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CARLSON, MARTHA CASSANDRA. An Analysis of the Production of Aurand Harris's The Brave Little Tailor. (1976) Directed by: Thomas Behm. Pp. 117.

This study records the evolution of a production of Aurand Harris's The Brave Little Tailor from the initial plans to its performances and contains a critical evaluation of the author's fulfillment of her duties as director.

Chapter One describes the director's concept of the play and the designs created for her on the basis of this concept. The director states her intended approach to the interpretation of the theme, "Might does not make right."

Chapter Two consists of the prompt book for the production, including notations of blocking, and photographic illustrations.

Chapter Three is a critical evaluation of the final production, emphasizing those elements within the director's control.

AN ANALYSIS OF THE PRODUCTION OF AURAND HARRIS'S
THE BRAVE LITTLE TAILOR

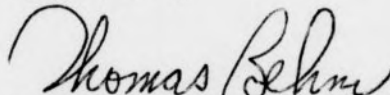
by

Martha Cassandra Carlson

A Thesis Submitted to
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Thesis Adviser

21

APPROVAL PAGE

This thesis has been approved by the following committee of the Faculty of the Graduate School at the University of North Carolina at Greensboro.

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The author gratefully acknowledges the fine work of all those connected with this production; the help of her advisory committee, especially Mr. Thomas Behm; and that special person who got her through all the rough spots of the past two years.

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To my mother, Elizabeth A. Bullock, this thesis is gratefully dedicated.

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CHAPTER I
ANALYSIS OF THE BRAVE LITTLE TAILOR
The Playwright

Aurand Harris was born in Jamesport, Missouri, on 4 July 1915. He received his A.B. degree from the University of Kansas City in 1936; his M.A. from Northwestern University three years later; and in 1947 he did graduate work in playwrighting at Columbia University. Today he is one of the most successful children's playwrights in America with twenty-one published plays to his credit. He also has been at various times an actor, director, designer, and teacher of theatre and creative dramatics. However, his future reputation will rest upon his children's plays, such as the well-loved Androcles and the Lion. Harris has received several playwriting awards, including the prestigious first Chorpenning Cup, awarded by the National Educational Theatre Association in 1967 for excellence in playwriting for children.¹

Harris' theatrical interests were manifested early in his life. While in high school, he was judged the best actor and orator in Missouri, and as a sophomore in college, he wrote his first produced play. His first

¹Nellie McCaslin, ed., Children and Drama. Introduction to "Plees Make More," by Aurand Harris (New York: David McKay Company, Inc., 1975), p. 181.

children's play was written while he was the Head of the Drama Department at William Woods College. The play was awarded a prize in the Seattle Junior Programs Playwriting Contest. The award encouraged Harris to continue writing plays for children.²

Concerning his motivation to write for children, Harris says: "Some would say that like Peter Pan I have never grown up."³ He likes what children like in theatre. He is also attracted by the wide variety of material, types, and styles offered by children's plays.⁴

Perhaps it is his thirty-five years of working with children that has kept Harris child-like. His plays show a true understanding of and respect for the child, inviting him or her along as a fellow traveller on a journey to the mystical magical world of the theatre.

Harris prefers to use already established material as inspiration for his plays. In an article on playwriting, he describes his adaptations as: (1) "dramatizations"--plays that keep faithfully to the text of the original with any divergence being merely that required by the changing of the form of the material from the narrative to the dramatic, and (2) "suggested by" plays--

²Thomas Behm, Questionnaire Sent to Eleven Playwrights in Autumn, 1973, p. 2.

³Ibid., p. 1. ⁴Ibid.

plays which are based on other material to the extent that the original serves as an impetus for ideas leading to a play. In this type of adaptation, the author changes the form and structure, retaining the intent, ideas, and some plot elements of the original, but taking as much leeway as he feels necessary--considerably more than that taken for a "dramatization."⁵

In adapting The Brave Little Tailor for the stage, Harris has used the original source as an inspiration, but has allowed the play to diverge from the Grimm fairy tale enough to justify classifying it as a "suggested by" play.

The Play

The Brave Little Tailor is based on one of the old German folk tales published by the Brothers Grimm in their Household Tales of which the first edition appeared in 1812. The Household Tales was not the original work of the Grimms; rather they were the careful recording of an ancient oral tradition by the two brothers who loved their country and wanted to explore and preserve its past. Germany's folkloric tradition was rapidly vanishing with the imposition of foreign cultures and the slow encroachment of the more "advanced" western European cultures. Fortunately, the Grimm Brothers were born early enough to preserve these stories; if they had come into adulthood a few decades

later, the wonderland of the German oral tales might have been lost forever.

Jacob Grimm, to a greater extent than his brother, Wilhelm, was a philologist. The tales were interesting to him in that light. He hoped to study them, their variations, and their dissemination in the hope of finding the way back to their common ancient roots. His interests required transcription of the tales exactly as told.

Wilhelm slowly added his own touches to the fairy tales. Through subsequent editions of the Household Tales, the tales began to evolve and take on a new form. They were transformed from tales to be told to tales to be read.⁶ Jacob lost interest in the tales as they evolved, but his work in discovering and codifying the characteristic features of the genre is as important to this study as is Wilhelm's in making them more readable. Jacob discovered that the true fairy tales are: (1) "type" (stereotypical) characters; (2) repetitious and formulaic language; (3) tripartate plots (three tasks or adventures); (4) action divorced from time and place; (5) symbolic action that may be interpreted on many levels; and (6) moral didacticism.⁷

Aurand Harris has given the old tale yet another form. Just as Wilhelm Grimm adapted from a tale to be

⁶Ruth Michalis-Jena, The Brother Grimm (New York: Praeger Publishers, Inc., 1970), p. 4.

⁷Murray B. Peppard, Paths Through the Forest (New York, 1971), p. 63.

told to a tale to be read, Harris has adapted from a tale to be read, a tale to be produced in the theatre. He has retained the essence of the tale--the major characters, the conflict, the major action, and the message--and trimmed away the irrelevancies that would detract from a dramatically tight performance.

Harris chooses a later point of attack than Grimm employed, which is a more dramatically sound practice. In the tale, the action begins before the Tailor sets out on his adventures. Harris has the Tailor already wandering and incorporates the fly-swatting sequence into the action in the Queens' castle. The actions leading up to the Tailor's defeat of the Giants are taken from the story and rearranged slightly. Harris has deleted an anti-climatic sequence in which the Tailor, married to a rather unwilling princess, must outwit some murderers set upon him by his wife.⁸ The heart of the tale, the moral, remains unaltered. "Might is not Right" is clearly exemplified by Harris's adaptation.

The fairy tale origin pervasively influences the play. It begins with the Tailor arriving on the scene. A castle, with only two silly Queens and a practical Maid inside, is being terrorized by a Giant. The rest of the inhabitants of the land have fled. The Tailor promises to

⁸Margaret Hunt, *Grimms' Fairy Tales*, trans. Revised by James Stern. In "The Valiant Little Tailor." (New York: Pantheon Books, Inc.); p. 113.

save them and, despite his rather puny physique, is convincing enough to be begrudgingly admitted by the Maid. Shortly after he is presented to the twin Queens, the Giant arrives. The Tailor defeats the Giant at contests of strength by using his wits to make the Giant believe he has been outmatched. The Giant stomps off in frustration and threatens to bring his bigger, stronger Brother Giant tomorrow.

In the second act, the Giant returns in the early morning with Brother Giant. They plot to surprise the sleeping Tailor, put him in a sack, and do away with him by throwing him over a cliff. Day breaks before the Giant can make his dim-witted Brother Giant understand the plan, so instead they disguise themselves as the Queens, thereby hoping to catch the Tailor when he is off his guard. The Tailor sees through their comic disguise, but he is eventually stuffed into the sack and carried away.

The final act begins with the Giants stopping in the forest for a rest and some lunch. While they are foraging for food, the Tailor cuts his way out of the sack. He meets the Maid, who is searching for him. The Giants return and throw the sack over the cliff, believing the Tailor is still in it. The Giants return to find the Tailor's ghost (the Tailor and Maid in sheets) risen to haunt them. In fear and guilt, the Giants turn on each other and destroy themselves. The land is freed and the Tailor goes on in search of more adventure.

The text of the play is riddled with repetitious phrases and words. Harris uses this characteristic of the fairy tale to good effect, intensifying ideas in the script. For example, the Tailor repeats the exclamation "Ah!" each time he has an idea. This is echoed by an "idea bell," a sound effect that emphasizes the contrasting methods of the Giants, one of whom repeats the phrase, "I'm going to hit him," several times.

The Tailor confronts and outwits the Giants three times, allowing a psychological build to the climax of their final defeat. The tripartate plot is used well by Harris within the dramatic form.

Directing Approach

The advantage that fairy tales are usually set in no specific time or place frees the production in two ways: First, the design need not be restricted to any realities but those prescribed by the action. The setting, costumes, properties, lighting, and sound need conform only to the play's idea and emotional mood. Second, the actors need not be restricted by the considerations of realistic presentation. The manners of a particular period are irrelevant to a fairy tale since its material is timeless. The tale can be set in as fantastic a place as the imagination can create.

The Brave Little Tailor is morally didactic. The director believes that all children's plays should have

something of value to offer the child in addition to an hour of so of entertainment. It is the director's task to see to it that the message is conveyed clearly in an artistically and emotionally satisfying way. To this end, certain decisions must be made prior to beginning work on the more concrete aspects of the play (i.e., rehearsal and design) in order to achieve a well synthesized production in keeping with the director's interpretation. Three preparatory decisions were made. First, it was decided not to limit the production to one style or time period other than what might generally be termed "fantasy." Second, to insure that costumes and setting might be harmonious, a general preference for a Gothic "flavoring" was expressed. The colors used were to be those found in nature: for the low characters, forest and earth colors, and for the Queens, jewel tones--the purple of mountains and blue of the sky. Third, it was also decided to put the production on tour after its initial week of performances at Taylor Theatre at the University of North Carolina at Greensboro.

The following areas were considered by the director in order to give some beginning directions to those involved in the production. Without the additive creative energies of designers, actors, and technicians, the play would remain but a flat thing, finding expression only in the director's mind.

The Characters

The Tailor is the heart and soul of the play. Although he is a "type," he must be fleshed out by the actor. The attributes of his type must be made the actor's own. He is honest, warm, humane, and ingenious. His ingenuity is his most important characteristic, it must stand in contrast to the Giants' dependence on physical prowess. The Tailor must be played with sincerity, energy, and warmth. It is essential that the children like and identify with the Tailor or the play as a teaching device will be ineffective.

The Maid is a character not found in the fairy tale. She plays all of the characters of little importance. Harris cleverly has her do so by making her the only remaining servant. She must take all of the absent servants' places. She will appear energetic, if a little overworked. She is a loyal, honest helper to the sympathetic characters. A joke can be made of her frantic attempts to fill the roles and be everyone and everywhere at once. She must be played with sincerity and warmth. She introduces the play and will set its mood and rhythm. She is more level-headed than the Queens and much more able to help the Tailor. Hopefully, she will be the character with whom the female members of the audience will identify, rather than with the helpless Queens.

The Queens are the least developed characters. Their function is to symbolize injured innocence. Harris describes them as "sweet, feminine, pixilated ladies." They speak as if they have one mind between them. Their personalities are totally indistinguishable one from the other. They are, indeed, "pixilated" and unable to cope with reality. When the Giants approach, the Queens deny the Giants' existence, and when they can no longer hide from the fact that Giants do exist, they secret themselves where they can observe the goings-on, thus assuming a passive role. When the Tailor is captured, however, they raise themselves to a pathetic attempt at defiance, showing them to be not without some slight mettle.

Giant is a brutish, barbaric, stupid creature. His primary motivation is selfishness. He depends on physical prowess to get his way. As a result, his intelligence is somewhat atrophied. He is slightly more intelligent than Brother Giant.

Brother Giant is larger and fiercer than Giant. Giant tries at one point to match his wits with the Tailor, but Brother Giant's solution to problems remains throughout, "I'm gonna hit him!" The difference between the two Giants is interesting and important. If the Giant did not try to outwit the Tailor, the Tailor's own trickery would show him to be dishonest. The Giants are, for all their other negative qualities, brutally straight-forward.

With both the Giant and the Tailor involved in clever trickery, the Tailor's success becomes a vindication of his motives rather than his methods.

The Giants must be physically impressive. Their movements should reflect their slow minds. Their type will be recognized by the children as the playground bully.

The Setting

The script requires three different locales: a palace gate, a throne room, and the Giants' forest. Changes among the locales must be easily effected by the cast members and technician alone, as no more can be sent on tour following the preliminary run. Within this limitation, the director wishes the set to reflect the "long ago and far away" quality of the script. Palaces with queens in them are not too common a feature of today's landscape; nor does one often meet a giant while out on a stroll. The medieval period was chosen as most conducive to the romantic, other-world quality of the Tailor's adventure. Then forests were deep and dark, giants cruel, and the world wide enough to contain such wonders. Because of the problems created by touring, the set pieces must be suggestive rather than complete representations.

According to Harris's script, in the third act the Queens are hoisted aloft on bell ropes, see-saw fashion.

Most theatres do not have adequate facilities to fly actors aloft safely, so the sequence will be replaced with a joyous dance of liberation.

In creating the locations, the designer must, then, choose among qualities to reach the essential mood and meaning of each locale. The gates must be defensive, the throne room suggestive of femininity and sanctuary, and the forest a place of unreal, supernatural evil. They must all be places in which giants, silly queens, and wandering tailors can believably live.

The Lighting

The lighting must be simple; the company can carry only twelve instruments with it on its tour. Mood can be suggested by intensity. The script requires only two special lighting effects--a blackout lasting a few seconds and a sunrise. The palace is well lit, the night scene may need some suggestion of moonlight, and the forest is dark and shadowy.

The Music

Harris does away with considerations of historical accuracy and good sense in deference to fun. Following his lead, no attempt will be made to use music from the medieval period. Instead, music that captures the emotional qualities of the action, no matter when composed, will be used. Quick, lively music will expedite scene changes.

The music for the Giants' dance with the Tailor has contrasting qualities expressive of the dancers and the business required by the script. Original music will be composed for the Giants' song as there is none furnished with the script.

The Properties

The props need not copy the real-life articles they represent. Many of the props are anachronistic when placed in a medieval setting. Harris has again sacrificed historical accuracy for the sake of theatrical effect. The props will be larger and brighter than life. A special effect called for in the script will have to be altered for touring considerations: the Tailor is to throw a bird straight up into the fly loft and watch it fly away straight up into the air. However, this effect is impossible to tour; instead, he will throw the bird offstage and the actors will watch it circle and fly away.

The Costumes

The character types will be easily reflected by the careful heightening of each type's physical attributes through costume design. Fairy tale royalty is stereotypically dressed in medieval garb. Harris specifies that the Queens are to be dressed identically. The director of this production has chosen to dress them in different

colored dresses of identical cut and detail. The child audience relies heavily on costumes for character differentiation. The Giants disguise themselves as the Queens. To avoid confusion on the children's part, the Queens are dressed differently so the Giants, in disguise, can be told apart. The difference in the giants' approach to the problem of the Tailor is important to the meaning of the play, so it is better that the children not confuse them. When Giant finally resorts to Brother Giant's violent methods, they destroy each other. This occurs in the third act. The script calls for the Giants to remove their dresses in the second act immediately before they capture the Tailor. The problems of scene changing and striking the props after each scene make it advisable for the Giants to remain in their dresses until the end of the play; thus, to clarify the message of the play, this liberty will be taken.

The Giants' clothing is to reflect the mountains and forests from which they sprang. Browns of the soil, reds, gold, and greens will express their heritage. They must be dirty, rough, and most of all--TALL. An adaptation of the ancient Greek "cothoroi" can be used to give added height.

The Maid must play five different roles. The script calls for her to wear a basic smock which can be removed to reveal a herald's tunic or be covered with the maid's,

musician's, cook's, or guard's costumes. Financial considerations as well as the demands made on the actress on tour, dictate a simplification of this concept. Consequently, it has been decided to let a change of hats signify her different roles. She will also wear the musician's hat for the part of the herald. Her costume should be of bright earth tones in accordance with her bright, practical nature.

The Tailor is a foreigner. His clothing should be a different cut than those native to the land. It should reflect his craft. It is most important that he look physically ridiculous and small beside the Giants.

Justification of the Script

Harris's The Brave Little Tailor has humor, action, color, a good, fast pace, and a message to give it substance. Unquestionably, pure entertainment sells tickets, but we owe more to children than a meaningless passage from childhood to adulthood. Adulthood should be founded on wisdom. A production for children should have some insight, some knowledge to give to the children. The secret is combining entertainment and meaning. As one candy coats the vitamin pill so that the child will not reject it solely on the basis of its acrid taste, so must the play be attractively presented--a "candy coating" on the nourishment within. The sensual pleasures of a play are food for the eye and the ear. The moral is to be

carried away as food for the soul to be consumed slowly, giving strength and energy to the whole mind. The Brave Little Tailor is like that pill. It has all that will delight the senses of a child while strengthening his soul.

THE

THEY WERE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT WHEN THE KING'S DAUGHTER WAS WAKING UP TO GO TO HER ROOM. SHE WAS ALONE IN THE PALACE AND SHE WAS AFRAID TO GO TO HER ROOM ALONE. SHE WAS AFRAID TO GO TO HER ROOM ALONE. SHE WAS AFRAID TO GO TO HER ROOM ALONE.

