

Lindenwood University

Digital Commons@Lindenwood University

---

Theses

Theses & Dissertations

---

1996

## An Experiment in Acting: Miss in Her Teens

Todd Gillenardo

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.lindenwood.edu/theses>



Part of the Theatre and Performance Studies Commons

---

**An Experiment in Acting: Miss in Her Teens**

A Master's Thesis

By Todd Gillenardo

MFA Theatre: Acting

Fall 1996

COMMITTEE IN CHARGE OF CANDIDACY

Professor Bryan C. Reeder  
Director of Theatre\Chairman of the Dept.

Marsha Hollander Parker  
Dean of Fine Arts

Associate Professor Ann Canale

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.

Bryan C. Reeder

Chairman, Department  
of Fine Arts

David G. Gernick

Committee Member

Ann Landale

Committee Member

## Table of Contents

Prospectus.....	i
Chapter One: A New Din in the London Theatre.....	1
Chapter Two: A Brief Biography of David Garrick.....	20
Chapter Three: Script, Blocking, and Characters.....	45
Chapter Four: The Rehearsal Process.....	81
Chapter Five: A Growing Process.....	95
Appendix A: Works Cited.....	114
Appendix B: Works Consulted.....	115
Appendix C: The Program.....	117
Appendix D: Copy of Advertisement.....	120

## Prospectus

The purpose of my thesis is to find ways of making Restoration characterization more natural, believable, and more realistic to a contemporary audience. In my attempt, I will study the works of David Garrick, and attempt to replicate an evening at the Drury Lane Theatre in the 18th century, by directing *Miss in Her Teens*, one of Garrick's comedies.

The first chapter of my thesis will explore David Garrick's natural style of acting which was revolutionizing theatre after the Restoration. He believed actors should be more natural and believable in their roles, portraying actual people in circumstances and not paper cut-outs. This chapter will also set the stage for the rise of the middle class in the London Theatres.

The second chapter will follow Garrick's playwrighting styles. I will explore the differences between the character types of the different genres Garrick wrote in, with particular emphasis on his social satires, such as *Miss in Her Teens*. The natural style of the characters' speech will be exhibited and shown to be more realistic than the writings of previous playwrights.

The third chapter of my thesis will contain the script for *Miss in Her Teens*, the blocking, and character analysis.

The fourth chapter will be a rehearsal journal documenting our progress in imitating Garrick's style as well as daily events and ideas which would be pertinent to the construction of the play.

The final chapter will be self-analysis. This will explain what I have learned as an actor, and how I've developed because of the process.

Chapter One: A New Din in the London Theatre

In a time of absolute licentiousness and societal debauchery, the theatre was, as always, a reflection of its time. During the Restoration (1660 to George I), the actors were closely associated with the court. From the early to late 1700's, the rising bourgeoisie had a different set of values compared to the preceding Restoration theatregoers. They wanted to see a happy ending; hence, the sentimental comedy was developed and became a popular form of entertainment. The plays of the Georgian theatre lost a certain degree of bawdiness from their more lusty predecessors. The middle-class gained its new position in society through trade with the colonies and various stock companies. Economic opportunity paved the way for this new class of Londoners.

Ambrose Crowley lived in the mid to late 1600's, and knew his trade. He was a blacksmith and:

worked as a guildsman in Greenwich, where he accumulated a little capital. Around 1680, he moved to a small village in Durham where he built a domestic organization for the large-scale production of hardware. By 1700, the village had become a thriving town of some 1500 craftsmen. Most of them worked under contract to Crowley, who rented them their houses and supplied some of their tools as well as ore and



fuel. The village produced nails, locks, bolts, hammers, spades and other steel tools, which Crowley marketed elsewhere. As a wealthy and respected citizen, he was knighted in 1706 (Bailkey 480).

This was a relatively typical story of the rise of the middle-class into the 18th century, especially in England (Bailkey 480). It was typical in this time for someone of no particular standing to learn a trade and market it, thus creating a domestic trade system. The money made from these ventures typically enabled a merchant to buy an aristocratic title. The domestic trade systems were somewhat complex, "merchants bought Swedish iron, had it worked by English toolmakers, and contracted its sale abroad. By 1750, domestic manufacturing involved more than 4 million English workers" (Bailkey 481).

Trade changed the face of the financial world; both French and English trade increased more than fivefold during the 18th century. "At Liverpool, the major English port for sugar and slaves, annual imports rose from 27,000 tons in 1700 to more than 140,000 tons seventy years later" (Bailkey 478).

The sale of stock increased as well, although at first most potential buyers were prohibited from buying into a company. The rise of smuggling and competition opened up these buying policies, beginning with the English East India

Company. With this rose the joint-stock company; over 140 existed in England by 1715 (Bailkey 481). Now the common man could invest a given amount of money and expect a possible return on his investment.

The joint stock company made it easy for anyone to invest and expect, with little risk, a return on his investment. During the 1500's this was difficult because "the Medieval Church for long had denounced interest as constituting usury, a mortal sin and 'a vice most odious and detestable in the sight of God'" (Stavrianos 353). However, as more members found it difficult to invest in a project with no promise of a substantial return, Church members began pleading their cases. Eventually "moderate and acceptable" usury was tolerated (Stavrianos 353). The joint stock company funded colonization, the slave trade, piracy, and had its hand in just about every financial endeavor. Through this the economy grew.

The most important figures in Europe's overseas expansion were not Columbus and da Gama and Magellan. Rather, they were the new entrepreneurs with capital. They were the merchants who stayed in the home ports but who were responsible for the foundation of many colonies... who kept the colonies supplied... who opened new markets, sought new lands,

and enriched all Europe... (Stavrianos 353).

The country peasants began developing skills and moving to the major cities, joining guilds. This occurred when peasants eventually became free holders of their land and not property themselves. The companies that produced goods to sell to colonies or the government would turn to peasant laborers who worked cheaply thus increasing maximum profit on investments. These investments were free of risk for anyone who wanted to "speculate with a little money... without risking one's whole future" (Stavrianos 353). This gave an opportunity to men like Ambrose Crowley who had a little money to make substantial wealth. A new class began to emerge on the scene through the world of investment and capitalism: the middle class. As the bourgeoisie grew wealthier, its members began to buy titles of nobility, and, most importantly, attend the theatre. However, they had a different view of life than the old family nobility.

The bourgeoisie had different tastes than that of the established aristocracy. Since many of the middle-class came from poverty, they had a different set of values. Social status in the early to late 18th century began to be associated with:

The conspicuous display of wealth.  
Bewigged merchants as well as nobles  
were resplendent in white silk coats,  
knee breeches, silk stockings, and gold

braided hats. Young English fops, on their way up, might spend 500 guineas for a single outfit and lose that much more of borrowed money at the gaming tables... With their gross appetites and uncultivated tastes, the newly rich, particularly low-born East India Company men scandalized the old English aristocrats (Bailkey 477).

The lower classes had a higher sense of ethics and manners than that of the old blood aristocracy. They were not more saintly than their Restoration predecessors; they just hadn't developed the skill of hiding immoral behavior with the subtlety depicted by the old nobility. "Ordinary middle-class Europeans set their tables with beautiful china and silver, provided napkins, and lifted food with forks rather than fingers. No longer did they throw bones on the floor or use daggers or pocket knives to pick their teeth... Such refinements reflected a new set of values" (Bailkey 477).

The behavior of the Restoration courtiers was notoriously bawdy. The royal influence of Charles II certainly helped create the pompous behavior of the patrons.

Members of the business community [the rising middle-class] and other 'ordinary citizens,' hardly attended at all... The audience for Restoration theatre was not

the active cross-section of the populace that had enjoyed the great variety of theatre available during the age of Shakespeare. The plays often expressed a certain contempt for these citizens, and it is not surprising that they did not attend (Grose 246).

Not until the end of the Restoration was there a rise in the middle-class attendance of the theatre. "With a population base of about 575,000 in London by 1700, it is estimated that not more than 2 percent attended the Restoration theatre" (Grose 246).

While Restoration Comedy represented and mocked the life of the courtier, the Georgian Comedy reflected slightly different principles. Working class people of the time wanted a happy ending, which is why many Shakespearean tragedies of the day were re-written to satisfy the audience. "Their tastes are reflected in the highly decorous comic operas of the age, in the more than decorous sentimental comedies and even in the moral melodramas which provided something of all worlds from spectacular show to poetic justice" (Nicoll 5).

The new middle class theatregoers "did not appreciate wit, permissive behavior, or thoughtlessness in their lives or on the stage. They wanted drama with a moral or social lesson, and plays that let them sympathize with and pity the predicament of the characters" (Sitarz 18).

This was much different from the "indecent" comedy of the Restoration. The aristocracy would flock to see the newest witty and naughty play. Playwrights catered to the tastes of their audience and so the flavor of the plays changed in the brief time from the Restoration to the Georgian Kings.

Although this new audience had different tastes and morals, this did not mean they were above crass behavior. Rioting was a somewhat common occurrence at the Drury Lane Theatre all through the 18th century. Frederick Reynolds in a book on his life describes an occurrence:

Sheridan furnished us with some particulars relative to the first night's performance of *The Rivals*. During the violent opposition in the fifth act, an apple hitting Lee, who performed Sir Lucius O'Trigger, he stepped forward, and with a genuine rich brogue, angrily cried out, "By the pow'rs, is it personal? --is it me, or the matter?"

(Qtd. in Nicoll 6).

A paper of 1762, displayed in the British Museum, gives a glimpse of what was happening regularly:

Thursday night there was a great riot at Covent Garden playhouse, without the least plea or pretence whatever,

occasioned by the gentry in the upper gallery calling for a hornpipe, though nothing of the sort was expressed in the bills. They went so far as to throw a quart bottle and two pint bottles upon the stage, which happily did no mischief, but might have been productive of a great deal (Qtd. in Nicoll 7).

There was another pertinent occasion which illustrates the attitude at the theatre. Frederick Reynolds was at Garrick's farewell performance of *Hamlet*:

The riot and struggle for places can scarcely be imagined... Though a side box close to where we sat, was completely filled, we beheld the door burst open, and an Irish gentleman attempted to make entry... "There's room by the pow'rs!" cried the Irishman, and persisted in advancing. On this, a gentleman in the second row, rose, and exclaimed, "Turn out that blackguard... come out, my dear and give me satisfaction, or I'll pull your nose, faith, you coward, and shillaly you through the lobby!" And he rushed out to meet the challenge; when to the pit's general amusement, the Irishman jumped

into his place, and having deliberately seated and adjusted himself, he turned round, and cried, "I'll talk to you after the play is over" (Nicoll 9).

The raucousness of the Georgian audience was still less violent than that of their Restoration predecessors; however, many times this new class of audience "were still eager to damn a new play, good or bad" (Nicoll 9). In answer to this the actor managers began to pay for applause. "Again and again we find references to the 'orderly Clapper-men and hir'd Puffers for Drury Lane' and other theatres, who 'deafen'd the Audience' with their 'salaried' applause" (Qtd. in Nicoll 11). It is no wonder that since such measures were employed; violence was a seemingly commonplace fact of life for the actor manager of a London theatre in the 18th century.

In 1721 during a performance of *Macbeth* at Lincoln's Inn Fields a spectator crossed the stage to talk to a friend behind the scenes. The theatre manager yelled at the spectator, who then slapped the manager across the face. When the manager slapped him back, people drew their swords. The spectator was forced to leave, but he returned with other men who wrecked furniture and equipment in the theatre. The military



ended the riot and the offenders were taken to court. After this, two armed guards with muskets stood at both sides of stages during performances (Sitarz 25).

Other outbursts were not as violent.

Because the middle class was no stranger to the value of money, they wanted their money's worth in the performance. If the play did not begin on time some spectators rapped their sticks and canes on the floor... Usually an evening's performance, which began at six p.m., consisted of a tragedy, a comic skit, a ballet or pantomime, dancing and music. The entertainment lasted three to five hours (Sitarz 25).

An actor would know backstage what kind of night it was going to be by listening to the din.

Before the curtain rose they often shouted, yelled, and jeered. The motley crowd in the upper gallery sometimes roared like lions, hooted like owls, and mewed like cats... If they didn't like an actor or a play, they came to the theatre night after night to boo and hiss (Sitarz 24).

During this time some spectators could be found commonly sitting on the stage during the performance, a tradition that dated back to Shakespeare. This caused a great many problems for the performers of the day.

Peg Woffington once played the role of Cordelia in *King Lear* with a spectator's hand around her waist. When Suzannah Cibber played Juliet in Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, over one hundred spectators, some crying, sat in the tomb area with her as she played her death scene... In one performance of *Hamlet* the actor playing the title role was supposed to have his hat fly off his head and then complain of the cold. When he played the scene, however, a woman in a red coat crossed the stage, picked up the hat, and placed it back on the actor's head. The audience laughed (Sitarz 24).

David Garrick arose on the scene and eventually became actor manager of the Drury Lane Theatre, one of only two theatres of the time with a license to perform. Garrick did not find disruptions to the play amusing, and set out on reforming the theatre of the day.

In 1762 Garrick remodeled the inside of Drury Lane to fit more seats in the

auditorium, and he banished spectators from the stage. He also banned gentlemen from wandering backstage to watch the play. On occasion the audience saw a man's brocaded coat and powdered wig poking out from the scenery. Garrick also forbade men from going into the green room to flirt with the actresses (Sitarz 24).

Some of his reforms, however, were not met with diplomatic complacency. "Sometimes spectators tried to storm the stage, smash scenery and stop the performance. This happened to Garrick when he tried to make audiences pay full price even if they came toward the end of the performance" (Sitarz 25). These events came to be known as the half-price riots. They began in 1763 by Thady Fitzpatrick, no particular friend of Garrick's. Fitzpatrick had a clan of coffeehouse dwellers who called themselves the Town. The Town wanted to fix the price of admission for attending late. The managers of Drury Lane and Covent Garden decided to adopt the new policy, making latecomers pay full price. Here's what happened when the Town showed up late for a Drury Lane performance:

When the performance began, they called for Garrick, and when the manager appeared, Fitzpatrick hurled at him the following question: "Will you, or will

you not, admit the public after the third act at half-price, to all entertainments except the first winter of a new pantomime?" To this Fitzpatrick demanded an immediate reply. When however, Garrick decided to answer that question after consultation with Beard, the manager of Covent Garden, a riot broke out with the usual destruction of property following (Stein 10-11).

Garrick apparently returned to his discount policy after this. It must be remembered that the average Londoner of the time was released from work at 6 p.m. which was just when the curtain rose at Drury Lane. "By providing spectacle and diversion for these latecomers at reduced prices Garrick could frequently increase his evening's receipts significantly" (Burnim 17).

By 1766, rowdiness was more of a problem at the Drury Lane Theatre than Covent Garden. The audiences that attended the Covent Garden Theatre apparently were more forgiving of bad performances. Victor's *Aldamira* was rejected by Mr. Garrick who said that the play, "will have a better chance of succeeding at Covent Garden than with us." He goes on to say, "Pieces of little merit have been received with favor," at Covent Garden (Qtd. in Burnim 15).

Violence in the theatre did not always arise from displeasure with the play or management. "In 1755 a hard

piece of cheese hurled from the upper gallery hurt a young girl in the pit... In 1776 a man was thrown from the gallery. He saved himself by hanging from a chandelier" (Sitarz 25). The Drury Lane Theatre of the middle 18th century was not always packed, but the mood of the rabble affected the night.

A typical evening at the Drury Lane Theatre is similar to that of Syllas Neville who attempted to see a command performance of *Richard III*.

In attempting to get into the Pit [he] was forced into the two shilling gallery passages and after being squeezed abominably for an hour got into the street. Should not have received much pleasure if I had got in, as that calf headed son of a whore, George and Co. [King George III] was there (Burnim 10).

These descriptions of the rabble in the upper gallery and the Pit is contrasted to the classes of people in the side boxes and more expensive seats. In terms of audience behavior there is little difference. Horace Walpole wrote a letter to George Montague dated July 28, 1761, giving an account of Bentley's *The Wishes, or Harlequin's Mouth Opened*.

In the stage-box was Lady Bute, Lord Halifax, and Lord Melcomb--I must say the last two entertained the house as

much as the play--your King was prompter, and called out to the actors every minute to speak louder--the other went backwards and forwards behind the scenes, fetched actors into the box, and was busier than Harlequin (Qtd. in Stein 8).

Garrick himself referred to the audience in his play *Harlequin's Invasion*, in which Dolly Snip, a character in Garrick's play says:

Then I shall sit in the side Boxes,  
among my equals, Laugh talk loud--mind  
nothing--Stare at the low People in the  
Galleries, without ever looking at  
them--Thus.--Then they'll hate me as  
much as I shall my old  
Acquaintance--What a Life I shall lead,  
when I'm a fine Lady (Qtd. in Stein 9).

Not every audience member responded to a performance with overt rudeness. Lady Fuz, a friend of David Garrick's recounted a tale to Garrick about a night at the theatre with her beau:

Sir Toby was the hero. Having fallen asleep against the box door, he caused great merriment among the spectators in the pit and galleries as he lay there his wig half off, his mouth wide open,

and snoring like a Rhinoceros... If the box-keeper had not luckily open'd the door, and Sir Toby fell head-long into the passage, I should have died with shame (Stein 174).

The mix of classes were seated according to status. There were the side boxes, first gallery, the upper gallery, and the pit. Of course up until Garrick removed them, spectators could watch from the Drury Lane stage. In David Garrick's *Lethe*, a fine gentleman speaks of his experience in watching the play from the stage and his intentions.

I dress in the Evening, and go generally behind the Scenes of both Playhouses; not, you may imagine, to be diverted with the Play, but to intrigue, and shew myself--I stand upon the Stage, talk loud, and stare about--Which confounds the actors, and disturbs the Audience; upon which the Galleries, who hate the Appearance of one of us, begin to hiss and cry off, off, while I undaunted stamp my Foot so--loll with my Shoulder thus--take Snuff with my Right-hand, smile scornfully--thus--This exasperates the Savages, and they attack us with Vollies of suck'd Oranges, and half-eaten Pippins (Stein 12).

While the side boxes contained more of the upper aristocratic class, the first gallery sat just above the side boxes. They contained mostly the people that wanted to see the show. These people were not concerned with attending theatre to be fashionable. They were "Folks that laugh and cry, just as they feel" (Stein 14).

