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REYNOLDS, DAVID D. The Moulding Into Being of Tennessee Williams' The Night of the Iguana. (1977)
Directed by: Dr. Herman Middleton. Pp. 187

The intent of this thesis is to examine the merits of Tennessee Williams as a playwright with practical examples drawn from a production of The Night of the Iguana and its concluding critical analysis.

The first chapter discusses the author's life and style of writing as a major influence on American drama; the justification of the choice of the play; a description of the setting and its function; an evaluation of the mood inherent in the script and the production; and an analysis of the characters.

The second chapter is a detailed record of an interesting and successful production of The Night of the Iguana performed in the theatre of the W. Raymond Taylor Building on the campus of the University of North Carolina at Greensboro during the premiere season of the UNC-G Summer Repertory Theatre. The performances were at eight-thirty on the evenings of June 28, 30, July 5, 13, 18, 21, and at two-thirty the afternoon of July 8. Included in the prompt book are notations of movement, composition, picturization, characterization, stage business, rhythm and tempo, sound and lighting cues, and special effects cues. The material is supplemented with floorplans and production photographs which help clarify the director's interpretation of the script.

The third chapter concentrates on a post production analysis of the play. Areas of expansion include interpretation and the finished product; actor-director relationships; director-technician relationships; audience response; and the director's concluding observations.

THE MOULDING INTO BEING OF
TENNESSEE WILLIAMS'

THE NIGHT OF

THE IGUANA

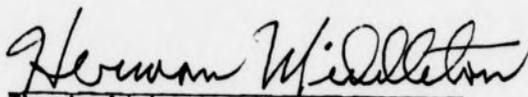
by

David D. Reynolds

A Thesis Submitted to
the Faculty of the Graduate School at
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of the Requirements for the Degree
Master of Fine Arts

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Approved by


Thesis Adviser

APPROVAL PAGE

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DEDICATION

I would like to dedicate this thesis to my wife Midge and my daughter Tracie Michelle who make life worthwhile; also, to my parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Reynolds, whose encouragement and financial assistance made the effort possible.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Without the advice and assistance of the thesis committee:
Dr. Herman Middleton, adviser; Dr. David Batcheller and Mr. Tom Behm;
the scenery and lighting designed by Ron Burns; the technical direction
of Herschel Harper; the dedication of each member of the cast and
crew; and the tireless typing of my wife Midge, this thesis or a
production of The Night of the Iguana would never have been moulded.

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THE MOULDING INTO BEING OF TENNESSEE WILLIAMS'

THE NIGHT OF THE IGUANA

CHAPTER I

THE FOUNDATION

CHAPTER I
THE FOUNDATION

The Playwright, The Style, The Works

The Beginnings

The Night of the Iguana was chosen to be performed in repertory with the comedy Charley's Aunt and two one-act operas The Medium and Amelia Goes to the Ball by Menotti during the premiere season of the UNC-G Summer Repertory Theatre. This new venture was inaugurated during June and July of 1973 in conjunction with both sessions of summer school. The company was intended to be staffed by graduate students from UNC-G and other institutions. The latter members were contacted through auditions of the Southeastern Theatre Conference in Pensacola, Florida during March of that year. Remaining roles and technical positions were to be filled by student and community talent from auditions in Greensboro in early June. The following study details the research and actual practices involved in moulding the drama The Night of the Iguana into a finished production.

A new epoch in the history of American theatre began with the opening of Tennessee Williams' poetic drama The Glass Menagerie in New York in 1945. With this play, Williams succeeded Eugene O'Neill as the chief producer of form in American drama. His great influence, especially concerning the interpretation of character and dramatic action, can be examined in the works of Europeans John Osborne,

Harold Pinter, and Jean Genet, as well as in the writings of Americans William Inge, Paddy Chayefsky, and Edward Albee. Since the first decade of his Broadway activity, Williams has been the most popular playwright in the life of the American theatre, and one of the most widely performed dramatists in the history of the Western stage. Despite the critical controversy which has attended his career in the theatre, Williams has won substantial acceptance as a serious writer. According to Esther Jackson, the emergence of Tennessee Williams as a major dramatist is a significant development in American cultural history:

In an important sense, the theatre of Tennessee Williams is an aspect of a second American Renaissance, which, like the first, followed a great war. In the same way as the theatre of Eugene O'Neill seemed to emerge out of the heightened national consciousness which marked the close of World War I, so the theatre of Tennessee Williams seems to have been an expression of a new sense of identity which American arts and letters reflected at the conclusion of World War II. Certainly by 1945, the political, social, and intellectual climate of America had become more favorable to the idea of a distinctively American drama than it had been at any time before. Moreover, by mid-century the theatre had succeeded in establishing many of the conditions necessary for popular acceptance of an American dramatic kind.¹

This study will attempt to detail various practices and procedures that have been incorporated into Williams' writing style, a style which has had such a notable effect on the American theatre of recent decades. His style was most essential in bringing to the stage the acclaimed theatrical work The Night of the Iguana.

The Author

Tennessee Williams was born March 26, 1911, in a small hospital

¹ Esther Merle Jackson, The Broken World of Tennessee Williams (Madison, Wisconsin: The University of Wisconsin Press, 1966), p. vii.

near the Episcopal rectory of his maternal grandparents, the Reverend and Mrs. Walter E. Dakin, at Columbus, Mississippi. At his christening, "Tenn" was named, after his paternal great-grandfather, Thomas Lanier Williams.² He was the second child born to Cornelius Coffin Williams and Edwina Dakin Williams. Williams grew up in St. Louis, the son of a traveling shoe salesman. His childhood was marked with many illnesses which promoted the great attachment to his mother. His world became increasingly feminine, and he began to be repelled by the relative crudeness of the masculine gender. The illnesses, primarily diphtheria, had their compensations since they kept him out of school and in the comforting warmth of the family.³ As a result of his infirmities and being forbidden by his mother to go outside and play, he felt his shyness growing and his life turning inward. In his own words he was considered "delicate and sissified."

Williams began attending the University of Missouri in 1929. After an extended interruption while he worked for a shoe company, among other endeavors, he graduated from the University of Iowa in 1938. Some of the plays he wrote during those years were produced locally. His first national recognition came in 1939 when he received a citation for a group of related one-act plays, American Blues, in a Group Theatre play contest. Battle of Angels of 1940, his first commercial production, closed in Boston after a losing struggle with censorship and its own inadequate elements. He spent the total of six months in 1943 as a

² Gilbert Maxwell, Tennessee Williams and Friends (Cleveland: The World Publishing Company, 1965), p. xi.

³ Nancy M. Tischler, Tennessee Williams; Rebellious Puritan (New York: The Citadel Press, 1961) p. 21.

contract writer for MGM. During this time he wrote an original script, The Gentleman Caller, which he eventually turned into a play. Under the new title The Glass Menagerie, the play became his first theatrical success.

The Works

Since the New York opening of this play, March 31, 1945, Williams has been accepted as one of the leading American playwrights. He has continued to write steadily and averaged more than a play a year. You Touched Me! was written in 1945 with the assistance of Donald Windham; A Streetcar Named Desire followed in 1947 and Summer and Smoke in 1948. The Rose Tattoo in 1951 and Camino Real in 1953 preceded Cat on a Hot Tin Roof in 1955. Suddenly Last Summer arrived in 1958 with Sweet Bird of Youth in 1959 and The Night of the Iguana in 1961. The Milk Train Doesn't Stop Here Anymore was written in 1963 and revised in 1964. Slapstick Tragedy came in 1966 and The Seven Descents of Myrtle in 1968.

The greatest commercial successes have been The Glass Menagerie, A Streetcar Named Desire, Cat on a Hot Tin Roof, and The Night of the Iguana. These plays not only had the longest runs, but they all received the New York Drama Critics Circle Award. Two of the plays, A Streetcar Named Desire, and Cat on a Hot Tin Roof were given the Pulitzer Prize. Williams has also published two volumes of short plays, three volumes of short stories, a novel, and a collection of poems. Adaptations of his own work have been his greatest contribution to motion pictures. A Streetcar Named Desire in 1951 and Baby Doll in

1956, the latter based on two of his short plays, are the most significant.

The Style

A great deal of American criticism has dealt with the possibility that Williams' technical achievement in writing has been seriously underestimated. A more indepth survey shows that beneath the multi-faceted surface and texture of his work, Williams conceals a significant ability as a builder of play structure, a major skill as a narrator, and a high level of accomplishment as a writer of play dialogue and action.

His abilities may be partially traced to his extended technical training and wide professional experiences. Williams has worked in non-dramatic media as well as in theatre throughout much of his career. While his technical skills have been of obvious value in his search for a representative form, Williams' most important asset may be something less tangible, an acute "sense of theatre." His clear interest in theatre for performance rather than in closet drama has involved him in constant controversy, particularly with critics of traditional schools. For the most part, his subordination of literary interests to theatricality, playability, has left him less esteemed among scholars than Thornton Wilder or Arthur Miller. The theatre itself, however, has blessed him with its own enthusiastic support; actors, directors, and scenic artists such as Marlon Brando, Elia Kazan, and Jo Mielziner, who have maintained consistently high standards of interpretation for his plays. It has been this theatricality which has given his drama the broad base of appeal which is vital to a popular art.

The Early Years

Tennessee Williams was not actually a beginning playwright in 1945. Through that time, his apprenticeship in the theatre had been long and arduous. He had learned the essentials of his craft away from the restrictive influence of commercial theatre. Despite his preoccupation with popular forms, Williams may be described, in a way, as a "university dramatist." He acquired much of his traditional knowledge of theatre, as had O'Neill, Miller, Green, and others in the American school, in an academic setting. This included theories, literature, and practice. His illuminating essays and well-formed critical theories testify to his studies at St. Louis' Washington University, the State University of Iowa, and New York's New School for Social Research. The aesthetic and philosophical orientation which the American universities of the twenties, thirties, and forties gave to young artists was perhaps more important than the formal knowledge he gained from his different studies.

Early in his professional career, Williams entered into an association which was to assist him materially in the refinement of his production form. He became allied with a group of artists who for many years had been concerned with the development of an American theatrical art form. In the group which included the director Elia Kazan, the designer Jo Mielziner, and the teacher and theorist Lee Strasberg, he found many of the conditions described by Gordon Craig as ideal. An appropriate medium for his theatre: an art of directing, acting, production, and design coinciding with the demands of his texts, emerged out of this creative association. This interpretive method created by Kazan

and his artistic collaborators has been so effective that its design for production has become conventionalized, not only as a pattern for the theatre of Williams but for the articulation of the work of dramatists in the American school. This "American formalism" has taken its place in the world theatre as a characteristic of the art since 1945.

