about twenty-two, correct  
dressed, very German, formal and decided. Christopher leads b  
to c. below couch.)

A CHRISTOPHER. Natalia. These are friends of mine. Miss Bowl  
Fräulein Landauer, and Mr. Wendel, Fräulein Landauer.

B FRITZ. (Moving round to r. of Natalia clicks his heels and bou  
Natalia bows to him.) Sehr erfreut, gnädiges, Fräulein.

C CHRISTOPHER. I think we'd better speak English. Fraule  
Landauer speaks wonderful English.

D FRITZ. I am charmed, dearest Miss. (Clicks heels and bou  
Natalia bows again, then shakes hands with Sally, noticing b  
nails.)

E SALLY. (Concealing her nails.) How do you do? (Sitting c  
chair r. of desk. Fritz crosses to pouffe and sits. Christopher si  
on head of couch.)

F NATALIA. (Sitting on L. end of couch.) I am well. I have ju  
had a cold, but it is better now.

G SALLY. (Doing her best.) Oh, I'm so sorry. Colds are beastl  
things, aren't they? One's head gets all stopped up.

H NATALIA. This was a cold in the chest. It was not in my hea  
A All the plegm was here. (Points to her chest.)

B SALLY. All the what?

C NATALIA. The plegm that comes into the tubes.

D CHRISTOPHER. Phlegm. You pronounce the "h."

E NATALIA. Oh. Then why do you say phthisis, what the Lady c  
the Camellias had, and not pronounce the "h" there, too? (.  
pause while she waits for an answer.)

F CHRISTOPHER. Well . . .

G NATALIA. There must be a reason. You give it to me, please.

H CHRISTOPHER. I don't know it. But you don't say p-tisis, either

I NATALIA. Then you should say "lem," and leave it right out a  
in phthisis. I have lem in my chest. Is it not so? It is not an exac  
language, your English. (Takes gloves off.)

A SALLY. What is phthisis?

B NATALIA. It is consumption. From the lungs. They are consume  
in phlegm.

C SALLY. Do you mind not going on about it? I think I am goir

35

36

37

to be sick. (Schneider enters with the coffee tray and places it on tea table. She goes out, leaving door open.)

NATALIA. But why should it make you sick? You do not have it. **D**

**38** SALLY. ~~All stories about illness make me want to throw up.~~ I saw **A**  
a film about syphilis the other night that was too awful. I couldn't let a man touch me for almost a week. Is it true you can get it from kissing?

FRITZ. Oh, yes. And your King, Henry the Eighth, caught it from letting Cardinal Wolsey whisper to him. **B**

NATALIA. That is not, I think, founded in fact. But kissing, most **C**  
decidedly yes. And from towels. And cups. I hope these have been cleaned properly.

CHRISTOPHER. (Flippantly.) Oh, yes, Fräulein Schneider **D**  
always boils them every day. (Schneider re-enters with cake stand and puts it down, r. of tea table.)

SALLY. I mean, you can't ask every man to run out and have **E**  
tests and things before you let him touch you. I mean, there isn't time, and he'd be off in a nip to someone far less particular.

**39** (Schneider crosses to above couch. Natalia freezes. Christopher comes in hastily.)

CHRISTOPHER. (Crossing to tea table.) Natalia, let me give you **A**  
some coffee.

SALLY. (Rising.) Oh, Fräulein. (Crosses to Schneider.) Could I **B**  
have a talk with your landlady, Chris, darling?

CHRISTOPHER. There's plenty of time. **C**

SALLY. Oh, we'll talk outside. Won't we, Fräulein darling? We'll **D**  
have secrets together. (To Natalia.) If you'll excuse me.

NATALIA. But most obligingly. **E**

SALLY. (To Schneider.) Komm, liebes Fraulein, wir werden **F**  
haben Geheimnisse zusammen. (Exit with Schneider. Fritz rises and crosses to cake stand. Takes plate and hands it to Natalia.)

**40** FRITZ. (To Natalia, while Christopher passes coffee.) You will **A**  
allow me to pass you a cake, dearest Miss? They are jam tarts.

NATALIA. I thank you, no. I do not eat between meals. (Fritz **B**  
puts plate back.) And Miss is not the correct way to address a lady in English. No sugar, neither. Just plain black coffee.

FRITZ. (Moves round to u. r. of Natalia and offers cigarette, **C**  
which she takes.) That, too, is how I like it. Black, black, black, like Otello.

38. Cardinal Wolsey and syphilis

- A. Sally tests Natalia.
- B. Fritz shows off to Natalia.
- C. Natalia corrects Fritz (slams).
- D. Christopher pacifies Natalia.
- E. Sally confides in Natalia.

39. We'll have secrets together.

- A. Christopher distracts Natalia (draws fire).
- B. Sally probes Christopher.
- C. Christopher pacifies Sally.
- D. Sally excuses self.
- E. Natalia condescends Sally.
- F. Sally strokes Schneider.

40. Black like Othello

- A. Fritz charms Natalia.
- B. Natalia slams Fritz.
- C. Fritz charms Natalia.

41. Lady Windermere

- A. Natalia probes Fritz.
- B. Fritz strokes Sally.
- C. Natalia probes Fritz.
- D. Fritz strokes himself.
- E. Natalia slams Fritz.
- F. Fritz advances on Natalia.

42. Bohemian

- A. Christopher wets Fritz (cold water).
- B. Natalia puts Christopher on the spot.
- C. Christopher wallows.
- D. Natalia probes Christopher.
- E. Christopher wallows.
- F. Natalia test Christopher (challenge).
- G. Christopher squirms under Natalia.
- H. Natalia glows.
- I. Fritz advances on Natalia.
- J. Natalia finalizes.

43. It means a sweetheart.

- A. Christopher flushes at Natalia.
- B. Natalia probes Christopher.
- C. Christopher straightens Natalia out.
- D. Natalia probes Christopher.
- E. Christopher flounders.
- F. Natalia challenges Christopher.
- G. Fritz rescues Christopher.
- H. Natalia probes Fritz.
- I. Fritz advances at Natalia.
- J. Natalia teases Christopher.
- K. Christopher strokes Natalia.
- L. Natalia denies Christopher.
- M. Fritz advances on Natalia.

A NATALIA. You tell me, please, about Fräulein Bowles. She is remarkable girl.

41

B FRITZ. (Lighting her cigarette.) She is a night-club artiste. Very talented. (Christopher hands coffee to Natalia and returns to table.)

C NATALIA. Where does she perform?

D FRITZ. (Sits on side arm of couch.) At a club calling the Lady Windermere. You know perhaps the play from Oscar Villder, calling Lady Windermere's Fan? (Fritz crosses to table for ashtray collects coffee from Christopher and returns to head of couch, putting ashtray down on couch on the way.)

E NATALIA. (Correcting him.) Called Lady Windermere's Fan by Oscar Vilt. But of course I know it. I have read it, both in English and in German. I think it is better in German. But the club I do not know.

F FRITZ. Would you let me take you to it one night, to hear Sally sing?

A CHRISTOPHER. (Sitting on chair r. of desk.) Do you think it is quite the right place for Fräulein Landauer? (Fritz sits on pouffe.)

42

B NATALIA. But why not?

C CHRISTOPHER. Oh, I don't know. I just thought . . .

D NATALIA. You thought what, please?

E CHRISTOPHER. I don't know, really.

F NATALIA. You don't know. Then I cannot help you.

G CHRISTOPHER. I thought it might be just a bit—Bohemian.

H NATALIA. Then I must see it. I accept your invitation, my dear sir. When shall we go?

I FRITZ. (Rising and moving in to Natalia.) We could go tonight, if you are free.

J NATALIA. I can be free. I will give you my address. (Hands Fritz a visiting card.) You will come, too, Christopher, and we will be a party to hear your girl friend sing.

A CHRISTOPHER. (She is not my girl friend.)

43

B NATALIA. No? Then what is she, please?

C CHRISTOPHER. She's—just a friend.

D NATALIA. I see. And she is not a girl?

E CHRISTOPHER. Yes, but . . .

F NATALIA. Then why is she not a girl friend?

G FRITZ. Girl friend means something more than a friend who is a girl, Fräulein.

NATALIA. So? What does it mean? **H**  
 FRITZ. It means a sweetheart. **I**  
 NATALIA. Ah, so I did not know. Then I am not a girl friend of **J**  
 yours, Christopher?  
 CHRISTOPHER. (*Feebly.*) Unfortunately—no . . . **K**  
 NATALIA. You do not mean that, Christopher. You say it only **L**  
 to be polite.  
 FRITZ. He ought to mean it. **M**  
 NATALIA. (*Ever so slightly coquettish.*) You think, Herr **N**  
 Wendel?  
 FRITZ. I think very much.  
 NATALIA. And you, too, are polite. (*Puts cigarette out.*) **O**  
 FRITZ. No, I am never polite. I am only sincere. (*Returns ashtray* **P**  
*to table. Sally re-enters, smoking.*) **Q**  
 44. SALLY. It's all fixed up, Chris. The poor old thing was almost in **A**  
 tears of gratitude. (*Sits r. of Natalia.*)  
 NATALIA. And why was she so grateful? **B**  
 SALLY. Because I'm moving in here. (*Fritz puts cup down on tea* **C**  
*table.*)  
 CHRISTOPHER. (*Rises and crosses to r. of couch. Hurriedly.*) **A**  
 45. Sally! We are all coming to hear you sing tonight.  
 SALLY. Tonight? Oh, but, my dear, I shall be exhausted. I didn't **B**  
 sleep a wink last night. (*Christopher sits on pouffe.*)  
 NATALIA. You had rather I come some other evening? **D**  
 SALLY. Oh, I expect it will be all right. Only don't let the pro-  
 prietor bother you. He's quite a darling, really, but he takes dope  
 quite a lot, and sometimes it doesn't agree with him. (*Puts ciga-  
 rette out in Natalia's cup.*) He pinches people. It doesn't mean  
 anything.  
 46. NATALIA. (*Stiffly.*) I think now that I must go. (*Rises and hands* **A**  
*cup to Fritz.*)  
 FRITZ. Please, if I may accompany you? **B**  
 NATALIA. My dear young man, I am not sixty years old, and **C**  
 can go home unmolested all by myself. (*Fritz puts cup down on  
 tea table.*)  
 CHRISTOPHER. (*Quoting.*) Bin weder Fräulein, weder schön, **D**  
 kann ungeleitet nach Hause gehen.  
 SALLY. What is that? **E**  
 NATALIA. (*Reverently.*) It is from *Faust* **F**

- N. Natalia gauges Fritz.  
 O. Fritz advances on Natalia.  
 P. Natalia snubs Fritz.  
 Q. Fritz primps himself.
44. I'm moving in.  
 A. Sally baits Christopher.  
 B. Natalia takes bait (bites).  
 C. Sally shocks Natalia (all).
45. He takes dope quite a lot.  
 A. Christopher distracts Sally.  
 B. Sally puts off Christopher.  
 C. Natalia tests Sally.  
 D. Natalia retreats.
46. Fraulein Landauer is a virgin? Faust  
 A. Natalia escorts self.  
 B. Fritz asserts self.  
 C. Natalia slams Fritz.  
 D. Christopher strokes self.  
 E. Sally is stunned.  
 F. Natalia snubs Sally.  
 G. Christopher enlightens Sally.

47. An interesting curiosity
- Fritz strokes Natalia.
  - Sally flushes Natalia.
  - Natalia restrains self.
48. She is charging you too much.
- Natalia pardons Sally.
  - Sally allerts Natalia.
  - Natalia covers anger.
49. It's her duty to understand you.
- Sally tests Christopher.
  - Christopher pats Sally (lets down easy).
  - Sally repents to Christopher.
  - Christopher is smug with Natalia.
50. What got into Fritz
- Sally probes Christopher.
  - Christopher baits Christopher.
  - Sally probes Christopher.
  - Christopher mocks Fritz.
  - Sally mocks Fritz.
51. Make a pounce.
- Sally slams Natalia.
  - Christopher scoffs Sally.
  - Sally touchés Christopher.
  - Christopher strokes Sally.
52. We can sob on each other's bosoms.
- Sally claims prize.
  - Christopher strokes Sally.
  - Sally strokes Christopher.

6 CHRISTOPHER. It means, "I am not a virgin, and I am not beautiful, and I can go home alone."

A FRITZ. (Moving down to below Natalia. Earnestly.) Oh, but that is not true. None of it is true. Not in this case.

B SALLY. (Eagerly.) You mean you think Fräulein Landauer is virgin? How do you know?

C NATALIA. You are filled with interesting curiosity, Fräulein Bowles, but I must pull myself away. I say good-bye. (Shakes hands with Sally. Fritz collects hat, cane, etc.)

D SALLY. Good-bye.

E NATALIA. Good-bye, Christopher. (Shakes hands.) I think I will talk to your landlady on my way out. I do not like these rooms and she is charging you too much. (Exit with Fritz. Sally lies back on couch.)

A SALLY. (After a moment.) I don't think that girl liked me very much, did she?

B CHRISTOPHER. (Crossing to tea table for cake and napkin.) No, I don't think she really did.

C SALLY. I'm sure I don't know why, I was doing my best. It won't make any difference to you, will it? To your lessons, I mean?

D CHRISTOPHER. (Moves down to chair R. of table L.) No, I don't think so. She's very broad-minded in an intellectual sort of way. She'll probably decide it's her duty to understand you.

A SALLY. ~~What on earth was Fritz up to?~~ I can't think what got into him. He isn't after her, is he?

B CHRISTOPHER. She's very rich, you know. And Fritz is very broke.

C SALLY. Do you think he'll get anywhere with her?

D CHRISTOPHER. (Sits.) I've always understood from him that women find him attractive.

E SALLY. (Taking cigarette from handbag.) I shouldn't think she would, with his going on like that. I should think his best way with a girl of that kind would be to make a pounce.

B CHRISTOPHER. I can't imagine anyone pouncing on Natalia.

C SALLY. (Lighting cigarette.) No, dear. That's why it would be so effective.

D CHRISTOPHER. I believe you're right. You know, that's quite wonderful of you, Sally.

A SALLY. It seems very simple to me. Give me the rest of that gin.

47

48

49

50

51

52

will you, Chris? There's just a little left. Then you won't have to pack the bottle.

CHRISTOPHER. (*Getting it.*) Of course.

SALLY. And you're going to be right across the hall. I took a look at the room. It's not very nice. But you can use this any time you like, you know, and then if I'm low—or you are (*Rises.*) we can just sob on each other's bosoms. (*Sally and Christopher meet in front of couch. He gives her drink.*) I say, Fräulein Schneider's

got a big one, hasn't she? Like an opera singer, or that woman in the music halls who can make hers jump. (*Crossing to table L.*) Can Fräulein Schneider do that?

CHRISTOPHER. We might train her.

SALLY. (*Looking at the paper on the table.*) Chapter One. Are you writing a novel?

CHRISTOPHER. Starting one. (*Moves across to R. end of couch and sits lighting cigarette.*)

SALLY. (*Reading.*) "I am a Camera, with its shutter open, quite passive." Do you mean this is a story written by a camera?

CHRISTOPHER. (*Laughing.*) No, it's written by me. I'm the camera.

SALLY. How do you mean?

CHRISTOPHER. I'm the one who sees it all. I don't take part. I don't really even think. I just sort of photograph it. Ask questions, maybe. How long have you been in Germany?

SALLY. About two months.

CHRISTOPHER. What part of England is your home in?

SALLY. Lancashire, my father owns a mill—several mills!

CHRISTOPHER. And your mother is French. (*She looks blank.*) Fritz told me she was.

SALLY. (*Puts cigarette out and crosses to R. end of couch. Irritated.*) Fritz is an idiot. He's always inventing things. Mummy's a bit county, but she's an absolute darling. I simply worship her. I'm afraid Daddy's side of the family comes out in me. You'd love Daddy. He doesn't care a damn for anyone. It was he who said I could go to London and learn acting. You see, I couldn't bear school, so I got myself expelled.

CHRISTOPHER. How did you do that?

SALLY. I told the headmistress I was going to have a baby.

CHRISTOPHER. Oh, rot, Sally, you didn't.

SALLY. Yes, I did. So they got a doctor to examine me, and then

53. We might train her.

- A. Sally teases Schneider.
- B. Christopher teases Schneider.

54. I'm the one who sees it all.

- A. Sally probes Christopher.
- B. Christopher slams self.
- C. Sally probes Christopher.
- D. Christopher enlightens Sally.
- E. Sally probes Christopher.
- F. Christopher enlightens Sally.

55. My father owns a mill.

- A. Christopher probes Sally.
- B. Sally baits Christopher.
- C. Christopher probes Sally.
- D. Sally strokes self.
- E. Christopher probes Sally.
- F. Sally slams Fritz.
- G. Christopher probes Sally.
- H. Sally slams headmistress.
- I. Christopher slams Sally.
- J. Sally shocks Christopher.

56. They told me I'd do better in Berlin.

- A. Christopher probes Sally.
- B. Sally probes Christopher.
- C. Christopher strokes Sally.

57. I've got to be free.

- A. Christopher strokes Sally.
- B. Sally strokes Christopher.
- C. Christopher strokes Sally.
- D. Sally confesses self.
- E. Christopher probes Sally.
- F. Sally confesses self.
- G. Christopher probes Sally.
- H. Sally declares independence.
- I. Christopher honors Sally.
- J. Sally strokes self.
- K. Christopher strokes Sally.
- L. Sally baits Christopher.

when they found out there was nothing the matter they were most rightfully disappointed. And the headmistress said that a girl who could even think of anything so disgusting couldn't possibly be let stay on. So I went to London. (*Crosses to pouffe and sits.*) And that's where things started happening.

A CHRISTOPHER. What sort of things?