The upper gallery, however, was a different story. It was also known as the Footman's gallery. When gentry or those wealthy enough to have plenty of servants reserved a seat at the theatre, they sent their footman to sit in the seat until they arrived. After arriving, the footmen were released to the upper gallery where they would make a racket. They were neither interested in the play or fashion. "'Above 'twas like Bedlam, all roaring and rattling'" (Qtd. in Stein 14).

The pit was generally filled with unemployed actors and theatre critics. "The occupants of the pit were next of importance socially to the box-spectators. To the actors and playwrights, however, the opinion of the pit was of greatest consequence, for this was the critical part of the audience. Composed, for the most part of men of letters, students, wits and coffee-house critics" (Stein 9).

In another of Garrick's plays he satirizes his own feelings of Drury Lane audiences:

May this House be always as Empty as it  
is now; or if it must fill, Let it be  
with fine Ladies to disturb the actors,



fine Gentlemen to admire themselves, and  
fat Citizens to Snore in the Boxes;--may  
the Pit be fill'd with Nothing but  
Crabbed Critics, unemploy'd Actors, and  
Manager's Orders--May places be kept in  
the Green Boxes without being paid for;  
and may the Galleries never bring good  
humour and horse laughs with them again  
(Qtd. in Stein 189).

This was the essence of the stage of the time and upon  
this scene came a man of the theatre. This well-traveled  
man would create new styles of acting and transform lighting  
of the stage from Italian ideas. He borrowed what he could  
and created what most couldn't. This was David Garrick.

**Chapter Two: A Brief Biography of David Garrick**

On a chilly February morning a son was born to Captain and Mrs. Garrick. It was the 19th of the month and they decided to name him David, after his uncle who was a wine merchant. The boy was always outgoing and was one of "the swarm of children Captain and Mrs. Garrick were struggling to bring up in gentility on their meager income" (Barton 1).

Uncle David Garrick offered his brother, the Captain, a position for the young David Garrick in Lisbon, "and be trained by him in the routine of his business" (Barton 3). Unfortunately, little David Garrick had little mind for business and would periodically jump up on the dinner table and recite plays. For the colony of English Merchants in Lisbon this "droll little boy was a godsend... keeping them amused for hours" (Barton 3). After attempting to teach the boy the wine trade, his uncle gave up and sent little David Garrick back to Lichfield.

After his return to Lichfield, Garrick attended Johnson's Private Academy. He soon ran short on funds, so he attempted to go into the wine trade with his brother, Peter. "In 1738, when David came of age, the two brothers with their combined inheritances of a thousand pounds each entered into a partnership in the wine trade" (Kahrl xxvi). The wine business flourished under Peter while David was using Peter's London connections to further his childhood dream, acting. For the next four years, David's personal wine solicitations were failing.

By 1739, Button's Coffee-house in Russell Street... had closed down forever, but the Bedford Coffee-house on the north-west corner of the Piazza had succeeded to its popularity. Its patrons were drawn from the theatrical world; actors, dramatists, and critics met there to discuss the merits of the previous day's performances, and on their verdict the fate of a new dramatist or a new actor would largely depend (Barton 17).

This coffee-house belonged to one of the buyers of David Garrick's wine, which is one of the reasons Mr. Garrick became a familiar face among London's artistic elite. One of his new friends from the coffee-house was an actor named Charles Macklin, "whose unorthodox views on acting Garrick immediately accepted" (Barton 20). Mr. Macklin's acting was considered too natural to be on the London stage; this appealed Mr. Garrick and he infused naturalism into his own acting style. Though this acting style failed for Macklin, it succeeded for Garrick. In his later years Macklin said of his acting, "'I spoke so familiar... and so little in the hoity-toity tone of the tragedy of that day that the manager told me that I had better go back to grass for another year or two" (Qtd. in Barton 20). This is contrasted to Macklin's rival, Quin. A young spectator of the stage,

Richard Cumberland, gives an account of Quin's portrayal of Horatio:

In a green velvet coat embroidered down the seams, an enormous full-bottomed periwig, rolled stockings, and high-heeled square-toed shoes. With very little variation of cadence, and in a deep full tone, accompanied by a sawing kind of action, which had more of the senate than of the stage in it, he rolled out his heroics, with an air of dignified indifference that seemed to disdain the plaudits that were bestowed upon him (Qtd. in Barton 21).

A friend and teacher of Garrick's since boyhood, Samuel Johnson was a good friend of Mr. Cave, the publisher of a popular periodical of its day, *The Gentleman's Magazine*. Mr. Johnson arranged a performance for Mr. Cave with David Garrick as the star attraction.

Cave expressed a wish to see him in some comic character. Garrick was only too delighted to comply. The room over the great arch of the gate was converted into a tiny theatre, and, with the help of a few printers to read the other parts, Garrick played the title role of Fieldings adaptation of Moliere's play

*The Mock Doctor*, with an epilogue written for the occasion (Qtd. in Barton 23).

By 1740 Garrick was also trying his hand at writing plays and sketches. Garrick's play *Lethe*, first appeared on the Drury Lane stage on April 14, 1740. Mr. Fleetwood was a friend of David Garrick's and happened to be actor-manager of the Drury Lane Theatre in 1740. Mr. Fleetwood accepted Garrick's piece, "without any misgivings" (Barton 24). *Lethe* has no plot whatsoever, and is merely a collage of character types reacting to one another. These characters gave London audiences something at which to jeer. This play was an adaptation based on James Miller's (1706-1744) *An Hospital for Fools*. Being that *Lethe* was a one-act satire, it was performed as an afterpiece. *Miss in Her Teens* was also a one-act satire that portrayed characters that deserved taunting, so it is important to look first at the plotline of the original piece, *An Hospital of Fools*. Basically, Jupiter commands Mercury to tell all mortals who have any foolish problem whatsoever to see Aesculapius who will heal them for free. So fools of all kinds come to see Mercury and Aesculapius. Mercury orders all wise men to his right-hand side. Every fool goes to Mercury's right with the exception of one wiseman who suggests that men are fools if they think themselves wise. It ends with a "Grand Dance of Fools." The character types are poetic fools, philosophical fools, young fools in love, and old fools.

"When this dramatic trifle was produced, it was hissed off the stage merely because Miller, who had offended the Town [a trendy group of coffee-house play critics] with his play *The Coffee House* (1737), was its author" (Stein 25). Garrick's adaptation *Lethe*, was similar. Pluto has given all mortals who wish to forget their problems, permission to see Aesop. Aesop is to give them all water from the river Styx. The water will help with the woes of fools. A young gentleman wants to forget about his more humble side. A poet wants to forget about bad things he has written. This goes on until finally it ends with a dance. Garrick's play, unlike Miller's, was well received and played for over twenty-five years at Drury Lane. Garrick himself played the foppish character of Lord Chalkstone and was usually well received (Stein 26). Adaptations of existing plays or even blatant rewrites of an original piece was commonplace from the Restoration until George III. Theatre pieces were plagiarized with regularity as actors and playwrights would gather in the coffeehouses and experiment with the work of others. In 1741, David Garrick was selling more wine than usual. Though his inclinations had always leaned toward the stage, his brother constantly chided him for it. Peter believed that an actor in the family would ruin the family name; although, in time it had quite the opposite effect. Here is the letter David wrote to his brother, Peter, dated October, 1741.

"Dear Peter,

I rec'd my shirt safe and am now to tell you what I suppose you may have heard of before this, but before I let you into ye affair tis proper to premise some things that I may appear less culpable in your opinion than I might otherwise do. I have made an exact estimate of my stock of wine and what money I have out at interest and find that since I have been a wine merchant I have run out near four hundred pounds and trade not encreasing I was very sensible some way must be thought of to redeem it. My mind (as you must know) has always been inclin'd to ye stage, nay so strongly so that all my illness and lowness of spirits was owing to my want of resolution to tell you my thoughts when here, finding at last both my inclination and interest requir'd some new way of life I have chose ye most agreeable to my self and tho I know you will bee much displeas'd at me yet I hope when you shall find that I may have ye genius of an actor without ye vices, you will think less severe of me and not be asham'd to want me for a brother-- I



am willing to agree to any thing you shall propose about ye wine, I will take a thorough survey of ye vaults and making what you have at Lich'd part of ye stock will either send you your share or any other way you shall propose-- Last night I play'd Richard ye Third to ye surprize of every body and as I shall make very near 300 pounds p Annum by it and as it is really what I doat upon I am resolv'd to pursue it-- I believe I shall have Bowers money w'ch when I have, it shall go towards my part of ye wine you have at Lichf'd pray write me an answer immediately. I am d'r brother

Y'rs Sincerely

D Garrick

I have a farce (Ye Lying Valet) coming out at Drury Lane" (Kahrl 28).

Upon the reception of this letter, a war of letters started between David and Peter. All winter long "Peter could not be flattered or coaxed into approval" (Barton 33). Finally Peter relented. As for Garrick playing the role of Richard III, he chose it for himself. It is not known whether by 1741 Garrick had sought work at Drury Lane and was turned away, or perhaps he wanted to try his luck on a lesser known stage. He had already been friends with Mr.

Fleetwood, manager of the Drury Lane theatre, so getting work there should not have been difficult. However, he may have had to play smaller roles at the bigger theatre. Goodman's Fields would be the theatre that launched a lifetime of acting for a very fortunate David Garrick.

Garrick had the idea to play Richard III because he was short. "He was determined never to choose a character that did not suit his physique" (Barton 35). Goodman's Fields Theatre was an outlaw theatre owned by Henry Giffard, a good friend of Garrick's. Because of the Licensing Act of 1737 which gave the right to perform plays to Covent Garden and Drury Lane alone, Giffard would find various loopholes in the law to allow plays to take place in his theatre anyway. One evening he would offer pudding for one shilling and a free play to anyone who showed up. Garrick's performance as Richard III, was apparently meteoric. According to Thomas Davies, who published *The Memoirs of the Life of David Garrick*, Mr. Garrick's performance of Richard III was breathtaking. "He threw new light on elocution and action; he banished ranting, bombast and grimace; and restored nature, ease, simplicity, and genuine humour" (Qtd. in Burnim 2). People flocked in droves to see David Garrick's Richard III. Mr. Burnim in his book *David Garrick, Director*, sums up what happened next:

The new sensation brought much-needed financial succor to the floundering Goodman's Fields, the flush of success

for Henry Giffard's house did not last the entire season. Charles Fleetwood and John Rich, patentees of Drury Lane and Covent Garden [licensed theatres] respectively, who night after night saw their theatres spurned in favor of the attraction at Goodman's Fields, brought official pressure to bear against the temporarily prosperous but illegal Giffard. The manager was intimidated, his theatre was closed by enforcement of the Licensing Act, and the following season (1742-43) Garrick found himself working for Fleetwood at Drury Lane (Burnim 2).

In 1742, at Drury Lane, Garrick consulted Macklin, his old friend, as to what role he should do next. Garrick thought King Lear would be an appropriate role. To prepare for the role, Garrick wanted to be able to imitate actual madness. There was an acquaintance who lived a few doors down and Garrick would sometimes visit him on his way to the theatre. "This man was leaning out of his dining-room window holding his two-year old child in his arms, when she accidentally slipped from his grasp. The little girl's body was dashed to pieces on the flagged area below, and the unfortunate man went out of his senses with shock" (Barton 44). Garrick would watch this man "as he dangled an

imaginary child out the very same window, appeared to drop it and then burst into terrible shrieks of anguish" (Barton 44). Unfortunately, *King Lear* [Nahum Tate's version] would not go over as well as *Richard III*. Macklin warned Garrick during rehearsal that his cadence in his speech was not that of a King. He also told Garrick that he was not moving like a feeble old man. Garrick went on anyway and then played it again the following week, after this he "laid it aside for several weeks" (Barton 44). In April he performed it again, and having perfected it, was well received.

By 1743 Garrick and Fleetwood's honeymoon was over. Garrick had by now earned 300 guineas; Fleetwood, however, had not paid him the full sum. Fleetwood was not very good with money. "Fleetwood's debts were accumulating. Bailiffs took possession of the theatre, and even the stage properties were sometimes seized for the payment of a debt" (Barton 58). In May, Macklin and Garrick organized a strike. When they met at Garrick's house they all decided to back one another up until all grievances of the eight actors of the company had been settled. Since the Lord Chamberlain enforced the Licensing Act of 1737, Garrick and his followers decided to apply to him for the right to produce plays on their own. When Garrick told the Lord Chamberlain the amount owed him:

His Grace was astonished to hear that a man, merely by acting, could earn as much as that. Why, his own son, he

remarked severely, the heir to his title and estates, risked his life for his King and country for less than half that sum (Barton 58).

Garrick knew that it would be a long Fall without work. Finally he decided to go back to Drury Lane and petition for what he could get. What happened next would drive a wedge between Garrick and his friend Macklin for years to come. Fleetwood decided to take seven of the eight actors back. To Garrick, he gave a raise to return. Macklin, on the other hand, would under no circumstances be allowed back into the theatre. Garrick tried negotiating and told Macklin that he could get Mrs. Macklin work until Fleetwood calmed down, then hopefully, Macklin would be back at Drury Lane. "Macklin refused to listen. He held Garrick to his word, and reminded him how they had planned, if all else failed, to set off for Ireland and act over there" (Barton 59).

The other six actors pleaded with Garrick to accept Fleetwood's offer on their behalf. Garrick reluctantly agreed. This made Macklin furious. One evening as Garrick attempted to perform, he was booed and hissed off the stage. Macklin had published what happened in a pamphlet which made its way throughout the coffeehouses. Garrick bowed and left the stage. "The rioters did not enjoy their triumph for long. Fleetwood may have known nothing about theatrical management, but this was a situation he could handle. For

the following evening he hired thirty prize-fighters, armed them with sticks, and distributed them through the theatre" (Qtd. in Barton 59). When hissing began at the next performance, the "Macklinites" were thrown out into the streets and never allowed re-entry to the theatre.

Garrick acted successfully at Drury Lane until the Summer of 1745, when Mr. Lacy was hired by Amber and Green bankers to take over Fleetwood's position. In 1744 Fleetwood, because of his debts could no longer afford to hold onto his share of the theatre. Lacy would prove a more able man. Mr. Lacy was former actor-manager of Covent Garden Theatre and so knew about hiring practices and paying of performers. Garrick worked under Lacy for a year until they quarreled in 1745, over debts owed Garrick by Fleetwood. "Lacy insisted on his prerogative to order Garrick to play any night the manager desired, an arrangement which Garrick insisted would injure his health. The quarrel had its most violent eruption in the summer of 1745, after which Garrick forsook Drury Lane and his devoted London audience and embarked for a triumphal season in Dublin" (Burnim 3).

After one brief season in Dublin he returned in 1746 to work for Mr. Rich, actor-manager of Covent Garden. He had one successful season at Covent Garden acting with Quin. Soon after this, in 1747 Mr. Lacy offered Mr. Garrick a share in Drury Lane. David accepted and on "April 9, 1747, the agreement of partnership was signed by which Garrick and

Lacy became 'jointly and equally possessed' of an interest in the patent, the property lease, the furniture, scenes, costumes, and other accoutrements of the theatre" (Burnim 3). Lacy took care of maintaining the theatre while Garrick managed the actors. The following years saw an increase of profits at the theatre and in two years Garrick had gotten his original 8,000 pound investment back.

Since Garrick was co-manager, he was now in charge of choosing the plays and the actors for the company. He kept Peg Woffington and Kitty Clive for comedic roles, and Mrs. Pritchard and Mrs. Cibber for tragedy. He also employed, "Barry, the only rival he was ever to know in tragedy, and to support them he engaged Macklin, Harvard, Yates, Delane, Sparks, and Shuter, all competent and experienced actors" (Barton 86). Garrick also ran rehearsals and kept strict discipline in his company. When a script was read for the first time, the company would gather and Mr. Garrick would drill each actor on elocution. He would insist they read their roles in an empathetic manner. Demanding them to be more natural, he would sometimes resort to reading them their parts and making them copy him. In later life, Edward Cape Everard revealed an event that happened when he was a child actor under Garrick. He had the role of Clarence in *Henry IV, Part 2*.

"After the company assembled in the greenroom for criticisms, Garrick praised Everard's delivery, but found

fault with one line which he wanted read with more feeling. The young apprentice replied that he intended to do so 'when I am dressed for the part, and the audience before me, and everyone seems to be in earnest.' Whereupon the director exclaimed: 'Then, you are no actor! If you cannot give a speech, or make love to a table, chair, or marble slab, as well as to the finest woman in the world, you are not, nor ever will be, a great actor!" (Qtd. in Burnim 59).

Garrick did his best to reform the old style of monotonously chanting lines on the front of the stage. An interesting event took place in which the great Restoration actor, Colley Cibber, procured a spot for his grandchild, Jane Cibber, at Drury Lane. Colley had trained her in the "old way" of acting, which consisted of chanting lines melodiously, and usually with vibrato. Jane Cibber debuted at Drury Lane playing Alicia in *Jane Shore*. Garrick wrote to Colley Cibber of her performance:

"The young lady may have genius for ought I know, but if she has, it is so eclips'd by the manner of speaking ye laureat has taught her, that I am affraid it will not do--We differ greatly in our notions of acting (in



tragedy I mean) and if he is right I am  
and shall ever be in ye wrong road"  
(Qtd. in Burnim 59).

He also wanted to end the practice of nobility sitting  
on the stage and tittering during performances.

Occasionally a drunken beau would stray  
on to the stage itself, and interrupt  
the action of the play by kissing the  
leading actress, or by getting mixed up  
with the extras. Even the green-room  
itself was cluttered up with young men  
about town who shut out the fire from  
the players as they played 'heads or  
tails' against the mantelpiece. Peg  
Woffington, dressed as Cleopatra, could  
not sip her pint of porter in the Covent  
Garden green-room in peace without a  
disturbing gaze from the astonished  
Duchess of Queensberry (Qtd. in Barton  
87).

Garrick was not amused with aristocratic interruptions  
and so by 1762 he "remodeled the inside of Drury Lane to fit  
more seats in the auditorium, and he banished spectators  
from the stage" (Sitarz 24). He also removed extraneous  
ladies and gentleman, having nothing to do with the night's  
performances, from the green-room.