AND

THEY WERE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT WHEN THE KING'S DAUGHTER WAS WAKING UP TO GO TO HER ROOM. SHE WAS ALONE IN THE PALACE AND SHE WAS AFRAID TO GO TO HER ROOM ALONE. SHE WAS AFRAID TO GO TO HER ROOM ALONE.

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CHAPTER II
PROMPT BOOK FOR
THE BRAVE LITTLE TAILOR

Act I

(THE STAGE IS DIMLY LIT AS AUDIENCE ENTERS. TWO MINUTES PREVIOUS TO CURTAIN TIME, MUSIC BEGINS. STAGE IS SET WITH THE REVOLVING DOORS IN POSITION A, REPRESENTING A GATE FLANKED BY TWO GUARD HOUSES [SEE FIGURE 1].

(MAID ENTERS THROUGH GUARDHOUSE DOOR AT LEFT. SHE STANDS IN A SPOT OF LIGHT AND READS FROM A LARGE BOOK, ON THE COVER OF WHICH IS PRINTED IN LARGE LETTERS "GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES." MUSIC FADES DOWN.)

MAID

"Once there was a little tailor who traveled from place to place sewing buttons, mending coats, and making hats. He was small, but--oh, he was very brave"

(TO AUDIENCE)

I know! Because--one day there was a knock at the palace gate--and there he stood--the brave little tailor.

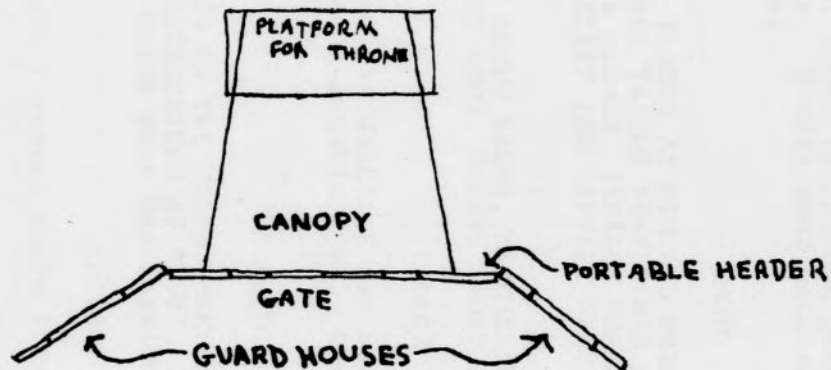
(MUSIC FADES BACK UP. LIGHTS COME UP. HOUSELIGHTS DOWN. TAILOR ENTERS THROUGH REAR DOOR OF AUDITORIUM, CROSSES UP TO STAGE LEFT, ENTERS DOWN RIGHT, CROSSES CENTER, SEES PALACE GATE. MUSIC STOPS. KNOCKS THREE TIMES, TURNS AWAY TO STRAIGHTEN UP--DOOR KNOCKS BACK THREE TIMES. REPEAT.)

TAILOR

Ah. (IDEA BELL RINGS SIMULTANEOUSLY WITH LINE. HE BEAMS. HE CALLS). Hello.

(THE DOOR OF A LARGE UPPER LEFT PEEP-HOLE IN THE GATE OPENS, AND THE MAID, WHO HAS WALKED BEHIND THE UNIT, PUTS HER HEAD OUT. TAILOR SEES HER AND CROSSES TO PEEP-HOLE TO SPEAK TO HER.) Good day to you. (MAID QUICKLY SHUTS THE PEEP-DOOR ON HIS NOSE. HE HOLLERS.) I am a tailor. I come to serve you.

(HEAVY FOOTSTEPS ARE HEARD MARCHING, MAID ENTERS THROUGH LEFT GUARDHOUSE DOOR.)



TREE

TREE

TREE

TREE

Position A

Figure 1

MAID

Halt! Who goes there? (POINTS SWORD AT TAILOR.)

TAILOR

(TAILOR BOWS, LOOKS UP, PUSHES SWORD AWAY FROM HIS FACE.)
I am a tailor. I will mend your coat, sew on a button,
make you a hat.

MAID

You are not--(LOOKS AT HIM AND WHISPERS LOUDLY)--a giant?
(THE VERY SMALL TAILOR SHAKES HIS HEAD.) You will not
grow to be--a giant? (TAILOR SHAKES HIS HEAD. MAID SMILES
WITH GREAT RELIEF AND HAPPILY SHOUTS.) About face! Company
march!

(MAID ABOUT FACES, MARCHES LEFT GUARDHOUSE DOOR.
REENTERS RIGHT DOOR, POINTS SWORD AT TAILOR.)

TAILOR

(PUTS DOWN SACK.) Wait! I can sew the Queen a royal
ruffle, the King a noble robe. Open up the gates! (BACKS
UP INTO SWORD.)

MAID

(STILL DRESSED AS THE GUARD, MARCHES IN THROUGH CURTAIN
BACKING OF WEATHERSTOOP AT RIGHT.) Attention! State your
occupation. State your destination!

TAILOR

I am a tailor! I travel where I am needed.

MAID

Have you seen--(LOOKS AT HIM AND WHISPERS LOUDLY)--a giant?
(HE SHAKES HIS HEAD.) Have you heard--a giant? (HE SHAKES
HIS HEAD. MAID SMILES WITH GREAT RELIEF AND SHOUTS HAP-
PILY.) Hurray! Company retreat! (MAID TURNS, EXITS UPPER
RIGHT GUARDHOUSE DOOR.)

TAILOR

(CROSSES TO RIGHT DOOR.) Wait. I have come to serve--to
sew for all the royal court.

MAID

(HER HEAD, WITHOUT GUARD HAT, SUDDENLY APPEARS THROUGH THE PEEP-DOOR.) There is no royal court.

TAILOR

(CROSS TO RIGHT DOOR.) I will be a tailor to the King.

MAID

There is no King.

TAILOR

No court? No King? Who rules the castle?

MAID

Two maiden Queens.

TAILOR

Two Queens?

MAID

(NODS.) Twins! (MAID CLOSSES PEEP-HOLE, DISAPPEARS.)

TAILOR

Open the gates. I will sew twin robes for the royal Queens.

MAID

(MAID ENTERS THROUGH LEFT, CROSSES RIGHT. LOUD MARCHING IS HEARD, MAID IS DRESSED AS GUARD.) I guard the castle . . . protect the Queens . . . by day . . . by night . . . left, right . . . (EXITS RIGHT.)

TAILOR

Protect? Are they in danger? Two Queens--inside--in distress.

MAID

(ENTERS GUARD HOUSE LEFT.) I guard the castle . . . by night . . . by day . . . left . . . right . . . (GESTURES WITH SWORD. MAID PIVOTS TO TAILOR, FACING HIM BACKWARD RIGHT.) Bewarned! Be gone! Away! (CONTINUES MARCHING.)

(MAID EXITS THROUGH LEFT DOOR.)

TAILOR

(LOOKS TO LEFT AND TO RIGHT, AND MAKES A DISCOVERY.)
 One guard-- (CROSS LEFT) two guards (CROSS RIGHT)--but they
 look the same--they speak the same--they are the same per-
 son!

MAID

(THROUGH LEFT PEEP-HOLE.) All the guards have gone.
 Everyone has fled! All are afraid--of the giant. (CLOSES
 PEEP-DOOR.)

TAILOR

Wait! Three alike! Two guards--the Maid--are all the
 same!

MAID

(APPEARS IN PEEP-DOOR.) You are right. I am the guards,
 the Maid, the cook, the musicians. I am the ringer of the
 bells and the washer of the dishes. I am the only one
 left to serve the Queens. You must go, too--before the
 giant comes.

TAILOR

Giant?

MAID

There is danger here.

TAILOR

There are helpless people here. Two Queens and a Maid
 frightened of a giant. Open the gate. Call your Queens.
 Announce--proclaim: I have come to help them. (VERY
 HIGH AND BRAVE.)

MAID

How can you help? You are small and the giant is--
 enormous! (TAILOR WILTS.)

TAILOR

A little beaver with sharp teeth can fell the largest tree.

MAID

You are weak. The giant is strong!

TAILOR

A little mouse with a tiny squeak can chase away an elephant.

MAID

He will slay you with one blow.

TAILOR

There are more ways than one to fight a giant. (CROSS DOWN RIGHT.) Strength and bigness do not always make a victory. Open the gates. Bravery comes in all sizes. (BIG AND BRAVE AGAIN.)

MAID

You will save the Queens--(MAID CLOSSES PEEP-HOLE, RE-OPENS IT.) And me?

TAILOR

I will try.

MAID

Oh, open the gates! (TRUMPET FANFARE.) Come in! Come in! Make way--make way for the little--for the brave little--Mr. Tailor. (MAID PUSHES LEFT DOOR DOWN LEFT OUT, MOTIONS TAILOR TO DO THE SAME WITH OTHER DOOR. DOORS SWING OUTWARD TO REVEAL THE THRONE ROOM [FIGURE 2]. QUEEN ENTERS FROM REAR OF HOUSE. OHLALIA ENTERS RIGHT, EULALIA ENTERS LEFT. CROSS DOWN CENTER, BUMP INTO EACH OTHER. CROSS UP CENTER TO THRONES, SIT. MUSIC STOPS.)

MAID

Hear ye! Hear ye! A visitor, a friend, attends the Court. Her royal majesty--Queen Eulalia. (EULALIA SPREADS HER FAN AND NODS.)

TAILOR

(CROSS LEFT, DOWN OF EULALIA.) Your highness. (HE BOWS LOW.)

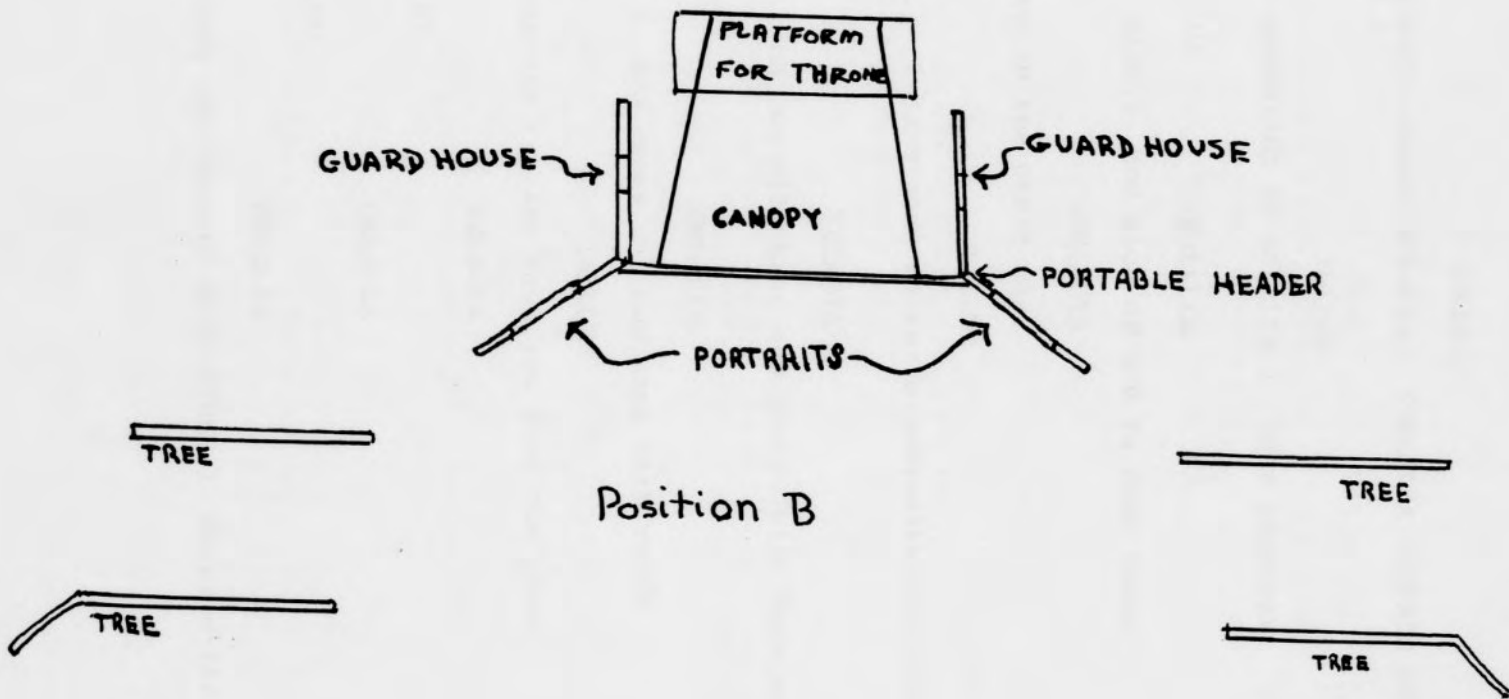


Figure 2

MAID

Her royal majesty--Queen Ohlalia. (OHLALIA SPREADS HER
FAN AND NODS.)

TAILOR

(CROSS RIGHT DOWNSTAGE OF OHLALIA.) Your highness. (HE
BOWS LOW.)

EULALIA

(BOTH QUEENS RISE.) How nice of you to come today.

OHLALIA

Most travelers go the other way.

TAILOR

(CROSS RIGHT.) I have come to serve you--with my needle
and my thimble.

EULALIA

(TURNS LEFT.) Oh, we will have new gowns--with lace and
tuffs!--

OHLALIA

(TURNS RIGHT.) New capes and new caps with ruffs.!

TAILOR

And I have come--to try--to save you from the giant.

EULALIA

Oh! (TERRIFIED)

OHLALIA

No! (TERRIFIED)

EULALIA

(BOTH QUEENS GASP AND EMBRACE EACH OTHER.) He said the
word!

OHLALIA

I heard!

EULALIA

My smelling salts! (SINKS INTO CHAIR.)

OHLALIA

My fan! (SINKS INTO CHAIR.)

TAILOR

I said--what word? (SURPRISED.)

MAID

(CROSS RIGHT TO LEFT OF TAILOR.) Hear ye! (LOUDLY IN TAILOR'S EAR.) It has been decreed: in the presence of the two royal Queens, no one is allowed to speak aloud--the word--(SPELLS.) G-I-A-N-T.

TAILOR

But if there is a gi--(MAID BLOWS HORN INTO TAILOR'S EAR.) If you fear the gi-- (AGAIN MAID BLOWS THE HORN. (TAILOR CROSSES LEFT.) You must know there is more than one way to fight the giant! (LOUD HORN SOUNDS.)

EULALIA

(RISES.) We will pretend (CROSS DOWN.) he never spoke the word. (PANIC.)

OHLALIA

(RISES.) We will pretend (CROSS DOWN.) we never heard.

(MAID EXITS.)

EULALIA

We will speak of the weather. Do you prefer cold or hot?

OHLALIA

Do you think it will rain or not?

TAILOR

Your royal highnesses. (CROSS BETWEEN QUEENS.) If I may say, not to call a fear by its name will not make that fear disappear.

OHLALIA

(IGNORING REALITY, CALLS MUSICALLY.) Tea (CROSS RIGHT.)
I will ring for tea.

EULALIA

Tea--for three (CROSS RIGHT.)

MAID

(DRESSED AS MAID, ENTERS LEFT, PUSHING A TEA WAGON.) Yes,
you Majesties. (CROSS LEFT.) There is only water and one
piece of bread.

EULALIA

Oh dear, and company, too.

OHLALIA

Whatever will we do?

TAILOR

Ah! (HOLDS UP A FINGER, BEAMS WITH AN IDEA, AND A BELL
RINGS.) If I may suggest . . . in my bag I have a skin of
cheese. If your Majesties will share my humble food--
(CROSS TO TEA CART, SET BAG DOWN.)

EULALIA

(DELIGHTED.) Cheese! I am very fond of it.

OHLALIA

Oh, if you please! A dainty piece of it!

TAILOR

See, the milk still drips from the whey. (HOLDS UP SKIN
AND MILK DRIPS FROM IT.)

EULALIA

We will have a party!

OHLALIA

Like it used to be!

EULALIA

Music!

OHLALIA

Call the fiddlers three!

MAID

There is only one--just me. (EXITS OFF LEFT.)

TAILOR

Ah! (THE BELL RINGS AGAIN, AND TAILOR BEAMS.) If I may suggest . . . in my bag I have a music maker. If you will share my humble singer with me-- (TAKES BIRD IN CAGE FROM BAG.)

EULALIA

A bird! How sweet. (CROSS LEFT TO TAILOR.)

OHLALIA

(COOS TO BIRD.) Tweet! Tweet-tweet! (CROSS LEFT TO TAILOR.)

TAILOR

His wing was broken, but it is mended now. Today I will set him free. (TAILOR CROSSES RIGHT, SETS CAGE ON FLOOR.) Come little friend, sing for us a merry song, for our royal tea of bread and cheese. (BIRD TRILLS SWEETLY, THEN FIDDLE MUSIC IS HEARD AS MAID ENTERS LEFT, PLAYING A FIDDLE COMICALLY. SHE IS WEARING A MUSICIAN'S SHIRT.)

EULALIA

Hark! A lark and a fiddler with a bow.

OHLALIA

Music for a dancing toe. (QUEENS SWAY WITH MUSIC.)

EULALIA

Shall we? Have you forgot?

OHLALIA

Shall we? One gavotte? (BEGINS TO DANCE, DAINTILY, BUT

COMICALLY.)

EULALIA

Toe . . . two . . . three . . .