In the years since 1945, Tennessee Williams has continued to work toward the realization of his idea of form. The plays written since that time have repeated the pattern of organization introduced in the works of the first decade. Only Period of Adjustment in 1960 has varied definitely from the form introduced in The Glass Menagerie. An ironic comedy, Period of Adjustment is a rather pleasant interlude that brightens the somber pattern of the playwright's more serious work. Williams subjects his poetic vision to continual reconsideration, restating his creative experiences. He appears to bring to a single topic progressive attitudes and thus to reject the empirical approach to subject matter favored by the realists. A pattern of reappearing themes, visible as early as The Glass Menagerie, grows more pronounced in his later periods when ideas, characters, plots, and portions of dialogue reappear regularly. Accordingly, the chronology of his work is problematic.

The Playwright's Objective

Williams has made a consistent attempt to put the world, as he sees it on stage, in dramatic parables that will be both a pleasure and a shock to his audiences. This attempt has brought attacks from those who imagined that his fables were realistic portraits. His careful

manipulation of speech and gesture has given the American theatre a number of powerful and often funny characters. While the plays tend to be extremely theatrical, they also are intensely real in their treatment of character. The writer's principal concern is with those inner psychological realities which can best be depicted by the maneuvering of external elements rather than the mere recording of them. It is the complex motivations of Freudian psychology which lie at the root of most of Williams' work.⁴ Frequently he makes the conflicts of his characters representative of larger issues in the world, usually these are spirituality versus materialism. The resolutions of these conflicts are dependent upon the characters' abilities to reconcile the demands of two opposing sides of human nature. Blanche's desire for beauty and love are set against Stanley's materialism and lust, as an example, in A Streetcar Named Desire. The conflict is embodied in intensely powerful and lifelike portraits in some of the plays, while in others, it is put in terms which makes them seem too abstract and schematic. The combination of comic and serious elements in the same scene is another aspect of realism used by Williams. He is able to show, much like Chekhov did, multiple aspects of character and differing moods simultaneously. For example, Amanda in The Glass Menagerie is admirable, pathetic, and ridiculous. The scenes in which she appears shift mood rapidly and in a lifelike manner. Williams portrays both pathos and humor by showing human limitations in constant contrast with the highest

⁴ Oscar G. Brockett, The Theatre; An Introduction (New York: Holt, Rinehart, and Winston, 1964), p. 324.

aspirations. As a result, his plays are compassionate and bitter in the same moments. The continuing power of the realistic outlook and the modifications which have been made in realism by other views are shown by all of these qualities. The different influences that have gone into the twentieth-century theatre can, in several respects, be summed up in his plays.

The Playwright's Devices

Williams has wanted to tell his "real" truth about human beings as a playwright, but not as a realist. He has made constant use of both literary and theatrical devices of a nonrealistic sort. He employs symbolism of the type enhanced by Ibsen and Chekhov. It is to be found in almost all his plays, and the titles of his works are representative of their deeper and symbolic meanings.⁵ Very often the plays utilize fragmentary settings with simultaneously visible interiors and exteriors to allow great fluidity in playing without scene changes. A primary example of this is Summer and Smoke which requires that two interiors and a fountain in a park be visible continuously. Moreover, in the Production Notes to The Glass Menagerie, he makes quite clear that he believes poetic truth can best be depicted through a transformation that escapes the appearance of reality.⁶

Despite his aesthetic stand, Williams is enough in the tradition of the American theatre to ask his characters to move and to speak

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Brockett, p. 323.

⁶

Robert Warnock, ed., Representative Modern Plays, American (Glenview, Illinois: Scott, Foresman and Company, 1952), pp. 588-591.

realistically when he wants them to. In The Night of the Iguana, for example, there is action which helps define characters in the scene in Act II in which Maxine tempts Shannon with the rum-coco. In Period of Adjustment, there is a character-revealing speech in Isabel's shift from the first to the third person as she tells her dream about serving a handsome doctor. There is realism, a psychological soundness in the choice of gesture and work, at the heart of Williams' creation of character. From this point he goes out of his way to mask it. This is evident in his frequent and conscious use of caricature; Flora and Bessie in The Rose Tattoo are described as "two female clowns."

Antirealistic devices by which he transforms his characters are mythic identifications as in Orpheus Descending, in which Val is both Orpheus and Christ. The use of significant names such as "A. Ratt" in Camino Real and "Val Zavier" (pronounced Savior) in Orpheus Descending is another popular technique employed by Williams. The mythic elements function not only with the characters but with the plots too. In Orpheus, Williams hopes to make Val's death a kind of ritual that lifts the play from the realistic to the metaphorical. The references to Greek and Christian myth that sprinkle his plays serve as distancing devices, pushing the audiences away from strictly realistic readings. Much the same use is made of the verbal and visual symbols that flood the Williams plays. Sometimes the symbols can become ludicrous, as in Summer and Smoke with its collection of symbolic indications of the body-soul split represented by John and Alma. Often, as with the roses in The Rose Tattoo, the use of symbols seems to be done in a joking manner.

The Playwright's Themes and Symbols

In most of Williams' work there is a thematic similarity. From the beginning of his career, he has been preoccupied with the man or woman who by virtue of being different, can, and in fact must, stand outside and see the world clearly. For Williams this means to see the horror in it. One of the best examples of his outsider being described comes from Alma's words in The Eccentricities of a Nightingale, which is a revision of Summer and Smoke: "My little company of the faded and frightened and difficult and odd and lonely." This company is presented satirically in the play but Williams has always recognized that his outsiders are, from one view at least, comic characters. This is true, from Amanda in The Glass Menagerie, to the heroine of The Gnadiges Fraulein, one of the plays that make up Slapstick Tragedy. In no way does this recognition detract from the courage or pain of the characters. From Williams' standpoint, the truth of their vision of the world is not even interrupted. Since these characters are never at home in the world and since they are usually running to or from something, the label "fugitive kind" could easily distinguish them. The Fugitive Kind was the title used for one of his early unpublished plays and for the later movie version of Orpheus Descending in 1960.

Design, word, gesture, mime, music, dance, and light in the drama of Tennessee Williams are components of a sensuous symbol. Changes in the nature of theatrical representation have been necessitated by the recovery of this comprehensive dramatic motive in the theatre of the twentieth century. Williams has moved away from the concrete interests

of the realists, and beyond the essentially lyric concerns of the romantics, to a language which strives to effect a reconciliation of all facets of reality. The dramatic form which this playwright has developed is indebted to the romantic theorists for its conception of the interpretive symbol. Williams' symbols differ from those of earlier writers in that he uses objects and sounds to represent intangible elements: a glass menagerie to symbolize a very frail girl; a captive iguana that shows the extent to which the human race has pushed itself; an Equinoxial storm of heavenly attribute. The American contemporary theatre is not primarily concerned with "art for art's sake," but rather with the creation of a drama which can rediscover, or create, comprehensive universal meanings. In the theatre of Williams, music, dance, mime, poetry, and design are not techniques employed for the unadorned delight of the spectator. They are philosophical, even theological in their intent. They even attempt to re-establish the ritual function of theatre. Their intent is as modes of signification: signs of a present search for truth.

The Protagonist

One of the most controversial aspects of the drama of Tennessee Williams is his use of an anti-heroic protagonist as an image of man. He rejects the Aristotelian concept of the protagonist and substitutes for it an anti-hero, which is the personification of a humanity neither good, knowledgeable, nor courageous. The anti-heroic image of man can be seen in Blanche, Alma, Brick, Kilroy, Val, Chance, and Shannon. Even those figures who demand some sympathy, as Tom in The Glass

Menagerie, and Catherine, the victim of Suddenly Last Summer, can be described in the words of T. S. Eliot as "non beings" - "Caught in the form of limitation/Between un-being and being."⁷ Williams' image of modern man appears to be one of man as he is poised between the contrary imperatives of his world. In the major works of Tennessee Williams, The Glass Menagerie included, the protagonist pursues his "odyssey," his journey toward self identity. The protagonist conducts his search for principle through which he may bring meaning to experience within the moment of escape from the corrosive life process, the instant captured by the lyric. He does this by exploring the alternatives mirrored within this image of his own consciousness. This is an examination of a comprehensive theme of twentieth-century arts, the search for identity: the journey toward meaning. Williams has abandoned more flattering images of man because of his perception of a moral crisis. He claims that theatre cannot afford to exalt man, or praise and commend his nature due to apparent shock and fright by the growing threat of human annihilation. He insists that the proper function of the modern drama is to expose man's hidden nature, to search out his motives, to discover his limits, and, ultimately, to help him find a method of salvation. There is little doubt that Williams states the case against modern man effectively in his anti-hero. Only a limited resolution for his cycle of suffering has been evolved. His conclusion is that the only hope for man is compassion. The damned city of Camino Real is redeemed by love which sets the water flowing again in the mountains there.

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Jackson, p. 69.

The Moral Development

The whole range of Williams' drama shows the gradual development of a comprehensive moral structure. If his early works are concerned primarily with ethical implications within art, (with the need for the integrity of self-expression) the playwright's later works have been increasingly concerned with the exploration of moral problems which are more comprehensive in nature.

According to Jackson there are three main periods of expansion expressed in Williams' growth as a moralist. His early plays are concerned with the struggle of the individual for self-realization. In the middle period of his development, he begins to equate his accounts of individual crisis with more universal phenomena, especially to trace their effect on society at large. Later works relate these personal crises to the timeless progress of mankind in the moral universe. It is significant to note that Williams' later works have taken on more and more of the apparatus of the orthodox Christian search for God. Gradually Williams' anti-hero, his symbol for modern man, has begun to assume the role of the "negative saint," the great sinner, toiling up the steep ascent to God. Williams, with his twentieth-century accounting of human transgression, attempts to articulate, transform, and purge human ills.