In 1749 he met his future wife. Prior to this, he was sewing his wild oats with Peg Woffington. The future Mrs. Garrick, Eva Maria Veigel, whose stage name was Mlle. Violetti, was born in Austria and grew to be one of Austria's finest ballerinas. In May 1749, she came to England to perform at Whitehall in honor of the Duke of Modena. A Lady Burlington had a strange maternal attraction for the young dancer when she came to England. She watched over her as if Eva Maria were her own daughter. On the day of the performance, Lady Burlington was "glaring disapprovingly at David Garrick, whose lovesick expression was plain for everyone to see" (Barton 100). Three months later Eva Maria became Mrs. Garrick, as David Garrick persistently wore down Lady Burlington. He even went to such lengths as "disguising himself as a woman in order to slip a letter to Eva Maria's sedan chair" (Barton 103). The couple got along famously. They never spent longer than a few days apart, so there are few letters between the two that have survived. Garrick confided in his wife on every aspect of the theatre. Many times she would attend the final rehearsals of any play. "'I'll speak to Mrs. Garrick,' he would say in a difficulty, so often that some people imagined that she ruled him" (Qtd. in Barton 104). On ordinary working nights, the rest of the actors would retire to the nearest tavern for a night of drunkenness. Garrick, however, would go home to his wife. He would tell her of the latest ungrateful actor, or a scandal. He once

said of her, "She is like a good sailor, she can sleep under fire" (Qtd. in Barton 105).

In 1751, the Garrick's visited Paris for the first time, saw many French plays, and visited aristocracy. He also gained an appreciation for ballet, and admired Jean-George Noverre, "one of the greatest names in ballet history" (Barton 128). Noverre was producing a very successful work called in English, *The Chinese Festival*. Garrick thought the work would go over quite well at Drury Lane; never could he have dreamed how wrong he was. From the start, Lacy was uneasy about the whole project.

He watched with growing concern, the deterioration in the relations between France and England. Knowing that the pit and the gallery, never friendly to foreigners, would resent the presence of French performers in a London Theatre. By the time the ballet was announced under its English title, *The Chinese Festival*, war was imminent (Barton 131).

Garrick tried to take precautions against a rioting audience. He published in local papers that Mr. Noverre was Swiss, not French. "As a final insurance against disorder, the King was persuaded to honour the first performance with his presence" (Barton 131). The first five acts went well; however, when the French ballerinas entered, the audience

became rowdy. "From their places on the stage the French dancers were amazed to see how little in awe the English were of their King, and could hardly believe their eyes when they saw the old gentleman [the King] laughing heartily at the uproar" (Barton 131). The following performances were met with the same resolve by the pit and the gallery. It was the sixth performance night and finally the audience went wild.

The rioters succeeded in climbing over the spikes, which lined the edge of the stage and also the stage-boxes and were placed there for the purpose of keeping off such unwelcome guests. They destroyed the scenery and carried their fury as far as Garrick's own residence, which they threatened to destroy... The mob was appeased only on the withdrawal of the offending entertainment (Stein 10).

This, as well as the half-price riots mentioned in the previous chapter, were two major examples of what the London audiences were like. At times, it seemed as if the audience would boil over with resentment at the slightest provocation. The sometimes violent disposition of the London audience was due mainly to the attitude that actors were considered to be the lowest servants to the King. The general public seemed to hold the view that they were of a

higher class than any actor on the stage. It was these people that Garrick was trying constantly to please. They were difficult to please from the beginning of his management career. Even in 1776, four months before Garrick was to retire from the stage, there were still incidents. The last one Garrick ever had to contend with concerned an afterpiece called *The Blackamoor Wash'd White*. Garrick had played it three nights against the audience's wishes. On the fourth night, the mob had seen it for the last time. The prompter of the play, a Mr. Hopkins described the event.

Soon after the farce began--Off Off--no more, no more was the general cry with much hissing--Mr. King went on two or three times to know their pleasure... They call'd for Mr. Garrick he attended--but they would not hear him for a long time... He told them he waited to know their pleasure--whether they would have the Blackamoor go on or if they would have any other farce then a great noise ensued... Mr. Garrick told them that his theatrical life would be very short and he should be glad to end it in peace--A man in the Pit said if you have a mind to die in peace don't let this farce be play'd again, Mr. Garrick was on and off the stage several

times, nothing would content them--at length Mr. King told them that the author had taken the copy from the prompter and was gone away with it--Soon after this they withdrew so ended the whole affair (Qtd. in Stein 12).

In 1763 to 1765, Garrick travelled in France and Italy. He brought back with him ideas about better lighting and scenery. Prior to Garrick's changes, Drury Lane was lit by large hanging chandeliers. These were lowered and lit before the entertainment began. When they were raised again, "the hoops blocked the view of audience members in the galleries and offered poor lighting in back of the proscenium" (Sitarz 25). Garrick moved the chandeliers to the back of the proscenium. "The audience also didn't see the candles standing in holders behind the scenery, one above the other in wooden frames" (Sitarz 26).

Scenery changed as well. Prior to this, one general backdrop was used for all plays that evening. Garrick decided to make each show more graphically specific.

In 1771 Garrick brought Philippe Jacques de Louthembourg, a great scenic artist from Europe, to Drury Lane to carry out some of his ideas... He painted scenery that represented real places, like Derbyshire in England... In 1772 *The Grecian Daughter* had more than eight

sets, including a cavern, a temple, a fortress, and a prison cell (Sitarz 26).

The Drury Lane Theatre had thus become more technically and scenically advanced than Mr. Garrick had found it.

In 1776 Garrick retired from the stage and London lost one of its best players. Garrick's temper had been growing shorter for years over the dealings with actors and the public. "On January 10, 1773 he informed Sir William Young of his intentions to play Lear and Macbeth with new scenes, and 'then exit Roscius'" (Burnim 189). A serious problem arose, however, with his ideas of retirement. Lacy, his partner for the last twenty-seven years, died. "Almost immediately after the funeral there was a dispute over the part Willoughby [Lacy's son] was to play in the management, and within several days Garrick already was involved with the young man's lawyers" (Burnim 190). This eventually would not stop Garrick from ending his career. He would sell his share to different merchants and friends for 35,000 pounds. Of his final performance in the role of Hamlet, Garrick wrote:

"I play'd Hamlet... and after the play yr father and mother went home with us to take part of my chicken--the moment I got into my great chair, I was as lifeless as the Brawns you have sent me... dead--dead--dead--however, I

recover'd the next day and play'd Archer  
on ye Friday" (Qtd. in Burnim 190).

When Garrick gave up his position of actor-manager, "chaos then reigned again at Drury Lane under Wiloughby Lacy and the Sheridans" (Burnim 190). Garrick's final performance was the role of Don Felix in the play, *The Wonder*, on June 10, 1776. The afterpiece was never performed that night. The audience was filled with tears, "after the play he went forward and addressed the audience in so pathetic a manner as drew tears from the audience and himself and took his leave of them for Ever" (Qtd. in Burnim 193).

In 1779, David Garrick died of kidney stones that had troubled him for years. Moving certain ways would pain him greatly. For months he was seeing doctors for his pain. In September of 1778, Garrick caught a chill, and his health went downhill from there. Monday January 18th found David Garrick in bed sinking into a coma. "On Tuesday evening, the surgeon who came to blister and bleed him made light of his patient's illness, assuring Mrs. Garrick that he would be well in a day or two... But she tended the sick man as usual during the night, and every time that she gave him a drink he pressed her



hand, and spoke to her affectionately. At eight o'clock the next morning... he swallowed his last dose of medicine, said softly, 'oh dear!' and fell back dead" (Barton 278).

Mr. David Garrick was laid to rest at Westminster Abbey. Mrs. Garrick said she would mourn a lifetime and she did. She lived frugally for over forty years after her husband's death. She kept one servant and lived in one room of her house. The only thing that cheered her up was to talk about "Davy" or his acting. She eventually died at the ripe old age of ninety-eight. The last moments of her life were quite ironic. In her last year she came to London on invitation to see the new renovations on the Drury Lane Theatre.

She was now a little bowed-down old lady, leaning on a gold-headed stick, and her wrinkled face in its large bonnet looked all nose and chin. She was resting in her chair before setting out for the theatre, when her maid handed her a refreshing cup of tea. "Put it down, hussy," she said irritably. 'Do you think I cannot help myself?' The maid put it down, and left her mistress alone. When she came back a

few minutes later, Mrs. Garrick was dead  
(Qtd. in Barton 285).

**Chapter Three: Script, Blocking, and Characters**

A pertinent note on the following blocking notes and numbers, the numbers correlate with the playbook. However, some blocking was cut or changed, and where there are numbers omitted, so was the corresponding blocking in the performance. What numbers are displayed here, are in the playbook. However, as with most blocking, it was altered later and personalized by the actor. There were comic bits added later that are not listed here. Once again, this blocking is general.

## Dramatis Personæ

## MEN

SIR Simon Loveit	Mr. Hippisly
<i>Captain</i> Loveit	Mr. Havard
Fribble	Mr. Garrick
Flash	Mr. Woodward
Puff	Mr. Chapman
Jasper	Mr. Arthur

## WOMEN

<i>Miss</i> Bidly	Miss Hippisly
Aunt	Mrs. Martin
Tag	Mrs. Pritchard

# Miss in Her Teens

## ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A street.*

*Enter Captain Loveit and Puff.*

*Capt.* This was the place we were directed to; and now, Puff, if I can get no intelligence of her, what will become of me?

*Puff.* And me too, Sir.—You must consider I am a married man, and can't bear fatigue as I have done.—But pray, Sir, why did you leave the Army so abruptly, and not give me time to fill my knapsack with common necessaries? Half a dozen shirts, and your regimentals, are my whole cargo.

*Capt.* I was wild to get away, and as soon as I obtained my leave of absence, I thought every moment an age till I returned to the place where I first saw this young, charming, innocent, bewitching creature—

*Puff.* With fifteen thousand pounds for her fortune—strong motives, I must confess.—And now, Sir, as you are pleased to say you must depend upon my care and abilities in this affair, I think I have a just right to be acquainted with the particulars of your passion, that I may be the better enabled to serve you. 14

*Capt.* You shall have 'em.—When I left the University, which is now seven months since, my father, who loves his money better than his son, and would not settle a farthing upon me—

*Puff.* Mine did so by me, Sir.

*Capt.* Purchased me a pair of colours at my own request; but before I joined the regiment, which was going abroad, I took a ramble into the country with a fellow-collegian, to see a relation of his who lived in Berkshire—

*Puff.*—A party of pleasure, I suppose. 22

*Capt.* During a short stay there, I came acquainted with this young creature; she was just come from the boarding-school, and though she had all the simplicity of her age and the country, yet it was mixed with such sensible vivacity, that I took fire at once—

*Puff.* ~~I was tinder myself at that age.~~ But pray, Sir, did you take fire before you knew of her fortune? —

*Capt.* Before, upon my honour. —

*Puff.* Folly and constitution—but on, Sir. 30

## DAVID GARRICK Act I

*Capt.* I was introduced to the family by the name of *Rhodophil* (for so my companion and I had settled it); at the end of three weeks I was obliged to attend the call of honour in Flanders. -

*Puff.* Your parting, to be sure, was heart-breaking. -

*Capt.* I feel it at this instant.—We vowed eternal constancy, and I promised to take the first opportunity of returning to her: I did so, but we found the house shut up, and all the information, you know, that we could get from the neighbouring cottage was, that Miss and her aunt were removed to town, and lived somewhere near this part of it. -

*Puff.* And now we are got to the place of action, propose your plan of operation. -

*Capt.* My father lives but in the next street, so I must decamp immediately for fear of discoveries; you are not known to be my servant, so make what inquiries you can in the neighbourhood, and I shall wait at the inn for your intelligence. -

*Puff.* I'll patrol hereabouts, and examine all that pass; but I've forgot the word, Sir—Miss Bidy—

*Capt. Bellair—*

*Puff.* A young lady of wit, beauty, and fifteen thousand pounds fortune—but, Sir—

*Capt.* What do you say, Puff?

③ *Puff.* If Your Honour pleases to consider that I had a wife in town whom I left somewhat abruptly half a year ago, you'll think it, I believe, but decent, to make some enquiry after her first; to be sure it would be some small consolation to me to know whether the poor woman is living, or has made away with herself, or—

④ *Capt.* Pr'ythee don't distract me; a moment's delay is of the utmost consequence; I must insist upon an immediate compliance with my commands.

[Exit Captain.]

*Puff.* The Devil's in these fiery ~~young~~ fellows! They think of nobody's wants but their own. He does not consider that I am flesh and blood as well as  
⑤ himself. However, I may kill two birds at once; for I shan't be surprised if I meet my lady walking the streets—but who have we here? Sure I should know that face? -

63

Enter Jasper from a house.

*Puff.* Who's that? My old acquaintance, Jasper? -

*Jasper.* What, Puff! Are you here? ① -

*Puff.* My dear friend! [Kisses him.] Well, and how Jasper! Still easy and happy! *Toujours le même!*—What intrigues now? What girls have you ruined, and what cuckolds made, since you and I used to beat up together, eh?

## Sc. i MISS IN HER TEENS

*Jasper.* Faith, business has been very brisk during the war; men are scarce, you know; not as I can say I ever wanted amusement in the worst of times.—  
But harkye, Puff—

72

*Puff.* Not a word aloud, I am incognito.

*Jasper.* Why faith, I should not have known you, if you had not spoke first; you seem to be a little *dishabille* too, as well as incognito. Who do you honour with your service now? Are you from the wars?

*Puff.* Piping hot, I assure you; fire and smoke will tarnish, Jasper; a man that will go into such service as I have been in, will find his clothes the worse for wear, take my word for it: but how is it with you? [*Salutes him.*] What, you still serve, I see? You live at that house, I suppose?

81

*Jasper.* I don't absolutely live, but I am most of my time there; I have within these two months entered into the service of an old gentleman, who hired a reputable servant, and dressed him as you see, because he has taken it into his head to fall in love.

*Puff.* False appetite and second childhood! But pr'ythee, what's the object of his passion?

*Jasper.* No less than a virgin of sixteen, I assure you.

*Puff.* Oh, the toothless old dotard!

*Jasper.* And he mumbles and plays with her till his mouth waters; then he chuckles till he cries, and calls it his *Bid*, and his *Bidsy*, and is so foolishly fond—

92

*Puff.* *Bidsy!* What's that?—

*Jasper.*—Her name is *Biddy*.

*Puff.* *Biddy!* What, Miss *Biddy Bellair*?

*Jasper.*—The same.—

*Puff.* I have no luck, to be sure. [*Aside.*]—Oh! I have heard of her; she's of a pretty good family, and has some fortune, I know. But are things settled? Is the marriage fixed?

*Jasper.* Not absolutely; the girl, I believe, detests him; but her aunt, a very good prudent old lady, has given her consent, if he can gain her niece's; how it will end I can't tell—but I am hot upon't myself.

102

*Puff.*—The devil! Not marriage, I hope.

*Jasper.* That is not yet determined.

*Puff.* Who is the lady, pray?

*Jasper.* A maid in the same family, a woman of honour, I assure you. She has one husband already, a scoundrel sort of a fellow that has run away from her, and listed for a soldier; so towards the end of the campaign she hopes to

70 the war] Of the Austrian Succession, which England entered in 1743; it terminated in the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle (1748). 75 *dishabille*] Negligently dressed, unkempt. Probably pronounced 'dish-uh-bill'.



have a certificate he's knocked o' th' head. If not, I suppose, we shall settle matters another way. 110

*Puff.* Well, speed the plough.—But harkye, consummate without the certificate if you can—keep your neck out of the collar—do—I have wore it these two years, and damnably galled I am.—

*Jasper.* I'll take your advice; but I must run away to my master, who will be impatient for an answer to his message which I have just delivered to the young lady; so, dear Mr. Puff, I am your most obedient humble servant.

*Puff.* And I must to our agent's for my arrears. If you have an hour to spare, you'll hear of me at George's or the Tilt-Yard.—*Au revoir*, as we say abroad.

(4) *[Exit Jasper.]* Thus we are as civil and as false as our betters; Jasper and I were always the *Beau Monde* exactly; we ever hated one another heartily, yet always kiss, and shake hands.—But now to my master, with a head full of news, and a heart full of joy! (5) *[Going, starts.*

*Angels, and Ministers of Grace, defend me!*

It can't be! By heavens, it is, that fretful porcupine, my wife! I can't stand it; what shall I do? I'll try to avoid her. (6) 125

(7) *Enter Tag.*

*Tag.* It must be him! I'll swear to the rogue at a mile's distance; he either has not seen me, or won't know me; if I can keep my temper I'll try him farther.

*Puff.* I sweat—I tremble—She comes upon me!

(8) *Tag.* Pray, good sir, if I may be so bold—

*Puff.* I have nothing for you, good woman, don't trouble me.

*Tag.* If Your Honour pleases to look this way— 131

(9) *Puff.* The kingdom is over-run with beggars; I suppose the last I gave to has sent this, but I have no more loose silver about me, so pr'ythee, woman, don't disturb me.

(10) *Tag.* I can hold no longer; oh you villain, you! Where have you been, scoundrel? Do you know me now, varlet? (11) *[Seizes him.*

*Puff.* Here Watch, Watch,—Zounds, I shall have my pockets picked. (12)

*Tag.* Own me this minute, hang-dog, and confess everything, or by the rage of an injured woman, I'll raise the neighbourhood, throttle you, and send you to Newgate. (13) 140

*Puff.* Amazement! What, my own dear Tag! Come to my arms, and let me press you to my heart, that pants for thee, and only thee, my true and lawful wife.—Now my stars have over-paid me for the fatigue and dangers of the field; I have wandered about like Achilles in search of faithful Penelope, and the gods have brought me to this happy spot.

118 the Tilt-Yard] A tilting-ground at the old Royal Palace at Whitehall. 123 *Angels...* defend me!] An incantation to ward off evil spirits. Cf. *Hamlet*, I. iv. 39. 144 Achilles] Confused for Ulysses.

## Sc. i MISS IN HER TEENS

*Tag.* The fellow's cracked for certain. Leave your bombastic stuff, and tell me, rascal, why you left me, and where you have been these six months, heh?

*Puff.* We'll reserve my adventures for our happy winter evenings—And shall only tell you now, that my heart beat so strong in my country's cause, and being instigated either by honour or the devil (I can't tell which), I set out for Flanders, to gather laurels, and lay 'em at thy feet. 151

*Tag.* You left me to starve, villain, and beg my bread, you did so.

*Puff.* I left you too hastily I must confess, and often has my conscience stung me for it.—I am got into an officer's service, have been in several actions, gained some credit by my behaviour, and am now returned with my master, to indulge the gentler passions.

*Tag.* Don't think to fob me off with this nonsensical talk; what have you brought me home beside?

*Puff.* Honour, and immoderate love.

*Tag.* I could tear your eyes out. 160

*Puff.* Temperance, or I walk off.