B SALLY. Oh—things. I had a wonderful, voluptuous little room— with no chairs—(*Drinks.*) that's how I used to seduce men. One of them told me I'd do better in Berlin. What do you think, Chris?

C CHRISTOPHER. I think you're doing fine. (*Sits on floor in front of couch.*) I think you're wonderful, Sally.

B SALLY. Do you, Chris dear? I think you're wonderful, too. We're going to be real good friends, aren't we?

C CHRISTOPHER. (*Rather slowly.*) Do you know, I believe we are. Real good friends.

D SALLY. (*Rising and walking behind couch.*) You know, Chris, you were quite right about my wanting to shock people. I do, and don't know why. (*Puts glass down on tea table.*) I do think you were clever to notice it. (*Picks up paper knife from desk and plays with it.*) And, Chris, there's one thing more. I'm not sure if you'll understand or not. I did tell Fritz my mother was French. I suppose I wanted to impress him.

E CHRISTOPHER. What's so impressive about a French mother?

F SALLY. I suppose it's like tarts calling themselves French names to excite men. I'm a bit mad like that sometimes, Chris. You must be patient with me.

G CHRISTOPHER. I will, Sally. Was that all true just now, what you told me about your family?

H SALLY. Yes, of course it was. (*Moves round to r. of desk.*) Well, most of it. (*Puts paper knife down.*) Only, Chris, you mustn't ever ask me questions. If I want to tell you anything, I will. But I've got to be free.

I CHRISTOPHER. (*Amused.*) Very well, Sally. (*Rises.*)

J SALLY. I've got to have a free soul. You know, I think I'm really rather a strange and extraordinary person, Chris.

K CHRISTOPHER. So do I, Sally. (*Copying her tone.*) Quite extraordinary. (*Christopher starts to laugh. Sally joins in. Their laughter grows louder. She embraces him.*)

L SALLY. Oh, Chris, you are awful. (*Releasing herself, she picks up her handbag and starts for the door.*) Look, darling, I must go.

I'll be back in an hour with all my things, and you can help me unpack. So long, Chris. (Exit.)

58. CHRISTOPHER. (Following her to door.)/So long, Sally. (During this speech Christopher moves paper knife from couch to table L., puts gin bottle in waste-paper basket and replaces chair above table.) Well, I'd better start moving out of here. I bet Fräulein Schneider's pleased. Sally is just the kind of person she likes. (Takes two personal pictures from the wall and puts them on the table.) How do I know that? How do I know what kind of a person Sally is? I suppose that's what's so fascinating about her. People who talk like that about themselves ought to be lying. But I don't believe she is. And yet she's that mysterious thing my family calls a lady, too. (Looks out of the window.) Look at her. She's even flirting with the taxi-driver. And she knows I'm watching her. Oh, my God! (He laughs.) I've got to put that down right away. (Sits at the desk and starts to write in a notebook.) Let's make notes. How would you describe her? Sally Bowles was a girl of about . . . I wonder how old she is. Her face is young, but her hands look terribly old. And they were dirty, too. Dirty as a little girl's hands. (Writes again.) Sally's hands were like the old hands of a dirty little girl.

CURTAIN

ACT I

SCENE 2

About three months later.

The scene is very slightly changed. A few feminine touches. A doll or two. Some bottles and jars are spread out on the table. The Medici prints are missing, and a couple of other pictures, very sentimental, are in their places. A pair of silk stockings and a pair of panties on a hanger, drying. When the curtain rises Schneider is tidying up the table L. There is a knock on the door.

59. SCHNEIDER. Ja, herein. (Christopher enters and moves U. R. to tea table.)

CHRISTOPHER. Oh, is Sally not here? B

58. Dirty as a little girl's hands

A. Christopher probes self.

59. I do not think she is well.

A. Schneider mothers Christopher.

B. Christopher probes Sally.

C. Schneider pampers Sally (mothers).  
Schneider is mother.

60. I've got pains in my back.

- A. Christopher probes Schneider.
- B. Schneider scolds Christopher.
- C. Christopher pouts to Schneider.
- D. Schneider tests Christopher.
- E. Christopher pouts to Schneider.
- F. Schneider mothers Christopher.
- G. Christopher pouts to Schneider.
- H. Schneider mothers Christopher.
- I. Christopher thanks Schneider.  
Christopher whines to Schneider. (hypochondriac)

61. Klaus in England for six weeks

- A. Christopher probes Schneider.
- B. Schneider mothers Sally.  
Christopher and Schneider worry about Sally and Klaus.

62. Of that a man is dead

- A. Schneider bustles.
- B. Fritz tests Schneider.
- C. Schneider relocates Fritz.
- D. Fritz probes Christopher.
- E. Christopher pouts to Fritz.
- F. Fritz mothers Christopher.
- G. Christopher pouts to Fritz.
- H. Fritz is shocked by temperature.
- I. Christopher reassures Fritz.
- J. Fritz reassures Christopher.
- K. Christopher pouts.  
Christopher whines to Fritz.

C SCHNEIDER. No, Herr, Issyvoo, she has gone out. And so late she was getting up. It's not as if she were working nights any more. I don't think she is well, Herr Issyvoo.

A CHRISTOPHER. Do you know where she keeps my thermometer, Fräulein Schneider? I want to take my temperature. (Moves down to L. of couch.)

B SCHNEIDER. What, again?

C CHRISTOPHER. I've got pains in my back, strange pains.

D SCHNEIDER. (Moving in to Christopher.) I thought it was your stomach.

E CHRISTOPHER. That was yesterday. (Moves towards Schneider and they meet between couch and table L.)

F SCHNEIDER. (Feeling his head.) You have no temperature.

G CHRISTOPHER. (Sitting on couch.) I'm not so sure. I'd like to see, if I can find the thermometer.

H SCHNEIDER. (Looking for it.) It must be here somewhere. I saw her using it only yesterday to stir those Prairie Oysters with. Ah, here it is. There is still a little egg on it, but it's on the case. (Finds thermometer under doll on tea table, gives it to Christopher and puts case on washstand.)

I CHRISTOPHER. Thank you. (Opens thermometer and shakes it down.) (Has the afternoon post come yet?)

A SCHNEIDER. (Moves round to head of couch and picks up a slip and pair of stockings.) It will be here soon, now. There was nothing for her this morning. (Christopher puts the thermometer in his mouth.) I begin to worry for Fräulein Sally. That friend Klaus of hers. Six weeks he has been away now in England and only one letter has he written. (Bell rings.) (There is the bell. (She goes to answer it.)

B FRITZ. (Off.) Ist Fräulein Bowles zu Hause?

C SCHNEIDER. (Off.) Nein, Herr Wendel. Aber Herr Issyvoo ist da. In ihren Zimmer. Gehen nur hinein. (Fritz enters.)

D FRITZ. Hello, Chris. Are you ill?

E CHRISTOPHER. I don't know yet. Sit down.

F FRITZ. (Sitting r. of Christopher.) What's the matter?

G CHRISTOPHER. My back aches. That could be the beginning of paralysis—creeping paralysis. Fritz, read this for me.

H FRITZ. (Takes thermometer.) It is ninety-eight point six. Um Gotteswillen! but of that a man is dead.

I CHRISTOPHER. (Takes thermometer from him.) No, you are

60

61

62

mixing it up with Centigrade. You don't die Fahrenheit until it's over one hundred and six. Are you sure that's what it says?

FRITZ. Quite sure.

CHRISTOPHER. (Removing the thermometer.) It must be broken. (Shakes thermometer down.) I think I'll take some aspirin. (Crosses up to washstand, puts thermometer down and takes aspirin from cupboard.) How are you, Fritz? How's Natalia?

63

FRITZ. Christopher. I cannot get anywhere with that girl. I have spent money on her. Money I have not got. I meet her parents. I write her poems. Poems from Heinrich Heine, and always she recognizes them, and then she laughs at me. It is not even the money any more. (Crosses to table L. and sits on edge.) But when she will not let me make love to her, it drives me ultimately mad. I kiss her, and it is like my aunt. And, Chris, she is beautiful, and she is untouched. By me or anybody.

64

CHRISTOPHER. (Swallowing aspirin.) Sally said you ought to pounce on her.

FRITZ. But no one could pounce on Natalia.

CHRISTOPHER. (Crosses to couch and lies down on it, picking up teddy bear.) Sally said that's why it would be so effective. Knock her down. Throw her on a couch or something.

FRITZ. You do not mean that, Chris.

65

CHRISTOPHER. You don't seem to be doing any good the usual way. How do you ordinarily manage with women?

FRITZ. I have only to uncurl my little finger, and purr a little, and they come running. I think perhaps I try. (Rises and crosses to above L. of Christopher.) I can after all do myself no harm. She is away now. I write to her every day. Now I will write no more. I wait for her to come home, and then I will pounce, and I will snarl.

66

CHRISTOPHER. Good.

FRITZ. And what is with you, Chris? You still live in that dark tiny prison of a room?

CHRISTOPHER. Oh, yes.

FRITZ. And can you get anyone else in the room at the same time?

CHRISTOPHER. Oh, yes. If they're fond of me.

FRITZ. (Leaning over him.) Do you have any love-life now?

CHRISTOPHER. I have a little. Now and then.

FRITZ. And you will not talk about it. Not ever. You English are

63. It drives me ultimately mad.

- A. Christopher probes, teases Fritz.
- B. Fritz pouts to Christopher. Natalia drives Fritz mad.

64. Threw her on a couch or something

- A. Christopher counsels Fritz.
- B. Fritz praises Natalia.
- C. Christopher counsels Fritz.
- D. Fritz reproaches Christopher.
- E. Christopher reproaches Fritz. Christopher advises Fritz.

65. I will snarl.

- A. Christopher probes Fritz.
- B. Fritz strokes self.
- C. Christopher strokes Fritz. Fritz works self up (decides to pounce).

66. You English are so reticent.

- A. Fritz teases Christopher.
- B. Christopher humors Fritz.
- C. Fritz teases Christopher.
- D. Christopher humors Fritz.
- E. Fritz probes Christopher.
- F. Christopher evades Fritz.
- G. Fritz reproaches Christopher.

67. The kitten's awakening.
- Fritz teases Sally.
  - Christopher humors Fritz.
  - Fritz reproaches Sally. (jealous)
68. Miaow, miaow
- Sally greet Christopher and Fritz.
  - Fritz teases Sally.
  - Sally regresses self.
  - Christopher mocks Sally.
  - Sally pouts to Fritz.
  - Fritz strokes Sally.  
Fritz and Christopher tease Sally.  
Sally character exposition
69. Clive bought it for me.
- Sally primps for Fritz.
  - Christopher strokes Sally.
  - Sally primps for Fritz.  
Sally shows off.
70. Let's have a prairie oyster.
- Sally gags Christopher.
  - Christopher gags at Sally.
  - Sally corners Fritz.
  - Fritz strokes Sally.
  - Sally slams Christopher.  
Sally takes charge.
71. He lives on vacation.
- Fritz probes Sally.
  - Sally strokes Clive.
  - Christopher strokes Clive.
  - Fritz probes Sally.
  - Christopher slams Clive.
  - Sally strokes Clive.

11

A so reticent. (Crosses u. l. to "Kitten's Awakening" picture.) If Sally did not ultimately have a French mother, she would not talk about it, either. (67)

B CHRISTOPHER. A what? (Remembering.) Oh . . . yes.  
C FRITZ. She is a strange girl. Half of her is so ultimately frank and half is so sentimental. (Takes a picture from the wall.) This picture. She has it with her everywhere. (Comes back to above l. of Christopher.) It is called "The Kitten's Awakening." It is childish. (Sally enters. She is rather smarter than when we last saw her, a new and rather unsuitable hat. She carries several packages. She looks tired.)

A SALLY. (Oh, hello, Chris. Hello, Fritz. (68)

B FRITZ. Hello, Sally. We were just admiring your picture.

C SALLY. Oh, "The Kitten's Awakening." (Moves in between them.) I've had that ever since I was a child. It's a dead kitten waking up in Heaven—with angel kittens around.

D CHRISTOPHER. Miaow, miaow. (To the tune of "Noel, Noel.")

E SALLY. Chris makes awful fun of it. (Hits Christopher on back with teddy bear, then moves over to table and puts parcels down.) But I think it's rather sweet.

F FRITZ. It is very sweet. (Replaces picture and returns to above couch.)

A SALLY. (Goodness, it's hot out, and it's late September already. (69)

B CHRISTOPHER. You are very dressy today.

C SALLY. I am? Oh, this hat. Yes, it's new. Clive bought it for me. I don't like it much, but it cost so much money. (Moves up to washstand and puts handbag down on chair D. S. of it.) (Let's have a Prairie Oyster. Will you, Chris? (70)

B CHRISTOPHER. No, I think they affect my back.

C SALLY. Fritz?

D FRITZ. I would like to try one.

E SALLY. I'll make them. Chris doesn't really know how. (Starts to do so, puts two glasses from washstand on table, L.)

A FRITZ. (Moving round to R. end of couch.) And who is this Clive who gives you hats? (71)

B SALLY. He's an American. Chris and I met him a week ago at the Troika bar. We were both sitting alone, having a beer each because we were both so bloody miserable, and he was sitting next to us, and he ordered champagne for us all, (Gets sauce from cupboard and brings it to table.) and we didn't separate till four the

next morning. And ever since then we've hardly been apart, have we, Chris? (*Moves up to cupboard and kneels, opening it to look for eggs.*)

CHRISTOPHER. He's so rich, we daren't let him out of our sight C

FRITZ. And he is here just on vacation? D

CHRISTOPHER. He lives on vacation. I've never seen anyone drink so much. (*Sally brings eggs down to table.*) He's unhappy, he says. But I've never really found out why. Have you, Sally? E

SALLY. (*Pours sauce into glasses.*) Yes, dear. It's his wives. F  
There have been four of them, and they none of them even liked him. And, before that, it was his peculiar grandfathers. They both brought him up six months each. One was a Baptist, and the other lived in Paris. So, no wonder it split him. (*Breaks eggs into glasses.*) He's rather an interesting character like out of Dostioffsky. He's sort of lost faith in everything, and I think Chris and I are putting it back, in bits. (*Throws egg shells into waste basket.*) That's why I feel all right about letting Clive give us things. There's a dozen pairs of silk stockings in there, Chris. And absolutely gallons of Chanel Five. Oh, and some shirts for you. Some silk shirts.

CHRISTOPHER. Good God. G

SALLY. The colors are a bit outrageous, but they're the best silk. H  
Where's something to stir this with? (*Fritz crosses round to L. of couch.*) Oh, this pen will do. (*Picks up a fountain pen and stirs the oysters.*) There. (*She hands one over to Fritz, and gulps down her own.*) Oh, that's marvellous. (*Licks pen.*) I feel better already. A  
(*Puts pen down and goes up to washstand—takes hat off, then moves down to L. end of couch and sits. Fritz chokes.*) Well, how

are things, Fritz? You know, Natalia came to see me several times, as though she were doing district visiting and I were a fallen woman or something. But she seems to have stopped.

FRITZ. She is away with her parents. She comes back next week, and then there is a surprise for her. Chris has told me your advice, that I should pounce on her, and I am going to take it. (*Takes another sip of his drink and chokes again.*) B

SALLY. What's the matter? Don't you like your Prairie Oyster? A

FRITZ. (*Puts glass down on table L.*) It is a little painful. You drink them all down at once? B

SALLY. Yes, they're better that way. Especially when you are not feeling well. They sort of come back at you. E

CHRISTOPHER. Aren't you feeling well, Sally? A

- G. Christopher stutters at Clive.
- H. Sally tempts Christopher.  
Sally and Christopher introduce Clive.

72. I feel better already.

- A. Sally strokes prairie oysters.  
Sally character exposition

73. I am going to take your advice.

- A. Sally probes Fritz.
- B. Fritz strokes Sally.  
Fritz prepares to pounce.

74. It is a little painful.

- A. Sally tests Fritz.
- B. Fritz chokes.
- C. Sally teases Fritz.

75. With me there are no compliments.

- A. Christopher probes Sally.
- B. Fritz pampers Sally.
- C. Sally leads Fritz.
- D. Fritz reassures Sally.
- E. Christopher probes Sally.  
Sally shuns Fritz.

76. I'm going to have a baby.
- A. Christopher prods Sally.
  - B. Sally puts Fritz down.
  - C. Christopher probes Sally.
  - D. Sally shocks Christopher.
  - E. Christopher is shocked.
  - F. Sally pleads with Christopher.
  - G. Christopher probes Christopher.
  - H. Sally confirms Christopher's suspicion.
  - I. Christopher probes Sally.
  - J. Sally confirms Christopher's suspicion.
  - K. Christopher chides Sally.
  - L. Sally appeases Christopher.
  - M. Christopher strokes Sally.
  - N. Sally strokes Christopher.
  - O. Christopher chides Sally.
  - P. Sally declares intentions.
  - Q. Christopher probes Sally.
  - R. Sally probes Christopher.  
Sally plays martyr.

SALLY. NOT really.

B FRITZ. You would like me to go?

C SALLY. Fritz darling, would you mind terribly? I would like to lie down a bit. (Christopher rises and moves round to head of couch.)

D FRITZ. But of course. With me there are no compliments. Sally, you lie down. (Christopher and Fritz help Sally to lie down.) Then you feel better. I go now. You take her to dinner, Chris, and cheer her up.

E CHRISTOPHER. I'll try. Good-bye, Fritz. (Fritz goes. Christopher gets Sally's slippers from beside the bed and brings them down.) Sally, are you really feeling ill? (Helps Sally on with slippers.)

B SALLY. Not so much ill, as just wanting to get rid of him. Fritz is sweet. I mean, he's an old friend, but I thought if I had to go or being bright any longer that I'd die. (Christopher puts shoes beside bed.) I've got something to tell you, Chris.