The Stylistic Conclusions

A summary to the style of Williams can be found in his own words in the Preface to Sweet Bird of Youth:

I would say that there is something much bigger in life and death than we have become aware of (or adequately recorded) in our

living and dying. And, further, to compound this shameless romanticism, I would say that our serious theatre is a search for that something that is not yet successful but is still going on.⁸

Williams can logically be considered as was Eugene O'Neill, among the playwrights of disillusionment and despair. Like O'Neill, he is obsessed by the suffering and psychological ills of the age. Nevertheless, behind his pessimism, there is hope, an implication that life need not be so sick and sordid as it often is. Conventional-minded Americans have bitterly complained that his plays, particularly Cat on a Hot Tin Roof and Orpheus Descending, give an unfair and pathological view of American life. There can be no doubt that Williams deals primarily with the mental and emotional ills of our civilization. Although he deals with these brutally, he handles them with honesty and skill. Within the psychoses and neuroses of his characters, this sensational playwright finds great drama and sometimes great illumination.

The Choice of Play

The Night of the Iguana, presented by Charles Bowden in association with Viola Rubber, made its New York premiere at the Royale Theatre on December 28, 1961. It was directed by Frank Corsaro. The setting was designed by Oliver Smith and lighting design was by Jean Rosenthal. Costumes were by Noel Taylor with audio effects by Edward Beyer. The cast, in order of appearance, was as follows:

Maxine Faulk Bette Davis

8

Tennessee Williams. Sweet Bird of Youth (New York: The New American Library, Inc.), p. xii.

Pedro	James Farentino
Pancho	Christopher Jones
Reverend T. Lawrence Shannon	Patrick O'Neal
Hank.	Theseus George
Herr Fahrenkopf	Heinz Hohenwald
Frau Fahrenkopf	Lucy Landau
Wolfgang	Bruce Glover
Hilda	Laryssa Lauret
Judith Fellowes	Patricia Roe
Hannah Jelkes	Margaret Leighton
Charlotte Goodall	Lane Bradbury
Jonathan Coffin (Nonno)	Alan Webb
Jake Latta	Louis Guss

The play closed September 29, 1962 after a run of 316 performances. It won for its author the New York Drama Critics' Circle Award. Later, The Night of the Iguana was made into a movie which featured Richard Burton, Deborah Kerr, Ava Gardner, and Sue Lyons in main roles.

Although the play opened to mixed reviews, it is generally considered to be a good piece of writing by a very famous playwright. The script offers a multitude of theatrical possibilities for the actor and director as well as the designer of scenery, lighting, and sound. The characters drawn by Williams are among the most intricately complicated of any he has created. The play has a relatively large cast of fourteen but lends itself well to a repertory situation. The major roles are of considerable size while minor parts may easily be played by actors with

major commitments in other plays. The single setting with no scenery shifting is also a positive factor for consideration as repertory theatre. The merit of The Night of the Iguana may be summed up in the words of Henry Hewes as he wrote for The Saturday Review:

There it is. Destruction and creation, cruelty and compassion, smut and spirituality, all of the paradoxical ingredients so essential to the divine equation Mr. Williams uses to transform energy into living stage matter. And again he does so with the same style, humor, and sensitivity that make him the foremost American playwright of his time.⁹

The major concern for the director of this play would naturally be with the characterizations and the pacing of the long scenes which tend to become rather wordy. The play does not move rapidly as far as the plot is concerned and the acting load the main actors are asked to bear is considerable. This situation is perhaps no different than that of plays by Chekhov or O'Neill, but it might result as a shadow on a relatively unblemished script. The characters evolve psychologically and this requires a great deal of conversation which manifests itself as stage time. The sparse plot development of the play is offset considerably by the unique imagery spoken by the characters and utilized in the scenery, lighting, and sound effects. The complexity of the multiple character motivations requires actors capable of performing at various levels in order to make the play believable and interesting.

Since the characters are so deeply etched from the human situation, the human dilemma, the interpretation and the acting style would necessarily be based in realism. This is aided by the references to the

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Henry Hewes. "Broadway Postscript, El Purgatorio," Saturday Review. January 20, 1962, p. 36.

hot, isolated location in which the play takes place and the effect it has upon the people who manage to get caught there. There will of necessity have to be certain "theatrical" effects employed in the staging of this production. Williams regards all aspects of the theatre when he writes and The Night of the Iguana conforms in its construction and presentation.

The Setting

The Night of the Iguana is set in the Costa Verde hotel, located near Puerto Barrio, on the west coast of Mexico. The action takes place near the present city of Acapulco in September of 1940. The Costa Verde is situated on a windy hill top overlooking the beach and the sea. The weather-beaten resort hotel is surrounded by natural elements in the form of jungle foliage and rocks. It is a "raft in the green sea of Mexican jungle, a vision of the end of the world for people at the end of their rope."¹⁰ When he described the setting, Williams related to the many "primitive" Indian villages in the area. In many respects, this concept needs to apply to the hotel and the animalistic nature of its occupants as they traverse the set. Since many of the characters in the play are direct contrasts of one another in appearance and attitude, the hotel and its surroundings must display these differences also. The fading and decaying man-made structure is pitted against the more permanent natural elements; rocks, trees, and sea coast.

¹⁰
T. E. Kalem. "The Violated Heart." Time. January 5, 1962, p. 53.

Audience members will view a realistic setting with added theatrical characteristics. The main scenic unit should depict one side of the hotel with its roof and a verandah which overlooks the rain forest. Three rooms, or cubicles, comprise the back wall of the set. A hammock and two wicker chairs on a lower level down right represent the area where the hotel guests congregate during their stay. The porch of the building continues around all the sides of the structure, but the walkway is only visible to the point where it disappears and turns the corner up left and up right. Various steps and ramps complete the acting area. These units represent entrances and exits that lead to and from the beach, the road below, and the rain forest.

The first evidence of theatrical characteristics contained in the setting may be seen in the form of the rake on which the entire acting area is built. The rake, which reaches its lowest level near the audience, should not only aid the visibility of the spectator, but represent the continual up and down struggle of the human race as it traverses its worldly path. The walls of the cubicles are also of a theatrical nature since they need to be transparent to allow for visibility of action within. This quality may be achieved easily if the walls are constructed of scrim material and lighted from behind. This effect will only be used during the night scenes when there is a motivated light source within the room. The thunderstorm which takes place at the end of Act I should contain many special effects to represent a realistic storm. Lightning and recorded thunder will be accompanied by wind that stirs the natural elements and actual rain that cools the inner fires of the characters.

The Mood

Some of the most prominent qualities inherent in The Night of the Iguana are loneliness, desperation, and despair. These circumstances are enhanced by the fact that the Costa Verde is isolated on a windy hill top. This feeling is supported by the level to which the acting area has been raised and the rake to which it has been tilted. The sense of isolation is punctuated by the rocks and trees that surround the structure. The action of the play progresses from the middle of the afternoon to the middle of the night. The warmth of the afternoon sun offers a bit of solace to the weary travelers of the world who find themselves assembled at the Costa Verde. The night, which since the beginning of time has been related to the unknown, closes about the characters like the mental and physical torment to which they are gradually exposed and become used to. These situations are produced by various stage lighting effects. Through the use of motivated as well as unmotivated lighting, the hotel itself is able to come alive and glow with a type of inner warmth that finally blends the lives of the characters into a situation which is showered with hope, much as the rain forest is showered with lifegiving rain.

Audience members will be able to sense the location of the hotel as soon as they enter the theatre. Since the act curtain will not be used, the environmental setting will be evident at every moment. Low intensity warming lights will give it a feeling of life, existing in the Mexican heat, from the first moment the programs are opened. Pre-show music with a Mexican flavor will introduce the audience to the

qualities of the play and its characters. The feelings expressed will run the emotional gamut from great festivity to lonely isolation. Lone guitars and orchestrated pieces provide the contrasts in the opening music. The mood of the play is to be carried further by the use of recorded sounds of birds in the rainforest and of the nearby sea which, as Nonno proclaims in Act I of the play, is the "cradle of life, . . . Life begins and ends in the sea." The music which fills the scene break and introduces Act II must be in the form of a restatement of the action of the play at that particular time. Closing and postshow music must portray a feeling of death, but not in the tragic sense. As the context of the play reveals, the release of death is a welcome situation that cannot be guided by human hands, but by the hands of destiny. It can even be considered a hopeful situation, depending on the circumstances. As Henry Hewes concludes about The Night of the Iguana:

The action suggest the playwright's view that we are all of us committed to life imprisonment with our true natures, and that compassion and courage are the only salvation.¹¹

The Characters

As previously stated, The Night of the Iguana is a play of characterization. For Williams, the heart of this play is the intensive psychological development of Shannon, Hannah, Maxine, and Nonno. The following is a brief analysis of the characters, their backgrounds, and their motivations.

¹¹

Hewes, "Broadway Postscript," p. 36.

Reverend T. Lawrence Shannon Shannon is a thirty-five year old alcoholic on the verge of a mental breakdown. He is a former minister of the Episcopal church in Pleasant Valley, Virginia, who was locked out of his church for fornication, (on the floor of his church study) and heresy, both accomplished within the same week. His desire to return to the church as a minister is great, but for the past five years he has been conducting tours of Latin American countries, still disguised as a minister. He plays the role of con-man as he runs his "mis-guided tours." The rewards he receives usually come in the form of the favors of young girls in the party. He takes them for everything he can get, monetarily, physically, and emotionally. The alcoholic "spook" which haunts him can temporarily be eluded in the hammock overlooking the rainforest on the verandah of the Costa Verde. Shannon finds solace in the form of Hannah, a spinster who "leads him beside still waters," and Maxine, the insatiable "bright widow spider."

Hannah Jelkes Hannah is a New England spinster who is pushing forty. She has traveled for many years with her grandfather, the aging poet, paying her expenses by selling her water colors and portraits done in charcoal or pastel. Much of her time has been spent in the Orient where she has adopted the philosophy "accept whatever condition you cannot improve." Her two bizarre love "experiences" contrast deeply with the scorecard kept by Shannon. She is able to endure her travels by taking deep breaths and poppy seed tea. One of her major concerns is that her grandfather be able to finish his final poem and be able to rest. She wishes to put an end to her travels and has, for the moment, finally found a quiet place to do so.

Maxine Faulk Maxine, who will soon never see forty again, is the insatiable, physically realistic, owner of the Costa Verde hotel. She expresses a desire to return to the United States to run a small motel, outside some large town, for "after hours dictation." Perhaps she can effectively operate her hotel here for a few more years, but probably she will never leave Mexico. She has a great desire to be needed and loved and wanted. Even before his death, she had lost communication with her husband Fred and took in two beach boys to help her pass the time. Her earthiness is a big contrast to the spirituality of Hannah.