*Tag.* Temperance, traitor, temperance! What can you say for yourself? Leave me to the wide world—

*Puff.* Well, I have been in the wide world too, han't I? What would the women have?

*Tag.* Reduce me to the necessity of going to service. [Cries.

*Puff.* Why, I'm in service too, your lord and master, an't I, you saucy jade, you?—Come, where dost live, hereabouts? Hast got good vails? Dost go to market? Come, give me a kiss, darling, and tell me where I shall pay my duty to thee. 170

*Tag.* Why, there I live, at that house.

[Pointing to the house] *Jasper* came out of.

*Puff.* What, there! That house?

*Tag.* Yes, there, that house.

*Puff.* Huzza! We're made for ever, you slut, you! Huzza! Everything conspires this day to make me happy—Prepare for an inundation of joy! My master is in love with your Miss Bidy over head and ears, and she with him: I know she is courted by some old fumbler, and her aunt is not against the match; but now we are come the town will be relieved, and the governor brought over; in plain English, our fortune is made; my master must marry the lady, and the old gentleman may go to the devil. 180

*Tag.* Heyday! What is all this?

*Puff.* Say no more, the dice are thrown, doublets for us; away to your young mistress, tell her Rhodophil will be with her immediately; then if her blood does not mount to her face like quicksilver in a weather-glass, and point to extreme hot, believe the whole a lie, and your husband no politician.

168 vails] Servants' perquisites, 'tips'. 184 weather-glass] A thermometer or barometer.

Tag. This is news, indeed! I have had the place but a little while, and have not quite got into the secrets of the family; but part of your story is true, and if you'll bring your master, and Miss is willing, I warrant we'll be too hard for the old folks.

2) Puff. I'll about it straight;—but hold, Tag, I had forgot.—Pray how does Mr. Jasper do? 191

Tag. Mr. Jasper!—What do you mean? I—I—I—

2a) Puff. What, out of countenance, child! Oh fie! Speak plain, my dear.—And the certificate, when comes that, heh, love?

Tag. He has sold himself and turned conjurer, or he could never have known it. [Aside.]

Puff. Are not you a jade?—Are not you a Jezebel?—Aren't you a—

Tag. O ho, temperance! Or I walk off—

Puff. I know I am not finished yet, and so I am easy; but more thanks to my fortune than your virtue, Madam. 200

Aunt. [Within.] Tag, Tag, where are you, Tag?

Tag. Coming, Madam.—My old lady calls; away, to your master, and I'll prepare his reception within.

Puff. Shall I bring the certificate with me? (30) [Exit.]

Tag. Go, you graceless rogue, you richly deserve it. [Exit.]

[SCENE II.] SCENE changes to a chamber.

Enter Aunt and Tag.

3) Aunt. Who was that man you were talking to, Tag?

Tag. A cousin of mine, Madam, that brought me some news from my aunt in the country. (32)

Aunt. Where's my niece? Why are you not with her?

Tag. She bid me leave her alone—she's so melancholy, Madam, I don't know what's come to her of late.—(33)

Aunt. The thoughtfulness that is natural upon the approach of matrimony, generally occasions a decent concern.

Tag. And do you think, Madam, a husband of threescore and five—

Aunt. Hold, Tag, he protests to me he is but five and fifty. 10

Tag. He is a rogue, Madam, and an old rogue, and a fumbling old rogue, which is the worst of rogues.—

Aunt. Alas! Youth or age, 'tis all one to her; she is all simplicity without experience: I would not force her inclinations, but she's so innocent she won't know the difference—

Tag. Innocent! Ne'er trust to that, Madam; I was innocent myself once, but live and learn is an old saying, and a true one:—I believe, Madam, no-

(34)

[Sc. ii] MISS IN HER TEENS

body is more innocent than yourself, and a good maid you are to be sure; but though you really don't *know* the difference, yet you can fancy it I warrant you.

*Aunt.* I should prefer a large jointure to a small one, and that's all, but 'tis impossible that Bidy should have desires, she's but newly come out of the country, and just turned of sixteen.

*Tag.* That's a ticklish age, Madam! I have observed she does not eat, nor she does not sleep; she sighs, and she cries, and she loves moon-light; these, I take it, are very strong symptoms.

*Aunt.* They are very unaccountable, I must confess; but you talk from a depraved mind, Tag, hers is simple and untainted.

*Tag.* She'll make him a cuckold though for all that, if you force her to marry him.

*Aunt.* You shock me, Tag, with your coarse expressions; I tell you, her chastity will be her guard, let her husband be what he will.

*Tag.* Chastity! Never trust to that, Madam; get her a husband that's fit for her, and I'll be bound for her virtue; but with such a one as Sir Simon, I'm a rogue if I'd answer for my own.

*Aunt.* Well, Tag, the child shall never have reason to repent of my severity; I was going before to my lawyers to speak about the articles of marriage, I will now put a stop to 'em for some time, till we can make further discoveries.

*Tag.* Heaven will bless you for your goodness; look where the poor bird comes, quite moped and melancholy; I'll set my pump at work, and draw something from her before your return, I warrant you. *[Exit Aunt.]* There goes a miracle; she has neither pride, envy, or ill-nature, and yet is near sixty, and a virgin.

Enter Bidy.

*Eddy.* How unfortunate a poor girl am I, I dare not tell my secrets to anybody, an if I don't I'm undone—Heigho! *[Sighs.]* Pray, Tag, is my aunt gone to her lawyer about me? Heigho!

*Tag.* What's that sigh for, my dear young mistress?

*Bidy.* I did not sigh, not I—

*[Sighs.]*

*Tag.* Nay, never gulp 'em down, they are the worst things you can swallow. There's something in that little heart of yours, that swells it and puffs it, and will burst it at last, if you don't give it vent.

*Bidy.* What would you have me tell you?

*[Sighs.]*

*Tag.* Come, come, you are afraid I'll betray you, but you had as good speak. I may do you some service you little think of.

*Bidy.* It is not in your power, Tag, to give me what I want.

*[Sighs.]*

*Tag.* Not directly, perhaps; but I may be the means of helping you to it; as

## DAVID GARRICK Act I

for example—if you should not like to marry the old man your aunt designs for you, one might find a way to break—

*Biddy.* His neck, Tag? <sup>(43)</sup> 60

*Tag.* Or the match; either will do, child.

*Biddy.* I don't care which indeed, so I was clear of him—I don't think I'm fit to be married.

*Tag.* To him you mean—You have no objection to marriage, but the man, and I applaud you for it: but come, courage, Miss, never keep it in; out with it all—

*Biddy.* If you'll ask me any questions, I'll answer 'em, but I can't tell you any thing of myself, I shall blush if I do.

*Tag.* Well then—In the first place, pray tell me, Miss Biddy Bellair, if you don't like somebody better than old Sir Simon Loveit? 70

*Biddy.* Heigho!

*Tag.* What's 'Heigho', Miss?

*Biddy.* When I say 'Heigho!' it means 'yes'.

*Tag.* Very well; and this somebody is a young, handsome fellow?

*Biddy.* Heigho!

*Tag.* And if you were once his, you'd be as merry as the best of us?

*Biddy.* Heigho!

*Tag.* So far so good; and since I have got you to wet your feet, souse over head at once, and the pain will be over.

*Biddy.* There—then. [*A long sigh.*] Now help me out, Tag, as fast as you can. 81

*Tag.* When did you hear from your gallant?

*Biddy.* Never since he went to the Army.

*Tag.* How so?

*Biddy.* I was afraid the letters would fall into my aunt's hands, so I would not let him write to me; but I had a better reason then.

*Tag.* Pray let's hear that too.

*Biddy.* Why, I thought if I should write to him and promise him to love nobody else, and should afterwards change my mind, he might think I was inconstant, and call me a coquette. 90

*Tag.* What a simple innocent it is! [*Aside.*] And have you changed your mind, Miss?

*Biddy.* No indeed, Tag, I love him the best of any of 'em.

*Tag.* Of any of 'em! Why, have you any more?

*Biddy.* Pray don't ask me.

*Tag.* Nay, Miss, if you only trust me by halves, you can't expect—

*Biddy.* I will trust you with everything.—When I parted with him, I grew melancholy; so in order to divert me, I have let two others court me till he returns again.

[Sc. ii] MISS IN HER TEENS

*Tag.* Is that all, my dear? Mighty simple, indeed. [Aside.]

*Biddy.* One of 'em is a fine blustering man, and is called Captain Flash; he is always talking of fighting, and wars; he thinks he's sure of me, but I shall balk him; we shall see him this afternoon, for he pressed strongly to come, and I have given him leave, while my aunt's taking her afternoon's nap.

*Tag.* And who is the other, pray? 105

*Biddy.* Quite another sort of a man, he speaks like a lady for all the world, and never swears as Mr. Flash does, but wears nice white gloves, and tells me what ribbons become my complexion, where to stick my patches, who is the best milliner, where they sell the best tea, and which is the best wash for the face, and the best paste for the hands; he is always playing with my fan, and shewing his teeth, and whenever I speak he pats me—so—and cries, 'The devil take me, Miss Biddy, but you'll be my perdition.'—Ha, ha, ha!

*Tag.* Oh the pretty creature! And what do you call him pray? 113

*Biddy.* His name's Fribble; you shall see him too, for by mistake I appointed 'em at the same time; but you must help me out with 'em.

*Tag.* And suppose your favourite should come too—

*Biddy.* I should not care what became of the others.

(105) *Tag.* What's his name?

*Biddy.* It begins with an R—h—o—

(115) *Tag.* I'll be hanged if it is not Rhodophil. 120

*Biddy.* I am frightened at you! You are a witch, Tag!

*Tag.* I am so, and I can tell your fortune too. Look me in the face. The gentleman you love most in the world will be at our house this afternoon; he arrived from the Army this morning, and dies till he sees you.

*Biddy.* Is he come, Tag? Don't joke with me—

(117) *Tag.* Not to keep you longer in suspense, you must know the servant of your Strephon, by some unaccountable fate or other, is my lord and master; he has just been with me, and told me of his master's arrival and impatience—

(120) *Biddy.* Oh my dear, dear Tag, you have put me out of my wits—I am all over in a flutter—I shall leap out of my skin—I don't know what to do with myself.—Is he come, Tag?—I am ready to faint—I'd give the world I had put on my pink and silver robings today. 133

(121) *Tag.* I assure you, Miss, you look charmingly!

*Biddy.* Do I indeed though? I'll put a little patch under my left eye, and powder my hair immediately.

*Tag.* We'll go to dinner first, and then I'll assist you.

*Biddy.* Dinner! I can't eat a morsel—I don't know what's the matter with me—my ears tingle, my heart beats, my face flushes, and I tremble every joint of me—I must run in and look myself in the glass this moment. (50)

127 Strephon] The conventional rustic lover of pastoral romance.

DAVID GARRICK Act II

51  
 Tag. Yes, she has it, and deeply too; this is no hypocrisy— 141  
 Not art, but nature now performs her part,  
 And every word's the language of the heart.

*End of the First Act.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *continues.*

*Enter Captain Lovick, Biddy, Tag, and Puff.*

*Capt.* To find you still constant, and to arrive at such a critical juncture, is the height of fortune and happiness.

*Biddy.* Nothing shall force me from you; and if I am secure of your affections—

52 *Puff.* I'll be bound for him, Madam, and give any security you can ask.

*Tag.* Everything goes on to our wish, Sir; I just now had a second conference with my old lady, and she was so convinced by my arguments, that she returned instantly to the lawyer to forbid the drawing out of any writings at all, and she is determined never to thwart Miss's inclinations, and left it to us to give the old gentleman his discharge at the next visit. 10

53 *Capt.* Shall I undertake the old dragon?

*Tag.* If we have occasion for help, we shall call for you.

54 *Biddy.* I expect him every moment, therefore I'll tell you what, Rhodophil, you and your man shall be locked up in my bed-chamber till we have settled matters with the old gentleman.

55 *Capt.* Do what you please with me.

*Biddy.* You must not be impatient though.

56 *Capt.* I can undergo anything with such a reward in view, one kiss and I'll be quite resigned—~~and now shew me the way.~~ [Exeunt. 21

57 *Tag.* Come, Sirrah, when I have got you under lock and key, I shall bring you to reason. 21

*Puff.* Are your wedding-clothes ready, my dove? The certificate's come.

*Tag.* Go follow your Captain, Sirrah—march—you may thank heaven I had patience to stay so long. [Exeunt Tag and Puff.

*Enter Biddy.*

58 *Biddy.* I was very much alarmed for fear my two gallants should come in upon us unawares; we should have had sad work if they had: I find I love

## Sc. i MISS IN HER TEENS

Rhodophil vastly, for though my other sparks flatter me more, I can't abide the thoughts of 'em now—I have business upon my hands enough to turn my little head, but egad my heart's good, and a fig for dangers—let me see, what shall I do with my two gallants? I must, at least, part with 'em decently; suppose I set 'em together by the ears?—The luckiest thought in the world! For if they won't quarrel (as I believe they won't) I can break with 'em for cowards, and very justly dismiss 'em my service; and if they will fight, and one of 'em should be killed, the other will certainly be hanged, or run away, and so I shall very handsomely get rid of both.—I am glad I have settled it so purely.

37

(59) Enter Tag.

Well, Tag, are they safe?

Tag. I think so, the door's double-locked, and I have the key in my pocket.

Biddy. That's pure; but have you given 'em anything to divert 'em?

Tag. I have given the Captain one of your old gloves to mumble, but my Strephon is diverting himself with the more substantial comforts of a cold venison pasty.

Biddy. What shall we do with the next that comes? (P) 43

Tag. If Mr. Fribble comes first, I'll clap him up into my lady's store-room; I suppose he is a great maker of marmalade himself, and will have an opportunity of making some critical remarks upon our pastry and sweetmeats.

Biddy. When one of 'em comes, do you go and watch for the other, and as soon as you see him, run in to us, and pretend it is my aunt, and so we shall have an excuse to lock him up until we want him. 50

Tag. You may depend upon me; here is one of 'em.—

(61) Enter Fribble.

Biddy. Mr. Fribble, your servant—(62)

(63) Frib. Miss Biddy, your slave—I hope I have not come upon you abruptly; I should have waited upon you sooner, but an accident happened that discomposed me so, that I was obliged to go home again to take drops.

(64) Biddy. Indeed you don't look well, Sir.—Go, Tag, and do as I bid you.

(65) Tag. I will, Madam. [Exit.]

(66) Biddy. I have set my maid to watch my aunt, that we may'nt be surprised by her.

(67) Frib. Your prudence is equal to your beauty, Miss, and I hope your permitting me to kiss your hands, will be no impeachment of your understanding. 62

(68) Biddy. I hate the sight of him. [Aside.] I was afraid I should not have had the pleasure of seeing you, pray let me know what accident you met with, and what's the matter with your hand? I shan't be easy till I know.



## DAVID GARRICK Act II

*Frib.* Well, I vow, Miss Biddy, you're a good *creator*,—I'll endeavour to muster up what little spirits I have, and tell you the whole affair—hem!—  
 (7) But first you must give me leave to make you a present of a small pot of my lip-salve; my servant made it this morning—the ingredients are innocent, I assure you; nothing but the best virgin's-wax, conserve of roses, and lily of the valley water. 71

*Biddy.* I thank you, Sir, but my lips are generally red, and when they an't, I bite 'em.

*Frib.* I bite my own, sometimes, to pout 'em a little, but this will give 'em a softness, colour, and an agreeable *moister*.—Thus let me make an humble offering at that shrine, where I have already sacrificed my heart.

~~[Kneels and gives the pot.]~~

*Biddy.* Upon my word that's very prettily expressed, you are positively the best company in the world—I wish he was out of the house. [Aside.]

*Frib.* But to return to my accident, and the reason why my hand is in this condition—I beg you'll excuse the appearance of it, and be satisfied that nothing but mere necessity could have forced me to appear thus muffled before you. 82

*Biddy.* I am very willing to excuse any misfortune that happens to you, Sir. [Curtseys.]

*Frib.* You are vastly good, indeed, <sup>(8)</sup>—thus it was,—hem!—You must know, Miss, there is not an animal in the creation I have so great an aversion to, as those hackney-coach fellows.—As I was coming out of my lodgings,—says one of 'em to me, 'Would Your Honour have a coach?'—'No, man,' said I, 'not now,' (with all the civility imaginable)—'I'll carry you and your doll too,' (says he) 'Miss Margery, for the same price.'—Upon which, the masculine beasts about us fell a-laughing; then I turned round in a great passion. 'Curse me,' (says I) 'fellow, but I'll trounce thee.'—And, as I was holding out my hand in a threatening *poster*,—thus;—he makes a cut at me with his whip, and striking me over the nail of my little finger, it gave me such exquisite *torter* that I fainted away; and while I was in this condition, the mob picked my pocket of my purse, my scissors, my Mocoa smelling-bottle, and my huswife. 97

(10) *Biddy.* I shall laugh in his face. [Aside.] I am afraid you are in great pain; pray sit down, Mr. Fribble, but I hope your hand is in no danger.

[They sit.]

*Frib.* Not in the least, Ma'am; pray don't be apprehensive.—A milk-poultice, and a gentle sweat tonight, with a little manna in the morning, I am confident, will relieve me entirely.

96-7 Mocoa smelling-bottle . . . huswife] A strong scent from near Mocha in Yemen, and a pocket-case for sewing materials. 101 manna] A juice exuded from the flowering (manna-) ash, used medicinally as a mild laxative.

## Sc. i MISS IN HER TEENS

*Biddy.* But pray, Mr. Fribble, do you make use of a huswife?

*Frib.* I can't do without it, Ma'am; there is a club of us, all young bachelors, the sweetest society in the world; and we meet three times a week at each other's lodgings, where we drink tea, hear the chat of the day, invent fashions for the ladies, make models of 'em, and cut out patterns in paper. We were the first inventors of knotting, and this fringe is the original produce and joint labour of our little community.

*Biddy.* And who are your pretty set, pray? 110

*Frib.* There's Phil Whiffle, Jacky Wagtail, my Lord Trip, Billy Dimple, Sir Dilberry Diddle, and your humble—

*Biddy.* What a sweet collection of happy creatures!

*Frib.* Indeed and so we are, Miss.—But a prodigious fracas disconcerted us a little on our visiting-day at Billy Dimple's—three drunken naughty women of the town burst into our club-room, broke six looking-glasses, scalded us with the slop-basin, and *scrat* poor Phil Whiffle's cheek in such a manner, that he has kept his bed these three weeks.