C CHRISTOPHER. What is it?

D SALLY. (Sitting up.) Chris, I went to the doctor this afternoon . . . and I'm going to have a baby.

E CHRISTOPHER. (Moving down to L. of her.) Oh, my God!

F SALLY. I've been afraid of it for a long time only I wouldn't think about it. I kept pretending it wasn't true. Then yesterday I was sick, and then I fainted this morning. And that's what made me go.

G CHRISTOPHER. Is it Klaus's child?

SALLY. Yes.

H CHRISTOPHER. Does he know?

SALLY. (Sharply.) No, he doesn't.

J CHRISTOPHER. Well, you're going to tell him, aren't you?

K SALLY. I don't know, Chris. I haven't heard from him for weeks and weeks. I wrote to him last week, the nicest letter I could, and he hasn't answered. Not a word. You didn't like him, did you?

M CHRISTOPHER. I didn't really know him. I didn't think he was good enough for you. (Sits L. of Sally.)

N SALLY. That's sweet of you. (Rises.)

O CHRISTOPHER. But you're going to tell him this, now?

P SALLY. (Crossing to above table.) No. Not if he doesn't write to me. I can't beg him. And that's what it would be like. I mean, I mayn't be up to much, but I do have some pride.

Q CHRISTOPHER. Well, what then . . . if he doesn't write?

77. SALLY. I don't know. That's what scares me. It's silly, Chris . . .  
 it happens to other girls. Almost all other girls. But I am scared.  
 Do you suppose they all are, too? (*A knock at the door.*)  
 SCHNEIDER (*Off.*) It is I, Fräulein Sally. The post is here.  
 CHRISTOPHER. (*Sotto voce.*) She's been keeping an eye out for  
 it.  
 SALLY. Come in.  
 SCHNEIDER. (*Entering and going to her.*) There is a letter for  
 you. The one you want, from England.  
 SALLY. Oh, thank you.  
 SCHNEIDER. Ja, Fräulein. (*Schneider hands letter to Sally and  
 waits. Sally starts to undo her packages. Schneider gives up and  
 goes out. Sally waits for her to leave. Then she rips the letter open.  
 Christopher stands by. She reads it. Her face changes.*)  
 CHRISTOPHER. What's the matter?  
 SALLY. It's what I thought. He's throwing me over.  
 CHRISTOPHER. (*Rises.*) Oh, no.  
 SALLY. Right over. With a whole lot of stuff about how badly  
 he's behaved to me. (*Sally hands Christopher the first page. He  
 reads it. She goes on with the second.*) Apparently there's some-  
 one else. A Lady Gore-Eckersley. He says she is wonderful. She's  
 a virgin. A communist virgin. (*Lays the letter down.*) Well, those  
 are two things no one could ever say of me.  
 CHRISTOPHER. (*Going to Sally and putting his arms around  
 her.*) Oh, Sally, I'm sorry.  
 SALLY. (*Leaning against him.*) It's silly, isn't it?  
 CHRISTOPHER. It is a kind of bloody letter.  
 SALLY. I'm afraid he's rather a bloody person, really. Oh, Chris,  
 I am a lousy picker. Always the duds who'll do me in.  
 CHRISTOPHER. I won't, Sally.  
 SALLY. I know. I suppose that's why I haven't been interested in  
 you that way. (*Crosses to head of couch.*)  
 CHRISTOPHER. (*Moves in to L. of couch.*) Sally, you'll have to  
 tell Klaus. He'll have to help you.  
 SALLY. What would be the good? He'd only run away. Leave no  
 address. I knew this was going to happen. (*Turns to Christopher.*)  
 I can't have the baby, Chris. It's awful, because I want to. But not  
 unless I'm married, and can look after it.  
 CHRISTOPHER. (*After a second.*) I'll marry you, Sally.  
 SALLY. (*Turns away and sits on pouffe.*) Oh, Chris, what good

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77. The post is here.  
 A. Schneider knocks, announces self.  
 B. Christopher chides Schneider.  
 C. Schneider probes Christopher.  
 D. Sally admits Schneider.  
 E. Sally dismisses Schneider.  
 F. Schneider gives up.  
 Schneider snoops at Sally.
78. He's throwing me over.  
 A. Christopher probes Sally.  
 B. Sally announces news.  
 C. Christopher despairs.  
 D. Sally despairs.  
 E. Christopher reassures.  
 F. Sally draws from Christopher.  
 G. Christopher supports Sally.  
 H. Sally slams self.  
 Klaus abandons Sally.
79. I haven't been interested in you that way.  
 A. Christopher strokes Sally.  
 B. Sally strokes Christopher.  
 Christopher reassures Sally.
80. He'd only run away.  
 A. Christopher advises Sally.  
 B. Sally despairs.  
 Christopher advises Sally.
81. Just a betrayed whore

would that do? Klaus's child . . . and I'd be a rotten sort or nother. Just a betrayed whore.

DCHRISTOPHER. (*Going to her. Sharply.*) Sally, for God's sake, stop calling yourself that. You know you're not.

SALLY. (*Bitterly.*) Yes, I am. Just that. One who's fallen in love with a swine, because he's her type, and then got caught. That's all. Just a whore and a fool. (*Starts to cry.*)

FCHRISTOPHER. Sally, stop crying.

SALLY. I've got to find someone.

HCHRISTOPHER. Won't this doctor . . . ?

SALLY. No. He was quite shocked when I told him I wasn't married.

JCHRISTOPHER. Then we'll get someone. Maybe we should ask Fräulein Schneider.

KALLY. Do you think she'd know anyone?

GCHRISTOPHER. She knows just about everything, I've always thought. I'll call her. (*Opens door. Sally moves away u. l. to washstand.*) Fräulein Schneider!

MICHSNEIDER. (*Off.*) Ja.

NCHRISTOPHER. Fräulein. Can you come in here? (*Comes back.*) It will be all right, Sally. I promise you. (*Schneider enters and comes in to head of couch.*)

OSCHNEIDER. You called for me, Herr Issyvoo?

PCHRISTOPHER. Yes. We need your advice. Do you want to tell her, Sally?

QSALLY. (*Her back to them.*) No. You do it.

RCHRISTOPHER. Well, you see, Fräulein Schneider, Sally is in a little bit of trouble . . .

SCHNEIDER. Ja?

TCHRISTOPHER. She's going to have a baby.

USCHNEIDER. Um Gotteswillen.

VCHRISTOPHER. So you see . . .

WSCHNEIDER. But then this Herr Klaus, he will come back and marry her.

XCHRISTOPHER. Well, you see, he isn't awfully anxious to. You see . . .

YALLY. (*Angrily, coming down to l. of couch.*) It isn't that at all, Chris. You never can tell anything right. It's I who doesn't want him, Fräulein. I don't ever want to see him again. (*Turns away from them.*)

SCHNEIDER. Ach, so . . .

CHRISTOPHER. So you see, we want to get—er—to get rid of the baby. The point is—do you know anyone?

SCHNEIDER. Yes, I do. There was a young lady living here once, and she went to the doctor.

SALLY. For the same thing?

SCHNEIDER. Exactly the same thing.

SALLY. And was it all right?

SCHNEIDER. It was quite all right. (*Crossing to Sally.*) I have his address and telephone number still. I kept it just in case it should ever happen again. (*Christopher sits on pouffe.*)

SALLY. (*Trying to be easy over it.*) I suppose it happens quite often, really?

SCHNEIDER. It can always happen. It is just bad luck. But he is rather expensive. It is a certificate he has to give that your health will not let you have the risk of childbirth. It costs money, that certificate.

SALLY. How much?

SCHNEIDER. For this other young lady, it was three hundred marks.

CHRISTOPHER. Three hundred!

SCHNEIDER. We could make it a little cheaper, I think, if we argued. Maybe two hundred and fifty.

CHRISTOPHER. That's still an awful lot.

SALLY. I know it is. But I've got to do it, Chris. I really have. (*Crosses to Schneider and takes her hands.*) You'd better ring up the doctor, Fräulein, and see if he can see us.

SCHNEIDER. You like that I come with you?

SALLY. Oh, would you? That would be marvellous. (*As Schneider crosses to door, Sally follows her.*) I say . . . Fräulein! Where—where does he do it?

SCHNEIDER. There is a nursing home. You stay there two or three days, and then you come back here and rest. In maybe ten days, no more, it is all forgotten. I go telephone. (*She goes out gaily.*)

SALLY. (*Crossing to couch and sitting on floor in front of it.*) It's like a treat to her.

CHRISTOPHER. It'll be all right, Sally, I know it will. The other girl was all right.

SALLY. There's something so *degrading* about it, as well as dan-

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82. How much?

83. Ring up the doctor.

84. All the old rules are true after all.

- 85. I don't know what I'd do without you.
- 86. I won't see anyone.
- 87. Oh, hello Clive.
- 88. I brought you these.
- 89. It's not exactly de luxe.

gerous. Oh, damn! Isn't it idiotic? All the men I've had, and there have been quite a lot, and this has to happen to me. It's awful, too, when you think about it, that there's something alive inside of you, that you can't have. That you mustn't have. It's like finding out that all the old rules are true, after all.

CHRISTOPHER. ~~[Sally, two hundred and fifty marks. And the home will probably cost a bit of money, too. I've started making a little more now, too. If I can help you . . .]~~

SALLY. (Turns to him.) Oh, Chris, you are an angel. I'll pay you back. I swear I will. And you know, I think perhaps you had better come with us. We'll say you're the father. I think it looks better to have him along.

CHRISTOPHER. (Comes to R. of Sally and sits on couch with arms round her.) Yes, Sally, of course I'll come with you.

SALLY. Oh, Chris, I don't know what I'd do without you. (She clings to Christopher and he holds her. Bell rings.) Oh, damn, there's the bell. If it's anyone for me, I'm not home. I won't see anyone. (Opens the door, and goes down the passage. Christopher rises and moves round to above couch.) Fräulein Schneider, I'm not at home to anyone. I won't see . . .

Oh, hello, Clive, come in. CLIVE. (Off.) Hello, there. I just thought I'd come and look you up.

SALLY. (Returning and crossing to C.) It's Clive. (Clive enters. He is in his late thirties, large, American, blond, and drunkish.)

CLIVE. Well, hello, Chris, you son of a gun. (Shakes hands.)

CHRISTOPHER. Hello, Clive.

CLIVE. (Crossing to Sally.) I've never seen your place before. I thought I'd come and take a gander at it. I brought you these. (Presents an enormous box of very expensive flowers.)

SALLY. Oh, Clive, how wonderful of you. (Clive looks round room.) Look, Chris, from that terribly expensive shop on the Linden.

CHRISTOPHER. Goodness.

CLIVE. [So this is where you live, eh? Just one room? Say, it's not very grand, is it? Can't you do better than this?

SALLY. I—er—I have in my time. This is just temporary. (Takes ribbon off flower box.)

CLIVE. Oh, sure. Sure.

CHRISTOPHER. (Defensive.) What's the matter with it?

CLIVE. Well, it's not exactly de luxe, do you think?

85

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CHRISTOPHER. (*As before.*) I think it's very nice. (*Sally puts flower box on floor.*)

CLIVE. Oh, sure. Sure. I wasn't casting any slurs. I just thought maybe something a bit more modern. But it's okay. Say, I bet your rooms are better.

SALLY. Oh, yes, they're much better. They're wonderful.

CLIVE. Where are they?

CHRISTOPHER. Just across the hall.

CLIVE. (*Going to door.*) Mind if I take a look? (*Sally starts to gesture wildly at Christopher not to show his room.*)

CHRISTOPHER. (*Stopping him.*) Well—er—they're rather untidy just now.

CLIVE. That's all right with me. (*Sally repeats her gesture.*)

CHRISTOPHER. There are some things lying around that—well, that I wouldn't want anyone to see.

CLIVE. Say, what are those?

CHRISTOPHER. Just some personal things.

CLIVE. (*Starting to go again.*) Boy, that's what I'd like to look at.

CHRISTOPHER. I'm awfully sorry, but I don't think . . .

CLIVE. You mean, you've got someone in there?

CHRISTOPHER. Well, er . . .

CLIVE. (*Pushing Christopher towards door.*) Why don't you come right out and say it, feller? Don't beat about the bush. Go on back to her. I'll understand.

CHRISTOPHER. (*Again on a gesture from Sally.*) Well, she's—er—asleep just now.

CLIVE. And, boy, I bet she needs it. Well, say, now what have you got in the way of liquor? (*Sally makes room for Clive on couch. He sits r. of her.*)

SALLY. We've got some gin.

CHRISTOPHER. Not much. (*Goes to door and shuts it.*)

SALLY. I'm afraid we're out of whisky.

CLIVE. Say, you need some stores. I'll send you in a cellar. (*Rises and moves away u. s.*) Now, look, what are we going to do? I've been all by myself all day, and it's driving me nuts. There's a place I've heard of out on the Wannsee. The Regina Palast Garten. (*Comes down to above Sally and ruffles her hair.*) I thought we might drive out there for dinner.

SALLY. The three of us.

90. Just some personal things

91. You need some stores.

92. The Regina Palast Garten

93. The man can see you right away.

CLIVE. (To Christopher.) If you're free. (Sally nods at Christopher.)

CHRISTOPHER. Oh, yes, I'll be free.

CLIVE. (Moves in to L. of Christopher.) Is that a good place?

CHRISTOPHER. I've always heard it was.

CLIVE. But you've never been there?

CHRISTOPHER. It's much too expensive for us.

CLIVE. Well, fine. Only is it really a good place? Can we have good time there? The real McCoy?

SALLY. It's about the best place there is.

CLIVE. Oh, well, swell, then. That's great. That's the real thin Well, shall we go?

SALLY. I can't go yet.

CLIVE. Why, what have you got on? (Schneider enters and crosses D. S. to R. of pouffe.)

SCHNEIDER. Fräulein Sally, can I speak to you a moment please?

93

CLIVE. (Crossing to Schneider.) That's all right. You speak up. No secrets here. No secrets in front of Uncle Clive.

SALLY. (Rises.) Have you talked to the—to the man, Fräulein?

SCHNEIDER. He says he can see you right away.

SALLY. Oh—oh, thanks.

SCHNEIDER. It takes twenty minutes from here. I think perhaps you should go now.

SALLY. Oh, yes, I will. You get your hat and coat, Fräulein, and I'll be ready.

SCHNEIDER. Ja, Fräulein. (Exit.)

CLIVE. (Crossing to Sally.) What man is this?

SALLY. It's just a man about a job. A sort of audition.

CLIVE. I'll drive you there.

SALLY. I don't think you'd better. I mean, it's not a very big job, and it would look a little funny if I were to arrive in a Dusenber car.

CLIVE. It would make them pay you more. (Christopher moves down to couch.)

SALLY. Look, Clive, it's awfully sweet of you, but I think we'd better go by bus.

CLIVE. You take your landlady on auditions with you?

SALLY. Sometimes. She gives me confidence.

CLIVE. (Crossing to R. of Christopher.) Well, then, Chris and I

will go to the Adlon, and sit in the bar and wait for you. He can bring his girl along, if he wants to.

CHRISTOPHER. Oh, no, that's all right. But—I've got to go out, too, and then I've got to come back here for just a minute. Why don't we all meet later at the Adlon? (*Slaps Clive on the arms.*)

CLIVE. I'll send my car back here for you. Six o'clock? (*He slaps Christopher on the arms.*)

CHRISTOPHER. Fine. (*He slaps Clive on the arms.*)

94 SALLY. That would be wonderful. And thank you so much for these.

CLIVE. (*Crosses to Sally and takes her hand.*) Well, good luck. I hope you get the job.

SALLY. I do, too. (*Turns away.*) At least, I—I think I do.

CLIVE. We'll celebrate tonight, if you do. And if you don't, well, then we'll tie a bun on anyway, just to forget it all. So either way, you can't lose. So long, Chris, you sexy old bastard. (*Exit.*)

95 SALLY. (*Crosses to couch and sits.*) Oh, Chris, I thought we were never going to get rid of him.

CHRISTOPHER. Yes, so did I. You know, he is an extraordinary man.

SALLY. But he's awfully sweet, really. Perhaps, when this is over, I can devote myself to him. I've always thought I'd like to have a really rich man for a lover. Or perhaps I could marry him, and then I might reform him. I could, you know, I really could.

CHRISTOPHER. Sally, do you really think you could reform anyone?

SALLY. Oh, Chris, don't. Don't pull me down again. I feel awful.

CHRISTOPHER. (*Crosses to behind couch and sits on arm.*)

I'm sorry, Sally. And don't worry about reforming people. You're sweet. You really are.

SALLY. Thank you, Chris. Even if you don't mean it.

CHRISTOPHER. But I do. (*Rises and goes up to bed for her shoes.*) And now we'd better get going.

96 SALLY. Yes, I suppose so. (*Christopher helps Sally on with her shoes.*) I suppose we should put these flowers in water. (*She picks up box.*) They cost such a lot. I'll just put them in the bath for now. Then I'll see if Fräulein Schneider is ready, and come back for my hat. (*Goes to the door, and turns to Christopher.*) Thank you for offering to marry me. (*Exit.*)

97 CHRISTOPHER. (*Sally's slippers in his hand.*) And this is the

94. I hope you get the job.

95. I might reform him.

96. Put them in water.

97. Dirty jokes at school

kind of thing we used to make dirty jokes about at school. The facts of life. And here we go to prove they're not true, or that you can dodge them. (Drops the slippers.) And then we'll get pounds and pounds spent on us for dinner. And drink too much. And try to believe that none of it matters anyway. (Gets a cigarette from his pocket.) And soon, as Fräulein Schneider said, we'll forget the whole thing. And we won't believe or remember a thing about it. Either of us. (Starts to put the cigarette in his mouth. Then he stops and looks at the door.) Or will we?