Jonathan Coffin-(Nonno) This ninety-seven year old "minor league poet with the major league spirit" is generally thought to be patterned after Williams' own grandfather, Jonathan Coffin. Nonno, the grandfather of Hannah, is the world's oldest living and practising poet. He tries desperately hard to finish his first poem in over twenty years which will also be his last. His eyes have failed him and he must compose the lines by memory. His deafness causes him to practically shout when he speaks and several "cerebral accidents", which have impaired his mobility, relate that the end is not far away.

Judith Fellowes Judith is the "butch vocal teacher" of the tour conducted by Shannon. She is a Baptist school teacher from Texas who takes a more than usual interest in Charlotte Goodall the sixteen year old girl she is escorting on the trip. Since Shannon has also shown a very active interest in the girl, Judith in jealousy is the leader of the "insurrection" to get him fired.

Charlotte Goodall Charlotte is the sixteen year old "musical prodigy" under the escort of Judith Fellowes. She is very vulnerable to the snares set for her by older men such as Shannon, but she does not fall into the traps with a total unwillingness.

Jake Latta Jake is the replacement sent by Blake Tours to take over the group being conducted by Shannon. Jake is probably one of the "gold-hungry conquistadors" from somewhere north of the border. He is an opportunist who believes in "doing unto others" but before they can do unto you!

Hank Hank is the bus driver of Shannon's tour. He is a happy-go-lucky fellow who tries to make the best of a bad situation. Actually he doesn't care one way or the other when he can have a cold beer while he thinks about the situation.

Pedro and Pancho These are two beach boys who have been keeping Maxine "satisfied" since before the death of her husband Fred. They were formerly with the Quebrada Hotel where they were employed as high divers. Their positions were terminated because of being "too friendly" with the female guests. They only live from day to day but Maxine is fulfilling all their needs.

The Germans "They epitomize Williams' perverse conviction that evil is overwhelmingly strong and will prevail."¹² Herr Fahrenkopf, the German industrialist on leave from the German Embassy: Frau Fahrenkopf, his

¹²

Kalem, "The Violated Heart," p. 53.

wife; Hilda, his daughter, the bride; Wolfgang, Hilda's husband, the bridegroom. This family is vacationing in Mexico while they celebrate the honeymoon of the couple. Germany is winning the war and they revel in the news that London is on fire. Their sort of macabre sense of humor is contrasted by their yearn for drink and good times. Perhaps Williams created them to reveal the evils of the war which was raging at the time of the play. They delight in any type of conflict and in torturous situations. They are the hotel's "special guests" and treat Mexico as "the front door to South America, and the back door to the States!"

The Stage Is Set

The groundwork for The Night of the Iguana has been laid. The merits of the author and his writing style, which are many, have been explored. The director has explained the style of production he intends to pursue. The actors and technicians chosen from the various auditions have begun their work. Hopefully, when the moulding is complete and the finished product set forth, the results will compare favorably with T. E. Kalem's estimation in Time magazine of the play and its New York opening:

After the empty self-parody of Sweet Bird of Youth, The Night of the Iguana restores to playgoers the Williams who can create a poetry of mood, language, character and imagination as elemental as earth, air, fire, and water. This is perhaps the wisest play he has ever written.¹³

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Kalem, p. 53.

The production of any play is difficult enough under normal conditions. When the problems of a repertory situation, especially in its premiere season with no previous experience for a guideline, are added to the mixture, the entire endeavor runs the risk of moderate success or even failure. The long hours of conferences, planning, and production would be of even greater value if unlimited success were realized. Only after opening night and the succeeding six performances can the worth of the total creation be decided. The stage is set.

CHAPTER II

THE PROMPT BOOK OF TENNESSEE WILLIAMS'

THE NIGHT OF THE IGUANA

In the first act of the play, the scene is set in the
 Florida Keys, where a young man, Tom, is waiting for
 a woman, Mary, who has been away for some time.
 The play is a study of the human condition, and
 the author, Tennessee Williams, has written a
 masterpiece of modern drama. The play is a study
 of the human condition, and the author, Tennessee
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 condition, and the author, Tennessee Williams,
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CHAPTER II

THE PROMPT BOOK OF TENNESSEE WILLIAMS'

THE NIGHT OF THE IGUANA

"And so as kinsmen met a-night
 We talked between the rooms
 Until the moss had reached our lips
 And covered up our names-"

Emily Dickinson¹⁴

THE PLAY TAKES PLACE IN THE SUMMER OF 1940 IN THE COSTA VERDE HOTEL IN PUERTO BARRIO, ON THE WEST COAST OF MEXICO.

ACT I

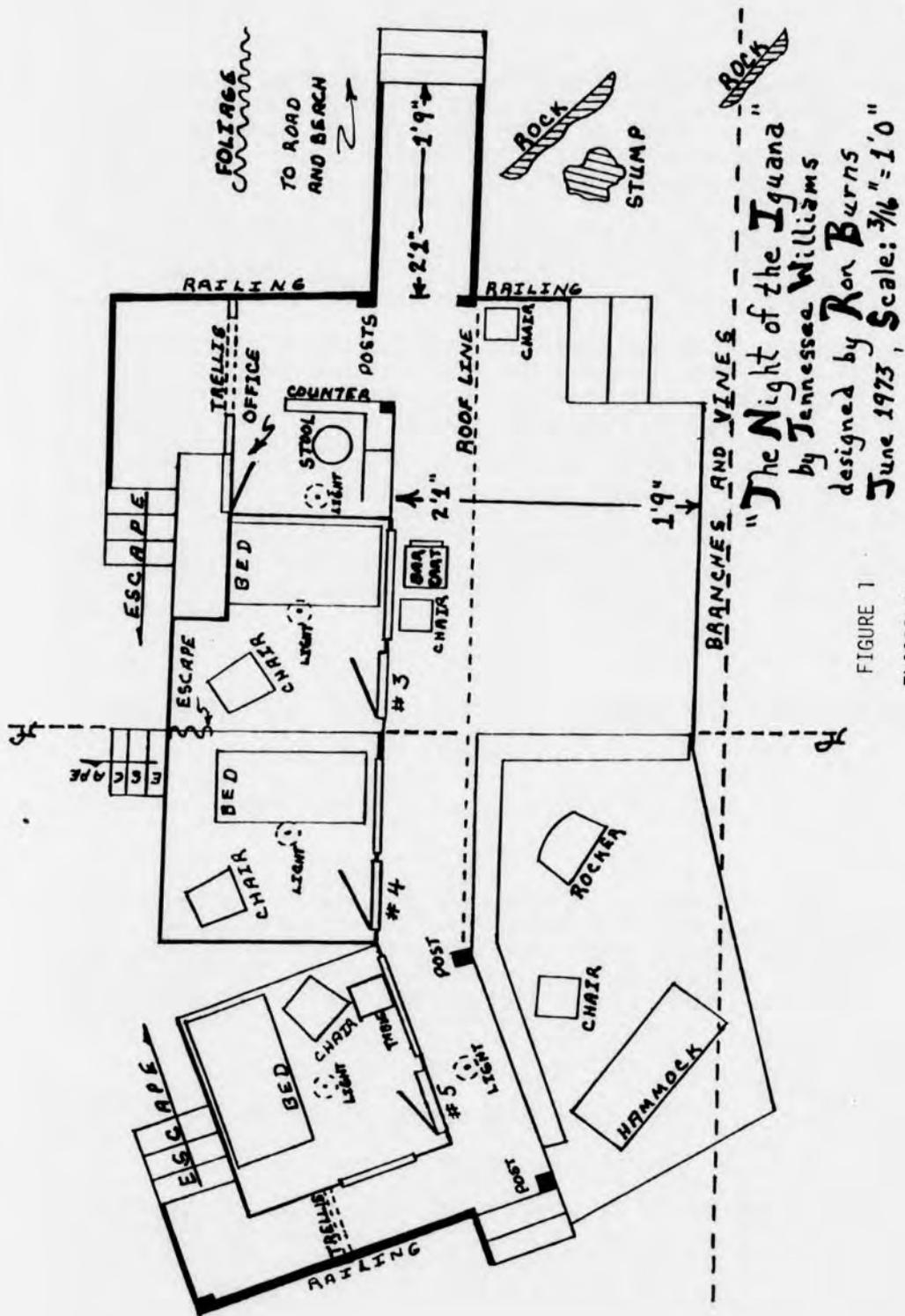
SCENE 1: AFTERNOON

AS THE AUDIENCE ENTERS THE THEATRE, THE COSTA VERDE HOTEL WITH THREE VISIBLE BEDROOMS, OFFICE AREA, VERANDAH, AND SURROUNDING JUNGLE FOLIAGE IS IN FULL VIEW. THE ACT CURTAIN IS NOT USED DURING THE PLAY. LIGHTING INSTRUMENTS FOCUSED AT VARIOUS LOCATIONS ON THE SCENERY HAVE BEEN TURNED ON AT MEDIUM TO LOW INTENSITY TO GIVE A FEELING OF WARMTH AND LIFE TO THE PLAYING AREAS. TWO AND ONE HALF MINUTES BEFORE THE PLAY BEGINS, A TAPE RECORDING OF AN INSTRUMENTAL VERSION OF "MALAGUENA" IS PLAYED THROUGH THE THEATRE SOUND SYSTEM. ONE MINUTE BEFORE THE MUSIC ENDS, THE HOUSE LIGHTS ARE FADED TO HALF. AS THE MUSIC ENDS, THE HOUSE LIGHTS AND WARMING LIGHTS ARE FADED TO COMPLETE DARKNESS. AFTER A COUNT OF FIVE, THE SOUNDS OF BIRDS AND OTHER JUNGLE CREATURES ARE HEARD THROUGH THE SPEAKERS. THE FIRST AREA TO BECOME VISIBLE IS INSIDE THE CENTER CUBICLE, NUMBER "FOUR". SCRIM ON THE DOWNSTAGE WALL OF THE ROOM GIVES IT A TRANSPARENT QUALITY. (FIGURE 1.)