OHLALIA

(BOWING TO EACH OTHER.) Oh! After you.

EULALIA

No! After me. (THEY DANCE.)

(WHEN DANCE IS OVER, FLY BUZZING IS HEARD. TAILOR RUNS HORRIFIED LEFT TO TEA CART.)

TAILOR

A fly! A fly is eating the cheese.

EULALIA

By royal decree! No fly shall intrude on our food.

TAILOR

Now there are two . . . three . . . four!

OHLALIA

Inform them they have lighted where they are not invited.
(SHE SMILES.)

TAILOR

Five . . . six . . . seven! I will save the cheese!
(PICKS UP FLY SWATTER.)

(QUEENS TURN AWAY.)

EULALIA

Sister, quick! Cover each ear! (COVER EARS.)

OHLALIA

And close your eyes, my dear. (COVER EYES.)

TAILOR

Ready . . . aim . . . swat! (SMACK THE CHEESE.) Seven . . .

seven flies at a blow! (AMAZED.)

(QUEENS TURN BACK TO HIM.)

OHLALIA

How brave. You saved our tea.

EULALIA

He must be knighted. By you or by me.

OHLALIA

(TAKES RING.) I. With this ring--kneel please--(TAILOR KNEELS.) I do knight thee--Protector of the Cheese. (PUTS RING ON TAILOR. GIANT'S MUSIC BEGINS.) Did you hear? (GRASPING EULALIA.)

EULALIA

And very near! (EMBRACING OHLALIA.)

(ANOTHER RUMBLE IS HEARD OFF RIGHT. QUEENS JUMP.)

TAILOR

I hear a rumble like thunder in the distance. (STAND, CROSS RIGHT.)

EULALIA

(TRYING TO IGNORE THE WARNING SOUND.) Please start the music! We will dance another round.

OHLALIA

Music! So we will not hear that dreadful sound! (GIANT'S MUSIC BEGINS.) Eulalia!

EULALIA

Ohlalia! (THEY EMBRACE EACH OTHER, FRIGHTENED.)

TAILOR

What is it, you Majesties?

EULALIA

(DESPERATELY PRETENDING NOT TO HEAR.) I will pour the tea. (CROSS LEFT TO TEA CART.)

OHLALIA

A squeeze of lemon, dear, for me! (CROSS LEFT.)

(MUSIC.)

TAILOR

It sounds like--heavy footsteps--stepping closer.

EULALIA

Games! We'll play croquet!

OHLALIA

Or dress for chess!

TAILOR

(BEAMS WITH AN IDEA. BELL RINGS.) Ah! If I may suggest . . . in my bag I have a telescope. With your permission I will look and see WHAT is approaching. (CROSS LEFT TO BAG. TAKES TELESCOPE FROM BAG AND LOOKS OFF RIGHT, CROSS RIGHT.)

OHLALIA

(CROSS UP CENTER RIGHT.) We know. We must go!

EULALIA

(CROSS UP CENTER LEFT.) Quick, to our secret place. Behind the portrait's face.

(QUEENS START OUT UP CENTER DOORS.)

OHLALIA

I shall press the secret slide.

EULALIA

Quick! We will hide--inside.

TAILOR

(LOOKING OFF RIGHT, STARTING AT FLOOR LEVEL, THEN LOOKING UP, UP, UP . . .) I see two big feet (QUEEN'S TURN BACK, FASCINATED.) . . . two big legs . . . two big arms . . . I see . . . your Majesties . . . it is . . . I must speak the word . . . (QUEEN PUTS FINGERS IN EARS.) It is . . .

the giant! (WITH A LOUD "OH" AND "NO," BOTH QUEENS SWOON. MAID, BETWEEN THEM, HOLDS ONE IN EACH ARM. GIANT'S MUSIC CUTS.)

MAID

Help! Water! Quick, the royal smelling salts!

TAILOR

(CROSSES LEFT, TAKES BOTTLE OF SMELLING SALTS FROM TEA-WAGON AND QUICKLY HOLDS IT UNDER ONE QUEEN'S NOSE, THEN UNDER THE OTHER.) Your Majesty . . . your highness. . . (TAILOR AND MAID RUN FROM ONE QUEEN TO THE OTHER, LEFT, RIGHT, LEFT RIGHT, PROP QUEENS BACK TO BACK.) Queen Eulalia . . . Queen Ohlalia . . . have no fear. I am here. I will protect you. I will save you. [SEE FIGURE 3].

EULALIA

Protect us . . . oh . . . if you would. (TURN RIGHT TO TAILOR.)

OHLALIA

Save us . . . oh . . . if you could. (TURN RIGHT TO TAILOR.)

TAILOR

Hear ye! Hear ye! I will try!

MAID

He is a giant. He will slay you with one blow.

TAILOR

I have slain seven at a blow! (BELL RINGS. TAILOR BEAMS WITH AN IDEA.) Ah! Seven!

MAID

Seven flies!

TAILOR

But the giant will never know. (CROSS DOWN RIGHT.) I have a plan! And if it works, you will be free!



Figure 3

MAID

And if it doesn't?

TAILOR

Goodby to me. (LOUDRUMBLE OFF RIGHT.) Hide! Hide in your secret places. Conceal yourself--and you shall see--a tall tree fall, an elephant run--a giant banished from the land. (CROSS UPPER LEFT TO RIGHT OF QUEENS.) This is the day for the little beaver with sharp teeth, for the little mouse with a tiny squeak, and for the little Tailor who killed seven at a blow!

OHLALIA

(EMBRACING EULALIA.) Oh, Eulalia.

EULALIA

Oh, Ohlalia.

TAILOR

Shoo--shoo! Skidoo!

(QUEENS JUMP AND SCURRY AWAY TO BEHIND PORTRAITS, EULALIAH UPPER LEFT, OHLALIA UPPER RIGHT. MAID CROSSES RIGHT, LOOKS OFF RIGHT THROUGH THE TELESCOPE. TAILOR CROSSES LEFT TO BAG, TAKES OFF HIS CAPE, SITS ON FLOOR, TAKES NEEDLE AND CLOTH FROM BAG, SEWS.)

MAID

He is at the river. He is across the river. How will you win against a giant? (FEARFULLY.)

TAILOR

To begin . . . I will use my needle and my thread. (BENDS DOWN, RUMMAGES THROUGH PACK.)

MAID

And then?

TAILOR

Courage . . . and my head! (BRAVELY. BELL RINGS, HE SMILES WITH AN IDEA AND HOLDS UP CLOTH, THEN SEWS RAPIDLY.)

OHLALIA

(QUEENS REMOVE THE PAINTED FACES ON THE PORTRAITS AND PUSH THEIR FACES THROUGH.) Sister Eulalia . . .

EULALIA

Sister Ohlalia . . .

OHLALIA

Are you there? Do not despair.

EULALIA

I am here. Courage dear.

(GIANT'S MUSIC BEGINS. LOUD AND CLOSE RUMBLES ARE HEARD OFF RIGHT. QUEENS CLOSE THEIR PEEPHOLES.)

MAID

He is at the wall!

EULALIA

(OPENS PEEPHOLE.) Oh, beware. (CLOSES PEEPHOLE.)

OHLALIA

(OPENS PEEPHOLE.) Do take care. (CLOSES PEEPHOLE.)

MAID

He is at the gate! He is here.

TAILOR

(SEWING RAPIDLY.) Announce--announce him to the court.

MAID

(KNEES SHAKING VIOLENTLY, VOICE QUIVERING, EDGING LEFT.)
Fear ye . . . fear ye . . . a giant is at court. (RUNS LEFT
TO HIDE BEHIND TEA CART. WITH LOUD FOOTSTEPS, THE GIANT
THUNDERS IN AT RIGHT. HE IS LARGE AND SWINGS A CLUB.
GIANT DIRECTS MONOLOGUE TO AUDIENCE.)

GIANT

A giant is here! Shake and tremble and serve your Master!

GIANT

(CROSS IN.) Over two mountains I have stepped, through ice, through snow. Across three rivers I have splashed--with water up to here. And down a waterfall I have slid! (CROSSES UP TO THRONES, SITS BETWEEN THEM ON THEIR ARMS.) Ho, servants! Slaves! Food! Fetch food for a giant! Cook! Cook!

MAID

(PEEKS UP FROM BEHIND TEACART.) Yes . . . yes.

GIANT

You! (HE POINTS AT MAID, WHO QUICKLY DISAPPEARS BEHIND TEACART AGAIN.) Call the cook! The cook! (MAID CURTSEYS LOW AND HURRIES OFF LEFT, BACKWARDS, BOWING TO GIANT.) I will eat six young sheep--wool, tails, and all.

TAILOR

(STILL SEWING.) Indigestion by tonight.

GIANT

I will eat a calf and five fat hens--cackle, eggs, and all.

TAILOR

Heartburn tomorrow.

GIANT

I will eat a dozen frogs--croaks, and legs, and all.

TAILOR

Stomachache for a week!

GIANT

Cook! Cook! A giant calls!

MAID

(RUNS IN AT LEFT, WITH COOK HAT ON.) Yes, your giantness. (CROSS RIGHT TO GIANT, KNEELS.)

GIANT

(GRABS MAID BY THROAT.) Where is the food? Food! I am--
HUNGRY! (THROWS HER DOWN.)

MAID

Yes, your hungriness. (STARTS LEFT.)

GIANT

Music! (MAID STOPS. CROSSES BACK TO GIANT.) I will have
music while I eat. Drums that beat! Bugles that blow!
I command a band!

MAID

Yes . . . your musicness. (EXITS LEFT, RUNS OFF FRIGHTENED.)

TAILOR

(SEWING, SUDDENLY SINGS LOUDLY.) "A penny for a spool of
thread, A penny for a needle--That's the way the money goes,
Pop! Goes the weasel."

GIANT

(LOOKS AROUND. STANDS.) Buzz--buzz--a bee is buzzing in
my ear.

TAILOR

Take care that it does not sting you.

GIANT

(SEES TAILOR SITTING ON FLOOR.) Ha! It is a little grass-
hopper. (CROSS TO TAILOR, KICKS HIM.) Hop! Hop! Or I
will step on you!

TAILOR

(PAYS NO ATTENTION, SINGS.) "A penny for a spool of thread
. . . ."

GIANT

A singing grasshopper! (STRIDES AND STANDS OVER TAILOR.)
Stand up! Stand up and bow to me! (CROSSING ARMS, TURNS
PROUDLY AWAY.)

TAILOR

". . . that's the way the money goes . . ." (WITH A BIG FLOURISH OF THE NEEDLE, TAILOR STICKS IT IN THE LEG OF GIANT.)

GIANT

Ou-ou-ou-ou! (HE HOPS AND TURNS HIS BACK TO TAILOR, BENDS OVER AND RUBS LEG.)

TAILOR

". . . that's the way the money goes . . ." (WITH A BIG FLOURISH OF THE NEEDLE TAILOR JABS THE POINT INTO THE EXPOSED HIPS OF GIANT.)

GIANT

Oh-oh-oh-oh! Ou-ou-ou-ouch!

TAILOR

". . . Pop. Goes the weasel."

GIANT

You wailing weasel! (TURNS, CROSS TO TAILOR.) You buzzing, popping, grasshopper! I will tear you apart and tie you in a double knot! (PICKS TAILOR UP BY COLLAR AND HOLDS HIM, HELPLESSLY.) Ha, ha, ha! Squirm my little worm before I squeeze your gizzard. (PICKS UP TAILOR BY COLLAR, SHAKES HIM.)

MAID

(ENTERS LEFT QUICKLY, DRESSED AS DRUMMER. CROSSES RIGHT, BEATING DRUM AND SINGING.) Hail, Hail, everybody's here. Never mind the weather, Happily together, Hail, hail . . ."

GIANT

(RELEASES TAILOR, GOES TO MAID.) Silence!

TAILOR

(CRAWLS BETWEEN GIANT'S LEGS.) It is better if you say, please.

GIANT

(BACKS UP TO SEE TAILOR) Flees, trees, and bumblebees!

I'll puff and huff and blow you to the seven seas!

MAID

(SINGS LOUDLY, BEATS DRUM, AND DANCES IN PLACE.) "I'll sing you a song, a good song of the sea; Way, hey, blow the man down. And trust that you'll join in the chorus with me; Hey, way, blow the man down."

GIANT

(STARTS TOWARD MAID.) Silence!

TAILOR

Please. (GIANT STOPS, TURNS BACK TO TAILOR.)

GIANT

Wheeze, sneeze, knocking knees! I've had enough of you!
(TAILOR CRAWLS THROUGH GIANT'S LEGS AGAIN.)

MAID

(OPENS HER MOUTH TO SING AND DRUMS.) "Goodby, goodby . . ."

GIANT

Silence!

TAILOR

Please. (GIANT TURNS ON HIM.) Let me introduce myself.
(STANDS.) Read--and beware! (PUTS ON SHORT CAPE.)

GIANT

Read?

TAILOR

Excuse my back. (TURNS BACK TO GIANT, ALSO SO AUDIENCE CAN READ. ON THE BACK OF THE CAPE IS SEWN A LARGE "7".)

GIANT

Se--ven.

TAILOR

Seven at a blow!

GIANT

You? You--hit seven at a blow!

TAILOR

(CIRCLING GIANT, WHO TURNS TO KEEP EYE ON TAILOR.) Not one, or two, three, or four, not five or six--but seven at a blow!

GIANT

Ha, ha, ha! You--you mite of a midget. You couldn't hit a flea. Ha, ha, ha. I am a giant. People bow to me and shake with fear. (HE POINTS AT MAID WHO SHAKES.)

TAILOR

(PANTOMIMES EACH ACTIVITY.) I am a tailor. People smile at me and shake my hand.

GIANT

(PANTOMIMES EACH ACTIVITY.) I can uproot a tree!

TAILOR

I can plant a tree.

GIANT

I can crush a house!

TAILOR

I can build a house.

GIANT

(CROSS LEFT TO TAILOR.) You little peep of a squeak! You little creep of a snail!

TAILOR

(STANDS HEROICALLY.) Seven at a blow! (GIANT STOPS, UNCERTAIN.) Go--leave the forest, before I blow you to the seven seas! (TAILOR CROSSES RIGHT, POINTS WAY OUT.)

GIANT

(HESITATES.) I--am a giant! (TAILOR POINTS FOR HIM TO GO.)

GIANT

A contest! You against me. We will prove who is the stronger--you or me. (CROSS LEFT, PICKS UP STONE.) I will take this stone--and with my hands--crush it into bits! No one is as strong as a giant!

MAID

Hear ye, hear ye. A contest begins! (SHE ROLLS ON THE DRUM DURING THE EXHIBITION. GIANT WITH GREAT GRUNTS AND GROANS, TWISTS, FINALLY CRUMBLES THE ROCK, AND IT FALLS IN MANY PIECES.)

GIANT

Hah! I have won! I have crumbled the rock--and now I will crumble you. (ADVANCES TOWARD TAILOR WHO RETREATS.)

MAID

(CROSS LEFT, KNEELS AT GIANT'S FEET.) Oh, have mercy. He is only a little Tailor.

GIANT

Silence! (THROWS MAID LEFT.)

TAILOR

Please.

GIANT

Ha, ha, ha! Seven at a blow! Seven miles I will blow you! (CROSS TO TAILOR.)

TAILOR

It is my turn to show my strength.

GIANT

Huh?

TAILOR

(WORRIED, LOOKS FOR STONE. CROSS RIGHT, SEARCHING.) I will find a stone--a stone--a stone--

GIANT

Ha, ha, ha! You couldn't squeeze--a piece of cheese.

TAILOR

(A BELL RINGS. TAILOR BEAMS WITH AN IDEA. CROSS LEFT TO TEA CART, PICKS UP CHEESE.) Ah! Look--and you shall see. (HE STOPS FORWARD BRAVELY AND FLIPS HIS CAPE IMPRESSIVELY.) Seven at a blow! (PICKS UP CHEESE FROM TEA CART.) I will crush this stone, I will squeeze it so hard that water will run from it in a stream.

GIANT

Water? Ha, ha, no one is strong enough to squeeze water from a stone.

TAILOR

Such is the strength of Seven at a Blow!

MAID

Hear ye, hear ye, a contest begins. (SHE ROLLS ON THE DRUM WHILE TAILOR GOES THROUGH EXAGGERATED, DRAMATIC STRUGGLE, AND FINALLY HE SQUEEZES WATER FROM THE SPONGE-CHEESE.)

GIANT

One drop . . . another . . . a stream of water. Stop! Stop!

MAID

The winner! The little Tailor is the strongest in the land! (MAID SHOUTS HAPPILY, MARCHES, AND BEATS DRUM.)

GIANT

No! No! (CELEBRATION STOPS.) I am a giant! I am the biggest. I am the strongest. A giant always wins.

EULALIA

(OPENS PEEPHOLE.) You lost today. (CLOSES PEEPHOLE.)

OHLALIA

(OPENS PEEPHOLE.) So--go away. (CLOSES PEEPHOLE.)

GIANT

Who said that? (TURNING AROUND, LOOKING.)

EULALIA

(OPENING PEEPHOLE, CLOSING IT.) Oh!

OHLALIA

(OPENING PEEPHOLE, CLOSING IT.) Dear!

(GIANT TURNS AND LOOKS TOWARD BACK AT PICTURES. QUEENS
"FREEZE," LOOKING LIKE INNOCENT BABIES.)

TAILOR

Go--before I squeeze YOU--twist YOU into a screw! (FACING
GIANT, BACKING HIM LEFT.)