CURTAIN

ACT II

SCENE 1

Ten days later.

Christopher is alone, sitting on the pouffe, D. L. now, pasting photographs in an album. The couch has been moved to the window and the table to the center of the room. The large chair has been placed at the R. of the table. There is another chair to the L. of the table.

98 CHRISTOPHER. (*To himself.*) This awful, obscene laziness! I ought to be flogged. Where has the time gone to? Jittering helplessly over the bad news in the papers, staring half-drunk at my reflection in the mirrors of bars, skimming crime-novels, hunting for sex. Summer's almost over. Instead of ripening like an apple, I'm wearing out like an old boot. This place stinks of my failure. (*Sally comes back into the room. She wears a robe and looks pale and ill.*) Are you all right?

99 SALLY. Yes, I'm all right. Just. Goodness, if it takes all that effort, just to go across the hall. (*Pausing behind Christopher, she ruffles his hair.*) How's all your creeping paralysis, Chris?

CHRISTOPHER. Oh, that's gone. (*Feeling his left side.*) But you know, I think I've got appendicitis.

100 SALLY. (*Crossing to couch and settling down to a half-finished game of patience.*) If you have, you just die of it. Don't let them operate on you. You know, Chris, what I would really like would be some champagne. Some really cold champagne.

CHRISTOPHER. I'm afraid we haven't got any of that.

SALLY. Clive ought to have sent us whole baskets of it. I do think it was odd his disappearing like he did. Where do you think he went, Chris?

CHRISTOPHER. I wonder if he didn't go off on an opium jag.

SALLY. That's quite possible. I never thought of that. Oh dear, I've known a lot of opium fiends, and you never could really rely

98. Obscene laziness

99. Don't let them operate on you.

100. Don't rely on opium fiends.

101. Teddy bear in my arms

102. Do you think I could become a nun?

103. Just that

on them. And then what happens to my career?

CHRISTOPHER. Do you really think he's going to do anything about that?

SALLY. He says he's going to put up all the money for a show for me. All I've got to do now is find the show. And then find *him* again. But until he shows up we don't get any champagne, and I do want some. I want some terribly, now I've thought about it.

CHRISTOPHER. I'd buy you some, if I could, Sally. But you know we really are desperately broke.

SALLY. ~~You know, Chris, in some ways now I wish I had had that kid.~~ The last day or two, I've been sort of feeling what it would be like to be a mother. Do you know, last night I sat here for a long time by myself, and held this teddy bear in my arms, and imagined it was my baby? I felt a most marvellous sort of shut-off feeling from all the rest of the world. I imagined how it would grow up, and how after I'd put it to bed at nights, I'd go out and make love to filthy old men to get money to pay for its clothes and food.

CHRISTOPHER. You mean, a baby would be your purpose in life?

SALLY. Yes, I wouldn't think of myself at all. Just it. It must be rather wonderful never to think of yourself, just of someone else. I suppose that's what people mean by religion. ~~Do you think I could be a nun, Chris?~~ I really rather think I could. All pale and pious, singing sort of faint and lovely hymns all day long.

CHRISTOPHER. I think you'd get tired of it. You'd better just marry and have a child.

SALLY. ~~I feel as if I'd lost faith in men. Even you, Christopher~~ if you were to go out into the street now, and be run over by a taxi . . . I should be sorry in a way, of course, but I shouldn't really care a damn.

CHRISTOPHER. *(Laughing.)* Thank you, Sally.

SALLY. *(Moving to him and kneeling on floor L. of him.)* I didn't mean that, of course, darling—at least, not personally. You mustn't mind what I say when I'm like this. I can see now why people see operations like that are wrong. They are. You know the whole business of having children is all wrong. It's a most wonderful thing, and it ought to be the result of something very rare and special and sort of privileged, instead of just *that!* What are you grinning about?

161

162

163

CHRISTOPHER. Well, that's what it's supposed to be. The result of something rare and special. That's what *that's* supposed to be. (Closes album.)

SALLY. Oh, goodness, is it? Yes, I suppose it is supposed to be. Oh, is *that* why people say it's wrong to do it when you're not married, or terribly deeply in love?

CHRISTOPHER. Yes, of course it is. (Rises and puts album and paste on chair by washstand.)

SALLY. Well, why didn't anyone ever tell me?

CHRISTOPHER. (Comes down to r. of pouffe and sits on floor.)

I expect they did, and you didn't believe them.

SALLY. Did you believe them when they told you?

CHRISTOPHER. No, Sally. I don't think we'll ever quite trust things, in the long run.

SALLY. I trust you, Chris. I'm terribly fond of you.

CHRISTOPHER. I'm fond of you too, Sally.

SALLY. And you're not in love with me, are you?

CHRISTOPHER. No, I'm not in love with you.

SALLY. I'm awfully glad. I wanted you to like me from the first minute we met. But I'm glad you're not in love with me. Somehow or other, I couldn't possibly be in love with you . . . So, if you had been, everything would have spoiled. Hold my hand, Chris, and let's swear eternal friendship.

CHRISTOPHER. (Taking her hand across the pouffe.) I swear eternal friendship.

SALLY. So do I. (The bell rings. They both rise, and Christopher pushes pouffe up about two feet.) Oh, dear, I wonder who that is. I hope it's no one for us. I'd much rather be alone with you, Chris.

CHRISTOPHER. So would I, Sally.

SALLY. (Sits on couch.) Oh, Chris, don't go and get run over by a taxi. (Schneider enters.)

SCHNEIDER. It is Fräulein Landauer to see you, Fräulein. (Natalia enters and crosses to Sally, ignoring Christopher.)

CHRISTOPHER. Hello, Natalia.

NATALIA. Fräulein Bowles, I am but just back from the country and I have only just heard that you have not been well. So I have hurried in to see you.

SALLY. That's very nice of you.

NATALIA. (Turning.) Oh, hello, Christopher.

104. I'm glad you're not in love with me.

105. I'd rather be alone with you.

106. What is been the matter with you?

107. Stay away for just a little while.

108. I think I have done you an injustice.

109

CHRISTOPHER. Hello, Natalia.

NATALIA. (*To Sally.*) I bring you these few flowers.

SALLY. Oh, thank you so much. (*Hands flowers to Christopher.*)  
Chris . . . Won't you sit down? (*Christopher takes the flowers.*  
*Natalia sits on pouffe.*)

NATALIA. Thank you. What is, please, that has been the matter with you?

CHRISTOPHER. (*Quickly.*) Oh, just a little ulcer, that's all. They had to cut it out.

NATALIA. Where was the ulcer?

SALLY. Inside.

NATALIA. But, of course, it was inside. Where, please, inside?

SALLY. I don't really know. In here, somewhere.

NATALIA. And who, please, was it who cut it out for you?

SALLY. The doctor.

NATALIA. But yes, it was the doctor. I did not think it was the sewing-lady. What doctor is it you go to?

SALLY. Oh, just a doctor—a very good doctor. Would you like some coffee or anything? (107)

NATALIA. Yes, I think that I would like some coffee.

SALLY. Will you get it, Chris? (*Christopher crosses to door.*)

NATALIA. (*Rising and crossing to table. Puts bag and gloves down.*) And, Christopher, if you could stay away for just a little while, it would be nice, too. I have something that I wish to say to Fräulein Bowles. (*Sally rises and crosses to table.*)

CHRISTOPHER. Yes, of course. (*Goes out. Sally offers Natalia a cigarette.*)

NATALIA. No, thank you. (*Goes to couch and sits.*) Tell me, Fräulein, please, have you seen Fritz Wendel lately? (108)

SALLY. (*Takes cigarette and lights it.*) Not for the last day or so.

NATALIA. I come back from the country two days before yesterday. He comes to call on me that evening. Fräulein, I think I have done you perhaps an injustice.

SALLY. Oh?

NATALIA. I have always think of you as a young lady who has no control of herself, and I have been disdainful of you therefor. I am sorry. I do not think I quite understood.

SALLY. How do you mean?

NATALIA. I have think always that I have control of myself.

Please, you will not laugh at me if I tell you something that is very personal to me?

109

SALLY. No, of course I won't. (*Crosses to pouffe and sits.*)

NATALIA. Fräulein Bowles, Fritz Wendel has made love to me, and I have not taken him seriously, because it's all too formal, too discreet. Then, two nights before last, it is all changed. He throws aside his formality, and it is quite different. I have never known a man like that. And it has disturbed me. I cannot sleep for it. And that is not like me.

SALLY. But what am I supposed to tell you?

110

NATALIA. (*Rises and crosses to L. of Sally.*) I wish to know, please, if I should marry him. My parents tell me no. They care for me. They think only of me, and they do not care for him. And he is not Jewish, and they wish that I should marry a Jewish man. I have always wished so, myself. Now I do not care. Only I think perhaps there is something of Herr Wendel's life that I do not know, that perhaps you do. And that therefore I should not marry him. You will tell me, please?

SALLY. Yes, I . . . I think perhaps there is.

NATALIA. What, please?

SALLY. I . . . I don't think I can tell you, exactly. But I don't really think he's your kind. I don't really think you ought to marry him—not if you ask me like that, point-blank.

NATALIA. I do not think so, too. (*Returns to couch and sits.*)

But I think if I do not, that perhaps I will kill myself.

SALLY. Oh, no, you won't.

NATALIA. I do not think you know me. I do not think I know myself. (*Begins to cry.*)

SALLY. Oh, there's nothing to cry about. (*Rises, goes to table and puts cigarette out. Natalia goes on crying.*) Oh, don't. Please don't. You'll have me crying, too. I'm most frightfully weak still, and I cry over almost anything.

111

NATALIA. (*Still crying.*) I am sorry. I did not know that love was like this. It is not what the poets have said. It is awful, and it is degrading.

SALLY. Yes, I know. It is. It's absolutely awful when it really hits you. But you mustn't give in to it, really you mustn't. I know that sounds silly coming from me. (*Goes to Natalia and kneels on floor by her.*)

112

But what do you think has been the matter with

109. He throws aside his formality.

110. I don't think he's your kind.

111. It is not what the poets have said.

112. The swine let me down.

there and snigger like that. You don't know how silly it makes you look. *(Bell rings.)*

CHRISTOPHER. I'm a bit on your nerves, aren't I, Sally?

SALLY. *(Goes to window.)* Yes, you are. Oh, it's not only you. It's everyone. I'm on my own nerves.

117. SCHNEIDER. *(Opening door.)* Fräulein Sally, hier ist der Herr Americaner. Bitte, mein Herr. Bitte sehr. *(Clive comes in. He carries a basket of champagne, which he gives to Christopher.)*

CLIVE. Well, hello, hello, hello, there.

SALLY. Well, hello, Clive.

CHRISTOPHER. Hello. *(Rises and moves to below table. Handshakes are performed.)*

SALLY. We thought you'd forgotten all about us. *(Christopher puts champagne on table.)*

CLIVE. Oh, for God's sake, no. Say, I've only just heard you'd been sick. Why didn't you let me know?

SALLY. You weren't around.

CLIVE. *(Sits by Sally.)* What was the matter with you, anyway?

SALLY. I had an operation.

CLIVE. Oh, gee, that's tough. How are you feeling now?

SALLY. Better. Much better. Now that I've seen you.

CLIVE. Well, that's fine. Feel like coming out to dinner tonight?

SALLY. I can't do that. It's all I can do to get to the bathroom.

CLIVE. Ah, come on. Do you good.

CHRISTOPHER. She can't, Clive. She really can't walk yet.

CLIVE. *(Rising.)* Oh, hell, anyone can walk if they want to.

CHRISTOPHER. No, she mustn't. Really.

CLIVE. Well, let's have dinner up here, then. All of us. I brought you some champagne.

SALLY. Oh, Clive, how wonderful of you. I was just saying to Chris that what I'd like best in the world would be some champagne.

CLIVE. *(Crossing to Christopher above table c.)* Well, let's have it. It's still good and cold. I only just got it. Open it, will you, Chris, there's a good feller?

118. CHRISTOPHER. I'll just get another glass from my room. *(Goes out taking coffee tray.)*

CLIVE. Well, let's take a look at you. *(Crosses to Sally and kneels on couch.)* Gee, you're a pale little lady. We'll have to pack you off some place to perk you up a bit. Where would you like to go?

117. I brought you some champagne.

118. A pale little lady

119. All I want is champagne.

120. I can never keep track of time.

121. Just like Chicago

SALLY. Clive, I think maybe I ought to stay here for my career.

CLIVE. (*Vaguely.*) Your career?

SALLY. Yes, the theatre.

CLIVE. Oh, sure, sure. (*Sits on pouffe.*)

SALLY. I mean, if I am going to do a play, we ought to start thinking and planning a bit quite soon.

CLIVE. Oh, plenty of time for that. Get you well first. (*Christopher returns with three tooth glasses and puts them on table.*)

SALLY. I'll be all right in a few days.

CLIVE. Get you really well.

SALLY. No, but, Clive, I do think . . .

CLIVE. You leave that all to me. Leave that all to Uncle Clive. (*To Christopher.*) Say, are those the best glasses you can manage?

CHRISTOPHER. I think Fräulein Schneider may have some others.

SALLY. (*Rises.*) Don't bother, darling. All I want is the champagne. Open it, won't you?

CHRISTOPHER. All right. (*Starts to do so. Takes one bottle out and puts basket on floor.*)

SALLY. ~~Where have you been, Clive? (*Puts her arms round Clive.*)~~

CLIVE. Been?

SALLY. You've been away somewhere, haven't you?

CLIVE. Ah, just for a day or two.

SALLY. It's been ten days.

CLIVE. Has it? Yeah, it may have been. (*Rises and moves away L. Sally sits on pouffe.*) I can never keep track of time when I'm on a bat. You know, this is a funny city. (*Looking out of window.*)

~~Driving here, just now, we ran right into a bit of shooting.~~

CHRISTOPHER. Shooting?

CLIVE. Seemed just like Chicago. (*Comes down to above chair L.*)

CHRISTOPHER. Where was this?

CLIVE. I don't know. Right in front of one of the big department stores. (*Sits.*) Birnbaum's, I think, where we bought you those fancy undies.

CHRISTOPHER. That's a Jewish store. That would be Nazi rioting, I imagine.

CLIVE. Say, who are these Nazis, anyway? I keep reading the word in the papers when I look at them, and I never know who they are referring to. Are the Nazis the same as the Jews?

119

120

121

CHRISTOPHER. No—they're—well, they're more or less the opposite. (*The champagne bottle is opened.*)

SALLY. Oh, that looks wonderful.

CLIVE. And there's a funeral going on today, too.

SALLY. Darling, isn't there always?

CLIVE. No, but this is the real thing. This is a real elegant funeral. It's been going on for over an hour. With banners and streamers, and God knows what all. I wonder who the guy was? He must have been a real swell.

CHRISTOPHER. (*Passing glasses.*) He was an old liberal leader. They put him in prison once for trying to stop the war. So now everybody loves him.

SALLY. Oh, this is marvellous. Just what the doctor ordered. Let's drink to Clive. (*Rises.*) Our best friend.

CHRISTOPHER. (*Rises.*) To Clive. (*They all drink.*)

CLIVE. (*Rises and crosses to table.*) Well, thank you both. I'll drink to the pair of you. Two real good playmates. (*Does so and pours himself another.*)

SALLY. You know I think there's something almost sacred about champagne. I think it's absolutely right that it's as expensive as it is. It makes one appreciate it more, like something really special. Like . . .

CHRISTOPHER. Like—*that!*

SALLY. Yes, exactly like *that*.

CLIVE. What's *that*? (*Christopher sits on couch.*)

SALLY. (*Vaguely noble.*) Oh—love and that sort of thing.

CLIVE. (*Leaning on table.*) You know, this is a pretty dreary sort of town. I've been here three weeks, and I'm getting kind of fed up with it.

SALLY. (*Alarmed.*) You're not going away?

CLIVE. I was kinda thinking of it.

SALLY. (*Rises and crosses to L. of Clive.*) Oh, no, Clive. You mustn't.

CLIVE. (*Suddenly.*) What do you say we *all* go? All three of us.

CHRISTOPHER. But where?

CLIVE. Where would you like to go?

CHRISTOPHER. (*As in a game.*) Anywhere in the world?

CLIVE. Anywhere in the world.

CHRISTOPHER. I think I'd like to go to India.

SALLY. Oh, no, it's all so terribly unsanitary. I want to go some-

122. Two real good playmates

123. Dreary sort of town

124. Turtle soup

where terrifically mysterious and sinister, and full of history. I'd like to go to Egypt.

CLIVE. (*Refills glasses.*) We can do both. Say, what do you say—we take off from here as soon as Sally's well enough? Take the Orient Express.

SALLY. That's such a lovely name.

CLIVE. Take it as far as Athens. Then we can fly to Egypt. Then back to Marseilles. From there we can get a boat to South America. Then Tahiti. Singapore. Japan.

CHRISTOPHER. You know, you manage to say those names as though they were stations on the subway!

SALLY. Well, he's been to them all heaps of times, haven't you, Clive darling?

CLIVE. Sure. Sure, I have. But I'd kind of get a kick out of showing them to you two kids. And then we can end up in California.

CHRISTOPHER. (*Rises.*) You don't mean it, do you, Clive? Just take off and go, just like that?

SALLY. (*Moves over to pouffe, then back to chair L. of table and kneels on it.*) But of course, Chris. Why ever not? This is sheer absolute heaven.

CHRISTOPHER. And what happens to your stage career?

SALLY. Oh, that can wait. Or we can pick it up again in California. I'm sure Clive knows all the picture magnates, don't you, Clive?

CLIVE. I know quite a few of them.

SALLY. I mean, you could get me on the films like that, if you wanted to?

CLIVE. Oh, I guess so. Well, what about it? When shall we take off? You won't need more than a week, will you? You can rest on the train.