*Biddy.* Indeed, Mr. Fribble, I think all our sex have great reason to be angry; for if you are so happy now you are bachelors, the ladies may wish and sigh to very little purpose. 121

*Frib.* You are mistaken, I assure you; I am prodigiously rallied about my passion for you, I can tell you that, and am looked upon as lost to our society already; he, he, he!

*Biddy.* Pray, Mr. Fribble, now you have gone so far, don't think me impudent if I long to know how you intend to use the lady who shall be honoured with your affections?

*Frib.* Not as most other wives are used, I assure you; all the domestic business will be taken off her hands; I shall make the tea, comb the dogs, and dress the children myself, if I should be blessed with any; so that though I'm a commoner, Mrs. Fribble will lead the life of a woman of quality; for she will have nothing to do, but lie in bed, play at cards, and scold the servants.

*Biddy.* What a happy creature she must be! 133

*Frib.* Do you really think so? Then pray let me have a little *serous* talk with you.—Though my passion is not of a long standing, I hope the sincerity of my intentions—

*Biddy.* Ha, ha, ha! (12)

*Frib.* Go, you wild thing. [*Pats her.*] The devil take me but there is no talking to you.—How can you use me in this barbarous manner! If I had the constitution of an alderman it would sink under my sufferings—*hooman nater* can't support it—

*Biddy.* Why, what would you do with me, Mr. Fribble? 141 (73)

*Frib.* Well, I vow I'll beat you if you talk so—don't look at me in that manner—flesh and blood can't bear it—I could—but I won't grow indecent—

## DAVID GARRICK Act II

*Biddy.* But pray, Sir, where are the verses you were to write upon me? I find if a young lady depends too much upon such fine gentlemen as you, she'll certainly be disappointed.

*Frib.* I vow, the flutter I was put into this afternoon has quite turned my senses—there they are though—and I believe you'll like 'em.—

*Biddy.* There can be no doubt of it.—<sup>(74)</sup> 150

*Frib.* I protest, Miss, I don't like that curtsey—look at me, and always rise in this manner. [*Shows her.*] But, my dear *creator*, who put on your cap today? They have made a fright of you, and it's as yellow as old Lady Crowfoot's neck.—When we are settled, I'll dress your head myself.

*Biddy.* Pray read the verses to me, Mr. Fribble.

*Frib.* I obey—hem!—'William Fribble, Esq; to Miss Biddy Bellair'—greeting.

No ice so hard, so cold as I,  
'Till warmed and softened by your eye;  
And now my heart dissolves away 160  
In dreams by night and sighs by day;  
No brutal passion fires my breast,  
Which loathes the object when possessed;  
But one of harmless, gentle kind,  
Whose joys are centred—in the mind:  
'Then take with me, love's better part,  
His downy wing, but not his dart.

How do you like 'em?

*Biddy.* Ha, ha, ha! I swear they are very pretty—but I don't quite understand 'em. 170

*Frib.* These light pieces are never so well understood in reading as singing; I have set 'em myself, and will endeavour to give 'em you—*la, la*—I have an abominable cold, and can't sing a note; however the tune's nothing, the manner's all.

No ice so hard, etc. [*Sings.*

<sup>(75)</sup> Enter Tag, running.

*Tag.* Your aunt! Your aunt! Your aunt, Madam!

*Frib.* What's the matter?

*Biddy.* Hide, hide Mr. Fribble, Tag, or we are ruined.

*Frib.* Oh! For heaven's sake, put me anywhere, so I don't dirty my clothes.

*Biddy.* Put him into the store-room, Tag, this moment. —<sup>(76)</sup> 180

*Frib.* Is it a damp place, Mrs. Tag? The floor is boarded, I hope?

*Tag.* Indeed it is not, Sir.

## Sc. i MISS IN HER TEENS

*Frib.* What shall I do? I shall certainly catch my death! Where's my cambric handkerchief, and my salts? I shall certainly have my hysterics!

[Runs in [with Tag].

*Biddy.* In, in, in—So now let the other come as soon as he will; I should not care if I had twenty of 'em, so they would but come one after another.

Enter Tag. (7)

Was my aunt coming?

*Tag.* No, 'twas Mr. Flash, I suppose, by the length of his stride, and the cock of his hat. He'll be here this minute.—What shall we do with him?

*Biddy.* I'll manage him, I warrant you, and try his courage; be sure you are ready to second me—we shall have pure sport. 191

*Tag.* Hush! Here he comes.

(A) Enter Flash, singing. (A)

*Flash.* Well my blossom, here am I! What hopes for a poor dog, eh? How! The maid here! Then I've lost the town, dammee! Not a shilling to bribe the governor; she'll spring a mine, and I shall be blown to the devil. [Aside.

*Biddy.* Don't be ashamed, Mr. Flash; I have told Tag the whole affair, and she's my friend I can assure you.

*Flash.* Is she? Then she won't be mine I am certain. [Aside.] Well Mrs. Tag, you know, I suppose, what's to be done: this young lady and I have contracted ourselves, and so, if you please to stand bride-maid, why we'll fix the wedding-day directly. 201

*Tag.* The wedding-day, Sir?

*Flash.* The wedding-day, Sir? Ay, Sir, the wedding-day, Sir, what have you to say to that, Sir?

*Biddy.* My dear Captain Flash, don't make such a noise, you'll wake my aunt.

*Flash.* And suppose I did, child, what then?

*Biddy.* She'd be frightened out of her wits.

*Flash.* At me, Miss, frightened at me? *Tout au contraire*, I assure you, you mistake the thing, child; I have some reason to believe I am not quite so shocking. [Affectedly. 210

*Tag.* Indeed, Sir, you flatter yourself—But pray, Sir, what are your pretensions?—(B) 213

*Flash.* The lady's promises, my own passion, and the best mounted blade in the three Kingdoms. If any man can produce a better title, let him take her; if not, the devil mince me, if I give up an atom of her.

*Biddy.* He's in a fine passion, if he would but hold it.

*Tag.* Pray, Sir, hear reason a little.

*Flash.* I never do, Madam; it is not my method of proceeding; here's my

## DAVID GARRICK Act II

logic! <sup>(A?)</sup> [*Draws his sword.*] Sa, sa,—my best argument is cart over arm, Madam, ha, ha. [*Lunges.*] and if he answers that, Madam, through my small guts, my breath, blood, and mistress are all at his service—nothing more, Madam.

*Biddy.* This'll do, this'll do. <sup>(A?)</sup>

223

*Tag.* But Sir, Sir, Sir?

*Flash.* But Madam, Madam, Madam: I profess blood, Madam, I was bred up to it from a child; I study the book of fate, and the camp is my university; I have attended the lectures of Prince Charles upon the Rhine, and Bathiani upon the Po, and have extracted knowledge from the mouth of a cannon. I'm not to be frightened with squibs, Madam, no, no.

*Biddy.* Pray, dear Sir, don't mind her, but let me prevail with you to go away this time—your passion is very fine to be sure, and when my aunt and Tag are out of the way, I'll let you know when I'd have you come again.

*Flash.* When you'd have me come again, child? And suppose I never would come again, what do you think of that now, ha? You pretend to be afraid of your aunt; your aunt knows what's what too well to refuse a good match when it's offered.—Lookee, Miss, I'm a man of honour, glory's my aim, I have told you the road I am in, and do you see here, child, [*Shewing his sword.*] no tricks upon travellers.

238

*Biddy.* But pray, Sir, hear me.

*Flash.* No, no, no, I know the world, Madam, I am as well known at Covent Garden as the Dial, Madam: I'll break a lamp, bully a constable, bam a justice, or bilk a box-keeper with any man in the Liberties of Westminster; what do you think of me now, Madam?

*Biddy.* Pray don't be so furious, Sir.

*Flash.* Come, come, come, few words are best, somebody's happier than somebody, and I'm a poor silly fellow; ha, ha, that's all.—Look you, child, to be short (for I'm a man of reflection), I have but a *bagatelle* to say to you: I am in love with you up to hell and desperation, may the sky crush me if I am not.—But since there is another more fortunate than I, adieu, Biddy! Prosperity to the happy rival, patience to poor Flash; but the first time we meet,—gunpowder be my perdition, but I'll have the honour to cut a throat with him. <sup>(A?)</sup>

[*Going.*

*Biddy.* [*Stopping him.*] You may meet with him now if you please.

*Flash.* Now, may I!—Where is he? I'll sacrifice the villain. [*Aloud.*

*Tag.* Hush! He's but in the next room.

255

220 cart over arm] A duelling manoeuvre. 'Cart' is for 'carte' or 'quarte', the fourth thrust in formal fencing. 227-8 Prince Charles... the Po] Karl Alexander, Prince Charles of Lorraine (1712-80), was celebrated for his brilliant crossing of the Rhine with the Austrian Army in 1744, during the War of the Austrian Succession. 'Bathiani' is Prince Karl von Batthyanyi (1697-1772), a Hungarian field-marshal prominent in the same war. 241 bam] Trick, impose on (abbr. of 'bamboozle').

## Sc. i MISS IN HER TEENS

*Flash.* Is he? Ram me [*Low.*] into a mortar-piece, but I'll have vengeance; my blood boils to be at him.—Don't be frightened, Miss?

*Biddy.* No, Sir, I never was better pleased, I assure you.

*Flash.* I shall soon do his business.

*Biddy.* As soon as you please, take your own time. 260

*Tag.* I'll fetch the gentleman to you immediately. [*Going.*]

*Flash.* [*Stopping her.*] Stay, stay a little; what a passion I am in!—Are you sure he is in the next room?—I shall certainly tear him to pieces—I would fain murder him like a gentleman too.—Besides, this family shan't be brought into trouble upon my account.—I have it—I'll watch for him in the street, and mix his blood with the puddle of the next kennel. [*Going.*]

*Biddy.* [*Stopping him.*] No, pray Mr. Flash, let me see the battle, I shall be glad to see you fight for me, you shan't go, indeed.

*Tag.* [*Holding him.*] Oh, pray let me see you fight; there were two gentlemen fit yesterday, and my mistress was never so diverted in her life—I'll fetch him out. [*Exit.*]

*Biddy.* Do, stick him, stick him, Captain Flash; I shall love you the better for it. 273

*Flash.* D—n your love, I wish I was out of the house. [*Aside.*]

*Biddy.* Here he is.—Now speak some of your hard words, and run him through—

*Flash.* Don't be in fits now— [*Aside to Biddy.*]

*Biddy.* Never fear me.

*Enter Tag and Fribble.*

*Tag.* [*To Fribble.*] Take it on my word, Sir, he is a bully, and nothing else.

*Frib.* [*Frightened.*] I know you are my good friend, but perhaps you don't know his disposition. 281

*Tag.* I am confident he is a coward.

*Frib.* Is he? Nay, then I'm his man.

*Flash.* I like his looks, but I'll not venture too far at first.

*Tag.* Speak to him, Sir.

*Frib.* I will—I understand, Sir—hem—that you—by Mrs. Tag here,—Sir,—who has informed me—hem—that you have sent her, to inform me—Sir,—that you would be glad to speak with me.—Demmee— [*Turns off.*]

*Flash.* I can speak to you, Sir—or to anybody, Sir—or I can let it alone and hold my tongue,—if I see occasion, Sir, dammee— [*Turns off.*]

*Biddy.* Well said, Mr. Flash, be in a passion. 291

*Tag.* [*To Fribble.*] Don't mind his looks, he changes colour already; to him, to him. [*Pushes him.*]

*Frib.* Don't hurry me, Mrs. Tag, for heaven's sake! I shall be out of breath before I begin if you do,—Sir,— [*To Flash.*] if you can't speak to a gentleman

## DAVID GARRICK Act II

in another manner, Sir,—why then I'll venture to say, you had better hold your tongue—oons.

*Flash.* Sir, you and I are of different opinions.

*Tag.* You and your opinion may go to the devil,—take that.

[Turns off to Tag.]

*Tag.* Well said, Sir, the day's your own.

*Biddy.* What's the matter, Mr. Flash? Is all your fury gone? Do you give me up?

*Frib.* I have done his business.

*Flash.* Give you up, Madam! No, Madam; when I am determined in my resolutions I am always calm; 'tis our way, Madam; and now I shall proceed to business.—Sir, I beg to say a word to you in private.

*Frib.* Keep your distance, fellow, and I'll answer you.—That lady has confessed a passion for me, and as she has delivered up her heart into my keeping, nothing but my 'art's blood shall purchase it. Demnation!

*Tag.* Bravo! Bravo!

*Flash.* If those are the conditions, I'll give you earnest for it directly. [Draws.] Now, villain, renounce all right and title this minute, or the torrent of my rage will overflow my reason, and I shall annihilate the nothingness of your soul and body in an instant.

*Frib.* I wish there was a constable at hand to take us both up; we shall certainly do one another a prejudice.

*Tag.* No, you won't indeed, Sir; pray bear up to him; if you would but ~~draw your sword, and~~ be in a passion, he would run away directly.

*Frib.* Will he? [Draws his sword.] Then I can no longer contain myself—hell and furies! Come on, thou savage brute.

*Tag.* Go on, Sir.

[Here they stand in fighting postures, while Biddy and Tag push 'em forward.]

*Flash.* Come on.

*Biddy.* Go on.

*Frib.* Come on, rascal.

*Tag.* Go on, Sir.

Enter Captain Loveit and Puff.

*Capt.* What's the matter, my dear?

*Biddy.* If you won't fight, here's one that will. Oh Rhodophil, these two sparks are your rivals, and have pestered me these two months with their addresses; they forced themselves into the house, and have been quarrelling about me, and disturbing the family; if they won't fight, pray kick 'em out of the house.

*Capt.* What's the matter, gentlemen?

[They both keep their fencing postures.]

## Sc. i MISS IN HER TEENS

*Flash.* Don't part us, Sir.

*Frib.* No, pray Sir don't part us, we shall do you a mischief.

*Capt.* Puff, look to the other gentleman, and call a surgeon.

*Biddy and Tag.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Puff.* Bless me! How can you stand under your wounds, Sir?

*Frib.* Am I hurt, Sir?

*Puff.* Hurt, Sir! Why you have—let me see—pray stand in the light—one, two, three through the heart; and let me see—hum—eight through the small guts! Come, Sir, make it up a round dozen, and then we'll part you.

*All.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Capt.* Come here, Puff.

[Whispers, and looks at Flash.]

*Puff.* 'Tis the very same, Sir.

*Capt.* [To Flash.] Pray, Sir, have not I had the pleasure of seeing your face abroad?

*Flash.* I have served abroad.

*Capt.* Had not you the misfortune, Sir, to be missing at the last engagement in Flanders?

*Flash.* I was found amongst the dead in the field of battle.

*Puff.* He was the first that fell, Sir; the wind of a cannon-ball struck him flat upon his face; he had just strength enough to creep into a ditch, and there he was found after the battle in a most deplorable condition.

*Capt.* Pray, Sir, what advancement did you get by the service of that day?

*Flash.* My wounds rendered me unfit for service, and I sold out.

*Puff.* Stole out, you mean. We hunted him, by scent, to the waterside, thence he took shipping for England, and, taking the advantage of my master's absence, has attacked his citadel, which we are luckily come to relieve, and drive His Honour into the ditch again.

*All.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Frib.* He, he, he!

*Capt.* And now, Sir, how have you dared to shew your face again in open day, or wear even the outside of a profession you have so much scandalized by your behaviour? I honour the name of soldier, and as a party concerned am bound not to see it disgraced; as you have forfeited your title to honour, deliver up your sword this instant.

*Flash.* Nay, good Captain—

*Capt.* No words, Sir.

[Takes his sword.]

*Frib.* He's a sad scoundrel; I wish I had kicked him.

*Capt.* The next thing I command—leave this house, change the colour of your clothes and fierceness of your looks, appear from top to toe the wretch, the very wretch thou art; or if you put on looks that belie the native baseness of thy heart, be it where it will, this shall be the reward of thy impudence and disobedience.

[Kicks him, and he runs off.]



## DAVID GARRICK Act II

Biddy. Oh, my dear Rhodophil!

375

Frib. What an infamous rascal it is! I thank you, Sir, for this favour; but I must after, and ~~make~~ <sup>leave</sup> him. [Going, is stopped by the Captain.]

Capt. One word with you too, Sir.

Frib. With me, Sir?

Capt. You need not tremble, I shan't use you roughly.

380

Frib. I am certain of that, Sir; but I am sadly troubled with weak nerves.

Capt. Thou art of a species too despicable for correction; therefore be gone, and if I see you here again, your insignificance shan't protect you.

Frib. I am obliged to you for your kindness; but if ever I have anything to do with intrigues again!—

[Aside [and exit].]

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Puff. Shall I ease you of your trophy, Sir?

Capt. Take it, Puff, as some small recompence for thy fidelity, thou canst better use it than its owner.

Puff. I wish Your Honour had a patent to take such trifles from every pretty gentleman that could spare 'em; I would set up the largest cutler's shop in the kingdom.

392

Capt. Well said, Puff.

Biddy. But pray, Mr. Fox, how did you get out of your hole? I thought you was locked in?

Capt. I shot the bolt back when I heard a noise; and thinking you were in danger, broke my confinement without any other consideration than your safety.

[Kisses her hand.]

Sir Simon. [Without.] Biddy, Biddy. Why, Tag.

Biddy. There's the old gentleman; run in, run in.

400

[Exeunt Captain and Puff. Tag opens the door.]

Enter Sir Simon and Jasper.

Sir Sim. Where have you been, Biddy? Jasper and I ~~have~~ ~~knocked~~ ~~and~~ called as loud and as long as we were able: what were you doing, child?

Biddy. I was reading part of a play to Tag, and we came as soon as we heard you.

Sir Sim. What play, moppet?

Biddy. *The Old Bachelor*, and we were just got to old Nykyn as you knocked at the door.

Sir Sim. Fie, fie, child; I never heard you talk at this rate before; I'm afraid you, Tag, put these things into her head.

410

Tag. I, Sir? I vow, Sir Simon, she knows more than you can conceive; she

407 Nykyn] Laetitia's pet name for her husband Fondlewife, the uxorious, cuckolded banker in Congreve's comedy (1693).

## Sc. i MISS IN HER TEENS

surprises me, I assure you, though I have been married these two years, and lived with bachelors most part of my life.

*Sir Sim.* Do you hear, Jasper? I'm all over in a sweat.—Pray, Miss, have not you had company this afternoon? I saw a young fop go out of the house as I was coming hither.

*Biddy.* You might have seen two, Sir Simon, if your eyes had been good.