GIANT

(BACKING AWAY.) I am a giant.

TAILOR

Seven at a blow!

GIANT

Another contest! I am mighty. I am strong. I am a giant!

MAID

Hear ye. Hear ye. A second contest begins.

GIANT

I will take this stone and throw it--higher than the
highest tree! No one can throw as far as me! (PICKS UP
STONE, DOWN RIGHT.)

(MAID ROLLS DRUM AS GIANT BEGINS HIS FEAT OF STRENGTH. HE
SWINGS HIS ARM IN WIDE CIRCLES, FRONTWARDS, BACKWARDS,
TURNS, AIMS, ROCKS, AND THROWS THE STONE OFF RIGHT.)

MAID

(ALL WATCH OFF LEFT AS STONE GOES OFF AND FALLS.) Above
the smallest tree . . . above the tallest tree . . . as
far as you can see! (ALL WATCH THE STONE DESCEND. WHISTL-
ING SOUND IS HEARD.) Now . . . down . . . down . . . down
. . .

GIANT

Ha! I am the mightest. Bow! Bow to me!

MAID

Yes, your giantness. (SHE BOWS.)

GIANT

You--you little seven at a swatter, you little squeezer of water, try--try to throw a stone that high!

MAID

Please--he is little. Be merciful, be kind to him.

GIANT

Pick up a stone.

TAILOR

(UNCERTAIN.) Yes.

GIANT

Throw it. Show your strength.

TAILOR

Yes.

GIANT

Ha, ha, ha. I have won. I will throw YOU--higher than a bird can fly!

TAILOR

(A BELL RINGS. TAILOR BEAMS WITH AN IDEA.) Ah! Look--and you shall see. (CROSS LEFT TO TEA CART, HANDS GIANT TELESCOPE.) My telescope, so you can see beyond the tallest tree. (CROSSES RIGHT TO BIRD CAGE. GIANT LOOKS AT TELESCOPE, WHILE TAILOR TAKES BIRD FROM CAGE IN BAG. TAILOR HOLDS BIRD CUPPED IN HIS HANDS.) I will throw a stone seven times higher than you. So high that it will never return.

GIANT

Never. Ha, ha, ha. No one can throw a stone that high.

TAILOR

Such is the strength of Seven at a Blow. Oh, fly little rock. Take wings. Fly--you are free!

MAID

Hear ye. Hear ye. The contest begins. (SHE ROLLS DRUM, AS TAILOR THROWS THE BIRD, UNDERHANDED, STRAIGHT UP OUT OF SIGHT. ALL LOOK UP, THEN TURN THEIR HEADS AS BIRD FLIES TO LEFT TO RIGHT, THEN IN A CIRCLE. ALL WATCH BIRD CIRCLE IN COUNTER-CLOCKWISE DIRECTION.) Above the smallest tree . . . above the tallest tree . . . above the clouds . . . out of sight . . .

GIANT

(LOOKING THROUGH TELESCOPE.) Come back! Come down! Fall down!

TAILOR

It is gone forever.

GIANT

(RUNS ABOUT, LOOKING UP, HOLDING OUT HANDS TO CATCH STONE. GIANT CROSSES RIGHT, TAILOR COUNTERS RIGHT.) All that goes up must come down! Fall! Fall!

MAID

The winner! The little Tailor is the strongest! (AGAIN MAID MARCHES AND BEATS DRUM. QUEENS CHEER IN THEIR PICTURE FRAMES.)

GIANT

No! No! I am a giant. (FRUSTRATED.)

TAILOR

(OPENS PEEPHOLE, LEAVES IT OPEN.) Go!

EULALIA

(OPENS PEEPHOLE, LEAVES IT OPEN.) Go.

OHLALIA

Seven at a bow!

GIANT

(CROSS CENTER. IN A TANTRUM.) Blow! Blow! I will blow you to the moon! (HE POINTS AND BLOWS AT EULALIA WHOSE HEAD DISAPPEARS FROM PICTURE. HE POINTS AT OHLALIA AND BLOWS. HER HEAD DISAPPEARS FROM PICTURE. HE POINTS AT TEA CART AND BLOWS. IT ROLLS OFF AT LEFT--PULLED BY A CORD.) I will come back! I will come back tomorrow and bring my brother. He is the biggest giant in the land. He will strike seventeen at a blow! (EXITS RIGHT. GIANT'S MUSIC PLAYS.)

(QUEENS ENTER RIGHT AND LEFT INSIDE ARCH.)

EULALIA

(PEEKES AROUND FLAT.) Oh!

OHLALIA

(PEEKES AROUND FLAT.) No!

MAID

Two giants.

EULALIA

(WHISPERS, COMES TO FRONT.) Our trouble--

OHLALIA

(WHISPERS, COMES TO FRONT.) Is double.

MAID

(WHISPERS.) What are you going to do?

TAILOR

(WHISPERS.) We must think. (FACES AUDIENCE, CHIN IN HAND.)

EULALIA

(FACES AUDIENCE, CHIN IN HAND.) Think of a way--

OHLALIA

(FACES AUDIENCE, CHIN IN HAND.) To slay--

MAID

(FACES AUDIENCE, CHIN IN HAND.) Two giants.

TAILOR

(CROSSES DOWN CENTER.) What--would you do?

END OF ACT ONE

(SCENE CHANGE IS DONE IN DIM LIGHT BY ALL CAST MEMBERS.
MUSIC PLAYS UNTIL LIGHTS COME UP FOR ACT II.)

Act II

(NIGHT. OUTSIDE THE PALACE GATE. LIGHTS ARE DIM. MAID
DRESSED AS GUARD, MARCHES LEFT BACK AND FORTH, STOPPING
NOW AND THEN TO YAWN. SHE GIVES ORDERS TO HERSELF.)

MAID

Right . . . left . . . right . . . left . . . right . . .
left . . . about face. (TURNS ABOUT, MARCHES RIGHT.)
Right . . . right . . . keep in step . . . keep . . . keep
. . . left . . . left . . . (MARCHES DOWN LEFT.)
Right . . . right . . . star light, star bright, I wish
I may, I wish I might, REST tonight. (DOWN LEFT, STOPS,
RESTS HANDS ON SWORD, BLADE DOWN. CHIN FALLS TO HAND,
SHE SNORES, SWORD FALLS, SHAKES HER AWAKE.) A circle . . .
a circle . . . a square . . . a square . . . a zig-zag
make . . . hop-scotch to keep awake! (FALLS ASLEEP AGAIN.)

(EULALIA ENTERS THROUGH DOOR UPPER LEFT, CARRYING ROPE.
SNEAKS UP BEHIND MAID, TAPS HER ON BACK. MAID JUMPS UP
STARTLED.)

EULALIA

I have thought of a way to save us from tomorrow. (LOOKS
ABOUT MYSTERIOUSLY, THEN HOLDS UP A ROPE.) Here is a
rope. It is our only hope--to be free. (HANDS ROPE TO
MAID.)

MAID

A rope?

EULALIA

We will stop the moon. (POINTS.) So the sun and tomorrow

will never come. We will tie the moon in the tree!
 (CROSS UPPER LEFT TO DOOR. BEAMS WITH HER SOLUTION, THEN
 CLASPS HER HANDS JOYFULLY.) Patty cake, patty cake, baker's
 man. Tie the moon as soon as you can! (WAVES AND DISAPPEARS
 BEHIND GATE.)

MAID

A rope will not stop tomorrow. (THROWS ROPE BEHIND LEFT
 TREE UNIT.) It will come and with it--two giants!
 (MARCHES DOWN LEFT, FALLS ASLEEP AS BEFORE. OHLALIA ENTERS
 THROUGH UPPER RIGHT DOOR, CARRYING A POLE. SNEAKS DOWN
 LEFT TO BEHIND MAID, TAPS MAID ON BACK. MAID JUMPS TO
 ATTENTION WITH FEAR.)

OHLALIA

(LOOKS ABOUT MYSTERIOUSLY.) I have thought of a way--to
 delay--tomorrow, so the sun and--those two will never come.

MAID

How, your Majesty?

OHLALIA

Take this pole (HANDS POLE TO MAID.) climb to the tower,
 push back the hands--each hour--until the clock will say,
 tomorrow is--yesterday! (BEAMS WITH HER SOLUTION. CROSS
 RIGHT TO RIGHT DOOR.) Peas pudding cold, peas pudding hot.
 Tomorrow will be not! (EXITS UPPER RIGHT THROUGH DOOR.)

MAID

(LOOKS AT ROPE AND POLE.) Turn back the clock . . . no.
 (THROWS POLE OFF RIGHT.) Tie up the moon . . . no. But
 what? Someone must do something!

TAILOR

(OFF STAGE.) Left, right, left, right, left, right.
 (HE MARCHES IN THROUGH UPPER RIGHT DOOR. HE STOPS, TIPS
 HIS HAT, AND SMILES.) Good evening.

MAID

Tomorrow the giants will come--(TOWER CHIMES START TO RING
 SLOWLY.)

TAILOR

(COUNTING CHIMES.) One . . . two . . .

MAID

We must stop them tonight--

TAILOR

(LOOKS UP.) . . . five . . . six . . .

MAID

We must keep them away--

TAILOR

. . . Seven . . . eight . . .

MAID

For tomorrow will be--Giant's Day!

TAILOR

. . . eleven . . . twelve. Good morning. It IS tomorrow.

MAID

The clock has struck. It is today. Oh, what will we do?
(MAID LOOKS ABOUT FRIGHTENED.)

TAILOR

When the giants come, we will use our heads.

MAID

Our heads?

TAILOR

Outwit them. Come, inside. Rest. Prepare for the battle
of wits.

MAID

(NODS.) Attention! (THEY BOTH STAND AT ATTENTION.)

TAILOR

Together march! (HE CROSSES DOWN CENTER, TURNS, MAID
CROSSES UP CENTER.) Left . . . right . . .

MAID

Outwit them!

TAILOR

Out shout! Out smart! (THEY TURN SHARP CORNERS.)

MAID

Out rough!

TAILOR

Out bluff. (BOTH EXIT, TAILOR THROUGH RIGHT DOOR, MAID THROUGH LEFT DOOR.)

MAID

(LEANS BACK THROUGH DOOR.) Out think them!

TAILOR

(LEANS BACK OUT DOOR.) Hoodwink them!

(EACH SALUTES, TURNS, AND EXITS QUICKLY THROUGH DOORWAYS. OFF RIGHT, FAINTLY THEN LOUDER, THERE IS HEARD GIANT'S MUSIC. GIANT ENTERS AT RIGHT, COMICALLY ON TIP-TOES, BUT STILL SHAKING THE EARTH WITH A RUMBLE. HE CARRIES A LARGE SACK. AFTER LOOKING AROUND, HE MOTIONS TO RIGHT, AND BIG BROTHER GIANT TIP-TOES IN. HE IS LARGER THAN THE FIRST GIANT. BIG GIANT WALKS INTO GIANT, BOTH HOLLER. GIANT SHUSHES BROTHER GIANT.)

BROTHER GIANT

(SUDDENLY SHATTERS THE SILENCE WITH A SHOUT.) Where is he?

GIANT

Sh! (HE JABS HIS BROTHER WITH HIS ELBOW. BROTHER GIANT STARTS TO HIM HIM BACK, BUT GIANT PUTS FINGER TO LIPS AND THEY TIP-TOE AGAIN.)

BROTHER GIANT

(LOOKS AROUND GLEEFULLY.) Seven at a blow. Ha ha ha ha! Seventeen at a blow! (SWINGS HIS CLUB.) Shiver shake, I'll take his little liver.

GIANT

(CAUTIOUSLY.) He is little, but he is strong.

BROTHER GIANT

No one is stronger than a giant!

GIANT

He squeezed water from a rock. He threw a stone so high--
(LOOKS UP, PUTS OUT HANDS AND WALKS, STILL HOPING THE
STONE WILL FALL. CROSS RIGHT.) Fall! Drop! Come back!

BROTHER GIANT

(COMICALLY WORKING UP ENERGY.) Water and stones! I'll
break his bones! (SWINGS CLUB, BEATING IT ON FLOOR.)

GIANT

There is another way. I will use our heads.

BROTHER GIANT

Our heads?

GIANT

I will out wit him.

BROTHER GIANT

I will out hit him!

GIANT

I have a plan--(PULLS BROTHER GIANT LEFT, MOTIONS TO LIS-
TEN. PANTOMIMES.) While it is dark, we will slip up on
him, we will take him by surprise, grab him, tie him in
the sack!

BROTHER GIANT

And I will hit him!

GIANT

We will carry the sack to the cliff--and--then throw it
over the cliff--down, down will go--(PANTOMIMES DROPPING
SACK AND WATCHING IT FALL.)--little seven at a blow. (SAD-
LY REMOVES HAT AND HOLDS IT OVER HIS HEART.) Poor little
Tailor. (HITS BROTHER TO REMIND HIM TO BE RESPECTFUL.)

BROTHER GIANT

(LOOKS DOWN WHERE GIANT "DROPPED" HIM.) Is he gone?
 (GIANT NODS. BROTHER REMOVES HIS HAT, HOLDS IT OVER HIS
 HEART, SHAKES HIS HEAD.) I didn't get to hit him.

GIANT

Come. Slip inside. Sh! Grab him in his sleep . . .
 (HE PANTOMIMES GRABBING TAILOR, PUTTING HIM INTO SACK,
 TYING SACK, CARRYING IT OVER SHOULDER, THEN DROPPING IT
 OVER THE CLIFF.) Down . . . down . . . (BROTHER LAUGHS
 WILDLY WITH DELIGHT AND SWINGS HIS CLUB.) Remember--
 use your head. (HITS HIMSELF ON HEAD, LOUD BONG IS HEARD.
 GIANTS CROSS TO CENTER, TRY GATE.) Sh! (TRIES GATE AGAIN.)
 It is locked.

BROTHER GIANT

(CROSSES DOWN STAGE, RUNS AT DOOR WITH HEAD.) Ha ha ha
 ha ha! Use your head! (HE BACKS AWAY, LOWERS HIS HEAD,
 AND CHARGES INTO GATE. GATE OPENS.) Which way to the
 Tailor?

GIANT

Smell--smell will always tell. (THEY LOOK AND SMELL TO
 RIGHT AND LEFT. GIANT POINTS LEFT.) This way!

BROTHER GIANT

(POINTS TO RIGHT.) This way! (GIANT HITS BROTHER. BROTH-
 ER HITS BACK HARDER. THEN THEY "FREEZE" AS THEY HEAR THE
 ROOSTER CROW OFF, "COCK-A-DOODLE DO," ANNOUNCING THE SUN.
 STAGE BECOMES BRIGHTER.)

GIANT

The sun! Stop the sun! It is light. He will see us.

BROTHER GIANT

I will hit him!

GIANT

Too late. The sun is up. I will think of a daylight plan.

EULALIA

(OFFSTAGE.) You-hoo-hoo, sister dear. I am awake. Are
 you-ouou?

OHLALIA

(OFF STAGE.) Youhoo-oo. I am up, too-oo-oo.

BROTHER GIANT

(CROSS TO RIGHT.) Who. . .who . . . who? Are you . . .
you. . .you-oo? (LOOKS TO LEFT.)

GIANT

Two Queens. (CROSS LEFT.)

BROTHER GIANT

Two? (FOLLOWS GIANT, LEFT.)

GIANT

They will come in soon. The tailor will come in--this
room. Two! Ah! I have thought of a plan. He will not
know us.

GIANT

Two Queens? Two--you and me. We--will be--the Queens!

BROTHER GIANT

The Queens?

GIANT

(CROSS UPPER RIGHT TO CENTER.) We will put on their dres-
ses--sit on the throne. (PANTOMIMES.) Take him by sur-
prise, put him in the sack, throw the sack over the cliff
. . . .

BROTHER GIANT

Wait!

GIANT

. . . . Goodby, poor little tailor. (HOLDS HAT OVER HIS
HEART SADLY.)

BROTHER GIANT

(IN A CHILDISH TANTRUM.) I didn't get to hit him!

GIANT

(POINTS TO UPPER LEFT.) Quick! Take a dress. Steal a hat!

BROTHER GIANT

Me?

GIANT

(CROSS UPPER CENTER STAGE.) Flutter a fan. Be a cutie.

BROTHER GIANT

Ha ha ha ha ha.

GIANT

(WALKS TO RIGHT.) Curtsey low, walk with grace. Powder up your ugly face.

BROTHER GIANT

Me?

GIANT

Be a giant beauty!

BROTHER GIANT

(WALKS TO CENTER.) Ha ha ha ha ha ha!

GIANT

I will outwit him! (EXITS UPPER LEFT.)

BROTHER GIANT

(SWINGING CLUB.) I will hit him! (EXITS UPPER RIGHT.)

MAID

(TRUMPET FANFARE. MAID ENTERS DOWN RIGHT, CROSS CENTER, PANTOMIMES EACH ACTION.) Make way, make way for today. Wake the cook! Call the waiter! Run the water. Fill the tub. Brush the floor. Run--scrub! Milk the cow. Squeeze the hens. Chime for breakfast time. Today begins! (EXITS OFF LEFT.)

OHLALIA

(ENTERS UPPER RIGHT THROUGH DOOR.) Sister Eulalia.
(TERRIFIED.)

EULALIA

(ENTERS UPPER LEFT THROUGH DOOR.) Sister OH-lalia.
(TERRIFIED.)