SALLY. I can rest anywhere.

CLIVE. How's about a week from today?

SALLY. I think it would be marvellous.

CLIVE. (*To Christopher.*) All right with you?

CHRISTOPHER. (*Sitting down on pouffe, helplessly.*) Yes, I—  
I suppose so.

CLIVE. (*Rises and goes to R. of table.*) Okay, that's that, then.

And, look, if we're going to have dinner up here, I'd better go get a few things. What would you like? Some caviare. to start with?

SALLY. Oh, I'd adore that.

CLIVE. Then some soup. Some green turtle, maybe. And a partridge. With salad, of course. And I guess some of that chestnut ice cream with whipped cream all over it. And some fruit—some peaches.

SALLY. Get something for Fräulein Schneider.

CHRISTOPHER. Get her a pineapple. It's her idea of real luxury.

CLIVE. *(Starts moving to door.)* I think maybe we'd better get some new china, too, and some decent glasses.

CHRISTOPHER. Well, if we're going away next week . . .

CLIVE. Oh, heck, you can present them to your landlady to make up for your rent. I'll go get them.

SALLY. Why don't you send your chauffeur?

CLIVE. Heck no, this is kinda fun. Something to do. I'll get some real good brandy, too—half a dozen bottles—and we'll make a real picnic of it. So long, kids. I'll be right back. *(Exit. A long silence.)*

125 SALLY. Isn't life extraordinary? *(Goes to head of couch and looks out of window.)* Just when you think you've really touched bottom, something always turns up.

CHRISTOPHER. Do you think he means it?

SALLY. Yes, of course he does. *(Comes back to couch and kneels on it.)* You know, Chris, I really do adore him. I mean that. I really do.

CHRISTOPHER. I know. I've watched you doing it.

SALLY. You're looking all stunned. What's the matter?

CHRISTOPHER. I feel stunned. Doesn't it stun you when someone comes along and just whirls you right out of the whole flux of your life?

SALLY. *(Lies down.)* No, dear, not a bit. Besides, my life hasn't got a flux. And I don't think yours has, either.

CHRISTOPHER. No, you're right, it hasn't.

SALLY. Well, then?

CHRISTOPHER. But what will become of us?

SALLY. We shall have a wonderful time.

CHRISTOPHER. And then?

SALLY. I don't know. Oh, stop bothering with it, Chris. You always spoil things so.

CHRISTOPHER. We shall never come back.

SALLY. I don't want to come back.

CHRISTOPHER. I suppose you'll marry him.

125. My life hasn't got a flux.

126. Take no thought for the morrow.

CHRISTOPHER. And I? What will I be?

SALLY. You'll be a sort of private secretary, or something.

CHRISTOPHER. Without any duties. (*Sally lights cigarette. Christopher goes to table and puts glass down.*) You know, Sally, I can suddenly see myself ten years from now, in flannels and black-and-white shoes, pouring out drinks in the lounge of a California hotel. (*Crosses to window.*) I'll be a bit glassy in the eyes, and a lot heavier round the jowls.

SALLY. You'll have to take a lot of exercise, that's all.

CHRISTOPHER. (*At window.*) ~~You were both quite right. We've~~ got nothing to do with these Germans down there, or the shooting, or the funeral, with the dead man in his coffin, or the words on the banners. (*Goes to chair R. of table and sits.*) You know, in a few days, we shall have forfeited all kinship with about ninety-nine per cent of the world's population. The men and women who earn their livings, and insure their lives, and are anxious about the future of their children.

SALLY. It's the only way to live. Isn't there something in the Bible about "Take no thought for the morrow"? That's exactly what it means.

CHRISTOPHER. I think in the Middle Ages, people must have felt like this when they believed they had sold themselves to the devil.

SALLY. Well, you needn't come, if you don't want to.

CHRISTOPHER. Oh, no, I shall come. It's a funny feeling. Sort of exhilarating. Not really unpleasant. And yet, I'm frightened too. If I do this, I'm lost. And yet I'm going to do it.

SALLY. (*Rises, crosses to chair L. of table and kneels.*) Darling, is there any more of that champagne?

CHRISTOPHER. Yes.

SALLY. Well, let's have it! (*Christopher pours it out.*) Chris, this is the end of one life, and the beginning of another. Two weeks from now, we'll probably be floating down the Nile, with the desert all round us in the moonlight, and all those marvellous sensual Arabs watching us from the tops of the pyramids. And then there'll be India. And a Maharajah will offer me my weight in diamonds if I'll spend one night in his harem.

CHRISTOPHER. You'd better put on some weight. Will you do it?

SALLY. (*Sits.*) Well, not unless he's one of the kind who looks like a sort of mixture of Valentino and Buddha. If you know what I mean.

CHRISTOPHER. Well, not exactly. What will I be doing all this time?

SALLY. Oh, you'll be looking simply marvellous and sexy in jodhpurs and an explorer's hat. And then there'll be feasts on volcanoes in the South Seas, and cocktails with Garbo. (*Pours more drinks and rises.*) Chris, what is it they say in German when you're going on a journey, and they want to wish you luck?

CHRISTOPHER. (*Rises.*) Hals and Beinbruch.

SALLY. What does that mean?

CHRISTOPHER. Neck and leg-break. It's supposed to stop you having them.

SALLY. That's wonderful. (*Raising her glass.*) Neck and leg-break, Chris.

CHRISTOPHER. Neck and leg-break. (*They drink.*)

CURTAIN

ACT II

SCENE 2

*Five days later.*

*When the curtain rises, Christopher is seated at the table writing a letter. There are one or two dress boxes lying around, and an open suitcase in front of the bed.*

127 CHRISTOPHER. (*Reading a P.S. to his letter.*) Next address: Poste Restante; The World. (*Schneider enters, carrying a large package, and crosses to r. of table.*)

128 SCHNEIDER. Herr Issyvoo, there is a box for you from Landauer's shop. I bring it in here, because the man has not come yet to repair the ceiling in your room. I think perhaps it is the news that has stopped him.

CHRISTOPHER. (*Crosses to couch and sits.*) What news?

SCHNEIDER. (*Crosses to pouffe.*) They have closed the National Bank. There will be thousands ruined, I shouldn't wonder. Such times we live in! It was bad during the war. Then they promise

127. Poste Restante; The World

128. I know it is the Jews.

129. It is the Judas touch.

130. Yes, I am upset.

23

us it will be better. And now it is almost worse again. (*To R. of table.*) It is the Jews. I know it is the Jews.

CHRISTOPHER. Fräulein Schneider, how can it be? You don't know what you are saying.

SCHNEIDER. They are too clever. And you buy things at Landauer's shop. That is a Jewish shop. What did you buy?

CHRISTOPHER. (*Opening the parcel.*) I bought a suit. It's—it's a tropical suit. (*Rises and crosses to L. of pouffe. With determination.*) Fräulein Schneider, there is something that I have got to tell you. I should have told you before; Fräulein Sally and I are going away. We're going—well, right round the world. We're leaving on Thursday.

SCHNEIDER. *This* Thursday? The day after tomorrow?

CHRISTOPHER. Yes, I'm afraid so. We'll pay you till the end of the month, of course.

SCHNEIDER. (*Sits in chair L. of table.*) But, Herr Issyvoo, this is dreadful. Both of you going away, and my other rooms empty, too. And now, with the banks closing, what shall I do?

CHRISTOPHER. (*Crosses to above table.*) I'm terribly sorry, but there are other tenants. There must be.

SCHNEIDER. How shall I live? And you tell me now, at the last minute!

CHRISTOPHER. I know. I'm sorry, but—you can have all that new china and glass we have.

SCHNEIDER. (*In an outburst.*) Never, never did I think it would come to this. To live on other people, to become fond of them, as I have of you. To help Fräulein Sally, take her to the doctor, and then to have you walk out like this, as though I were nothing but a landlady to whom you can fling the rent.

CHRISTOPHER. (*Helplessly.*) Fräulein Schneider, it's not that . . .

SCHNEIDER. And now I am an old woman, and nobody will care what becomes of me. I can go drown myself in the Spree. (*She is crying now. Christopher touches her.*)

CHRISTOPHER. Oh, please, Fräulein Schneider . . .

SCHNEIDER. (*Springing up and crossing to above pouffe.*) No, do not touch me. It is the Judas touch. (*Sally comes in. She wears a new light suit, carries another dress box and is very gay. She crosses to R. of chair R. of table.*)

SALLY. What on earth's going on?

CHRISTOPHER. I've just broken it to Fräulein Schneider that we're leaving. I am afraid that she is rather upset.

SCHNEIDER. Upset? Yes, I am upset. You go off on a trip of the whole world. You can afford to do that. But me, I have had to wait for my money, because you were too hard up sometimes to pay me. And now you throw me the china and glass as a tip. The china and the glass . . . I will throw them from the windows after your taxi as you go away. *(At door.)* That is what I think from your china and your glass. And from you, too. *(Exit.)*

131 SALLY. You're quite right, Chris. *(Puts parcels down.)* She is upset. What did you have to tell her for? *(Closes door. Sally crosses to bed and puts bag down. Christopher crosses to couch and sits.)*

CHRISTOPHER. Well, I thought we had to. It's only two days now. You know, that was sort of awful what she said about our being able to afford this trip.

SALLY. *(Comes down to table.)* I don't see why.

CHRISTOPHER. It doesn't seem wrong to you—to let Clive pay it all?

SALLY. Well, we couldn't do it, if he didn't. And he wants to. I mean, we didn't ask for it. *(The bell rings.)*

CHRISTOPHER. I didn't feel that I could quite explain that to Fräulein Schneider.

SALLY. I've got an absolutely exquisite *négligée*. I must show it to you. *(Opens the box, and takes out a fluffy pink negligée, with which she crosses to above pouffe and then displays.)* Look, isn't it simply marvellous?

CHRISTOPHER. But, Sally, what are you going to need that for?

SALLY. Darling, to lie around in.

CHRISTOPHER. Where?

SALLY. Anywhere. I expect we'll do lots of lying around. *(Schneider, quite grim now, announces.)*

132 SCHNEIDER. Herr Wendel. *(Fritz enters and crosses to below table. Schneider retires.)*

FRITZ. Well, then, hello, you.

SALLY. Hello. Look, Fritz, don't you think this is wonderful? *(Displays the negligé, jumping on the ottoman to do so.)*

FRITZ. But, yes. That is extremely seductive. It is for a part in the movies?

SALLY. No, it's to wear. We're going away, Fritz. Clive is taking

131. Darling, to lie around in.

132. You say again, please?

133. Is there any champagne left?

134. Natalia will stay with her father.

us. All around the world. We're leaving on Thursday. *(Goes up to the bed and puts negligé down on it.)*

FRITZ. You say again, please. *(Sally comes back for dress box and puts it down on bed.)*

CHRISTOPHER. We're going round the world.

FRITZ. *(Moves in to between couch and pouffe.)* The two of you. *(Sally and Christopher nod.)* With Clive?

CHRISTOPHER. I know, Fritz. It doesn't sound likely. But he did ask us.

SALLY. *(Crosses to above table for cigarette.)* Chris, do we have any of that champagne left? (33)

CHRISTOPHER. Oh, yes, there are still about four bottles. You know he brought a dozen.

SALLY. Let's open one.

CHRISTOPHER. *(Getting it from cupboard.)* It isn't cold.

SALLY. That's all right. I'm terribly thirsty, and we've just got time before his car arrives to fetch us to lunch. *(Christopher gets a bottle and glasses from the washstand. Fritz crosses to couch.)*

*How are you, Fritz? (Sits on pouffe. Christopher brings champagne to table.)* (34)

FRITZ. I am not good. I am not good at all.

SALLY. Oh, dear, what's the trouble now?

FRITZ. I would like to tell you. Can I, please?

SALLY. Yes, of course.

FRITZ. Chris, you remember Sally's advice about me and Natalia. I attempt it. I think it goes well. And then I go again to see her, and she sends me a note. She will not see me, she will never see me again. *(Crosses to above table r. of Christopher. Sally turns away in embarrassment, rises and sits on couch.)* I beg, I plead. I go again. At last she see me. She tell me it is all over. *(Christopher opens the bottle and pours.)* And she shows me a note that her father has received.

SALLY. From whom?

FRITZ. It is not signed. But it say, "Herr Landauer, beware. We are going to settle the score with all you dirty Jews. We give you twenty-four hours to leave Germany. If not, you are dead men." *(Moves down to pouffe.)*

CHRISTOPHER. *(Stopping pouring.)* Good God! When was this?

FRITZ. *(Sits.)* This was last night. And she say that with the

sort of thing she cannot think now from anything else, and I am to go away and never come back. And when I try to comfort her, and tell her that it is some silly schoolboy who writes it, she scream at me that I do not understand. That I am like all the others. That her father is worried sick, and her mother is falling all the time ohnmächtig . . .

SALLY. What is that?

CHRISTOPHER. Fainting.

FRITZ. Ja, she is falling fainting, and now will I go, please. Please. Please. Please. So I go.

SALLY. (*Embarrassed.*) Well . . . (*Rises and crosses to above table R. of Christopher.*) Chris, isn't that champagne ready, yet?

CHRISTOPHER. (*Roused.*) Oh, yes.

SALLY. Well, let's have it. Here, Fritz. (*Gives Fritz a glass.*) Here's how.

CHRISTOPHER. How.

FRITZ. (*Sadly.*) How.

SALLY. (*Sits in chair L. of table.*) Oh, this is wonderful. Even warm, it is wonderful.

CHRISTOPHER. What is Herr Landauer going to do?

SALLY. I should think he is going away, isn't he?

FRITZ. (*Crosses to below R. of table and turns to face them.*) No, he will not go away. He wants that Natalia and her mother should go. And Natalia will not. I think her mother will go to Paris. But Natalia will stay by her father.

SALLY. If it was me, I'd fly like a bird. If I could afford it. And I'm sure they can. I mean, what is the point of staying, with that sort of thing going on?

FRITZ. I do not know. (*Drinks again, then suddenly flings his glass from him with a melodramatic gesture.*) Verfluchter Kerl! (*Buries his head in his hands.*)

SALLY. Fritz, what on earth's the matter?

CHRISTOPHER. What is it?

FRITZ. It is I. Please, can I tell you something else? Can I tell you both something?

SALLY. Yes, of course.

FRITZ. (*Sits on chair R. of table.*) It is something I have never told anyone in my life before. But now I must make confession. I am a Jew.

SALLY. (*Quite unperturbed.*) Well?

135. I am a Jew.

136. Clive's car

137. Maybe you should tell her.

138. But in what church?

FRITZ. That does not surprise you?  
 SALLY. (Rises, crossing to pouffe.) I sort of had an idea you were, especially when you made so much fuss about not being. And then I forgot all about it. But so what?  
 FRITZ. So what? I have lied and pretended. Even to Natalia I have lied.  
 CHRISTOPHER. If you were so keen on getting her, I should have thought that was the very thing to tell her.  
 SALLY. Her parents wanted her to marry a Jew.  
 FRITZ. I know. I know. She has told me that. And still I could not say it. I think I wanted it even more, that no one should ever know. Even now, I cannot be one from the Landauers, and have letters like that written to me. I am ashamed from myself, but it is so. And now I have told you, and now you know me for what I am. And it is not nice. It is not nice at all. (A long pause.) Well, you say something, please.  
 SALLY. Fritz, I think you are taking it all too seriously. I mean, it is your own business.  
 FRITZ. I do not think it is any more. But still I cannot speak. (Bell rings.)  
 SALLY. (Crossing to table.) ~~That'll be the car. Clive's car. Quick,~~ let's have another drop of champagne. Fritz?  
 FRITZ. No, I do not want any more.  
 SALLY. Come on, it'll do you good. Here . . . (Offers Fritz beer glass. He pushes it away.) Oh, well, have it your own way. Moves away to behind pouffe.)  
 CHRISTOPHER. (Touching Fritz.) ~~Fritz, I am terribly sorry.~~ (Schneider enters with a note. She gives it to Sally and goes out again. Sally puts glass down on pouffe and opens letter.) I know it's not for me to give you any advice. I don't think I could, anyhow. But don't you think maybe you should tell Natalia that . . .  
 SALLY. (Who has opened the note and read it.) ~~But . . . but~~ . . . (She cannot speak.)  
 CHRISTOPHER. What is it, Sally?  
 SALLY. Oh, it's nothing. Look, Fritz, we've got to go out to lunch . . .  
 CHRISTOPHER. (Shocked.) But, Sally . . .  
 SALLY. (Sharply, moving in to L. of table.) Well, we have. An right away. Fritz, I'm not trying to get rid of you, but we do have to go.

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137

138

FRITZ. Ja. Ja. Of course.

SALLY. I'm most terribly sorry. And please, please come back. Come back soon.

FRITZ. (Rises.) But you are going away.

SALLY. Oh . . . yes . . . Well, come tomorrow.

FRITZ. I will see. Good-bye, Sally. Good-bye, Chris. I think maybe now I go pray a little. But in what church? I do not know.

(Exit. Sally sits chair L. of table.)

CHRISTOPHER. Really, Sally, that was a little cruel. Fritz really is in trouble . . .

SALLY. Yes, well, so are we. Real trouble. Read that. (Hands Christopher the note. He crosses to above pouffe.) Read it aloud, will you? I want to be sure I got it right.

CHRISTOPHER. (Reading.) "Dear Sally and Chris, I can't stick this damned town any longer. I'm off to the States. Hoping to see you sometime. Clive. These are in case I forgot anything." (Looks in the envelope.) Three hundred marks. (A long pause.) Well! (Picks up glass and sits on pouffe.)

SALLY. I should think you might be able to say something better than "well."

CHRISTOPHER. I said "well" when it happened. I can't think of anything else to say, now it isn't going to.