THE HALF NUDE BODIES OF MAXINE, THE STOUT, THIRTY-EIGHT YEAR OLD LUSTY PROPRIETOR OF THE HOTEL, AND PEDRO, A HEALTHY TWENTY YEAR OLD BEACH BOY IN HER EMPLOY, ARE SEEN RECLINING ON THE BED, EMBRACED, KISSING AND LAUGHING SOFTLY. MAXINE RISES FROM THE BED WITH HER BACK TO THE AUDIENCE.

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Tennessee Williams, The Night of the Iguana (New York: Dramatists Play Service, Inc., 1963), (Revised), p. 1.



SHE PUTS ON HER SHIRT WHICH WAS LOCATED ON THE BED, WHILE PEDRO WATCHES DREAMILY. GENERAL LIGHTING ON OTHER AREAS OF THE STAGE GRADUALLY BRIGHTENS AS PANCHO, ANOTHER BEACH BOY IN HIS EARLY TWENTIES, ALSO IN MAXINE'S EMPLOY, ENTERS UP RIGHT AROUND THE CORNER OF THE VERANDAH. HE WEARS CUT-OFF PANTS, SANDALS, AND CARRIES A MACHETE AND TWO COCONUTS. HE CROSSES LEFT TO CUBICLE NUMBER "THREE" AND PLACES THE COCONUTS AND MACHETE ON THE LOWER SHELF OF THE LIQUOR CART. HE HAS BEEN LOOKING CURIOUSLY IN ALL DIRECTIONS. HE HEARS THE LAUGHTER COMING FROM CUBICLE "FOUR", AND CROSSES BACK TO LOOK THROUGH THE KEYHOLE. HE LAUGHS LOUDLY, HIGHLY AMUSED, AS HE CROSSES RIGHT TO THE HAMMOCK AND LIES DOWN.

THE TRANSPARENCY OF CUBICLE "FOUR" HAS DIMINISHED AS THE INTENSITY OF THE LIGHTING ON THE DOWNSTAGE AREAS HAS INCREASED, AND THE LIGHT INSIDE THE ROOM REDUCED TO DARKNESS. THE LIVE SOUND OF AN "OOGAH" BUS HORN AND THE CHATTER OF SEVERAL EXCITED FEMALE VOICES BECOME AUDIBLE STAGE LEFT. MAXINE ENTERS HURRIEDLY FROM THE CUBICLE BUTTONING, FROM THE MIDDLE DOWN, HER TOO LARGE FADED BLUE SHIRT, WHICH PROBABLY BELONGED TO HER HUSBAND. SHE ALSO WEARS TIGHT-FITTING FADED BLUE PANTS. SHE CROSSES TO THE RAILING AT LEFT AND LOOKS IN THE DISTANCE. PEDRO, WEARING CUT-OFF PANTS, ENTERS FROM THE CUBICLE PUTTING ON HIS SHIRT. HE LEANS AGAINST THE ROOF SUPPORT NEAR PANCHO. THE BUS HORN HAS SOUNDED SEVERAL TIMES IN SUCCESSION AND STOPPED. THE VOICES GROW LOUDER AS THEY DRAW NEARER.

MAXINE

(LEANING OVER RAIL.) Shannon! Hi, Baby! (JUNGLE NOISES BEGIN TO FADE.)

SHANNON

(OFF LEFT.) Maxine?

MAXINE

I been expectin' you here! My spies told me you were back under the border, saw you going through Saltillo last week with a whole busload of women, all females! HAH! No wonder your ass is draggin'! (MAXINE TURNS TO PEDRO AND SPEAKS IN SPANISH.) Un drago rum-coco! (PEDRO CROSSES TO RIGHT OF LIQUOR CART AND MIXES DRINK. MAXINE SPEAKS TO SHANNON OFF LEFT.) C'mon, Baby--you can make it!

SHANNON

(CLOSER.) Get somebody to help me up with this bag!

MAXINE

(TO PANCHO.) Anda la maleta! (HE CROSSES LEFT TO RAMP AND EXITS. JUNGLE NOISES ARE SILENT.)

SHANNON

Fred! Hey--FRED!

MAXINE

Fred can't hear you, Shannon! Get the lead out--we're makin' you a rum-coco!

SHANNON

(SHANNON, AN AVERAGE SIZE MAN WHO LOOKS OLDER THAN HIS THIRTY-FIVE YEARS, ENTERS FROM LEFT UP RAMP. HE SPREADS HIS ARMS TO PART THE FOLIAGE AND RESEMBLES A CRUCIFIXION. STOPS. HE WEARS A CRUMPLED, DIRTY, WHITE SUIT AND IS VERY NERVOUS.) Where's Fred--gone fishing?

MAXINE

Well! Lemme look at you!

SHANNON

(CROSSING TO MAXINE.) Don't look at me, get dressed!

MAXINE

You look like you had it!

SHANNON

You look like you been having it, too, get dressed! (CROSSES BACK LEFT. LOOKS IN DISTANCE.)

MAXINE

Hell, I'm dressed, I never dress in September, don't you know I never dress in September? (PEDRO FINISHES MIXING DRINK AND LEANS AGAINST WALL AT LIQUOR CART.)

SHANNON

Well, just, just--button your shirt up.

MAXINE

How long you been off the wagon?

SHANNON

I'm on the wagon, I'm just dizzy with fever. (HE CROSSES TO CENTER.) I had a hundred and three this morning in Cuernavaca. (PANCHO ENTERS LEFT WITH TWO SUITCASES AND STOPS AT COUNTER. HE PLACES SUITCASES ON FLOOR.)

MAXINE

Whatcha got wrong with you?

SHANNON

Fever . . . fever . . . Where's Fred?

MAXINE

Dead.

SHANNON

Did you say dead?

MAXINE

That's what I said. Fred is dead.

SHANNON

How?

MAXINE

Less'n two weeks ago, he cut his hand on a fish hook, it got infected, infection got in his blood stream, and he was dead in less than 48 hours.

SHANNON

Holy smoke . . .

MAXINE

I still can't realize it . . . I'm a widow.

SHANNON

You don't seem--inconsolable about it.

MAXINE

Aw, Baby, Fred was an old man. Years older'n me, we hadn't had sex together in ten years.

SHANNON

What's that got to do with it? (BUS HORN SOUNDS.)

MAXINE

(OFFERING HIM A DRINK.) How about a rum-coco?

SHANNON

No, no. I want some cold water. If I start drinking rum-cocos now I won't stop drinking rum-cocos. (BUS HORN SOUNDS. SHANNON CROSSES LEFT AND LOOKS OVER RAIL.)

MAXINE

Why doesn't your bus load of women come on up here instead of blowing that bus horn down there? (TO PEDRO AND PANCHO.) Veta! (THEY EXIT UP LEFT AROUND CORNER.)

SHANNON

Let'em blow it, blow it . . . (BUS HORN SOUNDS. SHANNON STAGGERS ONTO RAMP AT LEFT. SHOUTS.) HANK! HANK! GET THEM OUT OF THE BUS AND BRING'EM UP HERE, TELL'EM THE RATES ARE OK, TELL'EM THE--(STAGGERS DOWN LEFT AND SITS ON STEPS.) Absolutely the worst party I've been out with in ten years (HORN SOUNDS.) of conducting tours, for God's sake. Help me with'em because I can't go on, I got to rest here a while . . . Look and see if they're getting out of the bus. (MAXINE CROSSES TO LIQUOR CART AND POURS GLASS OF WATER.) Are they getting out of the bus or are they staying in it, the stingy!--daughters of!--bitches . . . School--teachers at a Baptist Female College in Blowing Rock, Texas: eleven, eleven of them . . .

MAXINE

A football squad of old maids.

SHANNON

Yeah, and I'm the football. Are they out of the bus?

MAXINE

(CROSSING TO RAIL AND LOOKING LEFT.) One's gotten out--she's going into the bushes.

SHANNON

Well, I've got the ignition key to the bus in my pocket, (PATS RIGHT POCKET OF COAT.) this pocket, so they can't continue without me unless they walk . . . (BUS HORN SOUNDS.)

MAXINE

They're still blowin' that horn.

SHANNON

Fantastic. (HORN SOUNDS. SHANNON RISES, CROSSES LEFT, SHOUTS.) Hank!
GET THEM OUT OF THE BUS! BRING THEM UP HEEEE-RE!

HANK

(FROM OFF LEFT, SHOUTS.) THEY WANTA GO BACK IN TOOOOOWWN!

SHANNON

(SHOUTS.) THEY CAN'T GO BACK IN TOOOOOWWN! (HORN SOUNDS.)

MAXINE

(CROSSING TO SHANNON, GIVING HIM GLASS OF WATER.) You're going to
pieces, aren't you?

SHANNON

(CROSSES FURTHER LEFT ON RAMP, SHOUTS.) HANK! COME UP HERE, COME UP
HERE A MINUTE, I WANTA TALK TO YOU ABOUT THIS SITUATION! (BUS HORN
SOUNDS REPEATEDLY. SHANNON RETURNS TO STEPS.)

MAXINE

Shannon--you're not in a nervous condition to cope with that party, let
them go and you stay.

SHANNON

And me do what? (THE PARTY OF GERMANS ENTERS FROM AROUND CORNER UP
RIGHT: WOLFGANG, HILDA, FRAU FAHRENKOPF, AND HERR FAHRENKOPF. THEY ARE
CLAD IN BATHING ATTIRE. WOLFGANG AND HILDA, THE TEENAGE NEWLYWEDS, ARE
PLAYFULLY TOSSING A BEACH BALL. HERR FAHRENKOPF, THE MIDDLE AGED TANK
MANUFACTURER, AND FRAU FAHRENKOPF, HIS WIFE, CHEERFULLY GREET MAXINE AS
THEY CROSS LEFT TO RAMP AND EXIT. HERR FAHRENKOPF LISTENS TO HIS PORT-
ABLE SHORT WAVE RADIO WHICH BRINGS HIM THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN. FRAU
FAHRENKOPF CARRIES A BASKET OF FOOD FOR A PICNIC ON THE BEACH.) What
in blazes was that?

MAXINE

Germans.

SHANNON

Aw, Nazis.

(THE FOLLOWING LINES OF MAXINE AND SHANNON ARE TAKEN FROM AN EARLY VER-
SION OF THE SCRIPT.)

(ORIGINAL SCRIPT.) How come there's so many of them down here lately?

MAXINE

(ORIGINAL SCRIPT.) Mexico's the front door to South America--and the back door to the states, that's why.