OHLALIA

(POINTS TO RIGHT.) Someone is in my dressing room.

EULALIA

(POINTS TO LEFT.) Someone is using my perfume.

OHLALIA

Pretend we didn't hear.

EULALIA

Pretend we didn't see.

OHLALIA

"Nothing is there;" let us say.

EULALIA

And it will go away. (LOUD GIANT'S LAUGHING IS HEARD,
FIRST OFF LEFT, THEN OFF RIGHT.) Oh, dear!

OHLALIA

I do hear.

EULALIA

Like a thunder boom!

OHLALIA

Something--

EULALIA

Some one--

OHLALIA

Some two-- (EULALIA LOOKS TO LEFT, OHLALIA LOOKS TO RIGHT,
AND THEY SPEAK TOGETHER.) Somebody is in my room!
(LOUDER GIANT'S LAUGHING IS HEARD OFF LEFT AND OFF RIGHT.)

EULALIA

It is the Giants!

OHLALIA

The Giants have come!

EULALIA

You said the word!

OHLALIA

And so did you!

EULALIA

Oh, me!

OHLALIA

Restraint!

EULALIA

Don't faint!

OHLALIA

Flee!

EULALIA

Run!

OHLALIA

Hide!

EULALIA

Inside! (EULALIA AND OHLALIA QUICKLY HIDE BEHIND THE FLATS
BY THE THRONE.)

GIANT

(OFF, LAUGHS.) Look at me. A dress and hat to match!

BROTHER GIANT

(OFF, LAUGHS.) Look at me. A fan and a beauty patch!

EULALIA

(HER HEAD APPEARS IN PORTRAIT.) Yoo-hoo. (SHUTS PEEP HOLE.)

OHLALIA

(HER HEAD APPEARS IN PORTRAIT.) Coo-coo. (SHUTS PEEP HOLE.)

MAID

(MAID ENTERS RIGHT, CARRYING TRUMPET. HERALD BLOWS THE TRUMPET AND ANNOUNCES LOUDLY.) Hear ye. Hear ye. Make way for their Majesties--the royal Queens. (TRUMPET BLOWS.) Hear ye, hear ye, the footsteps approach of Queen Eulalia. (GIANT ENTERS LEFT, COMICALLY DRESSED AS A QUEEN, ENTERS DAINTLY, THEN STOPS, POSING WITH HIS FAN.) Hear ye, hear ye. Hear the footsteps approach of-- Queen Ohlalia. (BROTHER GIANT, DRESSED AS A QUEEN, ENTERS COMICALLY FROM UPPER RIGHT, THEN STOPS. MAID LOOKS, JUMPS.) Salute their royal grace and beauty. (TRUMPET MUSIC AS THE GIANTS WALK WITH MINCING STEPS TO THE THRONE.) Hear ye, hear ye. The Queens are about to sit. (GIANT OFFERS TO LET BROTHER SIT FIRST. BROTHER GIANT OFFERS GIANT TO SIT FIRST. AFTER TWO OFFERS, THEY START TO HIT EACH OTHER. TRUMPET BLOWS AND THE GIANTS "FREEZE.") The Queens are seated. (THE GIANTS SIT, SIMULTANEOUSLY.) Your Majesties, I stand at attention. Your wish is my command. (CROSS UP LEFT CENTER.)

GIANT

(IN LOUD MASCULINE VOICE.) Bring in the little Tailor--
(IN FALSETTO.) Scurry dear.

BROTHER GIANT

(ROARS.) Bring him in. Bring him in! (HE RISES AND WAVES HIS FAN THREATENINGLY. GIANT RISES AND PUSHES BROTHER BACK DOWN IN CHAIR.)

GIANT

(IN FALSETTO TO MAID.) Hurry, dear.

MAID

(CROSS DOWN RIGHT. BLOWS TRUMPET.) By royal decree, the Queens will see--the little Tailor. (TRUMPET BLOWS. TAILOR ENTERS OFF LEFT. HE WALKS TO DOWN LEFT AND BOWS TO THRONE.)

TAILOR

Your royal Highnesses, I bow and say good morning.

GIANT

(BROTHER GIANT RISES AND WILL HIT THE BOWED TAILOR, BUT GIANT PULLS HIM BACK.) Arise.

BROTHER GIANT

Don't let him go. (TAILOR RISES, TURNS TO AUDIENCE, SHOWING THE BACK OF HIS CAPE TO GIANTS.) Twenty-seven.

GIANT

At a blow! (TAILOR STRUTS SHOWING OFF CAPE, ALSO TO AUDIENCE, ON WHICH ARE THE NUMBERS "27".)

OHLALIA

(OPENS PEEHOLE. HAPPILY.) Oh, Eulalia! (CLOSES PEEPHOLE.)

EULALIA

(OPENS PEEPHOLE.) Oh, Ohlalia! (CLOSES PEEPHOLE.)

GIANT

Who said that?

BROTHER GIANT

Hit him!

TAILOR

With your royal permission, I will call the fiddlers three. (CLAPS HIS HANDS.) We shall have music to greet the day.

MAID

One fiddler is on his way. (EXITS RIGHT.)

TAILOR

We shall dance and sing--before the Giants come.

EULALIA

(ALMOST FAINTS.) He said the word. (FANS HERSELF WITH
BABY SHOES.)

OHLALIA

I heard!

GIANT

Giants! (IN FALSETTO.) Giants?

BROTHER GIANT

(FLIRTS.) Ah, I hear they are two strong handsome men.

GIANT

Two smart gentlemen.

TAILOR

No. (TURNING AWAY.)

GIANT

No?

TAILOR

They are two ugly selfish bullies.

BROTHER GIANT

I'll hit him! (RISES. GIANT PULLS HIM BACK.)

TAILOR

(CROSSES DOWN LEFT AND SPEAKS TO AUDIENCE.) When they
speak they roar. Everyone is afraid and bows and obeys.
(GIANTS AGREE HAPPILY.) But they say, a loud voice betrays
a vacant mind. (ANGRILY THE GIANTS RISE AND ADVANCE
THREATENINGLY DOWN LEFT TOWARD TAILOR.) Giants take by
force. They rule with might. But I don't think that is
right. (GIANTS ARE READY TO SEIZE HIM.)

MAID

(ENTERS RIGHT, DRESSED AS MUSICIAN, JUST IN TIME. SHE ATTRACTS GIANTS' ATTENTION BY TAPPING ON VIOLIN.)

TAILOR

(TURNS TO GIANTS.) Your Majesties, shall we dance?

BROTHER GIANT

Dance?

GIANT

Dance! (CROSS UPPER RIGHT.)

BROTHER GIANT

DANCE! (THROWS TAILOR CENTER. ALL CROSS TO CENTER.)

TAILOR

(IT IS A COMIC WALTZ, WITH GIANTS TRYING TO ACT FEMININE. TAILOR, IN THE MIDDLE, HOLDS EACH GIANT'S HAND HIGH. THEY WALTZ FORWARD IN A LINE FACING FRONT, THEN WALTZ BACKWARDS. TAILOR WALTZES WITH GIANT AND BOWS.) Your Highness, you honor me. (BROTHER STARTS TO HIT TAILOR.)

GIANT

The pleasure is all mine.

TAILOR

(TURNS TO BROTHER GIANT, WHO HOLDS FAN IN THE AIR.) Madam, I have not forgot you. (THEY DANCE, TANGO-STYLE. [SEE FIGURE 4.])

BROTHER GIANT

(CURTSEYS.) And I almost--got you! (GIANT STARTS TO HIT TAILOR, BUT TAILOR PICKS UP ROPE, WHICH HE TIES AROUND BROTHER GIANT'S WAIST.)

TAILOR

If I may presume--

GIANT

(LEADING HIM AWAY FROM BROTHER.) Around the room!



Figure 4

(THEY GALLOP HORSE AND BUGGY STYLE UNTIL BROTHER GIANT RUNS AWAY WITH THE ROPE. GIANT PULLS HIM BACK. THE GIANTS BEGIN TO FIGHT UNTIL THE TAILOR BEGINS SINGING.)

TAILOR

La-la-la-la-la . . .

(GIANTS COMICALLY JOIN IN THE SINGING OF "LA-LA-LA-LA," AND THEY BECOME CARRIED AWAY WITH FUN, DANCING WITH ABANDONMENT. TAILOR STARTS THEM, BACK-TO-BACK, TURNING AS THEY SING. THEY SLOWLY WIND THEMSELVES UP IN THE ROPE.)

TAILOR

Thank you for the dance, my ladies. (EXITS LEFT, BOWING. GIANT DISCOVERS TAILOR'S TRICK.) Snails' tails!

BROTHER GIANT

He's tied us in a knot!

GIANT

Heave--one!

BROTHER GIANT

Heave--two! Ho! (TURNING, THEY MANAGE TO DISENTANGLE THEMSELVES.) I'll crack him!

GIANT

We will sack him! (GETS SACK.)

BROTHER GIANT

Where is he?

TAILOR

(ENTERS LEFT.) Your Majesties. (GIANTS STEP TOWARD HIM. TAILOR FLIPS HIS CAPE, SHOWING NUMBER. GIANTS STOP, UNCERTAIN.)

BROTHER GIANT

(STARTS TOWARD TAILOR, LEFT.) Twenty-seven--

GIANT

At a blow. (CROSS RIGHT, STOPS BROTHER GIANT.)

TAILOR

(TAKES FABRIC FROM HAT. CROSS DOWN CENTER, MAID CROSS DOWN CENTER TO HELP HIM. MAID KNEELS TO HOLD FABRIC.) I have silk and laces for my ladies' dresses. See the colors in the light from the window. (HE DRAPES FABRICS OVER THE OUT-STRETCHED ARMS OF MAID.)

GIANT

(TO BROTHER.) Light! Ah, I have another plan. (CROSS RIGHT TO BROTHER GIANT, PULLS BROTHER GIANT RIGHT.) This time he will not get away.

BROTHER GIANT

I will hit him! (PICKING UP CLUB.)

GIANT

I will use our heads. We will pull the window curtains. (POINTS TO IMAGINARY WINDOW DOWN FRONT.) Shut out the light. Grab him in the dark. Put him in the sack and tie him up before it is light again!

TAILOR

I am ready.

GIANT

So are we!

TAILOR

If it please your Highnesses, choose the color you prefer.

GIANT

(ADVANCING, CROSS UPPER LEFT TO GET SACK, CROSS DOWN TO LEFT OF TAILOR.) I will take the color of your hair. (PULLS TAILOR'S HAIR.)

BROTHER GIANT

(ADVANCING BEHIND, WITH SACK.) I will take the color of your neck. (CHOKES TAILOR.)

EULALIA

(FROM PORTRAIT.) Oh, little Tailor, beware!

OHLALIA

Beware!

GIANT

(CUNNINGLY.) I will pull the curtain so there will be--
more light.

TAILOR

Allow me, your Majesty.

BROTHER GIANT

Let him! (IN FALSETTO.) Let her.

GIANT

(PANTOMIMES HOLDING CORD BY IMAGINARY WINDOW AT FOOT-
LIGHTS.) Are you ready?

TAILOR

Ready.

BROTHER GIANT

Ready!

GIANT

(PULLS IMAGINARY CORD AND THE STAGE IS SUDDENLY DARK.)
Pull! (IN THE DARK, THERE ARE SHOUTS AND FOOTSTEPS.
"GRAB HIM. TIE HIM IN THE SACK! OUCH! OH! ETC." QUEENS
CRY IN FRIGHT, "HELP! HELP THE LITTLE TAILOR, ETC." MAID
CRIES, "LIGHT! LIGHT! OPEN THE CURTAIN, ETC." THE
LIGHTS GO ON QUICKLY. MAID AND TAILOR ARE GONE. BROTHER
GIANT IS BY THE SACK, HITTING IT WITH HIS CLUB. HE
LAUGHS TRIUMPHANTFULLY. GIANT IS STANDING WITH SACK OVER
HIS HEAD.)

BROTHER GIANT

Twenty-seven blows for you!

GIANT

(POPS UP FROM INSIDE THE SACK.) Stop! You are hitting
ME!

BROTHER GIANT

Where is he? Where is the little Tailor! (QUICKLY
TEARS OFF DISGUISE. GIANT GETS OUT OF SACK AND TAKES OFF
HAT.)

MAID

The Giants! The Giants! (RUNS OFF RIGHT.)

GIANT

I'll catch him! (CROSS LEFT.)

BROTHER GIANT

I'll hit him! (CROSS RIGHT.)

GIANT

Where is he!

BROTHER GIANT

Sniff . . . whiff . . . which way?

GIANT

(SNIFFS, POINTS TO LEFT.) That away!

BROTHER GIANT

That away! (POINTS RIGHT. BOTH TURN, SNIFFING, TILL THEY
FACE UPPER CENTER STAGE.) Ah! That away! (CROSS UPPER
CENTER STAGE.)

OHLALIA

Don't come near! Oh, dear!

EULALIA

Beware! Take care!

(GIANTS SEPARATE, GIANT GOES LEFT AROUND LEFT FLAT UNIT,
BROTHER GIANT GOES RIGHT AROUND RIGHT UNIT. THEY EMERGE,
BACKING DOWN CENTER STAGE UNTIL THEY COLLIDE, RUMPS FIRST.
THEY YELL, TURN, AND BEGIN CHOKING EACH OTHER. THE TAILOR,
WHO HAS BEEN HIDING UPPER CENTER STAGE BEHIND THE THRONES,
BECOMES FASCINATED WITH THE BACKING UP AND FORGETS TO HIDE,
CLIMBING UP ONTO THE THRONES. THE GIANTS, REALIZING THEY
ARE CHOKING EACH OTHER, PUSH AWAY TO CATCH SIGHT OF THE

TAILOR. THE GIANTS CONVERGE UPPER CENTER STAGE ON THE TAILOR, WHO RUNS BETWEEN THEM TO DOWN CENTER STAGE. THEY TURN ON HIM. TAILOR RUNS UP RIGHT BEHIND PORTRAIT, GIANT'S FOLLOW. THEY CHASE HIM THROUGH A FIGURE EIGHT. THE TAILOR WALKS DOWN LEFT AND WATCHES AS THE GIANTS CONTINUE ROUND AND ROUND, IN AND OUT OF THE DOORS, THINKING THE TAILOR IS ALWAYS JUST AROUND THE CORNER AHEAD. TAILOR CROSSES DOWN CENTER, AD LIBBING TO AUDIENCE, "THEY ARE SO STUPID, ETC." GIANTS, MEANWHILE, STOP FACING, OUT OF BREATH, AND CONSIDER. THEY SPLIT, COMING AROUND OUTSIDE OF PORTRAITS AND SEE TAILOR, WHO BECOMES AWARE OF THEM.)

GIANT

Ah, ha! That away! There he is Grab him!

BROTHER GIANT

Sack him! (CROSS DOWN CENTER.)

GIANT

Pack him to the cliff!

TAILOR

Seven at a blow. (TAKES CAPE AND WAVES IT.) Twenty-seven at a blow!

GIANT

(BOTH ADVANCE TOWARD HIM ON EITHER SIDE. TAILOR ATTEMPTS TO RUN BETWEEN THEM, BUT THEY CATCH HIM, LIFTING HIM INTO THE AIR, HIS FEET STILL RUNNING. BROTHER GIANT HOLDS HIM AS GIANT GRABS THE CAPE AND THROWS IT AWAY.) There--your strength is gone. Your numbers and your cape. You are cut down to size--a little squirming worm. Nothing can save you now! (LAUGHS.) Into the sack you go. We will pack you off--to the cliff and throw you like a stone--up, up--but YOU will come down--down--k-bump! (THEY FACE TAILOR TO STEP INTO SACK. [SEE FIGURE 5].)

EULALIA

(ENTERS FROM BEHIND LEFT FLAT, CROSS CENTER.) No, no. Save him. He stayed to rescue me.

OHLALIA

(ENTERS FROM BEHIND RIGHT FLAT, CROSS CENTER.) Please. We will get into the sack. Set the Tailor free!



Figure 5

GIANT

Silly Queens! Silly geeses! Shoo! Shoo!

BROTHER GIANT

(READY TO HIT.) Kidoo!

GIANT

We will come back.

BROTHER GIANT

We will take care of you! (QUEENS FLUTTER AWAY IN FRIGHT. MAID, DRESSED AS GUARD, ENTERS RIGHT, RUNNING. QUEENS HIDE BEHIND HER.)

MAID

Halt! I guard the Queens day and night.

GIANT

Ha ha ha ha. Little marching toad. Little croaking frog! (SWINGS CLUB OVER HER HEAD.) About face--about! Or I will cut your little croaker out! (MAID AND QUEENS TREMBLE IN FEAR.)

TAILOR

(STANDING IN BAG.) You may put me away, but a day will come when little voices will be heard!

GIANT

Silence! (PUSHES TAILOR OUT OF SIGHT INTO BAG.)

TAILOR

(POPS UP AGAIN.) Power and might is not always right!

BROTHER GIANT

Silence! (PUSHES TAILOR OUT OF SIGHT INTO BAG.)

TAILOR

(POPS UP.) Please.

GIANT

Silence! (BOTH GIANTS PUSH HIM DOWN.)

EULALIA

(TIMIDLY.) The squeak of a little mouse--

TAILOR

(POPS UP.) --will make an elephant run. (POPS DOWN.)

(BROTHER GIANT, IRRITATED, READIES CLUB TO HIT TAILOR NEXT TIME HE POPS OUT.)