SALLY. Do you think it's true?

CHRISTOPHER. Do you want to ring up the hotel and see? See if he's gone?

SALLY. No, you do it. I don't want him to think I'm running after him.

CHRISTOPHER. I feel rather the same way.

SALLY. We could ask Fräulein Schneider to phone. (Opens door.) Fräulein Schneider . . . Fräulein Schneider . . .

CHRISTOPHER. (Puts drink on table.) What are you going to tell her?

SALLY. Nothing. Just ask her to phone. (Sally comes back to to above chair R. of table. Christopher moves to above pouffe. Schneider enters. Sally goes to her.)

SCHNEIDER. You called for me? (Christopher sits on pouffe.)

SALLY. (Over-sweetly.) Yes, Schneiderchen. Will you be a lieb-ling, and call the Adlon Hotel, and ask for Mr. Mortimer?

SCHNEIDER. You want to speak to him?

SALLY. No, I don't. I just want you to ask for him. And if he is

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139. I don't want him to think I'm running after him.

140. Then, that is a miracle.

there—well, say we'll be a little late for lunch. And then come and tell us. (*Kisses Schneider. Schneider goes without a word.*)

CHRISTOPHER. You know he's gone, don't you?

SALLY. (*Crosses to table and leans on it.*) I suppose I do, really. But we've got to be sure. Do you think he did it on purpose? Just to get us all steamed up, and then let us down like this?

CHRISTOPHER. I think he just got fed up

SALLY. And what about us?

CHRISTOPHER. I don't imagine he even remembered us—or not for more than a minute. I think that's the way he lives. And that he leaves every town and every set of acquaintances just that way.

SALLY. Easy come, easy go.

CHRISTOPHER. Yes.

SALLY. We were easy come, all right. (*Crosses to r. of Christopher.*) But, Chris, don't you think it was outrageous? I mean, really outrageous?

CHRISTOPHER. Sally, I don't think we've got too much right to have an opinion anyway, about the whole thing.

SALLY. (*Moves round pouffe to couch and sits.*) And what have we got out of it?

CHRISTOPHER. Not much. But it didn't last very long.

SALLY. I don't think we're much good as gold-diggers, are we, darling? (*Christopher and Sally begin to laugh. Schneider returns.*)

SCHNEIDER. Herr Mortimer has left, Fräulein. He has gone back to the United States.

SALLY. I see. Thank you.

CHRISTOPHER. (*Rises and comes to below c. of table.*) *And, Fräulein Schneider, we won't be going away—after all.*

SCHNEIDER. (*Overjoyed.*) Ah, Herr Issyvoo, you mean that?

CHRISTOPHER. Yes, I do.

SCHNEIDER. Oh, but that is good. (*Crosses to pouffe.*) This is wonderful. Neither of you? Not Fräulein Sally, either?

SALLY. (*Rises and crosses to below pouffe.*) No, neither of us. (*Christopher moves round above table.*)

SCHNEIDER. Then, that is a miracle. Oh, but I am happy. I am happy. (*Seizes Sally by the waist and starts to dance. They finish up in front of table.*)

SALLY. (*Releasing herself.*) Yes, I'm sure you're happy, Fräulein But not now, please. I'd like you to leave us alone.

SCHNEIDER. (*Repentant.*) But, of course. Forgive me, Fräulein Sally. I go now. Thank you. (*Exit.*)

CHRISTOPHER. (*Crosses to L. of table.*) Do you want to come out and have some lunch?

SALLY. I don't think I could eat any.

CHRISTOPHER. I don't, either.

SALLY. Well, there we are. We've got three hundred marks.

CHRISTOPHER. (*Gives Sally money and crosses to above pouffe.*) What are you going to do with them?

SALLY. We'll divide them.

CHRISTOPHER. No, you take them. They were sent to you.

SALLY. (*Going to Christopher.*) They were meant for both of us. Halves, Chris. (*Halves the money.*)

CHRISTOPHER. Well, thank you.

SALLY. (*Crosses to bed and picks up negligée.*) I shall take this negligée back.

CHRISTOPHER. (*Puts parcel on floor.*) I'll take this suit back, too.

SALLY. (*Changing into mules and opening the jacket of her suit.*) And we shall have to find some work. There was a man who wrote to me the other day about a job in Frankfurt. I never answered him, because I thought we'd be gone. I'll go and see him this afternoon. (*Starting to go through her address book on small table u. r.*) He's a horrible old man, and he's always trying to go to bed with me, but I've got to make some money, somehow—I suppose. I've got his address here, somewhere.

CHRISTOPHER. I'll have to put my advertisement in the paper again. English lessons given.

SALLY. (*Finding something else.*) Oh, and there's this. (*Coming d. c.*) Do you want to earn some money, Chris?

CHRISTOPHER. You know I do. I need to. (*Puts suit box on floor.*)

SALLY. (*Pouring champagne.*) Well, there's a man who's starting a magazine. It's going to be terribly highbrow with lots of marvellous modern photographs—you know, girls' heads reflected upside down in inkpots. (*Passing drinks.*) Here, Chris. It's silly to waste it. (*Goes up to washstand with bottle, then down to table.*) Well, he wanted me to write an article in the first number on the English girl. I forgot all about it, and I haven't an idea what to say, so why don't you do it for me? I'll give you the money.

141. A fresh start

142. The devil was in us.

143. I'm sick of being a tart.

CHRISTOPHER. (Rises, crosses up to washstand and puts glass down.) That's wonderful. Thank you. But you must have part. (Sits chair L. of table.) How soon do you want it done?

SALLY. I should give it him in a day or two at the latest.

CHRISTOPHER. How long is it to be?

SALLY. Oh, I don't know. About *that long*. (Gesticulates, then gets a book from small table u. r.) Here's a dictionary, in case there are any words you can't spell.

CHRISTOPHER. (Takes it, amused.) Good.

SALLY. (Her arms around his neck.) Oh, Chris, I do like you. You're like a marvellous brother.

CHRISTOPHER. I feel the same thing. But you know, Sally, we've been delivered from something. From the Devil. I know it's disappointing, in a way . . . That's where the old plays and operas were wrong . . . There ought to be a sort of disappointment chorus at the end. But it is another chance.

SALLY. (Sits on pouffe.) Yes, I know. It couldn't have gone on forever. Clive wasn't the type. He'd have ditched us somewhere, and that would have been far worse.

CHRISTOPHER. It would have been worse still if he hadn't ditched us.

SALLY. He never meant to play straight with us. You're right. He was the Devil.

CHRISTOPHER. I didn't mean that. The Devil was in us. Sally, how about our trying to reform, and change our way of life a bit?

SALLY. What's wrong with our way of life?

CHRISTOPHER. Just about everything. Isn't it?

SALLY. (Rises and crosses to chair R. of table.) I suppose so. Not getting any work. Not even trying to. That operation. The lies I've written Mummy. The way I haven't written home at all for weeks now.

CHRISTOPHER. ~~Me, too. Can't we reform, Sally?~~

SALLY. (Sits.) Yes, we can. I'll tell you something, Chris. Something I've just decided.

CHRISTOPHER. What's that?

SALLY. I'm sick of being a tart. I'm never going to look at another man with money, as long as I live. (Christopher laughs.) What's funny about that?

CHRISTOPHER. Nothing. It's a good beginning, anyway.

SALLY. What are you going to begin on?

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143

CHRISTOPHER. I'm going to start work tomorrow morning.  
SALLY. (*Carried away.*) We're both going to begin. We're going to be good. Oh, Chris, isn't it wonderful?  
CHRISTOPHER. (*Rises and leans on table, smiling.*) Yes, Sally.  
SALLY. (*Rises and crosses to pouffe.*) We're going to be quite, quite different people. We're even going to look wonderful, too. People will turn around and stare at us in the street, because our eyes will be shining like diamonds.  
CHRISTOPHER. Diamonds—without any rings under them.  
SALLY. (*Very gaily.*) And think how we'll feel in the mornings. Imagine what it will be like to wake up without coughing, or feeling even the least little bit sick.  
CHRISTOPHER. We'll have appetites like wolves. Ravening wolves.  
SALLY. Don't you suppose we ought to diet? Eat just nuts and things?  
CHRISTOPHER. All right. And we'll give up smoking in bed . . .  
SALLY. And drinking before breakfast.  
CHRISTOPHER. (*Shocked.*) Sally, do you?  
SALLY. (*Crosses to chair r. of table and kneels on it.*) We must have a timetable. What time shall we get up?  
CHRISTOPHER. Eight o'clock.  
SALLY. Half-past seven.  
CHRISTOPHER. All right.  
SALLY. We shall take cold baths. You have yours first.  
CHRISTOPHER. And do exercises.  
SALLY. Then we'll have breakfast together, and talk German. Nothing but German.  
CHRISTOPHER. Ja. Jawohl.  
SALLY. (*Rises and crosses to L. of Christopher.*) Then we should study something. Do you think we could learn a useful trade?  
CHRISTOPHER. We'll weave from eight-thirty to nine. And then spend an hour making small, hand-painted boxes.  
SALLY. (*Laughing bard.*) And then it'll be time for you to start your novel, while I practise interpretive dancing. You know, with shawls and things . . . (*Gets towel from rack and dances with it.*)  
CHRISTOPHER. Sally, joking aside. You are serious about all this, aren't you?  
SALLY. (*Drops towel on chair.*) Of course I am. Terribly serious.

(Gets the address book from table and crosses to couch with it.)

I'm going to start ringing up everyone I know.

CHRISTOPHER. What for?

SALLY. To see what's going on. (*Lies on couch.*) And then, one decent piece of luck . . .

CHRISTOPHER. (*Sits on pouffe. Urgently.*) Oh, no, Sally. That isn't what we need. A piece of good luck today—a piece of bad luck tomorrow—always at the mercy of things again . . .

SALLY. One is. That's life. It's all accident.

CHRISTOPHER. (*As before.*) Accidents are only the result of things one's done. Things that one is.

SALLY. Why, I could go to a party tonight, and I could meet the most wonderful man, who'd make all the difference to my whole life, and my career . . . (*She breaks off, looking at him.*) What's the matter? Why do you look like that?

CHRISTOPHER. (*Slowly.*) Sally, you weren't serious. You didn't mean a word of it.

SALLY. Yes, I did. I meant every word. I'm going to be quite different. But there's no reason why I shouldn't go out. I don't have to shut myself up in prison. (*Rises.*) That isn't what you want, is it?

CHRISTOPHER. (*Rises.*) No, Sally, of course not. But . . .

SALLY. (*Angrily.*) Well, then, stop looking so disapproving. You're almost as bad as my mother. She never stopped nagging at me. That's why I had to lie to her. I always lie to people, or run away from them if they won't accept me as I am.

CHRISTOPHER. I know you do, Sally.

SALLY. (*Putting on an act.*) I think I'm really rather a strange and extraordinary person, Chris. (*Pause.*) What's the matter? You laughed at me the first time I told you that. Can't you laugh now? Come on. (*Sally starts to laugh, not too brightly. He starts a moment later, still more feebly. The laughter dies. She tries again, it fails. They move slowly away from each other.*)

CURTAIN

144. As bad as my mother

ACT III

SCENE 1

*Two days later. The room is untidy. A half-used coffee tray is on the table with a glass of brandy. The bed is unmade and clothes are strewn around the room. Sofa and table are back as in Act I. Sally's makeup is on the table.*

*Schneider is picking up a pair of pants from behind couch as the curtain rises. She crosses to in front of couch, picks up shoes and puts them down in front of chair u. r. There is a knock on the door.*

145. CHRISTOPHER. (Off.) Sally, may I come in?

SCHNEIDER. Come in, Herr Issyvoo. (Christopher comes in.)  
Fräulein Sally is telephoning.

CHRISTOPHER. She's up very late.

SCHNEIDER. She was in very late last night.

CHRISTOPHER. I left a manuscript in here for her yesterday afternoon.

SCHNEIDER. (Picks up Sally's hat and jacket from couch and skirt from floor r. of table.) She did not come back until almost six this morning. I think maybe she drank a little too much. And she had only half her chocolate this morning, and some brandy too. It is not good so early. (Christopher crosses up to behind couch. Sally enters, and crosses to table. She is wearing a robe, and looks hung-over. She is smoking.)

46. SALLY. Oh, hello, Chris.

CHRISTOPHER. Hello, Sally.

SALLY. Leave all that stuff for now, Fräulein. I'm going to wear it. I'm going out quite soon. You can do the room then. (Schneider puts clothes on chair below washstand.)

SCHNEIDER. Very good, Fräulein. (Exit. Sally drinks brandy.)

CHRISTOPHER. I haven't seen you for a day and a half.

145. She was in very late last night.

146. I've got a terrible hangover.

147. You're awfully nice to come back too.

148. The quarrel we had

149. He's not stuck-up.

SALLY. I know. I've missed you, Chris. *(Sits in chair above table.)*  
 CHRISTOPHER. *(Crossing to r. of her.)* I've missed you, too. I say, you don't look too well this morning.  
 SALLY. I've got a terrible hangover.  
 CHRISTOPHER. What have you been up to?  
 SALLY. Oh, not that.  
 CHRISTOPHER. I wasn't thinking of that!  
 SALLY. But we never stopped going around. And then I got drunk and sentimental the first night, and I telephoned Mummy in London. (147)  
 CHRISTOPHER. *(Lying on couch.)* Good God, what for?  
 SALLY. I suddenly felt like it. But we had the most awful connection, and I couldn't hear a word. And last night was worse. We went to the most boring places. *(Moves to couch and sits on it by Christopher.)* Oh, Chris, I need someone to stop me. I really do. I wish I'd stayed home with you.  
 CHRISTOPHER. Well, thank you, Sally.  
 SALLY. But you're awfully nice to come back to.  
 CHRISTOPHER. You're awfully nice to have back. I say, that sounds like a popular song.  
 SALLY. Oh, it does. Maybe we could write it together and make a fortune. *(Improvise a tune.)* "You're awfully nice to come back o."  
 CHRISTOPHER. *(Doing the same.)* "You're awfully nice to have ack."  
 SALLY. } *(Singing together.)* } "You're awfully nice to  
 CHRISTOPHER. } } come back to . . ."  
 } } *(They laugh.)*  
 SALLY. *(Her arms around Christopher.)* I do think we belong together. Much more than if we'd ever had an affair. That little quarrel we had didn't mean anything, did it? *(Rises and goes to room for stockings and shoes.)* (148)  
 CHRISTOPHER. I don't think two people can live as close as we do, and not have them.  
 SALLY. *(Comes back to couch and sits L. end of it.)* But it was that that sent me out on that idiotic binge.  
 CHRISTOPHER. *(Pause.)* Did you read the article I left you? (149)  
 SALLY. The what, dear?  
 CHRISTOPHER. My article.  
 SALLY. *(Vaguely.)* Oh, yes, I—looked at it.

CHRISTOPHER. Well?

SALLY. (*Too brightly.*) I'm terribly sorry, Chris. But it won't do.

CHRISTOPHER. Why, what's wrong with it? (*Goes to small table u. r. and picks up typescript.*)

SALLY. It's not nearly snappy enough.

CHRISTOPHER. Snappy? (*Down to pouffe.*)

SALLY. But it's all right, Christopher. I've got someone else to do it. (*Polishes her shoes on her dressing gown.*)

CHRISTOPHER? Oh? Who?

SALLY. Kurt Rosenthal. I called him this morning.

CHRISTOPHER. Who's he?

SALLY. (*Turns to Christopher.*) Really, Chris, I thought you took an interest in the cinema. He's miles the best young scenario writer. He earns pots of money.

CHRISTOPHER. Then why's he doing this?

SALLY. As a favor to me. He said he'd dictate it while he's shaving, and send it round to the editor's flat.

CHRISTOPHER. Well, journalism isn't really in my line. But I think you might have let me know. (*Sits on pouffe.*)

SALLY. (*Rises and crosses behind him.*) I didn't think you'd want to be bothered.

CHRISTOPHER. And he would? (*Sally takes off and drops dressing gown on couch. Goes up to chair for skirt.*)

SALLY. (*Starting to dress.*) He doesn't make such a fuss about writing as you do. He's writing a novel in his spare time. He's so terribly busy, he can only dictate it while he's having a bath. (*Does skirt up.*)

CHRISTOPHER. (*Rises and crosses up to behind couch. Bitterly.*) I bet that makes it wonderful. Of course it depends how many baths he takes.

SALLY. He read me the first few chapters. Honestly, I think it's the best novel I've ever read.

CHRISTOPHER. (*Drops article on couch.*) But that doesn't add up to very many, does it? (*Sally comes down to table for cigarette, then goes to washstand and brushes hair.*)

SALLY. (*Her tone sharpening.*) He's the kind of author I really admire. And he's not stuck up, either. Not like one of these young men who, because they've written one book, start talking about art, and imagining they're the most wonderful authors in the world.

150. You're like a vampire.

151. So, this is the end for us?

CHRISTOPHER. (*In to her.*) Just who are you talking about, Sally?

SALLY. (*Brushing her hair.*) Well, you do, Chris. You know you do. And it's silly to get jealous.

CHRISTOPHER. (*Angrily.*) Jealous? Who's jealous?

SALLY. There's no need to get upset, either. (*Puts hat on and crosses down to him.*)

CHRISTOPHER. (*Furious.*) I am not upset. You don't like my article. All right, you needn't go on about it. I can't think why I expected you to; or your rich, successful friends either, from whom you seem to have got all this stuff about me.

SALLY. (*Equally angry.*) Would you like to know what my friends said about you?

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CHRISTOPHER. No, I wouldn't.

SALLY. Well, I'll tell you. They said you were ruining me. That I'd lost all my sparkle and my effervescence. And that it was all due to you. I've let you eat me up, just sitting here, pouring myself into you.