*Sir Sim.* Do you hear, Jasper?—Sure the child is possessed!—Pray, Miss, what did they want here?

*Biddy.* Me, Sir; they wanted me. 420

*Sir Sim.* What did they want with you, I say?

*Biddy.* Why, what do you want with me?

*Sir Sim.* Do you hear, Jasper?—I am thunder-struck! I can't believe my own ears!—Tell me the reason, I say, why—

*Tag.* I'll tell you the reason why, if you please, Sir Simon. Miss, you know, is a very silly young girl, and having found out (Heaven knows how!) that there is some little difference between sixty-five and twenty-five, she's ridiculous enough to choose the latter; when if she'd take my advice—

*Sir Sim.* You are right, Tag, she would take me? Eh?

*Tag.* Yes, Sir, as the only way to have both; for if she marries you, the other will follow of course. 431

*Sir Sim.* Do you hear, Jasper?

*Biddy.* 'Tis very true, Sir Simon; from my knowing no better, I have set my heart upon a young man, and a young one I'll have; there have been three here this afternoon.

*Sir Sim.* Three, Jasper!

*Biddy.* And they have been quarrelling about me, and one has beat the other two. Now, Sir Simon, if you'll take up the conqueror, and kick him, as he has kicked the others, you shall have me for your reward, and my fifteen thousand pounds into the bargain. What says my hero? Eh? 440

[Slaps him on the back.]

*Sir Sim.* The world's at an end!—What's to be done, Jasper?

*Jasper.* Pack up and be gone; don't fight the match, Sir.

*Sir Sim.* Flesh and blood cannot bear it—I'm all over agitation—hugh, hugh!—Am I cheated by a baby, a doll? Where's your aunt, you young cockatrice?—I'll let her know—she's a base woman, and you are—

*Biddy.* You are in a fine humour to shew your valour. Tag, fetch the Captain this minute, while Sir Simon is warm, and let him know he is waiting here to cut his throat. [Exit Tag.] I locked him up in my ~~bed-chamber~~ <sup>study room</sup> till you came.

*Sir Sim.* Here's an imp of darkness! What would I give that my son Bob was here to thrash her spark, while I—ravished the rest of the family.

*Jasper.* I believe we had best retire, Sir.

## DAVID GARRICK Act II

*Sir Sim.* No, no, I must see her bully first; and, do you hear, Jasper, if I put him in a passion, do you knock him down.

*Jasper.* Pray keep your temper, Sir. (13)

(13) Enter Captain, Tag, and Puff.

*Capt.* [Approaching angrily.] What is the meaning, Sir?—Ounds! 'tis my father, Puff, what shall I do? [Aside.]

*Puff.* [Drawing him by the coat.] Kennel again, Sir.

*Sir Sim.* I am enchanted!

*Capt.* There is no retreat, I must stand it!

*Biddy.* What's all this? 460

*Sir Sim.* Your humble servant, Captain Fire-Ball.—You are welcome from the wars, noble Captain.—I did not think I should have the pleasure of being knocked o' th' head, or cut up alive by so fine a gentleman.

*Capt.* I am under such confusion, Sir, I have not power to convince you of my innocence.

*Sir Sim.* Innocence! Pretty lamb! And so, Sir, you have left the regiment, and the honourable employment of fighting for your country, to come home and cut your father's throat; why you'll be a great man in time, Bob!

*Biddy.* His father, Tag!

*Sir Sim.* Come, come, 'tis soon done—one stroke does it—or, if you have any qualms, let your 'squire there perform the operation. 470

*Puff.* Pray, Sir, don't throw such temptations in my way.

*Capt.* Hold your impudent tongue!

*Sir Sim.* Why don't you speak, Mr. Modesty; what excuse have you for leaving the Army, I say?

*Capt.* My affection to this lady. (14)

*Sir Sim.* Your affection, puppy!

*Capt.* Our love, Sir, has been long and mutual; what accidents have happened since my going abroad, and her leaving the country, and how I have most unaccountably met you here, I am a stranger to; but whatever appearances may be, I still am, and ever was, your dutiful son.

*Biddy.* He talks like an angel, Tag!

*Sir Sim.* Dutiful, Sirrah! Have you not rivalled your father? 483

*Capt.* No, Sir, you have rivalled me; my claim must be prior to yours. (15)

*Biddy.* Indeed, Sir Simon, he can shew the best title to me.

*Jasper.* Sir, Sir, the young gentleman speaks well, and as the fortune will not go out of the family, I would advise you to drop your resentment, be reconciled to your son, and relinquish the lady. (16)

*Sir Sim.* Ay, ay, with all my heart—lookye, son, I give you up the girl, she's too much for me, I confess;—and take my word, Bob, you'll catch a Tartar. 492

## Sc. i MISS IN HER TEENS

*Biddy.* I assure you, Sir Simon, I'm not the person you take me for; if I have used you anyways ill, 'twas for your son's sake, who had my promise and inclinations before you; and though I believe I should have made you a most uncomfortable wife, I'll be the best daughter to you in the world; and if you stand in need of a lady, my aunt is disengaged, and is the best nurse—

*Sir Sim.* No, no, I thank you, child; you have so turned my stomach to marriage, I have no appetite left.—But where is this aunt? Won't she stop your proceedings, think you? 500

*Tag.* She's now at her lawyer's, Sir, and if you please to go with the young couple, and give your approbation, I'll answer for my old lady's consent.

*Biddy.* The Captain, and I, Sir—

*Sir Sim.* Come, come, Bob, you are but an Ensign, don't impose on the girl neither.

*Capt.* I had the good fortune, Sir, to please my royal general by my behaviour in a small action with the enemy, and he gave me a company.

*Sir Sim.* Bob, I wish you joy! This is news indeed! And when we celebrate your wedding, son, I'll drink a half-pint bumper myself to your benefactor.

*Capt.* And he deserves it, Sir; such a general, by his examples and justice, animates us to deeds of glory, and insures us conquest. 511

*Sir Sim.* Right, my boy—come along then. [Going.]

*Puff.* Halt a little, gentlemen and ladies, if you please: everybody here seems well satisfied but myself.

*Capt.* What's the matter, Puff?

*Puff.* Sir, as I would make myself worthy of such a master, and the name of soldier, I cannot put up the least injury to my honour.

*Sir Sim.* Heyday! What flourishes are these?

*Puff.* Here is the man; come forth, caitiff. [To Jasper.] He hath confessed this day, that, in my absence, he had taken freedoms with my lawful wife, and had dishonourable intentions against my bed; for which I demand satisfaction.— 522

*Sir Sim.* [Striking him.] What stuff is here, the fellow's brain's turned.

*Puff.* And cracked too, Sir; but you are my master's father, and I submit.

*Capt.* Come, come, I'll settle your punctilios, and will take care of you and Tag hereafter, provided you drop all animosities, and shake hands this moment.

*Puff.* My revenge gives way to my interest, and I once again, Jasper, take you to my bosom.

*Jasper.* I'm your friend again, Puff—but harkye—I fear you not; and if you'll lay aside your steel there, as far as a broken head, or a black eye, I'm at your service upon demand. 532

*Tag.* You are very good at crowing indeed, Mr. Jasper; but let me tell you, the fool that is rogue enough to brag of a woman's favours, must be a dung-hill every way. As for you, my dear husband, shew your manhood in a proper place, and you need not fear these sheep-biters.

*Sir Sim.* The Abigail is pleasant I confess, he, hel

*Biddy.* I'm afraid the town will be ill-natured enough to think I have been a little coquettish in my behaviour; but, I hope, as I have been constant to the Captain, I shall be excused diverting myself with pretenders. 540

Ladies, to fops and braggarts ne'er be kind,  
No charms can warm 'em, and no virtues bind;  
Each lover's merit by his conduct prove,  
Who fails in honour, will be false in love. [Exeunt.]

**Act I Scene i**

-Opens on a street near Bidy's home.

1. Captain and Puff enter from SR, Puff carries a heavy satchel. They cross to Center. Captain Center and Puff SR of him.

2. Puff drops satchel and sits on it.

3. Puff stands.

4. Captain exits SL.

5. Puff goes and picks up sack as Jasper enters from Center on his way SL and is stopped.

6. Puff drops sack and they cross and meet Center.

7. They embrace.

8. Puff blocks Jasper's mouth.

9. Jasper exits SL.

10. Puff picks up sack and goes to leave SL.

11. Puff drops sack.

12. Puff picks up sack and whistles. Tag enters from SL with basket.

13. Tag drops basket and crosses to Puff.

14. Tag crosses behind Puff to talk on his right and Puff turns away left.

15. Tag crosses around, cuts him off, she is now SL.

16. Tag pushes him backward, he drops his sack.

17. On "pockets picked!" he is grasped as she strangles him, driving him to his knees.

18. She pushes him down.

19. Puff rises, grabs her head and holds it to his chest.
20. Tag stomps his foot to free herself, he hops past SL.
21. Tag steps threateningly SL.
23. Tag cries obnoxiously.
24. Puff crosses to her. She bends over, crying on his shoulder.
25. Before his line, he steps away and she falls down.
26. Puff helps her up, smacks her ass on "You slut, you."
27. After "Doublets for us!" They kiss, then push away.
28. Puff picks up sack starts SL. Tag starts to exit Center then is stopped on "-But hold, Tag."
29. Puff drops sack, stalks SR.
30. She kicks him in the ass, exits center. Puff picks up sack, then realizing everything is broken, sadly exits SL.
- (Lights out)

### Act I Scene ii

-Scene changes to a reading room in Biddy's home.

-Rug is set down.

-Settee is placed SR and Chair SL of it.

-Mantlepiece is placed against SL wall.

(Center is the entry to the house. SR exit is to the storeroom. SL exit leads to Biddy's bedchamber. Lights come up on Aunt reading articles of marriage on the settee. Tag enters from Center.)

31. Tag enters from Center with basket.

- 32.Tag continues SR on way to storeroom. She is stopped on Aunt's line "Where's my niece?"
- 33.Tag carries basket and crosses to behind SR chair.
- 34.Tag sits on SL chair, and shares grapes with Aunt.
- 38.Aunt rises to leave. Tag rises to escort her out.
- 39.Aunt exits Center.
- 40.Biddy enters from SL.
- 41.Biddy pouts to settée and collapses on her side.
- 42.Tag crosses to settee and sits on SL side to comfort her.
- 43.Biddy snaps up before, "-His neck, Tag?"
- 45.Tag crosses to behind settee.
- 46.Tag says line in her SL ear.
- 47.Tag crosses around chair to sit SL of Biddy again.
- 48.Biddy rises and crosses to Center.
- 49.Tag rises to meet her.
- 50.Biddy exits SL.
- 51.Tag crosses SR, picks up basket, says verse, then exits SR.

(Lights out. End of Act I. Ten minute intermission.)

### **Act II Scene i**

-Scene is set in the same room as previous scene.

(Lights come up on Biddy sitting on SR side of settee, and Captain Loveit sitting on SL side of settee. Tag enters from Center, just coming from the lawyers as the lights come up. Puff looms behind the settee over the two lovers.)

52. Puff pokes his head between the two lovers interrupting their kiss.
53. Captain rises and crosses SL.
54. Biddy rises crossing behind settee pushing Puff to USC, then crosses to Captain Loveit.
55. Captain grabs her waist.
56. Biddy flips up her fan and exits SL as Captain bows elaborately. Then Captain exits SL.
57. Puff bows elaborately. Tag begins to exit, then after Puff's line, "Are your wedding clothes..." Tag turns grabs his ear and throws him through. Tag says her last line then exits SL.
58. Biddy enters from SL. Does speech just SL of center.
59. Tag enters from SL.
60. Tag refers to SR exit.
61. Fribble enters from Center, lengthy bow.
62. Biddy curtsies.
63. Fribble takes Biddy's hand and kisses it repeatedly until she withdraws it, then starts his line.
64. Tag exits SL chuckling.
65. Biddy leads Fribble to sit on settee and Biddy sits on chair.
66. Fribble kisses her hand.
67. Fribble holds out lip salve, begins applying it to her as he finishes his speech.
68. Fribble rises and crosses to Center as if giving the theatrical performance of his life.



69. Fribble begins to cry.
70. Biddy rises and leads him back to settee, then sits in chair.
71. Fribble begins to cry again.
72. Fribble rises and crosses SL.
73. Biddy rises one step SL.
74. Biddy curtsies cutely.
75. Tag enters running, stops SL of Fribble.
76. Tag forces Fribble to SR exit, after his lines, he exits.
77. Tag re-enters.
78. Flash enters from Center.
79. Flash crosses to Biddy--grabs both hands and keeps kissing passionately until Tag clears her throat.
80. Flash takes one step DSL.
81. Tag crosses to USC.
82. Flash draws sword toward Tag.
83. Biddy backs up SR.
84. Flash sheathes sword.
85. Flash turns to leave and is stopped by Tag.
86. Tag turns to go SR.
87. Flash turns to go. Biddy crosses SL of him and grabs his arm.
88. Tag exits SR.
89. Fribble enters first and Tag pushes him forward.
90. Tag pushes Fribble forward again. By now Tag is SR, Fribble is SR of Center; Captain Flash is SL of Center and Biddy is SL of him.

91. Fribble steps boldly forward, says line then retreats behind Tag.
92. Flash steps forward on his line.
93. Flash steps back, draws his sword on Fribble.
95. Fribble holds handkerchief in a threatening posture.
96. Both approach and are pushed on by the women behind them. They creep closer until sword touches Fribble's finger, they then scream and separate. Flash drops sword, Fribble cries.
97. Captain and Puff enter from SL.
98. Bidy crosses to Captain, Tag crosses to Puff.
99. Puff crosses to Fribble DSR.
100. Flash picks up his sword.
101. After Flash's line "Nay then-" Captain bellows, "Now!" Flash gives up sword quickly.
102. Flash turns to leave, Captain whips him in his buttocks with sword, Flash runs out screaming.
103. Bidy crosses to Captain and hugs him.
104. Fribble crosses to Center on his way out, he is stopped by Captain.
105. Fribble begins to cry, then exits after his line.
106. Puff steps SR to Captain. Captain gives sword to Puff.
107. Captain and Bidy go to kiss, then "Biddy!" is heard by Sir Simon.
108. Tag pushes Puff and Captain SR to storeroom exit. Bidy runs SL and picks up book off of mantelpiece.
109. Simon and Jasper enter.

110. Simon crosses to Bidy SL. Jasper crosses to Tag SR behind settee.
111. Jasper moves to Simon on "Tag put these things into her head." Before Tag's line, "I'll tell you the reason why..." she takes two steps SL.
112. Tag exits SR.
114. Enter Captain, then Puff, then Tag from SR. Captain crosses to SR of Center, Simon counters SL of center.
115. Bidy crosses USR of Captain.
116. Captain turns, grabs sword from Puff and threatens Sir Simon.
117. Simon pushes point from his face before "I give you up the girl..." Captain gives sword back to Puff. Simon puts arm around Captain and leads him DSL.
118. Bidy crosses, grabs Captain's arm and is SR of him. Aunt re-enters with added line, "What is here, Tag?" After quiet explanation, Aunt moves DSL of Sir Simon.
119. All go to exit Center, Puff stops them on his line "Halt, gentlemen and ladies!"
120. After line, Jasper steps USR of Simon.
121. Simon punches Jasper in the jaw.
122. Jasper crosses to Puff DSR. After Puff's line "Take you to my bosom," he knees Jasper in the crotch. Jasper collapses and Puff draws the sword on Jasper's twitching remains.

123.Tag crosses DSR to Puff, turns him toward her on "As for you my dear husband..." After line they kiss and he sinks into her chest.

124.All freeze before verse. Bidy comes DSC for verse and at end she goes to Captain and they kiss. (Lights down)

In this play the characters were based on certain famous people in London society around the 1740's. There is little record as to who Garrick would have based these people on. This play was founded on a piece by Florent Carton sieur Dancourt, called *La Parisienne*. Since this is a satire, the characters are all larger than life.

Miss Bidy's Aunt desires purity in her life and in Bidy's, yet she is not above some crass allusion or other, "I should prefer a large jointure to a small one." The fact is, however, that she is still near sixty and a virgin. She sees Bidy as herself in a younger form and wants her to marry for money and security.

Tag is the embodiment of lower class licentiousness. She is a brute, both emotionally and sexually. She is also a plotter and excels at worldliness. She wants Miss Bidy's happiness over any social consequences.

Bidy is purity and innocence, although she does not lack a dangerous mindset for what she wants. She desires her own suitor at the expense of the other suitors, even if it means they must die. At the same time, she would not

want to be mean about it. She has a more pure way of thinking, yet it is mixed with something playfully psychotic, as she urges Flash to kill Fribble, "Stick him! Stick him! Captain Flash..." She wants nothing more than to marry Captain Loveit.

Flash is a self-gratifying man who wants to marry Bidy so he'll have a pretty woman to whom he can brag. However, he gets nauseous at the sight of violence. He also wants her dowry.

Fribble is a fop and was originally played by David Garrick. He is gentility exemplified to the extreme. A slight breeze to ruffle his periwig would put him in a huff. He wants to marry Bidy so he'll have a full sized doll to dress.

Puff is Captain Loveit's servant and wants nothing more than to be away from Tag, the woman he married. He wants his master to marry Bidy so they'll be rich, and he'll have an easier life as a servant.

Jasper is Sir Simon's servant and a cuckold who follows his own desires. He is better kept than Puff and is his rival. He has been sleeping with Tag. Jasper wants Bidy to marry Sir Simon so he'll be able to wear a nicer livery.

Captain Loveit is a noble, young man who was fiscally cut off from his father. He loves Bidy but also finds the thought of 15,000 pounds attractive. He is a soldier and has been in action.

Finally, Sir Simon is Captain Loveit's father who is at least fifty-five years old and in love with Bidy. He is lecherous and jealous, and since he already has money, he obviously wants Bidy for fresh, young, sex.

Chapter Four: The Rehearsal Process

Over a period of twelve rehearsals we had the project ready to perform. Instead of a boring itinerary of dates and needless statistics (i.e. who showed up and who didn't), it is more pertinent to look at what was achieved.

The cast was off to a timely start when we blocked and ran Act I on the first night of rehearsal. The second and third nights of rehearsal were spent running the entire play, because by then Act II was forming. Rehearsals ran approximately three to four hours and there was no time wasted as we only met three or four times a week.