OHLALIA

(TIMIDLY.) The teeth of a little beaver--

TAILOR

(POPS UP.) --will fell the tallest tree. (GIANT SWINGS, TAILOR POPS DOWN, JUST MISSING BEING CLUBBED.)

BROTHER GIANT

Silence

GIANT

(CROSSES RIGHT TO QUEENS.) The world belongs to Giants. It is our tray. We take what we want because we are big. Woe to the little man who steps in the way! (HE PULLS ROPE ON THE BAG, CLOSING THE TOP AND ENCLOSING THE TAILOR.) Now little mouse, little beaver, squeak and chew if you can. This is the end of you! Make way! Ha ha ha ha Make way! Ha ha ha ha for the little Tailor. (GIANT TAKES AN END OF THE ROPE. BROTHER GIANT DRIVES TAILOR, WHO RUNS IN THE BAG, WITH HIS CLUB. GIANT RUNS TAILOR PAST THE QUEENS, JERKS HIM BACK.) Shake, quake, a giant walks! Hear, fear, a giant talks! Bow twice, thrice, Faster, faster, Serve your master! No one is as mighty as he-- As a giant, as a giant-- As mighty mighty me. (EXIT LEFT. THE DRUMBEAT OF THEIR FOOTSTEPS CONTINUES.)

MAID

Oh, your Majesties, pretend it didn't happen.

EULALIA

But it did. I looked.

OHLALIA

I heard.

EULALIA

(COMES TO FOOTLIGHTS AT RIGHT AND SPEAKS TO AUDIENCE.)
I will even say the word--Giants. Oh, trust them not.

OHLALIA

(COMES TO FOOTLIGHTS AT RIGHT. MAID FOLLOWS.) Giants.
They must be stopped.

(QUEENS AND MAID HEAR THE GIANTS APPROACHING, HIDE
BEHIND DOWNSTAGE TREE UNIT. GIANTS MARCH IN AT LEFT
SINGING AND STOMPING AND PULLING THE SACK BETWEEN THEM.
THEY CROSS TO RIGHT WITHOUT NOTICING THE QUEENS AND MAID.)

GIANTS

(SING.) Shake, quake, a giant walks!
Hear, fear, a giant talks!
Bow, twice, thrice,
Faster, faster
Serve your master!
No one is as mighty as he,
As a giant, as a giant--
As mighty mighty me!

(THE QUEENS SADLY WAVE TOWARD THE SACK. THEN TO THEIR
SURPRISE, THE TAILOR'S HAND APPEARS FROM THE TOP OF THE
SACK, HOLDING HIS SCISSORS. HE WAVES THEM HIGH.)

MAID

See! He--we may yet be free! (CROSS UP CENTER STAGE.)

EULALIA

The mouse will squeak! (CROSS DOWN RIGHT.)

OHLALIA

The beaver chew! (CROSS DOWN RIGHT.)

MAID

Beware, oh giants, the little Tailor is after you!
(POINTS SWORD AFTER GIANTS.)

END OF ACT TWO

(LIGHTS CHANGE TO DIM BLUE FOR SCENE CHANGE. SPIDER'S WEB PLAYS. AS LIGHTS COME BACK UP, IT IS REVEALED THAT THE TREE UNITS HAVE BEEN MOVED CENTER TO COVER THE PALACE GATE. [SEE FIGURE 6]. THE LIGHTING IS SUGGESTIVE OF A DAMP, DARK, MYSTERIOUS FOREST. AS THE GIANTS ENTER, RIGHT, THEY ARE SINGING.)

Act III

(IN THE FOREST. A LONG FOLDING SCREEN--SEVERAL PANELS OF FLATS ON WHICH IS A ROW OF PAINTED TREES--STANDS IN THE CENTER.)

"Shake, quake, a giant walks!
Hear, fear, a giant talks!
Bow, twice, thrice,
Faster, faster,
Serve your master!
No one is as mighty as he--
As a giant, as a giant--
As mighty mighty me!"

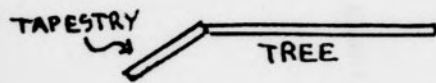
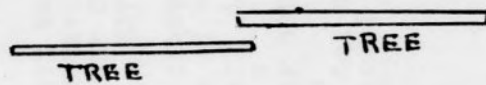
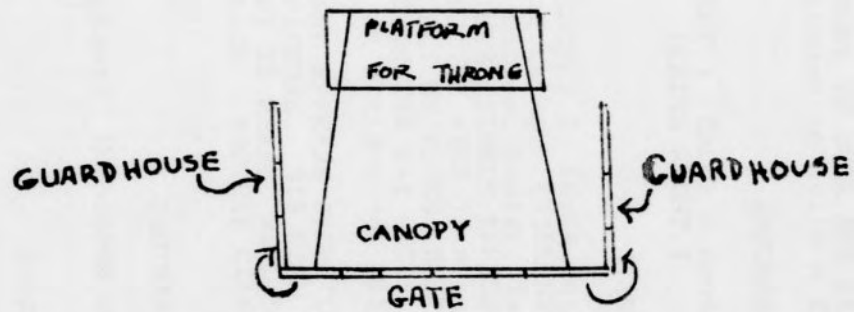
(GIANTS ENTER AT RIGHT, GIANT FIRST, THE BROTHER GIANT PULLING THE TAILOR IN THE SACK. THEY CROSS AT LEFT, SINGING. DOWN LEFT, A SIGN, "TO CLIFF," ON AN ARROW IS EXTENDED, POINTING TO RIGHT. GIANTS TURN AND CROSS TO RIGHT, STILL SINGING. SIGN, ARROW WITH "TO CLIFF," IS LEFT AND POINTS OFF LEFT. THE GIANTS PULL TAILOR TO LOWER CENTER STAGE, PUSH HIM DOWN ON HIS HANDS AND KNEES.)

GIANT

It is time to take a breath.

BROTHER GIANT

Time to take a rest. (SITTING ON SACK, SACK GROANS.)



Position C

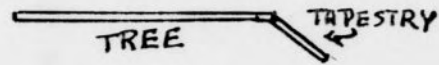


Figure 6

GIANT

Silence! I am hungry.

BROTHER GIANT

Food! Food for a giant! (STANDS.)

GIANT

Silence! (GOES TO ROCK AND STICKS DOWN RIGHT.) Get sticks and stones to build a fire.

BROTHER GIANT

(GOES TO RIGHT.) Catch a moose and a goose to cook a giant stew! (EXITS RIGHT.)

GIANT

(SINGS VIGOROUSLY.) Shake, quake, a giant walks! Hear, fear, a giant talks. (VIOLENTLY HITS TWO STICKS TOGETHER.) Bow, twice, thrice, faster, faster . . . (REPEATS HITTING STICKS TOGETHER, SLOWLY KNEELS, PUTTING STICKS BEHIND THE ROCK, NURSING THE FIRE.) A spark . . . a spark . . . a fire! (PROUDLY HE RISES, EXITS RIGHT, FINISHING SONG. HE KICKS TAILOR ON THE WAY OUT.) No one is as mighty as he-- As a giant, as a giant--As mighty, mighty me.

(TAILOR'S HAND APPEARS FROM TOP OF SACK. HE WAVES AND SNIPS THE SCISSORS. HIS HEAD APPEARS AND HE LOOKS AROUND. BROTHER GIANT IS HEARD, RETURNING. TAILOR QUICKLY CONCEALS HIMSELF IN SACK. BROTHER GIANT ENTERS CARRYING PART OF A SMALL LOG.)

BROTHER GIANT

Food for a giant! Mushrooms on a log! (CROSS TO FIRE, DOWN RIGHT.)

GIANT

(ENTERS CARRYING A BIRD'S NEST.) Food for a giant! Eggs in a nest! (CROSS TO FIRE, DOWN RIGHT.)

BROTHER GIANT

A pot to cook in!

GIANT

Use your head. (HE REMOVES BROTHER GIANT'S HELMET-LIKE HAT, WHICH IS OPEN AT THE TOP, AND SETS IT IN THE HOLLOW ROCK.) Use your hat! (TAKES EGGS FROM NEST.) Eggs are small! (THROWS EGGS BEHIND TREES.) Stew the nest! (DROPS NEST INTO THE HELMET.)

BROTHER GIANT

Mushrooms are small! (RUNS HAND DOWN LOG, BRUSHING OFF MUSHROOMS.) Brew the log! (DROPS LOG INTO HAT. BOTH GIANTS TURN AND EXIT, BROTHER GIANT EXITS RIGHT; GIANT EXITS LEFT. BOTH ARE SINGING.) Shake, quake, a giant walks. Hear, fear, a giant talks . . .

TAILOR

(AGAIN PEEKS OUT OF TOP OF THE SACK AND STANDS UP.) Ah--free--but only free from the sack. No one is free as long as the giants rule the forest.

(TAILOR HEARS THE GIANTS RETURNING AND QUICKLY HIDES IN SACK AGAIN. GIANTS ENTER CARRYING A BUNCH OF GRAPES.)

GIANT

Food for a giant! A bunch of grapes and some leaves. (ENTERS LEFT, CROSS DOWN RIGHT TO FIRE. HE DROPS GRAPES INTO HAT.)

BROTHER GIANT

(ENTERS RIGHT, CARRYING A SMALL BEEHIVE. CROSSES TO POT.) Food for a giant! A beehive full of honey!

GIANT

(TAKES BEEHIVE.) Throw away the hive. Boil the bees! (TURNS HIVE UPSIDE DOWN AND SHAKES OUT THE BEES. THROWS AWAY THE BEEHIVE.)

BROTHER GIANT

(STIRS STEW WITH CLUB.) Mix . . . bubble . . . boil . . . hit! (HITS HAT.)

GIANT

(INHALES AROMA.) Ah! Sweet smell. Fit for a giant!

(BOTH GIANTS EXEUNT, LEFT, SINGING.)
Bow, twice, thrice,
Faster, faster,
Serve your master . . .

TAILOR

(PEEKES OUT AND RISES IN SACK.) Giants! Selfish, greedy tyrants! (STEPS OUT OF SACK, SHAKES FIST.) I will try again to stop them. (HIDES BEHIND TREES, CENTER STAGE.)

MAID

(OFF STAGE.) Left, right, left, right, left . . .
(ENTERS DOWN STAGE RIGHT, CROSSES TO CENTER. SHE IS DRESSED AS A GUARD. MARCHES ACROSS STAGE.) Left . . . left behind . . . (TURNS QUICKLY, UP CENTER, LOOKING STRAIGHT AT TAILOR WHO IS HIDDEN BEHIND TREES. TAILOR FOLLOWS, MARCHING IN STEP BEHIND HER.) Find . . . find . . . the little Tailor . . . (TURNS DOWN RIGHT, TAILOR FOLLOWS HER.)

TAILOR

Halt! (MAID STOPS AND SALUTES.) Hear ye, hear ye, the Tailor has been found.

MAID

You have escaped! (DELIGHTED.)

TAILOR

I used my head--and my scissors.

MAID

You are free!

TAILOR

No one is free while the giants rule.

MAID

The giants? Are they here? Run, escape, hide!

TAILOR

You cannot hide from a giant. He will catch you.

MAID

(SUBDUED.) Yes . . . we are all caught. We must bow and obey.

TAILOR

(POINTS TO LEFT. CROSS A STEP LEFT.) There is the cliff. I was saved from it--saved to find a way to slay a giant.

MAID

Two giants!

TAILOR

They roar. They take. They hit!

MAID

(ANGRILY.) If I could hit them back . . . (SWINGING SWORD.)

TAILOR

Hit! (A BELL RINGS AND HE BEAMS WITH AN IDEA.) Ah! That is it! (EXCITEDLY.) When two roaring winds meet, (CROSS DOWN LEFT.) each blows away the other. When two raging fires touch, each burns out the other. If two angry giants fight each other, they will destroy--themselves!

MAID

(CROSS CENTER.) Each giant hit each other?

TAILOR

(POINTS TO RIGHT AND LEFT.) One--two.

MAID

But they are not angry.

TAILOR

We will make them mad.

MAID

We?

TAILOR

This is the best way: the giants will slay each other!
 Quick, behind the tree. Today we will make--history!
 (BOTH CROSS UP CENTER TO HIDE BEHIND TREES. TAILOR HIDES
 AT RIGHT, MAID AT LEFT BEHIND TREE-SCREEN. GIANT ENTERS
 LEFT.)

GIANT

(SINGING.) No one can be as mighty as he,
 As a giant, as a giant-- (CROSS TO FIRE.)
 As mighty, mighty me! (HOLDS UP AND SHAKES MILKWEED.)
 "Green weed is what we need"--(DROPS WEED INTO STEW.)

BROTHER GIANT

(ENTERS UPPER LEFT. CROSS DOWN RIGHT.) Crinch, crunch,
 a bunch of nuts. Hazlenuts, walnuts, hickory nuts, too.
 Acrons, pecans--nuts for you! (HOLDS OUT BOOT, THEN POURS
 NUTS INTO HAT.)

GIANT

Stop! Too many nuts will spoil the stew!

BROTHER GIANT

(DROPS NUTS INTO HAT AND STIRS WITH CLUB.) Bubble, bubble,
 boil, and stew! "Now it's time to taste our stew." (BOTH
 BEND DOWN TO PUT FINGERS IN STEW, BUMP HEADS TOGETHER.
 BROTHER GIANT TASTES STEW. LICKS FINGER.) Too sour.

GIANT

(DIPS AND LICKS FINGER.) Too sweet.

BROTHER GIANT

Too sour!

GIANT

Too sweet!

BROTHER GIANT

Sour!!

GIANT

Sweet!!

(TAILOR PEEKS OUT FROM BEHIND TREES. GIANTS DIP FINGERS INTO HAT AT THE SAME TIME. IN PULLING FINGERS OUT, THEY CROSS ARMS, EACH TASTING THE OTHER'S FINGER. THEY BOTH SMILE.)

GIANT AND BROTHER GIANT

Ah! De-licious. (TAILOR HIDES AGAIN.)

GIANT

Half the stew for me. (PUSHES BROTHER GIANT OUT OF WAY.)
It is my stew!

BROTHER GIANT

First for me. (PUSHES GIANT OUT OF WAY.) It is my hat!

GIANT

Mine!

BROTHER GIANT

Mine!

(THEY ARE READY TO STRIKE EACH OTHER. TAILOR AND MAID PEEK OUT AND PANTOMIME, URGING THEM TO FIGHT. GIANTS FIGHT THEIR WAY TO LOWER CENTER STAGE. WHEN THEY HEAR QUEENS APPROACH, THEY STOP FIGHTING AND ADOPT AN EXAGGERATEDLY CASUAL POSE. DURING THE FIGHT, THE TAILOR AND MAID HAVE SNEAKED OUT TO WHERE THE EMPTY SACK LIES AND PUT THE ROCK, HAT, AND ALL OF THE PROPS INTO THE SACK TO GIVE THE ILLUSION OF THE TAILOR BEING IN THE SACK. EACH QUEEN ENTERS LEFT, SHAKING A TAMBOURINE AND CARRYING A LARGE SIGN. THE SIGNS ARE DRAPED WITH RIBBONS, BOWS, AND CROCHETED LACE.)

EULALIA AND OHLALIA

(TIMIDLY, TOGETHER.) How do you do.

OHLALIA

We have come to make two requests.

EULALIA

We hope your answer will be yes.

GIANT

(EULALIA LIFTS HER SIGN. GIANT CROSSES RIGHT TO SIGN, READS.) "Go Home Giants--please." (LAUGHS.)

BROTHER GIANT

(OHLALIA LIFTS HER SIGN. HE READS.) "Free the Tailor."
(GIANTS LAUGH LOUDER AND LOUDER.)

EULALIA

They smile. Do they agree?

OHLALIA

We will be back in time for tea.

GIANT

(SUDDENLY TURNS ON THEM AND ROARS.) Silence! You talking billboards! You walking signposts! (POINTS AT SIGN WITH CLUB, SHAKING CLUB OVER THEIR HEADS AND ROARING.) Go-home-giants! Go home! You--you Queens and tambourines, I'll make quick work of you!

EULALIA

Oh, me.

OHLALIA

They don't agree!

BROTHER GIANT

"Free the Tailor!" Ha ha ha ha! He is tied in the sack ready to go over the cliff!

EULALIA

Oh dear. (CROSSES CENTER.)

OHLALIA

Little Tailor, do you hear? (CROSSES CENTER.)

GIANT

Silence! Enough of this clatter chatter! Take the sack. The time has come to put an end to him! (BROTHER PICKS UP ROPE.)

EULALIA

Oh!

OHLALIA

No!

GIANT

Look and you will see that a giant always wins! Heave-ho--pull! (BROTHER GIANT PULLS SACK OFF LEFT.) Ha ha ha ha! Little Seven at a Blow--over the cliff you go!

EULALIA

(WAVES DAINILY.) Goodby, brave little man . . .
(CRYING.)

OHLALIA

(WAVES.) . . . Brave little Tailor who never ran.
(CRYING.)

(TAILOR APPEARS OVER THE SCREEN AND WAVES TO THEM, THEN DISAPPEARS.)

GIANT

(THERE IS A WHISTLING SOUND, AS OF A HEAVY OBJECT FALLING VERY FAST, FOLLOWED BY A LOUD CRASH. GIANT ENTERS.)
The Tailor is gone. We will never see or hear him again!

OHLALIA

(WAILING.) Oh, Eulalia.

EULALIA

(WAILING.) Oh, Ohlalia.