SHANNON

(ORIGINAL SCRIPT.) Aw, and you're setting yourself up here as a receptionist at both doors, now that Fred's dead?

MAXINE

(PRESENT SCRIPT.) They're lively and healthy--I like'em! Hey, there's a man comin' up the hill.

SHANNON

(LOOKING LEFT.) Aw, Hank. (RISING.) You gotta help me with him.

MAXINE

I'll get some beers out of the Westinghouse. (SHE EXITS INTO OFFICE. HANK, A CALM, UNATTRACTIVE, MIDDLE AGED MAN, ENTERS UP RAMP AT LEFT. HE WEARS A BUS DRIVERS UNIFORM.)

HANK

Shannon, them ladies are not gonna come up here, so you better come on back to the bus. (HE STOPS AT RIGHT END OF RAMP.)

SHANNON

Fantastic--I'm not going down to the bus and I've got the ignition key to the bus in my pocket--its going to stay in my pocket for the next three days.

HANK

You can't get away with that, Shannon. Hell, they'll walk back to town if you don't give up the bus key. (HE CROSSES RIGHT. MAXINE ENTERS BEHIND COUNTER WITH THREE BOTTLES OF CARTA BLANCA BEER. SHE HAS TIED HER SHIRTTAILS TOGETHER, EXPOSING A LARGE PORTION OF HER MIDSECTION.)

SHANNON

They'd drop like flies from sun strokes on that road--(LONG BLAST FROM BUS HORN. SHANNON CROSSES LEFT TO RAIL.) Fantastic, absolutely fantastic. (CROSSES TO HANK, PUTS HAND TO HIS SHOULDER.) Hank, I want your co-operation, can I have it?

HANK

(CROSSING FURTHER RIGHT.) Well--(LAUGHS.) There's this kid that's crying on the back seat all the time, and that's what's rucked up the deal. (TURNS BACK TO SHANNON.) Hell, I don't know if you did or you didn't but they all think you did cause the kid keeps crying.

SHANNON

(SHOUTS.) HANK? LOOK! (CALMER.) I don't care what they think. A tour conducted by T. Lawrence Shannon is in his charge, completely, where to go, when to go, every detail of it. Otherwise I resign. So go on back down there and get them out by force if necessary and herd them up here. Hear me? (HANK STARTS TO PROTEST.) Don't give me any argument about it. Go on back down there and show them this fantastic menu, (PICKS UP MENU FROM COUNTER AND GIVES IT TO HANK.) describe the view from the hill, and--(BUS HORN AND INDIGNANT FEMALE CHATTER ARE HEARD.) And have a cold Carta Blanca and--(SHANNON GIVES HANK A BOTTLE OF BEER. HANK CROSSES LEFT.)

HANK

You better go down with me.

SHANNON

I can't leave this verandah for at least 48 hours. (HANKS EXITS LEFT WITH BEER.)

MAXINE

(CHUCKLING, COMING FROM BEHIND BAR.) So--you took the young chick and the old hens are squawking about? (VOICES OFF LEFT DIE DOWN.)

SHANNON

The kid asked for it.

MAXINE

Hah!

SHANNON

No kidding, but she's seventeen: less, a month less'n seventeen, so its serious, its very serious because the kid is not just emotionally precocious, (PRECOCIOUS-PREMATURE DEVELOPMENT.) she's a musical prodigy, too.

MAXINE

What's that got to do with it?

SHANNON

Here's what it's got to do with it, she's traveling under the wing, the military escort, of this--butch vocal teacher who organizes little community sings in the bus. (LOOKING OFF LEFT.) Ah, God! I'm surprised they're not singing now. They must've already suffocated. Or they'd be singing some morale-boosting number like "She's A Jolly Good Fellow" or "Pop Goes The Weasel"--Oh God . . . (CROSSES RIGHT AS MAXINE LAUGHS.) And each night after supper, after the complaints about the supper and the check up on the checks by the Math instructor, and the vomiting of the supper by several ladies, who have inspected the kitchen--then the kid, the canary, will give a vocal recital. She opens her mouth and out flies Carrie Jacobs Bond or Ethelbert Nevin. I mean after a day of one indescribable torment after another, such as three blowouts, and a leaking radiator in Tierra Caliente--(SITS IN ROCKING CHAIR NEAR CENTER STEPS.) And an evening climb up Sierras, through torrents of rain, around hair-pin turns, over gorges and chasms measureless to man,--I mean after such a day has finally come to a close, the musical prodigy, Miss Charlotte Goodall, right after supper, before there's a chance to escape, will give a heart-breaking and ear-splitting rendition of Carrie Jacobs Bond's "End of a Perfect Day"--with absolutely no humor

MAXINE

Hah! (SITS ON STEPS AT CENTER.)

SHANNON

Yeah, Hah! Last night--no night before last, the bus burned out its brake linings in Chilpancingo. This town has a hotel--this hotel has a piano, which hasn't been tuned since they shot Maximilian, this Texas song-bird opens her mouth and out flies "I Love You Truly" and it flies straight at me, with gestures, all right at me. (PAUSES.) That night, when I went to my room, I found that I had a roommate.

MAXINE

The Texas canary had moved in with you?

SHANNON

No, the spook had moved in with me--

MAXINE

(RISES.) Hah! The spook!

SHANNON

And he's been on my tail ever since. (RISES. GESTURES LEFT TO RIGHT, DOWN-STAGE.) He's followed me up this hill, he's creeping and crawling around here in the rain forest now.

MAXINE

Is he scared to come on the verandah?

SHANNON

He gets up his nerve after sun-down. I haven't slept in three nights.
(SITS.)

MAXINE

(CROSSING TO BACK OF SHANNON'S CHAIR. PUTS HER ARMS AROUND HIS NECK.)
You'll sleep tonight, Baby. Leave that to me. I'll keep that spook off
your back. I can't stand creepers and crawlers, I tell'em no room, get
lost. (BUS HORN SOUNDS.)

SHANNON

How long's it take to sweat the faculty of a Baptist Female College out
of a bus that's parked in the sun when its a hundred degrees in the shade?

MAXINE

(CROSSES LEFT AND LOOKS OVER RAIL.) They're staggering out of it now.
(CROSSES TO RIGHT OF LIQUOR CART AND BEGINS TO MIX DRINK.)

SHANNON

Yeah, I've won this round, I reckon.

MISS FELLOWES

(OFF LEFT.) Shannon!

SHANNON

(RISES, CROSSES LEFT TO RAMP.) God, honey! That's the butch vocal teacher!
You've got to help me with her.

MAXINE

(CROSSING LEFT.) Why don't you lay off the young ones and cultivate an
interest in normal grown-up women? (SHE PINCHES HIS HIP. SHANNON REACTS.
MAXINE LAUGHS.)

MISS FELLOWES

(APPROACHING.) SHANNON! (SHANNON RUNS BACK TO LIQUOR CART AND PUTS ICE
CUBE FROM DRINK MAXINE IS PREPARING BACK INTO ICE-BUCKET.)

SHANNON

(SHOUTING.) COME ON UP, MISS FELLOWES, EVERYTHING'S FIXED. Oh, God, here she comes chargin' up the hill like a bull elephant on a rampage! (SHOUTS.) MISS FELLOWES, NEVER DO THAT! NOT AT HIGH NOON IN A TROPICAL COUNTRY IN SUMMER, NEVER CHARGE UP A HILL LIKE YOU WERE LEADING A TROOP OF CAVALRY ATTACKING AN ALMOST--IMPREGNABLE- - - (MISS JUDITH FELLOWES, VERY MASCULINE IN APPEARANCE AND ACTION, IN HER MID THIRTIES, ENTERS UP RAMP LEFT. SHE WEARS A PLAIN, UNATTRACTIVE DRESS.)

MISS FELLOWES

(PANTING, FURIOUS.) I DON'T WANT ADVICE OR INSTRUCTIONS, I WANT THE BUS KEY!

SHANNON

I want you to meet one of my charming ladies. Miss Fellowes, this is Mrs. Faulk.

MISS FELLOWES

Is this man making a deal with you? (CROSSES TO LEFT CENTER.)

MAXINE

What are you talking about?

MISS FELLOWES

Is this man getting a kick-back out of you?

MAXINE

Nobody gets any kick-back out of me. I turn away more people than I take here.

MISS FELLOWES

(CROSSING RIGHT AND LOOKING INTO THE ROOMS.) This isn't the Ambos Mundos. It says in the brochure that in Puerto Barrio we stay at the Ambos Mundos in the heart of the city.

SHANNON

Yes, on the plaza, tell her about the plaza.

MAXINE

You tell her about the plaza.

SHANNON

(CROSSING RIGHT.) It's hot, noisy, stinking, swarming with flies. Pariah dogs dying in the---

MISS FELLOWES

How is this place better?

SHANNON

The view from this verandah (MOTIONS TOWARD AUDIENCE--AND OFF LEFT.) is equal and I think better than the view from Victoria Peak in Hong Kong, the view from the roof-terrace of the Sultan's palace in---

MISS FELLOWES

(CUTTING IN.) I want the view of a clean bed, a bathroom with plumbing that works, and food that is eatable and digestable and not contaminated by filthy---(SHANNON CROSSES RIGHT, TOUCHES HER ARM AND OFFERS HER A GLASS OF WATER.) Take your hand off my arm. (SHE CROSSES TO THE LEFT SIDE OF VERANDAH.) You got a telephone here?

MAXINE

Sure, in the office.

MISS FELLOWES

I want to use it, I'll call collect: where's the office? (MAXINE INDICATES OFFICE DOOR AND MISS FELLOWES STALKS BEHIND COUNTER AND EXITS.)

MAXINE

HAH!

SHANNON

Why did you have to---?

MAXINE

What?

SHANNON

(INDICATING HER EXPOSED MIDSECTION.) Come out looking like this!--for you it's funny but for me it's---

MAXINE

This is how I LOOK; what's wrong with how I look?

SHANNON

I told you to button your shirt: are you so proud of your boobs that you won't button your shirt up?--Go in the office and see if she's calling Blake Tours to get me fired.