CHRISTOPHER. Oh, is that what you've been doing?

SALLY. It's all you want. You're like a vampire. If you don't have someone around you, you sit about in bars waiting to devour someone. (*Sits in chair above table.*)

CHRISTOPHER. Your friends said that?

SALLY. My friends are a lot better than the tatty people you run around with. (*Spits into mascara and does her eyelashes.*) All your friends seem to be interested in, is just flopping into bed.

CHRISTOPHER. (*In to her.*) And since when have you had anything against bed?

SALLY. I haven't anything. So long as it leads somewhere.

CHRISTOPHER. You mean not just for the fun of it. (*Moves away.*)

SALLY. That's disgusting. That's like animals. (*Rises and goes to chair for jacket which she puts on, then comes back to him.*) But, you know, Chris. I'll tell you something. I've outgrown you.

CHRISTOPHER. (*Turns to her.*) You've what?

SALLY. I've gone beyond you. I'd better move away from here.

151

CHRISTOPHER. All right. When?

SALLY. The sooner the better, I should think.

CHRISTOPHER. That's fine with me.

SALLY. Good.

CHRISTOPHER. So, this is the end for us?

SALLY. (*Picks up handbag from table and starts moving to door.*)

Yes. If you want it that way. We'll probably bump into each other somewhere, sometime, I expect.

CHRISTOPHER. Well, call me sometime, and ask me around for a cocktail.

SALLY. (*Pausing at door.*) I never know whether you're being serious, or not.

CHRISTOPHER. Try it and find out, if your friends will spare you the time.

SALLY. (*Throwing it at him.*) You know, you make me sick. Good-bye, Chris. (*Goes out, slamming door.*)

CHRISTOPHER. (*Moves towards door.*) What a little bitch she is! Well, I've always known that from the start. No, that's not true. I've flattered myself she was fond of me. Nothing would please me better than to see her whipped. Really whipped. Not that I care a curse what she thinks of my article . . . (*Picks it up.*) Well, not much. My literary conceit is proof against anything she could say. (*Comes down to table and throws it in waste basket.*) It's her criticism of myself. The awful, sexual flair women have for taking the stuffing out of men. It's no good telling myself that Sally had the vocabulary and mind of a twelve-year-old schoolgirl . . . I mismanaged our interview, right from the beginning. I should have been wonderful, convincing, fatherly, mature. I made the one fatal mistake. I let her see I was jealous. Vulgarly jealous. I feel prickly all over with shame. Friends, indeed! Well, I certainly won't see her again, after all this. Never. Never! (*Sally returns, very shattered.*)

SALLY. Chris, something awful's happened. Guess who I met on the stairs. I met Mummy.

CHRISTOPHER. What mummy?

SALLY. Mine.

CHRISTOPHER. I thought you said she was in London.

SALLY. (*Crosses to couch and puts bag down.*) She was. But that call of mine upset her. I suppose I did sound a bit drunk. Anyway, she jumped to conclusions, and into an aeroplane. Chris, you're going to have to do something for me. I've been writing her now and then . . . I mean, they do send me money from time to time. I've never had the nerve to tell you, but I sort of gave

152. What a little bitch she is!

153. What mummy?

154. You owe it to me.

her to understand, when I first moved in here, that we were engaged.

CHRISTOPHER. That who was engaged?

SALLY. You and I. To be married.

CHRISTOPHER. Sally, you didn't!

SALLY. (*Picks up dressing gown and slippers.*) Well, I needed someone who sounded like a good, steady influence, and you were the best I could think of. She's in the sitting-room. I told her this place was all untidy, but she'll be in in a minute. Oh, and her name isn't Mrs. Bowles. It's Mrs. Watson-Courtneidge. That's my real name. Only you can't imagine the Germans pronouncing it.

CHRISTOPHER. And I'm supposed to stand by and pretend? Oh, no, Sally. (*Sally drops dressing gown and slippers on floor.*)

SALLY. Chris, you've got to. (*In to Christopher.*) You owe it to me.

CHRISTOPHER. For what? For letting me eat you up? I'm sorry. And I'm going to my room. (*Starts to go.*)

SALLY. (*Running round back of couch and getting in his way.*) If you don't, I'll tell her the most awful things about you.

CHRISTOPHER. I'm afraid I don't care. Tell her what you like.

SALLY. (*Pleading and pushing Christopher back into the room.*) Chris, you can't do this to me.

CHRISTOPHER. After the things you just said to me? That I made you sick.

SALLY. That was just an expression.

CHRISTOPHER. No, Sally. We're through. Quite through.

SALLY. Well, we still can be, after she goes home. Only, help me keep her happy. Don't believe everything I said at first. She isn't easy. Please, darling. Please! (*Throws her arms round Christopher. Christopher struggles to disengage himself. Then Mrs. Watson-Courtneidge comes in. She is a middle-aged English lady, in tweeds. She carries a cloak. She shuts the door.*)

MRS. WATSON. (*Catching sight of the embrace.*) Excuse me.

SALLY. (*Extricating herself.*) Oh . . .

MRS. WATSON. (*Coming down to R. of pouffe.*) I hope this is Mr. Isherwood.

SALLY. Yes, Christopher.

MRS. WATSON. I'm Mummy.

CHRISTOPHER. I imagined that.

MRS. WATSON. Well—don't I deserve a kiss, too?

153

156

155. Not a beat

156. I'm Mummy.

CHRISTOPHER. (*As Sally looks pleadingly at him.*) Oh—yes, of course. (*Christopher goes to Mrs. Watson and a kiss is performed.*)

MRS. WATSON. You're not a bit like I imagined you.

CHRISTOPHER. Oh, really. How did you imagine me?

157. MRS. WATSON. Oh, quite different. (*Crosses to table.*) So this is your room, Sally. Yes, I can see why you said it was untidy.

SALLY. (*Picks up dressing gown and puts it on the bed.*) I got up very late this morning. Fräulein Schneider hasn't really had time to do it.

158. MRS. WATSON. I don't imagine she does it very well at the best of times. I've just been having a little talk to her. I can't say I like her very much. And why does she sleep in the sitting-room?

CHRISTOPHER. (*Moving to head of couch.*) So that she can watch the corner.

MRS. WATSON. And what happens on the corner? (*Goes to above table, puts cloak down on chair and handbag on table.*)

CHRISTOPHER. Oh—that!

SALLY. Chris!

MRS. WATSON. I beg your pardon?

CHRISTOPHER. (*Vaguely.*) This and that.

MRS. WATSON. I should think she'd be much better occupied looking after . . . (*Dusting the table with her fingers.*) that and this! (*Picks up the brandy glass.*) Sally, you haven't been drinking brandy, I hope.

SALLY. That's Chris's glass.

MRS. WATSON. On your breakfast tray? (*Steps towards Christopher.*) Where do you live, Mr. Isherwood?

CHRISTOPHER. Just across the hall.

MRS. WATSON. (*Dryly.*) How convenient!

SALLY. (*Steps towards Mrs. Watson.*) What do you mean by that, Mummy?

159. MRS. WATSON. Sally, dear, I'm not asking for details. There are things one doesn't choose to know. But tell me, you two, when are you getting married?

SALLY. I don't know, Mummy. We're happy as—we are. Aren't we, Chris? (*Sits L. end of couch.*)

CHRISTOPHER. (*Grimly.*) Just as we are.

MRS. WATSON. (*Takes gloves off and moves slightly U. S.*) I can well believe it. But sooner or later, these things have to be—

157. Untidy room

158. What happens on the corner?

159. When are you getting married?

160. It's an odd book.

161. I haven't got any decent clothes.

well, shall we say?—tidied up. There are some questions I would like to ask you, Mr. Isherwood. (160)

CHRISTOPHER. (*Moving round to behind couch.*) Yes?

MRS. WATSON. I've read your book.

CHRISTOPHER. Oh, really?

MRS. WATSON. After Sally wrote me the title, I got it from the library—with a good deal of trouble. It's an odd book. Was it a success?

CHRISTOPHER. No. Not really.

MRS. WATSON. That doesn't altogether surprise me. I take it you don't live on your writing?

CHRISTOPHER. No. Hardly. (*Warningly.*) Sally!

MRS. WATSON. What do you live on?

CHRISTOPHER. I teach English.

MRS. WATSON. And is that sufficient?

CHRISTOPHER. I get by.

MRS. WATSON. Can two get by?

CHRISTOPHER. I'm inclined to doubt it. (*As before, but more so.*) Sally!

MRS. WATSON. (*Crosses to table, puts gloves down and takes handkerchief from handbag.*) Well, that is not my concern. That will be Sally's father's.

CHRISTOPHER. (*Getting no response from Sally.*) Well, now if you'll excuse me, Sally . . . (*Starts to go.*) (161)

MRS. WATSON. Are you not lunching with us?

SALLY. Yes, of course he is. (*Going to Christopher.*)

CHRISTOPHER. Sally, I can't.

SALLY. Yes, you can. You were lunching with me.

CHRISTOPHER. Look, I think there's something we ought to ear up. (*Christopher comes down to below couch. Sally follows him.*)

SALLY. *No!*

MRS. WATSON. What is that? (*Silence a moment. Then Christopher gives way.*)

CHRISTOPHER. I haven't got any decent clothes.

MRS. WATSON. My dear Mr. Isherwood, it's not your clothes we want, it's your company. I know all about your background. Anything you wear will be all right, so long as it is clean.

CHRISTOPHER. Well, that's part of the point.

162

SALLY. (*Pushing him out.*) Go and change, Chris. We'll wait here for you.

CHRISTOPHER. (*After a look at her.*) I won't be a minute. (*Exit.*)

MRS. WATSON. He's an odd young man, Sally.

SALLY. Oh, I don't know, Mummy.

MRS. WATSON. (*Going to L. of Sally.*) Tell me, that strange telephone call of yours—how much was Mr. Isherwood involved in it?

SALLY. Involved?

MRS. WATSON. Had you had a few too many cocktails because of some, well, little quarrel with him?

SALLY. Oh, no, Mummy. Chris and I never quarrel.

MRS. WATSON. Well, in any case, I think you two have been together quite long enough for the moment. (*Moves away to table.*) You had better move into the hotel with me.

SALLY. (*Protesting.*) No, Mummy, I . . . (*Goes towards Mrs. Watson.*)

MRS. WATSON. Sally, don't answer back. (*Sally sits on couch.*) You always answer back. I've begun to realize that things are a little more complicated than I had imagined. (*Goes to above couch L. of Sally.*) Hasn't Mr. Isherwood suggested any date for your wedding?

SALLY. No, Mummy, I don't think he has.

MRS. WATSON. I'm not suggesting he will let you down. He's a gentleman. That's one comfort. But . . .

SALLY. (*Kneeling on couch, urgently.*) Mummy, you've got entirely the wrong idea about Chris and me. We aren't . . .

MRS. WATSON. (*Interrupting.*) Sally, that is something you might have had to say to your grandmother. You don't have to say it to me.

SALLY. But, Mummy . . .

MRS. WATSON. (*As before.*) Mummy's quite broad-minded. (*Goes to table, puts handkerchief in bag and gets out smelling salts.*)

SALLY. (*Giving way.*) Well, all right, but don't rush him. Don't try and force him, or anything.

MRS. WATSON. Trust Mummy! I see you still have that picture. You had that in the nursery. "The Kitten's Awakening." I'm glad

162. Mummy's quite broad-minded.

you still have that. (Sits r. of Sally.) The old things are still the best, after all, aren't they?  
SALLY. (Subdued.) Yes, Mummy.  
MRS. WATSON. (Embracing Sally.) We must get you back to them.

CURTAIN

ACT III

SCENE 2

*The same. Afternoon. About three days later.  
Fritz is on stage lying on couch reading a newspaper and smoking. Schneider is pouring coffee for him. The old pictures are back on the walls. The room is again as in Scene 1.*

SCHNEIDER. (At table.) He is always back around this time, Herr Wendel. You cannot have to wait long. (Goes to Fritz with coffee.)

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FRITZ. Danke. I am glad that Christopher could move back into this room again. Will he stay on here?

SCHNEIDER. Oh, I hope. He is doing better now. Starting new lessons. It is true they are almost all to the Jews, but even so there is at least some good that comes from them that way. (Fritz does not answer.) Is it true, Herr Wendel, that they will take the money away from the Jews, and drive them all out?

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FRITZ. I have no idea. (Rises and puts cup down on table.)

SCHNEIDER. It would be a good thing. (To r. of Fritz.) Do you not agree with me?

FRITZ. I do not really know.

SCHNEIDER. But you must know, Herr Wendel. That is what the speakers all say. Everyone must know, and everyone must agree and only then can Germany be saved. (Voices heard off stage. Schneider goes to door. Fritz to above couch.)

CHRISTOPHER. (Off.) Go right in there, Natalia. Are you sure you're all right?

165

NATALIA. (Off.) Oh, yes, I thank you. I am all right.

CHRISTOPHER. (Off.) And then come to my room. It's the old

163. He is doing better now.

164. That is what the speakers all say.

165. Go right in, Natalia.

162

room. (Christopher comes in. He is a little more messed up than usual. He crosses to Fritz and Schneider goes out.) Oh, hello, Fritz. I didn't know you were here.

FRITZ. Was that Natalia's voice I heard outside?

CHRISTOPHER. Yes, she's gone to the bathroom. I must wash my hands. (Takes jacket off and hangs it over chair by washstand.)

FRITZ. What is the matter?

CHRISTOPHER. There was a bit of trouble. (Pours water into the basin.)

FRITZ. But what is it all about?

CHRISTOPHER. (Washing his hands.) I was walking with Natalia after her lesson. We ran into a bunch of toughs. Nazis, of course. They were holding a street meeting. And Natalia insisted on joining in.

FRITZ. Joining in?

CHRISTOPHER. Yes, she got quite fierce. She made a speech. She was almost like Joan of Arc. I was quite astonished.

FRITZ. She is wonderful, that girl.

161

CHRISTOPHER. And she was hit in the face with a stone.

FRITZ. Um Gotteswillen.

CHRISTOPHER. It wasn't serious. At least, I don't think it was. I wanted her to go to a doctor, but she wouldn't. I think she is a bit shaken, that's all.

FRITZ. It is better perhaps if your landlady does not see her. (Goes to table and puts cigarette out.)

CHRISTOPHER. Why? (Getting tin of plaster dressings out of cupboard.)

FRITZ. She is not very partial to the Jews, your landlady. (Crosses to couch and sits.)

CHRISTOPHER. Yes, I know. But she doesn't know what she is talking about. (Comes down to table with dressings.)

FRITZ. She knows as much as most people.

CHRISTOPHER. And that is the tragedy. (Takes a series of dressings, and starts to put them on his hands rather excessively.)

FRITZ. What is wrong with your hands? Were you in it, too?

CHRISTOPHER. Well, after Natalia started, I couldn't really keep out of it. Trying to get her away.

163

FRITZ. Natalia should not stay here.

CHRISTOPHER. She'll stay as long as her father stays.

166. She made a speech.

167. She was hit in the face with a stone.

168. I have not seen her but I love her.

169. You drink your brandy and let me do it.

FRITZ. She would go if she married.

CHRISTOPHER. I doubt that.

FRITZ. (*Urgently.*) But she ought to go! Christopher, I know now I am in love with Natalia. I have not seen her, but I am in love with her. (*Rises and goes to r. of Christopher. Natalia enters and crosses to r. of couch. There is a small scar, newly washed, on her face. Fritz steps forward.*)

NATALIA. So, Christopher, I think now . . . (*Sees Fritz, and stops.*) Oh, Fritz.

FRITZ. Ja, Natalia.

NATALIA. Christopher did not tell me you were here.

FRITZ. He did not know.

CHRISTOPHER. Let me give you some brandy, Natalia.

NATALIA. I do not think so. (*Sits on couch.*)

CHRISTOPHER. Yes, but I do think so. You need something. And it's quite good brandy. It's part of—quite a good loot. I'm going to have some. (*Goes to cupboard, gets brandy and glasses and brings them down to table.*)

FRITZ. (*To Natalia.*) Please, may I see your face?

NATALIA. (*Turning.*) There is nothing there.

FRITZ. (*Kneeling.*) I would like to see, please. It is clean? You have washed it? You have washed it thoroughly?

NATALIA. I have washed it thoroughly.

CHRISTOPHER. Would you like to put a Band-Aid on?

NATALIA. On my face? (*Fritz crosses to table.*)

CHRISTOPHER. I think you should. You can get blood poisoning.

NATALIA. And a bandage will help that?

CHRISTOPHER. (*Going to cupboard.*) I have some iodine. I can put that on for you.

NATALIA. Not on my face, I thank you. (*Fritz goes back to Natalia and kneels r. of her, leaving glass on couch as he goes.*)

FRITZ. You let me put one of these on. Just a very small one. Like so. (*Holds one up.*)

NATALIA. (*Touched, but unwilling to show it.*) I can put it on myself. (*Christopher returns to table with iodine.*)

FRITZ. I know, but let me do it, please. You drink your brandy, and let me do it. (*Starts to do so.*)

CHRISTOPHER. (*Looking at his hands.*) You know, I wonder if

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I shouldn't take these Band-Aids off, and put on some iodine. I could get gangrene.

NATALIA. No, Christopher, you could not.

CHRISTOPHER. You never know. Then they amputate your hands. And you can't write or type any more. (*Tears off the dressings and paints on iodine.*)

FRITZ. (*Finishing his job.*) There. (*Seems to feel a little faint.*) Now I take some brandy. (*Fritz goes to table. He and Natalia gulp some brandy, hastily.*)

(170) NATALIA. And now I think I go home. (*Turns to go.*)

FRITZ. You let me take you, please. (*Crosses to C.*)

NATALIA. My dear young man, I . . .