TAILOR

(ECHOES OVER TREES.) Your Majesties, do not despair.

GIANT

(LOOKS AROUND.) Silence! (ROARING.)

EULALIA

The wind is blowing . . .

OHLALIA

Words in the air.

GIANT

Silence! Bow and obey. (QUEENS KNEEL.) The giants rule the forest. No one is as mighty, no one is as strong, as big, as tall as a giant. No one can touch him.

(TAILOR, WITH THE MAID'S SWORD, KNOCKS OFF GIANT'S HAT. GIANT IS CONFUSED. TAILOR PULLS SWORD BACK OUT OF SIGHT AND HIDES.)

GIANT

Who? (TO BROTHER GIANT.) Did you hit me? (TO QUEENS.) Did you?

EULALIA

Words we heard . . .

OHLALIA

Winds moved and stirred . . .

EULALIA

As if from his bounds he broke . . .

OHLALIA

As if the little Tailor spoke.

GIANT

(FRIGHTENED.) The Tailor! He is gone!

BROTHER GIANT

He is at the bottom of the cliff! (POINTS OFF LEFT.)

EULALIA

(POSITIVELY.) I heard--his words.

OHLALIA

Hope he gave use. He will save us.

GIANT

Go! Go back to your castle. Lock yourselves in the
dungeon! Chain yourselves to the posts!

EULALIA

Chains and stocks! (STANDS IN DISMAY.)

OHLALIA

Bolts and locks! (STANDS.)

GIANT

No Tailor can save you. You are prisoners of the giants!
Go! Go! (SHAKES CLUB OVER THEIR HEADS. [SEE FIGURE 7]
QUEENS JUMP.) Off to your dungeon!

EULALIA

(BROTHER GIANT RAISES CLUB TO HIT. QUEENS CURTSEY LOW,
FRIGHTENED.) We say . . . (BACKING OUT.)

OHLALIA

Good-day. (BACKING OUT.)

EULALIA

(THEY RISE.) It has been a sad one.

GIANT

Be off! Be done! (ROARING.)

OHLALIA

Excuse us . . . (THEY CURTSEY QUICKLY.) We must run!
To the dungeon! (CRYING AND WITH LAMENTATIONS, THEY EXIT
RUNNING OFF RIGHT WITH THE GIANTS IN PURSUIT.)

GIANT

Ha ha ha ha! The forest is ours! (CROSSING BACK TO CENTER.
HAPPILY THEY SING AND DANCE COMICALLY.)
Shake, quake, a giant walks!
Hear, fear, a giant talks!
Bow, twice, thrice,
Faster, Faster,
Serve your master!



Figure 7

No one is as mighty as a giant
 As a giant, as a giant--
 As mighty mighty me! (THEY END IN A CONCEITED POSE, CENTER.)

BROTHER GIANT

(STRUTS.) I did it. (CROSS TWO STEPS DOWN RIGHT STAGE.)

GIANT

I did it. (CROSS TWO STEPS DOWN LEFT STAGE.)

BROTHER GIANT

I threw him over the cliff.

GIANT

I used my head.

BROTHER GIANT

I carried the sack.

GIANT

I tied the sack.

BROTHER GIANT

I did it!

TAILOR

(PEEK OVER THE TREES AND ECHOES.) Who-ooo--did it?

GIANT

I did!

BROTHER GIANT

I did!

TAILOR

Whoo-ooo? (SPOOKILY.)

GIANT

I did it!

BROTHER GIANT

I did it! (THEY START TO HIT EACH OTHER.)

TAILOR

Beware--whoever harmed the Tailor--beware.

GIANT

Who said that?

TAILOR

I said that--and I will say it again. Beware--the one who harmed the Tailor.

GIANT

Who--who are you?

TAILOR

I am--the Tailor!

BROTHER GIANT

(IN DISBELIEF.) The Tailor!

GIANT

(IN DISBELIEF.) You are gone!

BROTHER GIANT

You are over the cliff!

TAILOR

I will always be with you. You cannot run from an evil deed you have done.

GIANT

He talks! (HIS KNEES KNOCK.)

BROTHER GIANT

(MAID STOMPS HER FEET.) He walks! (KNEES KNOCKING.)

TAILOR

(SOFTLY.) Who-ooo-ooo harmed the Tailor?

GIANT

We are bewitched--

BROTHER GIANT

Bedeveled--

GIANT

By a ghost!

TAILOR

(LOUDLY.) Who-ooo-ooo! (DISAPPEARS.)

BROTHER GIANT

Run! (BROTHER GIANT RUNS UPPER RIGHT, GIANT RUNS UPPER LEFT STAGE THEY ARE INTERCEPTED BY THE MAID AT RIGHT AND THE TAILOR AT LEFT. COMICALLY THEY RUN, SHAKING AND WITH HIGH STEPS. MAID STEPS FROM BEHIND SCREEN AT RIGHT, COVERED WITH A WHITE CLOTH. SHE WAVES HER ARMS AND THE CLOTH BILLOWS. SHE WAILS "BOOOOOO!) Help! (GIANT AND TAILOR REPEAT THE ACTION UPPER LEFT STAGE. GIANTS GO TO CENTER STAGE AND HUDDLE TOGETHER, QUIVERING.)

GIANT

I saw the ghost--over there. (POINTS TO LEFT.)

BROTHER GIANT

Over there. (POINTS TO RIGHT.)

TAILOR

Who-ooo-ooo did it?

GIANT

Everywhere!

BROTHER GIANT

Save us! Mommy! (FALLING TO HIS KNEES, HANGING ON GIANT.)

GIANT

You did it! You hitting idiot! (PUSHING BROTHER GIANT AWAY.)

BROTHER GIANT

You did it! You mule of a fool!

TAILOR

(ECHOES.) Who-oo-oo did it?

GIANT

You put him in the sack.

BROTHER GIANT

You tied him in the sack.

TAILOR

Who-oo-oo-oo did it?

BROTHER GIANT

You pulled him here.

GIANT

You pushed him over.

BROTHER GIANT

You made me do it!

TAILOR

Who-oo-oo did it?

GIANT

You!

BROTHER GIANT

You! (EACH GIANT POINTS AT THE OTHER, LOOKING STRAIGHT AHEAD. TAILOR EXTENDS SWORD AND HITS GIANT ON THE HEAD. GIANT LOOKS AT BROTHER GIANT AND THEN HITS HIM ON HEAD.)

GIANT

You!

BROTHER GIANT

(HITS GIANT ON HEAD.) You!

GIANT

(RISES.) I'll hit your flapping ears!

BROTHER GIANT

(RISES.) I'll split your empty head!

TAILOR

Who-oo-oo did it? (WITH SWORD HITS BROTHER GIANT.)

BROTHER GIANT

You! (SLAPS GIANT.)

GIANT

You! (THE FOLLOWING ACTION BUILDS TO A CRESCENDO.)

BROTHER GIANT

Take that! (KICKS GIANT.)

GIANT

Take that! (KICKS BROTHER GIANT.)

BROTHER GIANT

You hitting hippopotomus!

GIANT

You kicking kangaroo!

TAILOR

Who--oo-oo did it?

GIANT

(PICKS UP CLUB.) You!

GIANT

I'll crack you open!

BROTHER GIANT

I'll whack you shut!

TAILOR

Who? Who? (HE DISAPPEARS BEHIND SCREEN.)

GIANT

You--you babbling baboon!

BROTHER GIANT

You--you gaping ape!

GIANT

I'll clawter you!

BROTHER GIANT

I'll slaughter you! (GIANTS START TO FIGHT. THEY GRUNT, GROAN, AND BELLOW. IT IS A WILD, RECKLESS, VIOLENT BATTLE. TAILOR APPEARS AROUND LEFT OF TREES.)

TAILOR

Oh, blow mighty winds--blow!

MAID

(APPEARS LEFT OF SCREEN.) Oh, rage burning fires--rage!

(GIANTS FIGHT FASTER. TAILOR RUNS ACROSS IN FRONT COVERED WITH THE WHITE CLOTH. HE GIVES ONE END OF THE CURTAIN TO MAID WHO HOLDS IT HIGH. TAILOR RUNS BACK ACROSS AND HOLDS OTHER END HIGH, MASKING THE FIGHT OF THE GIANTS. THE CURTAIN WAVES VIOLENTLY. GRUNTS, GROANS, AND YELLS ARE HEARD FROM GIANTS. TAILOR AND MAID PEEK BEHIND THE CURTAIN AND SHUDDER AT THE SIGHT. THE FIGHT COMES TO A CLIMAX WITH ONE LOUD YELL AND BOOM, FOLLOWED BY A SECOND LOUD YELL AND BOOM, AND THEN SUDDEN SILENCE. CAUTIOUSLY TAILOR AND MAID LOOK AT EACH OTHER.)

TAILOR

All is silent.

MAID

All is still. Can it be . . .

TAILOR

Is it over?

MAID

Shall we look?

TAILOR

We will see! (WHISPERS.) One . . . two . . . three!

(MAID RELEASES HER END OF CURTAIN AND TAILOR WHISKS IT ASIDE. AMID THE DEBRIS, THE TWO GIANTS LIE LIFELESS, SPRAWLED ON THE GROUND.)

MAID

The raging winds have blown themselves away!

TAILOR

The raging fires have burned each other out! (THEY SKIP TO THE FOOTLIGHTS.) The forest is free! Long may it be! (EACH PICKS UP, HIDDEN IN THE TREES, A LONG-STEMMED LILY, AND SKIP BACK TO GIANTS.) The Giants are gone--to where ever giants go--(EACH PUTS A LILY, WHICH STANDS UP, IN A HAND OF A GIANT.) May they rest forever--in misery. (THEY COVER THE DEAD BODIES WITH THE SHEET. CROSS LEFT.) Quick to the castle. To the dungeon. Save the Queens! (CROSS RIGHT.)

MAID

Attention! (DOWN RIGHT.)

TAILOR

Onward march!

(A TIGHT SPOT ILLUMINES DOWN RIGHT STAGE AREA ALLOWING GIANTS TO EXIT LEFT IN DARKNESS. MAID AND TAILOR MARCH IN PLACE SINGING,)

MAID AND TAILOR

Shake no more, no giant walks.

Fear no more, no giant talks.
 Bow no more, but stand up
 Ten feet high,
 And higher grow!
 Because you know the secret: there is
 More than one
 Way to slay a giant.

(MAID AND TAILOR EXIT RIGHT. LIGHTS DIM AS SCENE CHANGES
 TO PALACE GATE AS BEFORE. LIGHTS COME UP.)

TAILOR

(ENTER SINGING.) Open up the gate. (CROSS CENTER.
 LOOKS MEANINGFULLY AT MAID WHO JUMPS TO ATTENTION AND
 RUNS AROUND BEHIND GATES.) Open up the gate. I come to
 save the Queen. Open the gate. Hello!

MAID

(LEANS OUT THE PEEP-DOOR.) Good day to you.

TAILOR

Good day it is! A good day to all! Open up the gates.
 I have come to rescue the Queens.

MAID

The Queens are in the dungeon, locked in irons and chains.
 (SADLY.)

TAILOR

Unlock the bars. Unlock the chains! The forest is free!

MAID

Oh, come in. Come in! The gates are open wide! (SHE
 SHUTS THE PEEP-DOOR. TRUMPETS AND BUGLES BLOW. THEY
 OPEN THE GATES, REVEALING THE THRONE ROOM.) Make way,
 make way for the brave little Tailor!

TAILOR

Hear ye! Hear ye! The Queens are free!

MAID

Make way for Queen Eulalia. Make way for Queen Ohlalia.
 From the dungeon--up the steps they come! (EULALIA ENTERS

RIGHT AND OHLALIA ENTERS LEFT. EACH HAS HER HANDS TIED IN A FLOWING STRIP OF VELVET.)

EULALIA

We have no locks or balls or chains--(WORRIED THAT THEY HAVE BEEN BAD.)

OHLALIA

So we tied ourselves with velvet trains!

TAILOR

Your Majesties, (CROSS CENTER TO QUEENS, UNTYING THEIR WRISTS.) untie, unloose, undo! The giants are gone. You are free!

EULALIA

Gone?

OHLALIA

Gone?

MAID

Gone!

EULALIA

Our people are free?

OHLALIA

Our forest?

MAID

Every tree!

TAILOR

The throne is yours.

EULALIA

(QUEENS RUN ABOUT EXCITEDLY.) Call the people--go! They must know!

OHLALIA

Ring the bell! (MAID LETS DOWN TWO ROPES, WHICH ARE FASTENED TO A TEETER-TOTTER POLE ABOVE THE STAGE.)

EULALIA

Ring! Ring!

OHLALIA

Let it tell, let it say-- (HOLDS THE END OF ONE OF THE HANGING ROPES.)

EULALIA

(HOLDS END OF OTHER HANGING ROPE.) This is freedom day!
(QUEENS DO A HAPPY LITTLE DANCE. THE MAID AND TAILOR JOIN.)

TAILOR

Your Majesties, I can do no more. Goodby, good luck, farewell. (EXITS OFF LEFT.)

EULALIA

Goodby--(SADLY WAVING.)

OHLALIA

Goodby--(SADLY WAVING.)

EULALIA

Oh me! (TURNS CENTER.)

OHLALIA

Oh my! (TURNS CENTER. BOTH QUEENS CROSS UP CENTER STAGE, SIT ON THRONES.)

MAID

(COMES TO FOOTLIGHTS AT RIGHT.) "And the Brave Little Tailor went on his way, helping--using his needle and thread--and his head." (LIGHTS FADE DOWN ON STAGE, ON QUEENS AND ON BORDERING TAPESTRIES IN THAT ORDER.)

CHAPTER III
CRITICAL EVALUATION

In an art such as the theatre, dependent upon the efforts of so many, the director is able only to provide guidance, guided herself by her understanding of the potentials of the script and her artists. The methods of this guidance must be as varied as the people that create the production. This chapter will include a report of the progression of this production of The Brave Little Tailor from the designers' initial sketches to its closing performance.

The Design

The director requested that her designers try to reflect two ideas in their work. First, she asked that they accent the moral, or idea, of the play--that might does not make right. Second, she wished the design to reflect the fairy-tale origin of the play. The director feels that the designers were faithful to these two basic concepts and that the effectiveness of her work and that of the actors was enhanced by the designers' work. Still, the director is aware that her communication and cooperation with her designers could have been improved upon, that careful study of the areas in which she failed or

was not totally successful will make this study more valuable, and that the recognition of the possibility of and the need for improvement is a prerequisite for growth in one's art.

This production exposed the director to many experiences and responsibilities that were new to her. Until this time, she had never had the opportunity to work with artists of such skill and creativity. She was acutely aware of their accomplishments and felt a great relief at having their support. She felt confidence in her own expertise in the actual direction of the play; that is to say, in her emotional and intellectual interpretation of the script, her management of rehearsals, and her ability to work with and extract quality performance from creative people. This confidence was underscored by the reassurance of having such a competent staff with which to work.

The disappointments and problems were few and ephemeral. As stated before, the director considers the production a success.

The Set

The set was visually beautiful. It had a fantastic, other-world quality. With the exception of the throne room, all three settings were conducive to the action of the play. The throne room created two problems. First, the thrones were set so far upstage on the platform that the audience

seated to the extreme sides of the auditorium was unable to see the actors seated on the thrones. Secondly, the action of the second act required a change of clothing which the director believed could be executed onstage, masked by the panel upstage of the thrones. This proved to be impossible, however, again due to the sightlines in the auditorium. These problems could have been avoided if the director had insisted on approving the set design prior to the construction of the set. The designer, in an odd moment, had done a quick pencil sketch of his idea on a piece of scrap paper to show the director, whose approval he apparently took as final, because no rendering was forthcoming until construction was already underway. Later, when the floor plan was reviewed, the director asked about the possibility of sightline problems, but was assured that there would be none.

The director failed in two ways during the first stages of preparation for the production. First, she had too great an awe of the designers' expertise in their fields. This awe allowed a certain amount of dilution of the director's emotional and intellectual interpretation of the play in deference to the designers' wishes and opinions. Secondly, the director failed to prepare adequately for the difficult task of transforming abstract concepts into concrete realities for her designers' benefit. In retrospect, the director thinks she must

have viewed the designers as being psychic in their abilities to understand what she wanted. Sketches, illustrations from fairy tale books, color swatches, and specifics of all types were what were needed, but were lacking.

As the play was about to open, another problem with the set came to the fore. The idea of pivoting two-sided panels was ingenious. The problem lay in fastening the panels into position quickly, securely, and subtly because the changes had to be made in full view of the audience. The director should have insisted that the problem be remedied earlier, as the panels were still slowly swinging out of place within two rehearsals of opening, thereby undermining the actors' confidence. The first solutions attempted were relatively ineffective, and at the opening performance one panel kept closing in front of the seated Queens.

The director feels that all of the problems that occurred in regard to the set could have been avoided if she had been more assertive. Her natural timidity was augmented by her intense respect for her designers to the extent that she was unable totally to fulfill the demands made upon her by her role as the final decision maker.

The Properties

There were very few problems with the props. The designer was fortunately a patient man. The script

called for over thirty props. Although the designer and the director attempted to begin construction with a complete list, the need for several more props became apparent as rehearsals progressed.

The property designer had a good sense of style in addition to his superior ability to create unfindable items. This area was relatively trouble-free. The director will take greater care in the future to assure a complete properties list at the beginning of the production period.