MAXINE

She better not unless she pays for the call. (SHE EXITS INTO OFFICE AS THE BUS HORN SOUNDS INSISTENTLY. MISS HANNAH JELKES, NEARING FORTY, APPEARS ON RAMP AT LEFT. HER FRAIL FIGURE IS CLOTHED IN A LIGHT COLORED DRESS WITH A FAINT DESIGN. SHE ALSO WEARS A BROAD BRIMMED HAT WITH MATCHING SCARF. HER APPEARANCE IS REMARKABLE, ETHEREAL, ALMOST GHOSTLY. SHE SUGGESTS A GOTHIC CATHEDRAL IMAGE OF A MEDIEVAL SAINT, ANIMATED. SHANNON, TURNED TO THE COUNTER, HIS BACK TO HER, POUNDS A FIST AGAINST IT WITH SOBBING SOUND IN HIS THROAT.)

HANNAH

Excuse me. (HE LOOKS UP AT HER, DAZED.) Is this the Costa Verde Hotel?

SHANNON

(SUDDENLY PACIFIED BY HER APPEARANCE.) Yes. Yes, it is.

HANNAH

Are you, you're not, the hotel manager: are you?

SHANNON

--No. She'll be right back.

HANNAH

Thank you. Do you have any idea if they have two vacancies here, one for myself and one for my grandfather who's waiting in a taxi down there on the road? I didn't want to bring him up the hill--till I'd made sure they have rooms for us first.

SHANNON

Well, there's plenty of room here out-of-season like now.

HANNAH

Good! Wonderful!--I'll get him out of the taxi.

SHANNON

Need any help?

HANNAH

No, thank you. We'll make it all right. (SHE GIVES HIM A PLEASANT NOD AND EXITS DOWN RAMP AT LEFT. MAXINE ENTERS FROM OFFICE.)

SHANNON

How about the call, did she make a phone-call?

MAXINE

Yep! She called a judge in Texas, Blowing Rock, Texas: collect.

SHANNON

She's trying to get me fired and she is also trying to pin me on a rape-charge, a charge of statutory rape.

MAXINE

What's "statutory rape"? I never knew what that meant.

SHANNON

(CROSSING RIGHT TO CENTER POST.) That's when a man is seduced by a girl under twenty. (SHE CHUCKLES. HE TURNS TO HER.)--It's not funny, Maxine honey.

MAXINE

Why do you want the young ones, or think that you do?

SHANNON

I don't want any, any.

MAXINE

Then why do you take'em, Shannon? Huh?

SHANNON

People need human contact, Maxine honey. (HE CROSSES TO HAMMOCK, REMOVES JACKET, PLACES IT ON UPSTAGE HAMMOCK SUPPORT AND SITS.)

MAXINE

What size shoe do you wear?

SHANNON

I don't get the point of that question.



MAXINE

Your shoes are shot (CROSSING TO SHANNON.) and if I remember correctly, you travel with only one pair. Fred's estate included one good pair of shoes and your feet look just about his size.

SHANNON

I loved ole Fred but I don't want to fill his shoes, honey.

MAXINE

I see you're wearin' your gold cross, that's a bad sign, it means you're thinkin' about goin' back to the church again.

SHANNON

--This is my last tour, Maxine. (TAKES LETTER FROM JACKET POCKET.) I wrote my old Bishop this morning a complete confession and a complete capitulation. (SHE TAKES LETTER FROM HIM AND LOOKS AT IT.)

MAXINE

If this is the letter, baby, you've sweated through it, so the old bugger couldn't read it even if you mailed it to him, this time. (SHE HANDS IT BACK TO HIM.)

SHANNON

I'll write it over tonight and shoot it off in the morning. (BUS HORN SOUNDS BRIEFLY.)

MAXINE

Baby, (KNEELING BESIDE SHANNON.) tonight we'll go night-swimming whether it storms or not.

SHANNON

Ah, God. . . .

MAXINE

The Mexican kids are wonderful night-swimmers. . . .When I found'em they were taking the two hundred foot dives off the Quebrada but the Quebrada Hotel kicked'em out 'cause they were being over-attentive to the lady-guests there, that's how I got hold of them.

SHANNON

Maxine, you're bigger than life and twice as unnatural, honey. (LIES DOWN IN HAMMOCK.)

MAXINE

No one's bigger than life-size, Shannon, or even ever that big, except maybe Fred. (SHOUTS.) FRED?---Little Sir Echo answers for old Fred, now-- Dear old Fred was always a mystery to me. He was so patient and tolerant with me that it was insulting to me. A man and a woman have got to challenge each other, y'know what I mean, I mean I hired those diving-boys from the Quebrada six months before Fred died, and did he care? Did he give a damn when I started night-swimming with them? No. He'd go night-fishing, all night, and when I got up the next day, he'd be getting ready to go out fishing again; but he just caught the fish and threw them back in the sea.

SHANNON

The mystery of old Fred was simple, he was just cool and decent, that's all the mystery of him. (INSISTENT BUS HORN. SHANNON SITS UP.) Get your pair of night-swimmers to grab my ladies' luggage out of the bus before the vocal-teacher gets off the phone and stops them.

MAXINE

(CROSSING LEFT, SHOUTING IN SPANISH.) Pancho, Pedro. (PANCHO AND PEDRO ENTER UP RIGHT AROUND CORNER.) Traelo las maletas anejo--pronto! (PANCHO AND PEDRO EXIT DOWN RAMP LEFT. MAXINE CROSSES RIGHT TO HAMMOCK.) You, Baby, I'll put in Fred's old room in the Annex next to me. (HE STARES AT HER, SHOCKED AT HER INTENTIONS TOWARD HIM. HE FLOPS BACK DOWN IN THE HAMMOCK WITH AN INCREDULOUS LAUGH.)

SHANNON

Oh, no, honey. I've just been hanging on till I could get in this hammock on this verandah over the rain-forest---(MISS FELLOWES CHARGES ON TO VER-ANDAH FROM OFFICE TO LEFT CENTER.)

MISS FELLOWES

I've completed my call which I made collect to Texas.

SHANNON

(SITTING UP IN HAMMOCK.) Excuse me, Miss Fellowes, for not getting out of this hammock--- (MAXINE CROSSES LEFT TOWARD MISS FELLOWES.)

MISS FELLOWES

Well, you just stay there. We're going! (SHE STARTS OFF LEFT. HE RISES FROM HAMMOCK.)

SHANNON

Miss Fellowes, I thought that I was conducting this party, not you.

MISS FELLOWES

(CUTTING IN WITH COLD, RIGHTEOUS FURY.) Shannon, we girls have worked and slaved all year at Baptist Female College for this Mexican Tour and the tour is a cheat. (MAXINE SITS IN CHAIR AT LIQUOR CART.)

SHANNON

(TO HIMSELF.) Fantastic!

MISS FELLOWES

Yes, CHEAT!--you haven't (SHE CROSSES RIGHT A FEW STEPS.) stuck to the schedule and you haven't stuck to the itinerary advertised in the brochure which Blake Tours put out. Now either Blake Tours is cheating us or you are cheating Blake Tours, and I'm putting wheels in motion, I don't care what it costs me, I'm---

SHANNON

Oh, Miss Fellowes, (CROSSING TO STEPS AT CENTER.) isn't it just as plain to you as it is to me that your hysterical insults which are not at all easy for any born and bred gentleman to accept, are not--motivated, provoked by--anything as trivial as the, the--the motivations that you're, you're--ascribing them to, now can't we talk about the real, true cause of---

MISS FELLOWES

Cause of WHAT? (CHARLOTTE GOODALL, A WELL DEVELOPED SIXTEEN YEAR OLD, ALMOST HELPLESS AND VERY SEDUCTIVE IN MANNER, ENTERS UP RAMP AT LEFT. SHE WEARS A REVEALING SUN OUTFIT: HALTER TOP AND SHORTS.)

SHANNON

---cause of your rage, Miss Fellowes.

CHARLOTTE

Larry, it's hot as hell in that bus--(SHE CROSSES TOWARD SHANNON.) how much longer we got to stay down---

MISS FELLOWES

Charlotte! (STEPPING BETWEEN THEM.) Stay down the hill in the bus!

CHARLOTTE

They're sick of stayin' there. They want to go swimmin'---

MISS FELLOWES

Obey me! (FIGURE 2.)