The more superficial applications of scenery, lighting, and costuming were utilized with efficiency. The set was simple due to the fact that there was only one real scene change, outdoors to indoors. We needed to design the floor with neutrality in mind. We painted white marbleized stone jutting out from upstage to downstage. The stones were painted in a large size as they progressed toward the audience giving the stage a sense of depth. The white marble stones were cracked to give it a rustic look. This enabled the stage floor to represent both a street and the floor of an old estate. There were two fans constructed 6' by 6' which served as a backdrop and entryway from upstage center. They were set apart so that one could enter from between them. That was all there was for the outdoor scenes.

After the set change, we move into a chamber in Miss Biddy's house. Since I am a firm believer in less is more,



we went with minimal setpieces: a Persian rug for the floor, a period settee and chair generously lent by an historical society sat stage right, a mantelpiece sat against the stage left wall, and on both walls hung two candelabra with candles. Once the scene changed after Act I Scene i the setting remained until the end of the show. As the servants in the play, Puff and Jasper changed the scene, and afterwards bowed and exited the stage. The lighting was efficiently used as well. Since the scene changed only from outdoors to indoors, a total of six lights were used. We used amber and blue filters along with a general wash for both scenes. On the outdoor scenes we went heavier on the amber; indoors we brightened the general wash and added a little blue.

The costumes were created by Heather Braasch with Niki Juncker supervising as to period authenticity. From the servants' costumes to Fribble's elegant attire, the attention to detail was obviously a priority. The wigs were provided free of charge by Chad Theatrical of St. Louis, and of course, were period greywigs. The only wig that was pre-dated was Fribble's periwig, and that was a directorial choice, because it is difficult to envision a proper fop without one.

This play is a farce and so the characters needed to convey a sense of amplified reality. The players were allowed to develop their roles and exaggerate them; however this had to be done with a sense of naturalism, giving the

characters a sense of dignity. There is a realistic integrity in farce that needed to be upheld. The choices made had to be real and concrete, and they had to be delivered with sincerity. Even though these characters are larger than life, there is a difference between presenting a lisp (for example) as part of the character, and actually having a lisp. The latter, if delivered with honesty and integrity will be naturally comical. This was the theory of farce the company utilized in developing their roles.

The character of the Aunt was created and shaped by Judi Greene who wanted a character trait of the period--something with which she could play. We came up with a speech impediment; in all of her lines we replaced r's with w's which worked really well in the play. She came up with a pig-like laugh at various parts of her action which was not at all out of line with the human being she had created. In Act I, scene ii she sits eating grapes with Tag and by the time she gets to her line, "I'll put a stop to them for some time 'til we can make further... further... discoveries," she finds a grape between her breasts and pulling it out consumes it with shy embarrassment and nervous, piggish, snorting laughter. When we added her oversized cap and she started working with it, common behavior began to shine through. She created a character with believable naturalism and it was quite convincing. The important element of her comedy was the fact that she was sincere in her undertakings.

Carrie Roberts was the actress who played Miss Bid-  
dy Bellair, and we formulated her character one beat at a time.  
It was a tedious but important approach, since she was on  
stage ninety percent of the time and had the heaviest line  
load. Carrie has a natural gift with language and directing  
her was not a burdensome task. It was important that Miss  
Bid-  
dy not be a typical young lover character type. She had  
to be human. We toyed with Bid-  
dy's pure nature and twisted  
it into something psychotically innocent, and the comedy of  
her character came with ease. Bid-  
dy was turned into the  
kind of character who wants something simple (Captain Loveit  
as her husband) and does not understand why death can't be a  
solution to help her achieve it. To go a step further, she  
would grow childishly excited at the prospect of physical  
violence and yet would never want to hurt anyone's feelings.  
A wonderful illustration of this was when Captain Flash was  
informed that the man he said he would duel is in the next  
room and as Tag runs to "fetch him out," Bid-  
dy jumps up and  
down in babish excitement holding Flash's arm begging, "Stick  
him! Stick him! Captain Flash..." The addition of Bid-  
dy's  
fan during rehearsal gave her something to use as an  
extension of her character; it also helped to ground her  
with another communication style. She was made human and  
complex, and by the end of rehearsals we felt we had Bid-  
dy  
where she needed to be.

Tag was the character developed by Nicole Gillenardo  
and she needed to be more than just a maid in the Bellair

family. She had to be Biddy's protector and Machiavellian mentor. Tag shaped Biddy's simple planning skills into military strategy, yet she was vulnerable and saucy. There is no doubt that Tag has slept around, so we played with Nicole's natural seductive side and shaded it with honesty. A wonderful example was a choice Nicole made as she casually brushed the bottom of her breasts on her line, "I have the key right here in my pocket." By the time we were ready to open the show, Tag was a lovable mixture of lust and love.

Jason Stahr played Captain Loveit and was himself an army officer in Bosnia and has a natural composure with military behavior. However, it was dire that Captain Loveit not be played like a typical passionate lover fawning over Miss Biddy. As the male lead he had to have specific traits. We came up with a lusty, honorable, young man who seemed ready to break into manly song at any thought of Miss Biddy. His patriotism was made clear as he chose to hold his fist in the air whenever he referred to the wars in "Flanders!" He also shaded his patriotism with lust which was played effectively. This was evident when his father (Sir Simon) says he'll drink to Captain Loveit's General. Young Loveit's response is that his General deserves the toast for by his example we are inspired to deeds of glory and the General "insures us conquest," looking down at Biddy lustily while holding his fist in the air. By opening night Captain Loveit was energetically driving the plot forward

with his mixture of wit, lust, and ridiculously excessive patriotism.

Puff was played by Richard Banden and though Richard was a freshman he was bold in his acting choices. His mother is English, and so he had exposure to the texture of the language. He had a task ahead of him, however. He had to play a man in his thirties who had served Captain Loveit during the war. To achieve this, Richard toyed with subtle ways of lowering his pitch, and since he already knew a Cockney dialect, we were finding specific shades for his character. Richard's movement at times was excessive and far too big to even be funny, so we had to minimize his motion. After some notes in rehearsal, he finally had his movement minimized to the point where he was believable. Most actors are afraid to make big choices; Richard is not one of them. We had to pull him back a bit, just to make him more sincere, and where there is sincerity in comic circumstances, there is humor.

Jasper, Puff's boyhood competitor and nemesis, as well as Sir Simon Loveit's servant was played by Tommy Halloran. Tommy and Richard had to establish a pre-existing relationship as Puff and Jasper. This was displayed effectively in Act I, scene i, when Puff and Jasper first see each other after several years. The scene was devised as a competition between Puff and Jasper as to who has become more worldly. Tommy chose conceited refinement as a contrast to Puff's ragged appearance and rough-edged

disposition. Since Jasper was Puff's cuckold, Tag and Jasper needed to establish a past as well. Tommy played his character as wiser than his master, Sir Simon, but did not rely on cliché. He acted out of fear, riding on the premise that no matter what he did, he might be the victim of some perverted violence by Sir Simon. This drove him to the purity of fear and it echoed in his choices. One obstacle we had to overcome, however, was that he would not always vocally support his words, and would draw off in his speech at times.

Drew Darrough played Sir Simon, Captain Loveit's father and suitor to Miss Bidy. Sir Simon's time on stage is brief but crucial and concludes the third story line of the play. Drew had a fresh slant on arrogance and reveled in lecherous conceit. He played Simon as more than angry about Bidy's refusal near the end of the play. His answer was a clever potion of lust and lechery; he rolled his eyes in sexual reminiscence as he said the line, "What would I give that my son Bob were here to thrash her spark, while I--ravished the rest of the family." Drew was quite successful in conjuring a gross sexual image of Sir Simon, a man of sixty-five raping the Bellair family. His relationship with his servant Jasper was definitively abusive. After every retort Bidy makes, Sir Simon looked at Jasper with accusation saying, "Do you hear Jasper?" This was done four times which proves that some comedy comes in fours.

Captain Flash was a "blustering man" played by Matthew Bartlett. Matt had a boyish face which acted as a natural contrast between what his character was saying and how he looked. He was also overweight which made it easy to believe that as a soldier he could do nothing else but eat. His growth into the character was gradual in coming; however, by opening night his energy was enough to shake the ceiling. Flash is a blatantly offensive character and so he seemed easier to develop. There is enough said about him in the script for the actor to make honest choices. The climactic juncture for Flash is the relation between his bravado at the beginning of Act II, scene ii and his knee-shaking cowardice at the end. This could not be delivered in the tradition of commedia's Scapino because Flash needed to be believably sincere in his intentions. This honesty came to its conclusion when he realized he had to fight Fribble. The Fribble--Flash fight was the comic climax of the play and so had to be dealt with accordingly. Flash was also given a bent foil. This served as a phallic symbol and revealed the ridiculous fact that no one could possibly be threatened by such a weapon; at the same time the prop revealed secrets about Flash's manhood.

David Garrick wrote the character of Fribble for himself and was no stranger to fops (both on and off the stage). The fop is a classic Restoration character type and is typically played effeminately. The difficult thing about playing a character like Fribble is in how to make him

human. He can only be amusing if he honestly believes that he is the "man of mode." Matt Kahler worked very hard to make Fribble a concrete individual. He took a refreshing angle on this particular fop. He played two shades of emotion: happiness and weeping disappointment. He tittered gleefully at Miss Bidy and treated her as a doll that he could dress himself. On the other hand he broke down into tears at the recollection of how he hurt the nail of his pinky finger. He was too delicate for this cold cruel world and that was portrayed quite convincingly by Mr. Kahler. The light airy lisp Matt chose was an extension of the character and perfectly believable. Fribble was going to be the one ridiculed the most by the throng.

As props were made available, characterization developed more keenly. Here are a few examples. The addition of Fribble's handkerchief gave him new dimensions and the pot of lip salve added a new bit to the play. As Fribble presented the lip salve to Bidy, he took off the lid and giggled maniacally as he attempted to apply it to her. She fought relentlessly and with casual control hindered his progress.

When Bidy was given a fan she used it as an extension of character and worked it with subtlety. For example, when Captain Loveit said, "One kiss and I'll be quite resigned," he moved in to kiss and she flipped the fan open as a lacey barrier between them and turned her head in teasing amusement as she exited.



Flash's sword gave new angles to the play in that he used it to fight off imaginary attackers in Act II, Scene ii. He would also casually pose with it jutted out from his torso, insinuating sexual disfigurement.

Once the characters were evolving beautifully and the honest conflicts of character were creating the comedy, we had to work on cat-calling drills.

First I was faced with the question of how to get the audience to heckle. As a society, we are always taught to be quiet in a theatre. How could we break social norms and get this modern audience to act in a similar manner to an audience of 1747? I wrote the director's note and tried to construct it carefully:

#### **Director's Note**

1747 was a time of licentiousness for the London stage. The audience was part of the rising middle-class and the performers fought for their attention. David Garrick wrote *Miss in Her Teens* and originally performed in it as the character of Fribble. Even Mr. Garrick would shout himself hoarse over the din while performing. Theatre was a game then, and the audience would shout at players they did not approve of, and the players would return fire with nothing but their wits, causing the audience to turn on itself at times. What we are attempting this evening is a replication of the time. You as the audience are encouraged to voice

your opinion throughout the performance. Feel free to heckle and chide (or applaud and praise), however you are asked to keep your comments free from profanity.

Ladies and Gentlemen, enjoy the fracas and please forgive our lack of orange wenchies for this evening's play.

-Todd Gillenardo.....Actor Manager

This note was a blatant attempt to lay out the audience's role for the evening.

I needed something else to let the game begin. Integrated into the performance were second exits. For instance, after Captain Loveit exits in Act I Scene i, he returns and bows repeatedly, begging for applause. I hoped this would successfully start the interactive relationship with the audience. Hopefully, this would give them a feel of some control.

The next question I had to face was what to do when the rabble decided to heckle. The actors were required to have in mind three or four stock responses for a male or female heckler. In the last week of rehearsals I heckled them ferociously. I tried to maintain a constant barrage of insults throughout, in an attempt to interrupt the action. The actors developed a sense of when they could respond to heckles and when they couldn't. At no time could we allow the evening's entertainment to be about the audience. The play had to be the primary enjoyment and the audience's role

in the evening treated as secondary. This would require control on the actors' parts. They learned not to break certain comic bits and important pieces of business that were pertinent to the continuity of the play. Ignoring comments became just as important as answering them. They were instructed to choose their answering moments wisely. My theory was that the fewer actor retorts, the more precious the audience would find it. When the actors did respond, they had to practice loudly retorting directly to the heckler and then unwaveringly continuing the action with speed. The responses had to be period. To achieve this, the actors studied Shakespearean insults, some of which had to be updated to 18th century speech. The responses were painstakingly practiced.

One incident arose when I cat-called to Jasper, "Nice wig!" He retorted with a non-period insult saying, "May the fleas of a thousand camels infest your pubic hair." Unfortunately he stammered on "pubic hair" and as he tried to continue I skittered out the remark, "At least I don't stammer." He stopped the action of the play and then froze in fear. He had nothing to say and he could not remember his line, to get the scene going again. I quickly realized this was my deepest fear. The last two days of technical rehearsal only concerned practicing the play-heckle-answer scenario. The actors had to play with speed and energy, the heckler (me) would interrupt, then they had to answer quickly, loudly, but with diction, and continue the action

without missing a beat. I felt this drilling was effective and I had hoped that we would be ready for opening night.

**Chapter Five: A Growing Process**

By opening night the actors were as ready as they were going to get. They were all feeling anxious to see what would happen, and yet written on their faces was anticipation. Would the audience verbally respond to the action? What were they going to say? The actors knew they would be acting under audience scrutiny or praise. The performance was an experiment and word got out to those who would be attending, that cat-calling would be encouraged.

Thursday night was opening night and by five minutes to show, the house was almost full. I watched the audience file in, and noticed there weren't many actors or students in the crowd. The audience was mostly composed of season ticket holders and older couples. This I felt was going to be an honest test of atmosphere in replicating the time.

When the play began the audience was silent and did not utter a word throughout the better part of Act I Scene i. Then when Captain Loveit went to exit during the scene, he came back on as planned to take a courtesy bow. The audience as I had hoped took the bait and applauded. This is when it began. The relationship was now established and the audience knew they could be interactive. From then on, after every second exit when the actor returned for a bow they applauded and giggled.

Act I scene ii began with Bidy's Aunt talking to Tag. The audience periodically snickered over the Aunt's speech impediment. However, they still were not heckling. I began to get nervous. Finally, when the Aunt, as planned, found a

grape resting between her breasts and ate it, it happened. Someone called out, "What else have you got in there!" The Aunt turned around without missing a beat retorting, "Plenty of sweetmeats, but none for you!" The audience roared with laughter. There were only two heckles the entire evening.

The other incident occurred when Fribble entered the stage someone called out, "You go girl!" As Fribble kissed Bidy's hand he called back, "Thank you, I shall!" It was an amusing moment. Opening night did not completely test the metal of the actors. That would come soon enough. It was probably best that the heckling was less than that of the following evenings in that it gave the actors an opportunity to ease into the fracas.

While Thursday night was a light fray, Friday night would prove to be an absolute test of concentration for the performers. Because of the immense number of heckles, it would be easier for me give some examples of what happened in no apparent order. First of all, the actors had to put into practice ignoring certain people. In all, there were approximately twenty five cat-calls. Most of which however, came from one source. The rest of the audience called out once or twice, but one person, an actor from the college kept up a constant barrage on the actors. It is important to note that most of the audience contained actors from the school and their dates. For the most part they understood from the director's note what was expected of them. This one heckler however, did not quite understand that some

people were actually interested in the play. At one point his heckling got so repetitive that another audience member shouted at him, "Shut the hell up!" I found out later that by the end of the show, the group sitting behind him grew so disenchanted with him that they constantly whispered insults at the back of his head. For professional reasons I shall use only his initials D.M. It began during Act I Scene i when after Captain Loveit did his courtesy bow to hold for applause (which occurred), D.M. screamed out, "Get off the stage!" His comment was ignored and the play continued. During Act I Scene ii, Bidy entered and told Tag about the men she has allowed to court her. D.M. shouted, "You're a slut!" The audience did not laugh at the heckle and it was ignored as Bidy was in the middle of an important speech. Once more during her speech he yelled something muffled under his hand, finally she looked right at him and said in character with childish disappointment, "Interrupting my monologue, what it is to be an ass!" Then he laid into Tag, he murmured something about her breasts which I admit were an obvious target. She was not in the mood for his obnoxiousness however, she retorted, "Sir, let us hope your manhood is not as small as your wit." The audience went wild with laughter, they knew he had to be silenced and were mostly on the side of the actors. This did not stop him however, he quickly responded back to Tag, "I hope it's the size of your chest." She turned without missing a beat and said, "You've obviously not gotten over being weaned!" The



audience laughed again and as he started to say something else Tag cut him off saying, "I have a line." This started more laughter and after that he did not heckle Tag anymore. This did nothing to prevent him from attacking the other actors. However, during intermission the actors decided that if he persisted, they would hold out their hands with their fingers an inch apart to show him the size of his manhood.

D.M., according to the actors, was operating in poor taste and although he said he was trying to get the audience heckling too, it served the opposite purpose. The rest of the audience said little, because they felt D.M. went too far.

By Saturday night word had gotten around that the audience was allowed to heckle. Everyone was heckling on closing night. Saturday night must be looked at very closely because this was the night that I feel was the most accurate in depicting the period. Thursday night was far too tame by historical accounts to be even slightly reminiscent of Drury Lane, and Friday night had only one main heckler which annoyed the audience. Saturday night however, was a healthy cross section of heckling in which everyone partook. From the beginning of the show to the end it was ceaseless and fun. In Act I, scene i, Captain Loveit is describing Bidy to Puff, his servant:

Captain Loveit: ...Yet it was mixed with such a sensible vivacity (referring to her chest)-

Comment: For you it's been a long time I bet.

Captain Loveit: Sir, the play is just beginning; at least allow us a chance to get started (General laughter ensued).

On Captain Loveit's second exit in Act I, scene i, he came back to bow and suck up applause. However, one person yelled, "Get off the stage!" This he did with speed.

In Act I, scene i, Puff reunites with his wife, Tag, after many years. While Puff is trying to avoid Tag, she finally resorts to strangling him. Someone shouted, "There's love in this room!" (Laughter) When Puff put Tag in a headlock, someone said, "You'll suffocate her!" Puff's response was, "Sir, asses were made to bear, and so are you" (Laughter).

During Act I, scene ii, there was general tittering and laughter during all of the Aunt's dialogue due to her speech impediment. Finally, the Aunt dropped a grape and then found it between her breasts and ate it during her line, "I'll put a stop to them for some time until we can make further (finds grape) discovewies." Someone said, "What else ya got in there." The Aunt replied, "Plenty of sweetmeats, but none for you. But maybe some for you" (Looking at a young man in the first row).