The Costumes

The director became most aware of her own inadequacies and weaknesses in her work with the costume designer. The problems arose mostly because of the director's reluctance to assert her authority. The suggestions originally given to the designer requested no strict observance of any one period's requirements. The director asked for a "flavoring" of very early Gothic, almost back to the period of barbarism. She was not concerned with exact representation of an historically accurate period. However, the costume designer felt that he could not, in good conscience, design costumes that were of barbaric line and use fabrics of jewel hues as the colors would be anachronistic to the period. Furthermore, as children have a preconceived notion that queens are dressed in bright colors of Gothic style, he

felt that it would be wrong to disappoint their expectations. The director had met with similar arguments when she had made an earlier suggestion to the set designer that he consider a somewhat abstract unit setting of an early Gothic or barbaric design, so she set aside this idea in favor of the opinions of her co-workers. In retrospect, the director feels that since strict adherence to a period is not indicated by the script, the designers would have been justified in taking some liberties with color. She also feels that her original response to the script would have provided a good basis for a less conventional approach to the play. She regrets that she did not insist that the designers do some exploration in this direction. She believes she gave the child audience less credit than is due it, having since observed its reactions to the production, and learned much. Faced with the same situation again, she will certainly be more firm in her convictions. The fact that the risk was not entirely hers, since the production was produced by an established theatre with a reputation and a subscription to maintain, influenced her tendency to bow to the wishes of others.

The director is now of the opinion that it is more probable that the adult, rather than the child audience, has expectations that it does not want to have disappointed. The child comes to the theatre naively, ready to enjoy, it is the adult who comes to criticize. The designers

had made their stylistic decisions before they met with the director.

Also in her work with the costume designer, the director became aware of a problem tangential to those described above. The director is of small body build and has a quiet, reserved manner. In addition to this, she was in the situation of having men under her direction. Without the respect gained by years of experience, she found it difficult to establish her authority over those with whom she worked. The particular incident that brought this realization to her was as follows. The rendering of the Tailor's costume was approved with the exception of the hat, for which the design was unacceptable. The director asked that it be only half as tall as was indicated by the drawing as she wished the Tailor to appear as short as possible next to the Giants. The designer assured her that this change presented no problem. The matter was never mentioned again until the first dress rehearsal when the director was informed that the hat (as tall, if not more so as it had been in the rendering) was not sturdy enough to be worn through much of the rigorous physical activity clearly called for by the script and about which the director had warned the designer. This type of disregard of the director's wishes was characteristic of her relationship with this designer.

The director is very grateful to her designers for their fine creative work and mentions these problems only to exemplify her growing self-awareness during the production period. She recognizes that there was no wilful denial of her wishes, but rather that the fault lies with her inability to make herself understood, to assert her authority and prerogatives, and to prepare to an extent that she was unable to give her designers concrete input.

The director's decision to dress the Queens in different colors proved to be unnecessary. The Giants were able to change back to their rustic costumes between the second and third acts. The audience had no trouble telling the Giants apart in the third act.

The Lighting

The director feels that there were no problems of significance in her relationship with her lighting designer. Possibly because the designer was a woman and an undergraduate, the director's higher level of academic status was enough to ensure full cooperation. The director is grateful for the patience shown by the lighting designer during technical rehearsals and for her artistic assistance in setting intensity levels, an area in which the director felt grossly deficient.

The lighting was very effective in setting the mood of each scene, as well as the overall mood of fantasy and

suspense. The director feels that the lighting in the forest scene, which was subdued and shadowy, lent to the success of the play's climax.

The Sound

The music and sound effects were chosen with the requirements of specific moments in mind. The selections were quite successful, except that a few of the selections were familiar to some members of the audience, conjuring images unrelated to the action of the play and therefore destroying their enjoyment of and concentration on the play.

An "idea bell" was called for in the script. It was necessary to have this sound recorded because, after some rehearsal of the sound, it was found too inconvenient to have the actors ring a large school bell offstage. Several sounds were tried, the final choice being that of a child's xylophone being rapidly strummed.

The Performers and Performances

The Performers

The casting method was dictated by considerations of time and distance. The company was to be comprised of professional actors, many of whom lived hundreds of miles away. The audition period had to be extremely short so as not to interfere with their other commitments.

The director was fortunate in the number of qualified artists who auditioned. The decisions were simplified since the majority of the roles require specific physical types. Consideration was also given to the probability that the actors who lived far away would find it difficult to return for several costume fittings. Due to the short rehearsal period and the demands of other productions on the theatre's personnel, the majority of the costume work was scheduled to be completed prior to the beginning of the rehearsal period.

The auditions were conducted in the traditional manner, with the actors reading selected scenes from the play.

The Rehearsals

The rehearsals progressed through four distinct stages: (1) blocking, (2) detailing, (3) run-through, and (4) technical dress.

The director's approach to blocking is to attain a familiarity with the play, have in mind what she would like to see happen, especially in moments critical to the play, and guide the actors in those directions, allowing the actors as much leeway for personal expression as possible. This is a great deal more time-consuming than a blocking scheme prepared before rehearsal, but, in the director's experience, it gives a much finer, more

interesting final product. Despite the short rehearsal period, the director chose to take the time necessary for this approach. Special rehearsals were held for the learning of the dances.

The director choreographed the dances. She enjoyed doing it very much, but found that in addition to the duties of directing, it taxed her strength and creativity greatly. Given the option again of having someone else choreograph a play she is directing, the director will probably save her energies for the task of directing. She was fortunate in having a skilled dancer in her cast who was very helpful when her own creativity flagged.

After the tedious, but necessary, blocking stage, came detailing rehearsals. The director made a nearly fatal mistake during this period. All of the director's previous work had been with very inexperienced actors. The director found the coaching necessary with these young actors the most rewarding part of directing. Due to her inexperience, the director had an idealized perception of professional actors and had expected that such detail would be generated by the actors themselves. Instead of going into intensive detailing sessions after blocking the production, the director, on the basis of her false assumption, chose to go directly into run-throughs, stopping them only to clear up misunderstandings as to the blocking or action. She tried to mold the production by taking notes on the faults

and weaknesses she saw during the run-throughs. As the opening date approached, the note-giving sessions began to last as long as the run-throughs with very little noticeable improvement in the quality of the performance. The ideal she had set out to achieve and the performance she was seeing seemed more and more divergent. The director was at a loss as to how to help her actors. She considered detailing, but was afraid of insulting them.

Fortunately, at this time the chairman of the director's thesis committee came to observe rehearsals. He saw immediately that the actors needed to have many sections of the play broken down and reworked. He threw himself wholeheartedly into the rehearsal, and beginning with the first act, detailed bit by bit every segment that was not working effectively. This detailing took the form of ensuring that every movement and business was complete and motivated. As soon as the director saw the immense improvement effected in this manner, and got over her chagrin at appearing so inept, she finished the rehearsal in the same manner and spent the following two sessions detailing the rest of the play. To the relief of all concerned, the play began to improve with each run-through.

By the time the play opened, the director was satisfied that she had achieved the interpretation toward which she had been striving. The performances were molded to the director's specifications which, in some cases,

required an imposition rather than an elicitation of behavior. The director prefers to elicit natural behavior from the actor, but the time required for this process was prohibitive. If the director had begun detailing immediately upon completion of the blocking, there might have been sufficient time. In the time left after the chairman's visit, the director was only able to tell and show her actors what she wanted, hoping that they could find understanding and motivation on their own. The director was pleased to discover that, when the actors knew exactly what it was that she wanted, they were quite able to do it, adding their own creative touches. The director has learned that having a cast of talented, experienced actors does not relieve the director of the responsibility of making certain that every moment of the play is dramatically effective. Rather, it relieves her of the burden of coaching her actors in order to raise their abilities to a level adequate to fulfill the demands placed on them. In either case, the eye and mind of the director--she who sits out front--are essential. No matter how talented the actors, they still need the guidance of the director's interpretation. The director regretted having to impose her interpretation. This imposition came after many habits had been established through repetition of behavior. The actors sensed immediately that the new behaviors asked of them were "right," but established behaviors are hard

to change. The actors' supplanting old responses in favor of new was a struggle at first, diverting their energies from those secondary touches that give a truly polished performance. This struggle was still going on when the play opened. Through the course of several performances, the new behaviors were assimilated, allowing the actors to concentrate on energy, characterization, and a through-line of thought. About four days after the opening, the director felt that the play had "peaked" (reached its highest state of artistic excellence). The director was very pleased to note that the actors maintained this high level of performance through the remaining time the production was at Taylor Theatre.

The technical rehearsals ran relatively smoothly. The lighting changes were simple. The costumes, with the few problems noted earlier in this chapter, were lovely, presenting the actors with few problems. The two areas that caused the most trouble were the sound and the set. The sound effects were numerous and sometimes required split-second timing on the part of the technician. These problems were worked out prior to opening.

The greatest set-backs came when the actors, who had to perform all on-stage technical functions themselves, were required to change the set. The design was ingenious--changes, with the exception of the forest scene, were effected by revolving two-sided flats attached

to a metal frame. The designer had, however, neglected to design any way to secure the flats once they had been moved. At first, sliding, spring-loaded bolts were used, but these required that the actors stoop over and release them, taking time and presenting a terribly awkward stage picture. To set the bolts, the actors were to step down on them. The Giants were unable to do this accurately or safely in their platform shoes. Often the bolts did not catch, allowing one flat to swing slowly and distractingly to a half-closed position while the other remained stalwartly open. An alternate method was sought. Eventually the idea of using strong magnets fastened to the floor which would attract a plate of metal attached to the bottom outside edges of the flats was hit upon. This worked well as long as the actors were careful to still the wobbling of the top of the flats over the magnets. Otherwise, the flats wobbled away from the magnets' attraction and swung slowly closed. The actors had little practice with the magnets before the opening of the play. At the first performance the flats seemed a little unmanageable, swinging closed in front of one of the seated Queens at one point. However, the actors soon learned how to control the flats.

The Performances

The director was ill at ease when the lights came up on the first performance of The Brave Little Tailor.

She was confident of the quality of all the artists' work, except her own.

In most of the plays for children that she had seen, the director had noted an over-dependence on humor based on physical mishap. This failure to trust the author of the script to provide adequate stimuli for the audience leads to an obscuring of the plot and a subsequent loss of interest on the part of the audience in anything but the next gag. The director of this production had purposefully tried to deter her actors from "hamming" except where such behavior was indicated by and helpful to the script and the director's interpretation. The director was not certain that the audience-- comprised mostly of pre-school and early school age children--would be able to follow the story and not need the constant entertainment of visual gags. The director was more than relieved to observe an attentive audience of young children caught up in the story of the play and being entertained by those few physical gags that the director had felt were warranted.

An audience of children is a vocal audience. An actor has no trouble telling whether an audience of children likes his work. With such an effective reinforcement pattern, it is no wonder that actors in a play for children find it difficult not to embellish their parts. The laughter is warm--the children urge the actor for more.

Yet, it is easy to do too much--to sacrifice the good of the play for the pleasure of the moment. No matter how delighted the audience is at the moment, an obscured storyline, a build that is destroyed, a pace that is thrown off by the applause-hungry actor damages a play. The director noticed that in several instances her actors were succumbing under the influence of the audience to the temptation to embellish their roles at the expense of the production. Often the actors were unaware that they were doing this. One of the Giants, in particular, had developed a very amusing characterization of a huge, gawky, bumbling dim-wit. Until the play opened, this Giant was, despite his stupidity and humorous attempts to be intelligent, adequately evil to justify his death at the end of the play. Under the influence of the audience the Giant slowly grew less evil and more humorous until he virtually became the well-meaning dupe of his wicked brother. The actor did not wish, of course, to ruin the effectiveness of the production, so he made sincere efforts to return to his original characterization. Still, the temptation to momentary glory was nearly irresistible. In some cases, audience reaction caused a needed enlargement of an actor's characterization. The director kept a sharp eye out for new developments during the first few performances during which the actors' reactions to the audience were being habituated. By the end of the run,

the actors had mastered the delayed detailing given them and had learned to perform within the participation and reactions of the audience. A production had evolved which made the director proud of all her efforts.

A production for the theatre can only be described as ephemeral. No matter how carefully prop lists, cue sheets, and the prompt book are kept, when the stage is darkened after the last performance, that production is gone forever. The costumes and set may be stored, but the actors soon grow too fat to wear the costumes, and too old to caper in the dance. The people who created the performance will, in time, no longer exist. The part of a performance that lasts is that which happens within the people involved--artists and audience. If, after it is all over, its actors are more than who they were before; if the designers can now find the way to places they have never been before; if the audience is a better audience in the theatre of life; and if the director can dare to feel her way into a new production with a mind that is her own, won by the struggle with successes and failures, then the production may be called "successful." Out of chaos we made order; out of the meaningless came meaning; and for this director The Brave Little Tailor was a very successful production.

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APPENDIX 2



The Centre for Young People

THE UNIVERSITY OF BRISTOL, U.K.
SCHOOL OF EDUCATION

APPENDICES

[The following text is extremely faint and largely illegible. It appears to be a list of appendices or a detailed table of contents. Discernible fragments include:]

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APPENDIX 1



The Theatre for Young People

THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA
GREENSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA 27412

Appendix 1

The Theatre for Young People
Department of Drama and Speech - College of Arts and Sciences
University of North Carolina at Greensboro

presents

THE BRAVE LITTLE TAILOR

A Dramatization by Aurand Harris of a tale by The Brothers Grimm
January, 18-25, 1976-Taylor Building, UNC-G

INTRODUCTION

Hundreds of years ago, an old grandmother sat in the firelight, her grandchildren around her, telling tales of magic and wonder that her grandmother had told her when she was a child. In this way, ancient tales - the "fairy tales", were carried intact through time until the Brothers Grimm first wrote them down and published them in 1812. Now one of these tales, originally named by The Grimms "The Valiant Tailor", has found a new form and expression in Aurand Harris's THE BRAVE LITTLE TAILOR.

THE CHARACTERS AND THE PLAY

As a fairy tale, THE BRAVE LITTLE TAILOR contains magic - anything can, and does happen. A little tailor, out in the world to do good, outwits two fierce, strong (but not too bright) giants. Two pretty princesses are rescued along with their kingdom and the tailor goes off to seek more adventure. "Right over Might" is an old theme with relevance for today's young people.

WHY SHOULD CHILDREN ATTEND THE BRAVE LITTLE TAILOR?

The purpose of our children's theatre is to provide productions for the child audience which will do many things for the child. A few of these are:

1. Give him the joy of watching a story come alive.
2. Help him develop critical standards with regard to the dramatic art.
3. Encourage the raising of standards for his own creative dramatic experience.
4. Intensify understanding of life values by relating human experiences seen on the stage to their own.

Appendix 1 (continued)

THE BRAVE LITTLE TAILOR provides an excellent opportunity for the child to develop in these areas while he is being delightfully entertained. The experience can be much richer, more meaningful, and more longlasting for him if it is prefaced by innovative activities related to the story, characters, and meaning of the play. The following are but a few suggestions. The range of possible activities is limited only by your and the children's imaginations.

BEFORE THE PLAY

- Read a translation of the Grimm Brothers' THE VALIANT TAILOR to the children.
- Discuss the various actions of the story. Discuss ways in which the characters are different from and yet like people the children meet in everyday life. Take one character at a time (using especially the Tailor and the Giants as these are most important in the play) and talk about his specific physical and moral attributes.
- Ask the children to draw pictures about the story.
- Plan a creative dramatics lesson around the story. For example:
 1. Have the children "try on" different sizes and different ways they imagine the characters would move. What sorts of sounds do giants make? What do giants wear? What does a Tailor do for a living? What would a tailor be likely to have in his suitcase. What could he do with these articles?
 2. Have the children divide into groups, Giants and Tailors, and give them some task to perform (e.g. moving a pile of imaginary boulders from one end of the room to another to block the mouth of the cave for safety before the sun sets).

AFTER THE PLAY

For the full good of the play to be assimilated, the children need to organize their thoughts and feelings about it. Here are a few of the many possible activities that will help in this organization:

1. Use language:
 - Ask the children to write reviews of the play - what they did or did not like, what it meant to them.
 - Ask the children to write news stories about the characters or events in the play.
 - Ask the children to create poems, songs or write letters about the play.
2. Use the arts:
 - Suggest the children express their feelings about the play in as many mediums as possible. Puppets, sculptures, cut-outs are all easily made.

Appendix 1 (continued)

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3. Use the children themselves:

- Creative dramatics can be an excellent way for a child to express the new experience. This expression can be as simple as a working out of some mundane facts about the characters such as: How does a giant probably smell? What animal do their fur leggings come from? For a more advanced method, a situation that deals with the theme of the play - might does not make right - can be explored.

Appendix 2

words + music Michael Chibbers

Giant Song

Shake, quake, a giant walks! Hear, fear, a giant talks!

Bow, once, twice, thrice - Faster faster, serve your master

No one is as mighty - as a giant, as a giant, as mighty mighty me!

Tailor-Maid Song.

Shake no more, no giant walks. Fear no more, no giant talks.

Bow no more, but stand up. Ten feet high and higher grow be-
-cause you know the secret. There is more than one way to
slay.... a giant!

Lively improvise piano chord accompaniment.

APPENDIX 3

**THE THEATRE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE
PROFESSIONAL TOURING REPERTORY COMPANY**

of the Department of Drama and Speech of the
College of Arts and Sciences at the
University of North Carolina at Greensboro

presents

**THE BRAVE
LITTLE
TAILOR**