FRITZ. (*Finishing for her.*) I am not yet sixty years old, and I can go home unmolested.

NATALIA. I prefer that I go alone.

FRITZ. I would like that you let me take you.

NATALIA. (*Crossing to Fritz.*) And if we run into another of these street riots?

FRITZ. I would still like to take you. (*Christopher raises his head. The two men exchange glances. Fritz nods very gently and puts down glass on table.*) I tell it now.

CHRISTOPHER. Let him take you, Natalia. I would feel better.

NATALIA. Very well. I see you tomorrow, Christopher. At the usual hour. Yes? (*Fritz goes to Natalia.*)

CHRISTOPHER. Yes, of course. Good-bye, Natalia. I admired you very much this afternoon.

FRITZ. I, too.

(171) NATALIA. I cannot see why. Come! (*She goes out with Fritz. Christopher looks after them, then picks up the box of dressings and the iodine. He crosses couch, finishes Natalia's brandy and resumes his painting.*)

CHRISTOPHER. It doesn't look too good. (*Splashes on some more iodine. Schneider comes in and crosses to table.*)

SCHNEIDER. I take the coffee tray. What is with your hands, Herr Issyvoov?

CHRISTOPHER. I think they may be poisoned.

SCHNEIDER. But how did you come to hurt them?

CHRISTOPHER. It was in a street riot.

SCHNEIDER. An anti-Jewish riot?

CHRISTOPHER. Yes.

170. I still would like to take you.

171. You were attacking the Jews.

172. Everything you say is dangerous.

173. What is one supposed to do.

174. I see you've dressed her in your clothes.

35

SCHNEIDER. And you were attacking the Jews.

CHRISTOPHER. No, I was defending them.

SCHNEIDER. But that is not right, Herr Issyvoo. The Jews are at the bottom of all the trouble.

CHRISTOPHER. (*Crosses to table with dressings and iodine and puts them down. Sharply.*) ~~Fräulein Schneider~~, I think I've heard enough of that this afternoon. Let's not talk about it any more.

SCHNEIDER. But that is wrong, Herr Issyvoo. We must all talk about it. That is what the speakers say. Germany must come first.

CHRISTOPHER. (*Turning angrily.*) And what does that mean? How can any country come first that does things like that? Suppose I push this in your face. (*Thrusts his fist near Schneider's face, and she retreats.*) Because Germany must come first—and I'm strong enough to do it, and to hurt you? What does that prove?

SCHNEIDER. But, Herr Issyvoo . . .

CHRISTOPHER. I've always been fond of you. Now I'm ashamed of you. And everything you say is horrible and dangerous and abominable. And now please go away. (*Turns and moves away to table.*)

SCHNEIDER. (*Angrily.*) You will see, Herr Issyvoo. You will see. (*Bell rings.*)

CHRISTOPHER. I know that talking like this makes me almost as bad as you. Or perhaps worse. Because I've got intelligence, I hope, and you've just been listening to things. Now go and answer the bell. (*Schneider goes. Christopher cries in exasperation to himself and moves to u. c. of couch.*) ~~God, what is one supposed to do?~~ (*Examines his hands again.*) I wonder if I've broken anything. It feels awfully loose. (*Flexes his thumb.*) Ought that to move like that, or oughtn't it? (*Sally comes in. She wears the cloak her mother was carrying in the previous scene.*)

SALLY. Hello, Chris.

CHRISTOPHER. Well, fancy seeing you again, without your mother. (*Mrs. Watson-Courtneidge comes in.*) Oh, hello, Mrs. Watson-Courtneidge!

MRS. WATSON. Good afternoon, Christopher. (*Crossing to Sally's R.*)

CHRISTOPHER. And how are things with you two?

MRS. WATSON. They're very well. Sally has been making me very happy.

172

173

174

CHRISTOPHER. I see you've dressed her up in your clothes.  
SALLY. (Defensively.) What's wrong with that? Mother's got very good taste.

CHRISTOPHER. But it's hardly *your* taste, is it?

175 MRS. WATSON. (Over to couch and lifting the glass.) Brandy again?

CHRISTOPHER. (Defiantly.) Yes. (Goes to Mrs. Watson and takes glass from her.)

MRS. WATSON. I see. What's the matter with your hands? (Christopher goes to table and puts glass down.)

CHRISTOPHER. I hurt them. I was in a fight.

SALLY. (Crosses to above L. of couch.) Good gracious, you! What was the fight about?

CHRISTOPHER. Jews.

MRS. WATSON. Why were you fighting about *them*?

CHRISTOPHER. I don't like seeing people being pushed around. (To Sally.) Or made to pretend they're what they're not.

176 MRS. WATSON. Oh, I see. (Sits on couch.) Well, now, Christopher, there's something I want to tell you. I'm taking Sally home.

CHRISTOPHER. Oh? And what do you say about that, Sally?

SALLY. (Kneeling on couch L. of Mrs. Watson.) Mummy's quite right, Chris. She really is. I ought to go home. To my past, and my roots and things. They're very important to a girl.

CHRISTOPHER. Sally, don't. Don't let her!

SALLY. Let her what?

CHRISTOPHER. You're disappearing, right in front of my eyes.

177 MRS. WATSON. I hope the girl you knew is disappearing. I want you to come, too, Christopher. Then you can meet Sally's father, and, if he approves of you, he will find you a job of some sort. Then you can be married from our house at the end of next month. That will give me time to arrange Sally's trousseau.

CHRISTOPHER. Look, Sally, haven't you told your mother yet?

SALLY. (Miserably.) No, not yet.

MRS. WATSON. Told me what?

CHRISTOPHER. Sally, I think you should.

SALLY. (Desperately.) No, Chris, not now. (Crosses to Christopher.)

CHRISTOPHER. Yes, now. (Crosses below Sally to L. of couch.)

178 Mrs. Courtneidge, there's something I have to tell you. Sally and

175. I don't like seeing people pushed around.

176. I'm taking Sally home.

177. You can meet Sally's father.

178. Not really suited to each other.

179. A very fine character

180. A richly-deserved horse whipping

(36)

I are no longer engaged. She sent me a note this morning, to break it off.

MRS. WATSON. Sally, you never told me.

SALLY. (*Very relieved.*) I wanted to speak to Chris first.

MRS. WATSON. This is all a little sudden.

CHRISTOPHER. I don't think it's very sudden, really. We had a sort of quarrel the morning you arrived, and we never really made it up since.

MRS. WATSON. I thought you never quarrelled.

CHRISTOPHER. Who said that?

MRS. WATSON. Sally did. Are you sure about this, Sally?

SALLY. (*Crosses to pouffe and sits.*) Well, yes, Mummy, as a matter of fact I am. I don't think Chris and I are really suited to each other.

MRS. WATSON. Neither do I. But I never hoped that you would realize it. Well, this alters everything. (*Rises.*) I will not expect you to come back to England, Christopher.

CHRISTOPHER. Good.

MRS. WATSON. (*Going to Sally and putting her arm round her.*) But I'm very glad that Sally has been able to see the truth for herself. I was afraid she had changed almost too much. That you had changed her.

SALLY. (*To Christopher.*) See?

MRS. WATSON. (*Crosses to couch.*) Sally has been very good about you, Christopher. She has continued to deny everything that I am absolutely sure has taken place. I think that shows a very fine character.

CHRISTOPHER. No doubt that was due to *your* influence.

MRS. WATSON. Perhaps you'll forgive me if I say a few things to you, Christopher. (*Sits.*) I think someone should say them, and Sally's father isn't here to do so. Perhaps that's lucky for you. He's not a patient man, and he adores Sally. I know he'd think that anyone who'd harmed her richly deserved a sound horse-whipping.

CHRISTOPHER. (*Coming towards Mrs. Watson.*) Now, listen, Mrs. Courtneidge . . .

MRS. WATSON. I have no intention of listening to you, Mr. Isherwood. Sally has done quite enough of that, already. She's a very sweet, simple girl, but she's far too easily influenced.

CHRISTOPHER. Look, do we have to go into all this?

MRS. WATSON. (*Sharply.*) Yes, I think we do. It's people like

(179)

(180)

you who are ruining the world. Unprincipled drifters who call themselves authors, never write a word, and then vote Labor on the slightest provocation. You live in foreign countries, and you let yourself get involved in obscure political issues that are no concern of yours . . .

181 SALLY. (*Rises suddenly.*) Yes, they are.

MRS. WATSON. (*Surprised.*) Sally!

SALLY. (*Coming in to R. of couch.*) Some sort of principles are, and I'm very glad to see he has some, and that there is something he is willing to fight for, instead of just sitting around.

CHRISTOPHER. Now, Sally, wait a minute . . .

SALLY. I know. I've told you a lot of the same things, myself. But I don't like to hear her say them. Certainly not to you. You don't know Chris. You don't understand him. He's a very fine person. He's been wonderful to me. He has. He's done a lot for me, and he's tried to do more. And he's an artist. Well—potentially. All artists need time. He's going to write a wonderful book one day, that'll sell millions of copies, or a lot of short stories all about Germany or something, which will tell the world wonderful things about life and people and everything—and then you'll feel very silly for the things you've just said. (*Turns away.*)

MRS. WATSON. I thought you'd just broken off your engagement.

SALLY. (*Turns to Mrs. Watson.*) Yes, I have. But I'm not going to stand here and let you nag at him like that. He doesn't chase around after horrible influential people, and I bet he wouldn't take a job from Daddy if he offered him one. He's got too much pride. And character. It just wants—working up, that's all. And now let's go. (*Goes to door and stands by it.*)

182 MRS. WATSON. (*Staggered.*) Well . . . (*Rises.*) I'll say good-bye, Christopher. We shall be leaving tomorrow, or the next day. I don't imagine that we'll meet again. And I would prefer that you and Sally did not see each other again, either. Shall we go, Sally? (*Moves to door and goes out.*)

SALLY. Yes, Mummy. (*Follows, shutting door without looking at Christopher.*)

183 CHRISTOPHER. Well. Really? (*The outside door slams. He goes to the table, and the brandy bottle, then stops.*) No, I won't. I will have some principles!

CURTAIN

181. You don't know Chris.

182. Yes, Mummy.

183. I will have some principles.

184. Silk shirts

ACT III

SCENE 3

Three days later. Evening.

A large trunk is open in the middle of the floor. Christopher is putting things into it and sorting others from the closet. He brings four shirts from cupboard to behind couch.

CHRISTOPHER. ~~Where did I ever get all these things?~~ This shirt—I can't possibly have bought it. No, I didn't, of course, I remember. It was at that party at the Lithuanian sculptor's, where a whole bottle of crème-de-menthe got spilled over mine. (Starts putting them in trunk.) These are Clive's silk ones. I don't suppose I'll ever wear them, but you never know, they are the best silk. This pair of pants. No, really, they're too far gone. Out! (Throws them away in waste basket and closes trunk. Enter Sally. She is dressed as in the first scene. She comes to couch and puts bag and cloak down.)

184

SALLY. Chris!

CHRISTOPHER. Sally! I thought you'd gone. I thought you'd gone home.

SALLY. No. Mummy left this morning.

CHRISTOPHER. And you're not going?

SALLY. Not home. Oh, Chris, it was ghastly getting rid of Mummy. But I knew I had to, after that scene here.

CHRISTOPHER. How did you do it?

SALLY. (Kneeling on couch, giggling.) I did something awful. I got a friend in London to send her an anonymous telegram telling her Daddy was having an affair. That sent her off in a mad whirl. But Daddy will forgive me. Besides, it's probably true—and I don't blame him. I told Mummy I'd follow her when I got some business settled. And something will turn up to stop it. It always does, for me. (I'm all right, Chris. (Rises and goes to Christopher.) I'm back again.

185

CHRISTOPHER. (Smiling.) Yes, I can see you are.

186

185. Off in a mad whirl

186. Is there anything to drink?

SALLY. Is there anything to drink?

CHRISTOPHER. There's just a little gin, that's all. *(Goes up to washstand.)*

187 SALLY. I'd love a little gin. In a tooth glass. Flavored with peppermint. Where are you off to? *(Sits on the trunk.)*

CHRISTOPHER. I am going home.

SALLY. When?

188 CHRISTOPHER. *(Coming down to Sally with drink.)* Tomorrow night I'm going to Fritz and Natalia's wedding in the afternoon.

SALLY. Wedding? How did that happen?

189 CHRISTOPHER. *(Sits L. of Sally.)* Fritz told Natalia about himself, and that did it. And now he doesn't have to pretend any more. Come with me, Sally. They'd love to see you.

SALLY. Oh, I'd like to, but I won't be here.

CHRISTOPHER. Where will you be?

SALLY. I'm leaving for the Riviera tonight.

CHRISTOPHER. With whom?

SALLY. For a picture.

CHRISTOPHER. Well, splendid. Is it a good part?

190 SALLY. *(Rises and crosses to above L. of couch.)* I don't really know. I expect so. You haven't got a drink, Chris. Have a drop of this. Make it a loving cup. *(Christopher takes a sip.)* Why are you going away, Chris? *(Sits on couch.)*

CHRISTOPHER. Because I'll never write as long as I'm here. And I've got to write. It's the only thing I give a damn about. I don't regret the time I've spent here. I wouldn't have missed a single hangover of it. But now I've got to put it all down—what I think about it. And live by it, too, if I can. Thank you for the idea about that book, Sally. *(Rises and goes to L. of Sally.)* The short stories. I think maybe that will work out.

SALLY. Oh, I hope so, I do want you to be good, Chris. *(Puts glass down on floor and gets cigarette from bag.)*

191 CHRISTOPHER. I am going to try, Sally. *(Sits L. of Sally.)* Now, tell me about you and this job that you don't seem to know anything about. Or care about. Who's the man, Sally?

SALLY. Man? *(Lights a cigarette.)*

CHRISTOPHER. Oh, come off it.

SALLY. *(Giggling a little.)* Well, there is a man. He's wonderful, Chris. He really is.

CHRISTOPHER. Where did you meet him?

187. I am going home.

188. He doesn't have to pretend any more.

189. Leaving for the riviera

190. I'll never write as long as I'm here.

191. There is a man.

192. I'd run away from you too.

38

SALLY. Two days ago. Just after we left here. He saw us in the street . . . Mummy and me, I mean—and our eyes met—his and mine, I mean—and he sort of followed us. To a tea shop, where he sat and gazed at me. And back to the hotel. And at the restaurant. He had the table next to us, and he kept sort of hitching his foot around my chair. And he passed me a note in the fruit-basket. Only Mummy got it by mistake. But it was in German, I told her it was from a film producer. And I went over and talked to him, and he was! Then we met later. He's quite marvellous, Chris. (Kneels on couch.) He's got a long, black beard. Well, not really long. I've never been kissed by a beard before, I thought it would be awful. But it isn't. It's quite exciting. Only he doesn't speak much German. He's a Yugoslavian. That's why I don't know much about the picture. But I'm sure it will be all right. He'll write in something, and he's got ideas about South America later.

CHRISTOPHER. Oh, no, Sally, not South America!

SALLY. (Rises and goes to above R. of couch.) Why not? Oh, you mean brothels and things. Oh, no, darling, I'll be terribly careful, I'll take references and everything. And now I've got to go . . .

CHRISTOPHER. (Rises.)/Oh, Sally, must you? Must you go on like this? Why don't you go home, too?

SALLY. And be Miss Watson-Courtneidge again?

CHRISTOPHER. Come back with me, I mean it, Sally. My family'll give me some money if I'm home. Or I'll get a job. (Goes to Sally and puts his hand on her shoulder.) I'll see that you're all right.

SALLY. (Crosses to pouffe and puts cigarette out.) It wouldn't be any good, Chris. I'd run away from you, too. The moment anything exciting came along. It's all right for you. You're a writer. You really are, I'm not even an actress, really. I'd love to see my name in lights, but even if I had a first-night tomorrow, if something attractive turned up, I'd go after it. I can't help it. That's me. You know that really, don't you? (Christopher sits back of couch.)

CHRISTOPHER. (Facing Sally.) Yes, Sally, I'm afraid I do.

SALLY. Afraid? Oh, Chris, am I too awful—for me I mean?

CHRISTOPHER. No, Sally. I'm very fond of you.

SALLY. I do hope you are. Because I am of you. (Goes to Christopher.) Was it true about eternal friendship that we swore?

CHRISTOPHER. Yes, of course it was. Really true. Tell me, do you have an address? (*Sally goes to couch and collects cloak and bag.*)

SALLY. No, I don't. But I'll write. I really will. Postcards and everything. (*Crosses to door.*) And you write to me. Of course, you'll be writing all sorts of things, books and things, that I can read. (*Turns to Christopher.*) Will you dedicate one to me?

CHRISTOPHER. The very first one.

SALLY. Oh, good. Perhaps that'll be my only claim to fame. Well, good-bye for now, Chris. Neck and leg-break.

CHRISTOPHER. Neck and leg-break. (*Christopher and Sally go into each other's arms.*)

SALLY. (*Starts to go, then turns to Christopher.*) I do love you. (*She goes, swiftly.*)

CHRISTOPHER. (*Stares after her, for a moment.*) I love you, too, Sally. And it's so damned stupid that that's not enough to keep two people together. (*Starts to move toward the window. The lights begin to dim.*) The camera's taken all its pictures, and now it's going away to develop them. I wonder how Sally will look when I've developed her? I haven't got an end for her yet, but there probably isn't one. She'll just go on and on, as she always has—somewhere. (*Looks out of the window.*) There she goes now. Into the photograph. She's just going around the corner. (*Watches as the curtain starts to fall.*) Don't forget those postcards, Sally.

CURTAIN

193. The camera's taken all its pictures.

**I AM**

**A**

**CAMERA**

MARCH 17 and 18 at 8:00 p.m.

St. Charles Presbyterian Church  
Fellowship Hall