After the Aunt left there was another heckle:

Tag: (Referring to the Aunt) There goes a miracle-

Comment: The real miracle is what's holding those in  
(Referring to her breasts).

Tag: Sir, you've obviously never gotten over being weaned  
(Laughter).

Right after this Bidy entered and was heckled three  
times before she responded. The first heckle was:

Bidy: I dare not tell my secrets to anyone, but if I don't  
I'm undone-

Comment: (Loud) WAAAAAAAAAAA!

Bidy: (No response)

The second time:

Bidy: Hi-ho (period sigh).

Comment: It's off to work we go!

Bidy: (No response)

The third time:

Bidy: One of them's a fine blustering man, named Captain  
Flash-

Comment: And the other requires batteries.

Bidy: Sir, you think too much. Such men are dangerous  
(Laughter).

After this there were no more heckles in Act I. After reviewing the tape and my notes from that evening's performance, I've only documented the heckles that were heard by the actors and myself. Other cat-calls were muffled or too quiet to hear and by their nature do not deserve recognition.

Act II on closing night opened with a shot fired from the audience. While Captain Loveit sat kissing Biddy's hand as the scene opened some girls in the front row chanted cheap guitar riffs, insinuating a pornographic movie. Captain Loveit's response was a doggish grin which the audience giggled at. A few moments later Biddy offered to hide the Captain and Puff in her bed chamber.

Captain: Do what you please with me.

Comment: Like everyone else (Laughter).

Captain: (No response).

Later in Act II, Biddy returned to do her monologue on how to dispose of her two gallants.

Biddy: Let's see. What shall I do with my two gallants?

Comment: You can stick one--(Biddy cut him off).

Biddy: Interrupting my monologue? What it is to be an ass (Laughter).

The next cat-call came during Fribble's entrance. As soon as he entered someone sang, "I'm nothing but a sweet transvestite." Fribble responded, "Sir, I'm much afraid your mother dallied with the village idiot shortly before thy conception." The audience roared with laughter. Fribble was nowhere near the end of his torment, however. When Fribble describes what he and his friends do when they meet at each other's lodgings he got hit again.

Fribble: We drink tea, hear the chat of the day, invent fashions for the ladies-

Comment: Braid each other's hair (Laughter).

Fribble: Oh, so thou art the scarecrow that so affrights all the children (Laughter).

Then when he described how he wished to use the lady he intended to marry, he got hit again.

Fribble: I'll dress the children myself, if I should be blessed with any.

Comment: Where'd ya get that wig?

Fribble: Thou mayest have leave to hang thyself, rough scallion (Audience giggled).

Then when Fribble tried to recite the verses he wrote for Bidy he was interrupted.

Fribble: ...And now my heart dissolves away- (he pronounced it "Awee")

Comment: I have to pee (Laughter).

Fribble: Sir, you speak an infinite deal of nothing (Audience tittered).

The next person harassed was Captain Flash. He had gotten about three minutes into his scene with Bidy and Tag when the first volley was fired.

Flash: ...And the best mounted blade in the three kingdoms.

Comment: They don't call him Flash for nothing.

Flash: Sir, if you would like to have a battle of wits, I'll remove my brain so we can begin even (Audience went "Oohhhh!" and laughed).

Soon after, Flash responded to Bidy when she asked him to leave.

Flash: When you'd have me come again, child? Suppose I never would come again, what then?

Comment: You're not gonna do that here!

Flash: If thou are not an ass, then I'm a youth of fourteen (Audience laughed).

The next heckle was a recurring heckle that occurred every night of the show. At the part when Flash realizes Fribble

is in the next room and will have to fight him, he begins to cower. At this point, every night the audience made chicken sounds. This may have been one or two people that returned all three nights, however.

When Fribble and Flash finally meet in the same room and duelling is imminent, Fribble received a pick.

Fribble: (To Flash) If you can't speak to a gentleman in another way, you had better hold your tongue.

Comment: You go girl!

Fribble: Thank you I shall (Laughter).

After this Fribble and Flash were free to go. Captain Loveit however, had a few shouts to contend with.

Captain: (To Fribble) Thou are of a species to despicable for correction-

Comment: Well!

Captain: Pray sir, hold your tongue, or if you can't, have your neighbor do it for you (Slight laughter).

When Captain Loveit disposed of Fribble and Flash, he handed the sword to Puff.

Captain: Take it Puff (hands sword), thou can better use it than its owner.

Comment: There's two swords in this scene!

Puff: Your virginity breeds mice, much like cheese  
(Silence).

The next comments made were made after Sir Simon's entrance. After Captain Loveit argued with his father, Biddy came up to Simon.

Biddy: (To Sir Simon) If you're still in need of a lady-  
Comment: We can find you one.

Sir Simon: You poor inch of nature (General laughter).

Finally, the last comment of the evening was directed at the Aunt upon her entrance near the end of Act II.

(Aunt Enters)

Tag: She's just come from her lawyer's-

Comment: She's come from a Boy George video.

Tag: Sir, let us hope your manhood is not as small as your wit (Great laughter).

After this the audience remained quiet, sensing the play was ending soon.

It is important to look at how much each character was adored by the audience in contrast to what was being developed during rehearsal.

The Aunt was generally well loved, affectionately being referred to as Barbara Walters at one point during Friday



night's performance. Her speech impediment caused constant giggling and tittering during her scene in Act I. The audience generally adored her pig-like snort, laughing whenever she did it. The grape between her breasts bit never failed to get a laugh or a heckle and Friday night when she returned in Act II Scene i, she was applauded.

Miss Bidy walked a fine line between being loved and despised. At times the audience felt she was funny because she was twisted. During her speech about having her two courtiers kill each other, she always got a laugh on her last line, "I'm glad I've settled it so purely." Other times they thought she was just psychotic. I could tell when they liked her and when they didn't by the kinds of heckles she received. However, she always won them back over halfway through Act II, when she hopped up and down chanting, "Stick him! Stick him! Captain Flash..." From then on as Bidy and Tag toyed with the various suitors, the audience watched in lovable amusement.

Tag was well received because she went unbelievably too far in some sexually suggestive choices. However, I did not want to pull her back, since we were replicating some of the licentiousness of the period. If this had been a Restoration play, she would have gone much further. She ceaselessly got a laugh when referring to Bidy's sighs saying, "Those are the worse things you can swallow." Tag would always punch the word "can" and say her line in sexual reminiscence to the audience's surprised pleasure.

Captain Loveit seemed to be well received as well. On his "inspires us conquest" bit, he got a laugh every night. Although his performance was deemed enjoyable by the crowd, their heckling changed some of his sincerity in terms of character. When he was kissing Bidy's hand someone yelled, "Go for it!" Jason's answer was to look up with a doggish grin. He ran with it and throughout the performance he would invariably get heckled anytime he was close to Bidy. His answer was typically lusty, thus seemingly changing his motivations. This had not been really explored in rehearsal. Jason had always played Captain Loveit with eccentric honor, now he was delving into realms of seduction that were interesting to watch. It was fascinating to see this change of motivations alter everything Captain Loveit was about. Friday and Saturday night were the only nights this happened. This should not discredit in any way Jason's performance. This experiment was nerve racking for most of the actors to say the least and it would therefore be cold of me as his director to give him a note on his character because of how he responded to a heckler.

Puff's performance in retrospect was a mixed blessing. The audience laughed in placed during his monologues that were unexpected. They giggled at his "False appetite and second childhood" line among his other retorts to Captain Loveit in Act I Scene i. However, because of his cockney it was difficult at times to understand him at times. Part of this was my fault. During Act I Scene i, he was blocked to

sit on the ground while Captain Loveit reminisced on when he first met Bidy. During rehearsal there were no people in the room really. Although the stage sat lower than the audience during rehearsal he could be heard. However after opening night, I realized my error and asked him if he could still sit during his lines but lift his head and project them above the first row. He did his best but it was still somewhat muffled. In his defense however, his energy was quite extreme and kept the entire play moving forward. Overall, this older character he had created was well received. Although it was not until Saturday that he was heckled and he was glad of it. He could not wait to get heckled, and he finally responded on Saturday with, "Sir, you're in bed with your wit, while I'm in bed with your wife." It was found very amusing. During rehearsals we had to pull back on his energy because it was too much to look honest or believable. My fear was that opening night energy would drive him back to his overexaggerated acting style. This did not happen. He maintained control, which is a hard thing for a younger actor to learn. He was not disappointing in that respect.

Jasper, servant to Sir Simon, played his scene with Puff well because the audience tittered throughout the game. Puff's ragged disposition contrasted with Jasper's prim visage made good sport. As Puff and Jasper tried to out-do one another, the game built to the audience's pleasure. Jasper at times got too quiet however, and it was hard to

hear him. After opening night, I gave him the note, which was never completely taken. Overall however, his performance was enjoyable. The audience chuckled at him in Act II as he cowered from Sir Simon's rage at Biddy's refusals.

Sir Simon, though he was quite nervous about answering the audience was encouraged by myself to not respond. I instructed him not to, if he felt too uncomfortable with continuing the play after a heckle. He was too nervous to push, so I gave him a way out. I gave him permission to jump to a given point in the script if he had trouble, skipping some dialogue. This relaxed him, knowing he had a "safety net" as I called it. These were his instructions before opening night. I then instructed all the actors to find safety nets in the script that they could always go to without destroying too much of the plot. Better that than a complete lockup, I thought. Only one actor locked up under pressure and he covered quite well. Sir Simon did quite well and ignored most of the comments except one. On Friday night D.M. was ceaseless in his resolve deep into Act II, Sir Simon retorted, "Get thee to a nunnery." It was done in a thick English brogue and some people laughed. "What would I give that my son Bob were here to thrash her spark, while I--ravished the rest of the family" got a moderate laugh opening night, no laugh at all Friday night, and a huge laugh on closing night. He delivered it with slightly

varied energy each night, overall the line was given with honest lust and worked very well.

The Fribble-Flash fight had equal hysterics every night. The comic climax was treated with dire seriousness by both Fribble and Flash. This is what made it comical. They approached one another with absolute fear and when the sword touched Fribble's hand, they both retreated with such speed that the audience found it quite amusing.

Overall if I had it to do over again I would have altered the director's note to read that the audience should reserve their comments to one or two, as to give everyone in the audience an opportunity to respond. I feel we replicated the ambience of the theatre of 1747, the year *Miss in Her Teens* was originally done. Most of the audience left laughing and recalling what happened. Since I was the director and dressed plainly I could walk around listening to the comments during intermission and after the show. The few that did know who I was congratulated me and my cast on a very different and wonderful experience. They felt they were a part of something and felt that they did not come to see a show, they came to be a part of an event.

If I had it to do over again, I would make the director's note more specific. I would ask that the if the audience wished to heckle; they should make their heckle loud enough for the actors to hear. Historically this would have been more accurate because back then if a Duke or commoner heckled, he or she would want everyone to know how

witty they were. The whole idea was to draw attention to yourself. Having attended each performance night and after reviewing the video of the show, many heckles could not be heard and so were not responded to. Many times a heckle was made among a circle of friends and only an isolated group would laugh. This would interrupt the performance and at the same time not contribute any fun to the event, because no one heard what was said on the stage or in the audience.

I felt I grew as an actor because I took what acting styles I learned and had to relate it to others. Even though I served in the capacity of director, I feel it is possible to grow as an actor by watching others and refining their choices. It was interesting practice and I related it to my skills as an actor. I always asked myself, how would I make a specific choice. Jason Stahr who played Captain Loveit said to me at the end, "You're an actor's director." They felt I related well to them. We treated each other with mutual respect. Since Garrick's style of directing was from an actor's perspective, I feel that in a sense, I directed as he did. His style of actor-managing however, was more tyrannical. I don't believe I did or ever would go to the extremes he did. He used to sit in the green room with the actors and read each of their roles to them. He would show them how he wanted each line spoken, and do it according to how he would speak it. I did not go that far. In a way I saw what talent I had, and how the actors made their choices. I would then try to channel their own energy

in a specific way. In this way they were extensions of my concept of how the play should work. At the same time, their creativity was not denied. It was a fascinating and communal experience between me and the actors, and I will never forget the lessons in acting they gave me as well.

**Appendix A: Works Cited**

- Bailkey, Nels M., T. Walter Wallbank, Alastair M. Taylor, George F. Jewsbury, Clyde J. Lewis, Neil J. Hackett. Civilization: Past and Present. Glenview: Scott, Foresman, and Company, 1987.
- Barton, Margaret. Garrick. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1949.
- Burnim, Kalman A. David Garrick Director. Pittsburgh: University of Pittsburgh Press, 1961.
- Grose, B. Donald, O. Franklin Kenworthy. A Mirror to Life: A History of Western Theatre. New York: Holt, Rinehart, and Winston, 1985.
- Kahrl, George M., David M. Little, ed. The Letters of David Garrick. Vol. 1. Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1963.
- Nicoll, Allardyce. A History of English Drama 1660-1900. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1961.
- Sitarz, Paula Gaj. The Curtain Rises. Vol. 2. Cincinnati: Betterway Books, 1993.
- Stavrianos, L.S. A Global History: From Prehistory to Present. 6th edition. Englewood Cliffs: Prentice Hall, 1995.
- Stein Elizabeth P. David Garrick, Dramatist. New York: Benjamin Blom, 1967.



### Appendix B: Works Consulted

- Alexander, Ryllis Clair. The Diary of David Garrick. New York: Benjamin Blom, 1971.
- Bailkey, Nels M., T. Walter Wallbank, Alastair M. Taylor, George F. Jewsbury, Clyde J. Lewis, Neil J. Hackett. Civilization Past and Present. 6th edition. Glenview: Scott, Foresman and Company, 1987.
- Barton, Margaret. Garrick. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1949.
- Burnim, Kalman A. David Garrick Director. Pittsburgh: University of Pittsburgh Press, 1961.
- Case, Arthur E., George H. Nettleton, ed. British Dramatists from Dryden to Sheridan. New York: The Riverside Press, 1939.
- Grose, B. Donald, O. Franklin Kenworthy. A Mirror to Life: A History of Western Theatre. New York: Holt, Rinehart, and Winston, 1985.
- Kahrl, George M., David M. Little, ed. The Letters of David Garrick. Vol. 1. Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1963.
- The Letters of David Garrick. Vol. 2. Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1963.
- Kuritz, Paul. The Making of Theatre History. Edgewood Cliffs: Prentice Hall, 1988.
- Moses, Montrose J. ed. British Plays from the Restoration to 1820. Boston: Little, Brown, and Company, 1929.
- Nicoll, Allardyce. A History of English Drama 1660-1900.

Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1961.

Sitarz, Paula Gaj. The Curtain Rises. Vol. 2. Cincinnati:  
Betterway Books, 1993.

Stavrianos, L.S. A Global History: From Prehistory to the  
Present. 6th edition. Englewood Cliffs: Prentice  
Hall, 1995.

Stein, Elizabeth P. David Garrick, Dramatist. New York:  
Benjamin Blom, 1967.

# Miss In Her Teens

## The Players

Mr. Richard Banden as PUFF  
 Mr. Tommy Halloran as JASPER  
 Mr. Matthew Bartlett as FLASH  
 Mr. Matt Kahler as FRIBBLE  
 Miss Carrie Roberts as MISS BIDDY  
 Mrs. Nicole Gillenardo as TAG  
 Mrs. Judi Green as AUNT  
 Mr. Jason Stahr as CAPTAIN LOVEIT  
 Mr. Drew Darrough as SIR SIMON

## Technical Crew

Director - Todd Gillenardo  
 Stage Manager - Stacy M. Snyder  
 Technical Director - Donnell Walsh  
 Producer - Bryan Reeder  
 Costume Designer - Heather Braasch  
 Wardrobe - Jamie Eorth  
 Program/Poster Design - Suki Lammers  
 Lighting Designer - Justin Clark  
 Lighting Board Operator - Phillip Hankins  
 Properties Master - Stacy M. Snyder  
 Box Office - Suki Lammers & Claire Aberatun  
 Set Construction - Steve Barbour, Tracy La Riccia,  
 Matthew Bartlett, & Richard Banden  
 Running Crew - Tricia Maniaci  
 Photographs/Lobby Display - Stacy M. Snyder

\*Act 1 scene 1 takes place outside of Miss Bidly's home.  
All other scenes take place inside of Miss Bidly's home.

\*\*There will be one 10 minute intermission between acts.

\*\*\*The refreshments served prior to the show, were served by the members of  
Alpha Sigma Alpha..

\*\*\*\*The wigs for Miss in Her Teens are provided by CHAD THEATRICAL.

### SPECIAL THANKS TO:

Bryan Reeder, Niki Juncker, Donnell Walsh, Brian Peters  
Steve Barbour, Ameriservé, Francis Lake, CHAD THEATRICAL,  
Justin Clark, Heather Braasch, & Sara Schaefer

### UPCOMING MAINSTAGE EVENTS

EQUUS by PETER SHAFFER  
Sept. 26-28 & Oct. 3-5

BLAME IT ON THE MOVIES! by FRANKLIN R. LEVY  
Oct. 17-19 & 24-26

A CHRISTMAS CAROL  
Adapted from the novel by CHARLES DICKENS  
Dec. 5-7 & 14

\* All shows start at 8:00 p.m. sharp.

\*\*Season tickets are still available! Call the Lindenwood  
Theatre Box Office for more information at:  
949-4878

## DIRECTOR'S NOTE

1747 was a time of licentiousness for the London stage. The audience was part of the rising middle-class and the performers fought for their attention. David Garrick wrote Miss in Her Teens and originally performed in it as the character Fribble. Even Mr. Garrick would shout himself hoarse over the din while performing. Theatre was a game then, and the players would return fire with nothing but their wits, causing the audience to turn on itself at times. What we are attempting this evening is a replication of the time. You as the audience are encouraged to voice your opinion throughout the performance. Feel free to heckle and chide (or applaud and praise) however you are asked to keep your comments free from profanity. Ladies and Gentlemen, enjoy the fracas and please forgive our lack of orange wenchies for this evening's play.

-Todd Gillenardo ..... Actor Manager



**MISS IN HER TEENS**

*By David Garrick*

*Directed By Todd Gillenardo*

*September 19, 20, & 21*

*In Harmon Hall at Lindenwood College*

*8.00 p.m. sharp*

*Call the Lindenwood Theatre Box Office at*

*949-4878*

*for more details!*