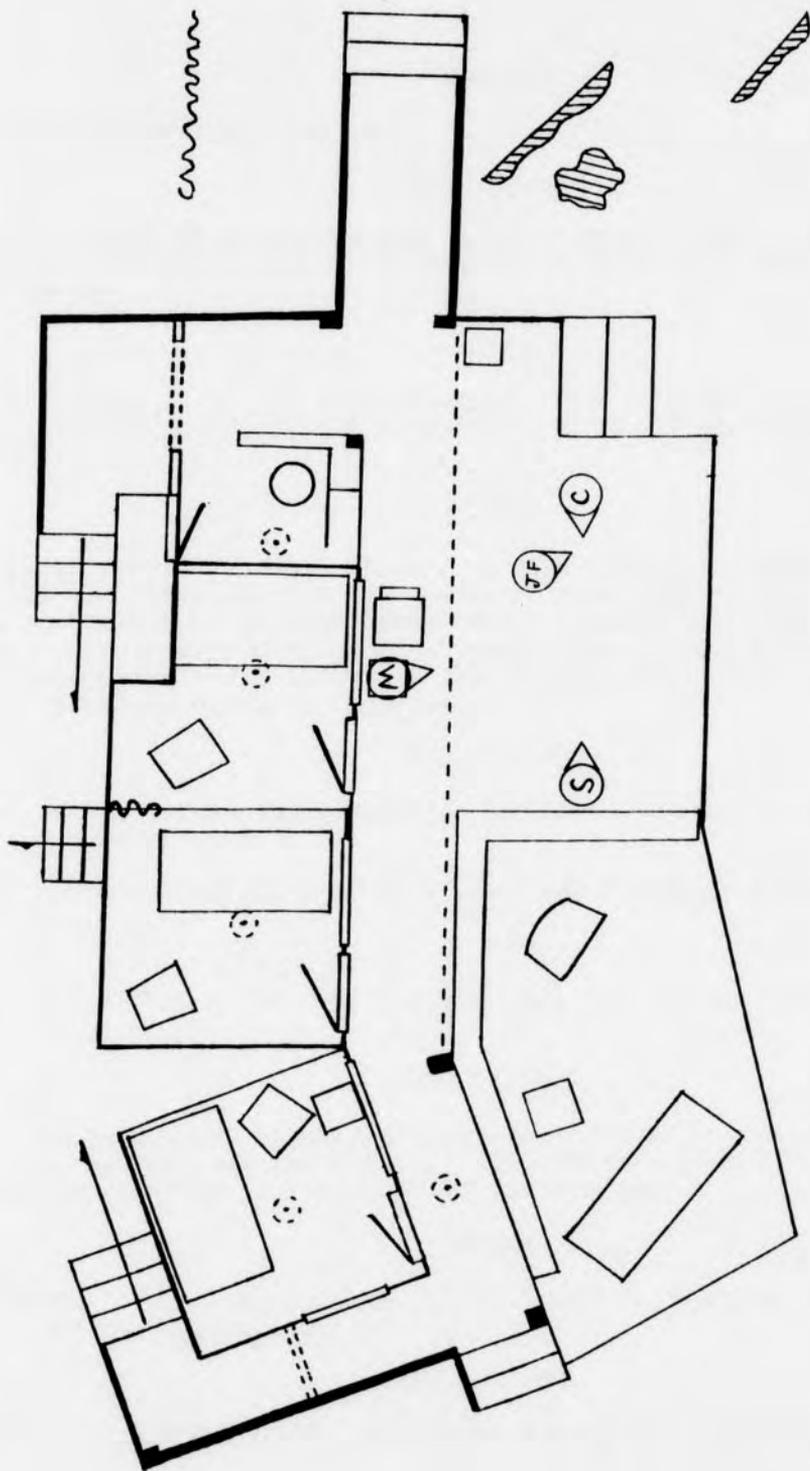


FIGURE 2
Shannon, Maxine, Judith Fellows, Charlotte

CHARLOTTE

Why do you keep pickin' on me--

MISS FELLOWES

DOWN! (CHARLOTTE EXITS DOWN RAMP AT LEFT. MISS FELLOWES CROSSES TO SHANNON. HE TOUCHES HER ARM AS HE ATTEMPTS TO SPEAK.) TAKE YOUR HAND OFF MY ARM!

MAXINE

HAH! (MAXINE EXITS INTO CUBICLE NUMBER "FOUR" TO CHANGE THE BED LINENS. THE LIGHT INSIDE THE CUBICLE BRIGHTENS TO ALLOW MINIMUM VISIBILITY OF HER ACTIONS.)

SHANNON

Fantastic--Miss Fellowes? Please! No more shouting? Please? Now I really must ask you to let this party of ladies come up here and judge the accommodations here for themselves and compare them with what they saw passing through town. Miss Fellowes, there is such a thing as charm and beauty some places as much as there's nothing but dull, ugly imitation of highway motels in Texas and--

MISS FELLOWES

I've taken a look at those rooms and they'd make a room at the "Y" look like a suite at the Ritz.

(THE FOLLOWING SPEECHES OF MISS FELLOWES AND SHANNON OVERLAP SLIGHTLY.)

SHANNON

Now, Miss Fellowes, for days I've known you were furious and unhappy, but--

MISS FELLOWES

OH! You think it's just me that's unhappy! Hauled in that stifling bus over the by-ways, off the highways, (CROSSING LEFT.) shook up and bumped up so you could get your rake-off is that what you--?

SHANNON

(CROSSING TO HER.) What I know is, all I know is, that you are the leader of the insurrection!

MISS FELLOWES

(TURNS TO HIM.) All of the girls in this party have dysentery!

SHANNON

That you can't hold me to blame for.

MISS FELLOWES

I do hold you to blame for it.

SHANNON

Before we entered Mexico, at New Laredo, Texas, I called you ladies together in the depot on the Texas side of the border and I passed out mimeographed sheets (CROSSING RIGHT.) of instructions on what to eat and what not to eat, what to drink, what not to drink in the--

MISS FELLOWES

(STEPS TOWARD HIM.) It's not what we ate but where we ate that gave us dysentery.

SHANNON

(SHAKES HIS HEAD LIKE A METRONOME.) It is not dysentery.

MISS FELLOWES

The result of eating in places that could be condemned by the Board of Health in--

SHANNON

Now wait a minute--

MISS FELLOWES

For disregarding all rules of sanitation.

SHANNON

It is not dysentery, it is not amoebic, it's nothing at all but--

MAXINE

(STICKING HER HEAD OUT OF CENTER CUBICLE.) Montezuma's Revenge!--that's what we call it. (OVERLAPPED SPEECHES END.)

SHANNON

I even passed out pills, I passed out bottles of Enterovioform because I knew--

MISS FELLOWES

You sold those pills at a profit of fifty cents per bottle.

MAXINE

HA-HA! (SHE ENTERS FROM CUBICLE "FOUR" AND EXITS INTO OFFICE WITH A BAG OF DIRTY LAUNDRY.)

SHANNON

Now fun is fun, Miss Fellowes, but an accusation like that--

MISS FELLOWES

I priced them in Pharmacies, because I suspected that--

SHANNON

(AT CENTER.) Miss Fellowes, I am a gentleman and as a gentleman, I can't be insulted like this, I mean I can't accept insults of that kind even from a member of a tour that I am conducting, and Miss Fellowes, I think you might also remember, you might try to remember, that you're speaking to an ordained Minister of the Church.

MISS FELLOWES

DE--FROCKED! But still trying to pass himself off as a minister! (TURNS TO LEAVE.)

SHANNON

Miss Fellowes, (CROSSING TO HER.) I try to give my tours a personal quality, the Shannon touch.

MISS FELLOWES

The gyp touch, the touch of a defrocked minister.

SHANNON

Miss Fellowes, don't, don't, don't!--do what!--you're doing! (HE IS ON THE VERGE OF HYSTERIA. CROSSING RIGHT HE MAKES INCOHERENT SOUNDS: GESTICULATES WITH CLENCHED FISTS, THEN LEANS PANTING FOR BREATH AGAINST WALL OF CUBICLE "THREE".)

GIRL'S VOICE

(FROM DOWN THE HILL. VERY TEXAS.) JUDY? THEY'RE TAKING OUR LUGGAGE!
(MAXINE ENTERS FROM OFFICE TO REAR OF COUNTER.)

MISS FELLOWES

(SHOUTING OFF LEFT.) GIRLS! GIRLS! DON'T LET THOSE BOYS TOUCH YOUR LUGGAGE, DON'T LET THEM BRING YOUR LUGGAGE IN THIS DUMP!

GIRL'S VOICE

(OFF.) JUDY! WE CAN'T STOP THEM!

MAXINE

Those kids don't understand English.

MISS FELLOWES

(WILD WITH RAGE, SHE TURNS ON MAXINE.) WILL YOU PLEASE TELL THOSE BOYS TO TAKE THAT--(TURNS TO PARTY BELOW AGAIN.) GIRLS! HOLD ONTO YOUR LUGGAGE, DON'T LET THEM TAKE IT AWAY! WE'RE GOING TO DRIVE BACK TO A-cap-UL-co! YOU HEAR?

GIRL'S VOICE

(OFF.) JUDY, THEY WANT A SWIM, FIRST!

MISS FELLOWES

I'LL BE RIGHT BACK. (RUSHES OFF, SHOUTING AT THE MEXICAN BOYS.) YOU! BOYS! MUCHACHOS! YOU CARRY THAT LUGGAGE BACK DOWN! (VOICES CONTINUE, FADING. SHANNON CROSSES BROKENLY RIGHT. MAXINE SHAKES HER HEAD.)

MAXINE

Shannon, give'em the bus key and let'em go.

SHANNON

And me do what?

MAXINE

Stay here.

SHANNON

In Fred's old bedroom, yeah, in Fred's old bedroom.

MAXINE

You could do worse.

SHANNON

Could I? Well, then, I'll do worse, I'll--do worse. . .

MAXINE

Aw, now, baby.

SHANNON

--If I could do worse, I'll do worse. . .(SITS IN HAMMOCK.)

MAXINE

(CROSSING TO LEFT OF HAMMOCK.) Give me that ignition key, I'll take it down to the driver while you bathe and rest and have a rum-coco, baby. (THE SOUND OF WAVES BREAKING ON THE BEACH BELOW IS FAINTLY HEARD. SHANNON SHAKES HIS HEAD SLIGHTLY. VOICES ARE HEARD OFF LEFT.)

HANNAH

(OFF LEFT.) Nonno, you've lost your sun-glasses.

NONNO

(OFF LEFT.) No. Took them off. No sun. (HE HAS A POWERFUL VOICE FOR A MAN OF HIS AGE: HE ALWAYS SEEMS TO BE SHOUTING SOMETHING OF IMPORTANCE.)

MAXINE

(CROSSING LEFT, LOOKING OFF.) Those two with your party?

SHANNON

No.

MAXINE

They look like a pair of loonies.

SHANNON

Shut up! (HANNAH IS SEEN PUSHING NONNO IN AN ANCIENT WHEELCHAIR UP RAMP AT LEFT. THE AGING POET, HER GRANDFATHER, WEARS A WHITE SUIT AND HAT WITH A BLACK STRING TIE AND CARRIES A BLACK CANE.)

NONNO

Which way is the sea?

HANNAH

(SHOUTING AT HIM.) Right down below the hill, Nonno. We can't see it from here.

NONNO

I can feel it and smell it. --It's the cradle of life. (HE IS SHOUTING, TOO.) Life began in the sea. (THEY ARE ON THE UPPER VERANDAH NEAR COUNTER. HANNAH IS PUTTING ON THE WHEELCHAIR BRAKES, FACING THE VERANDAH WITH A PROUD PERSON'S HOPE OF ACCEPTANCE WHEN IT'S DESPERATELY NEEDED.)

HANNAH

How do you do.

MAXINE

Hi!

HANNAH

Have you ever tried pushing a gentleman in a wheelchair uphill through a rain-forest?

MAXINE

Nope, and I wouldn't even try to down hill.

HANNAH

Well, now that we've made it, I don't regret the effort. What a view for a painter! (LOOKS ABOUT HER, PANTING, AND DIGGING INTO HER SACHEL-BAG FOR A HANDERCHIEF OR KLEENEX, AWARE THAT HER FACE IS FLUSHED AND SWEATING.) They told me in town that this was the ideal place for a painter, and they weren't, whew--exaggerating!

MAXINE

Anything I can do for you? (CROSSING LEFT.)

HANNAH

I'm looking for the manager of the hotel.

MAXINE

Me: speaking.

HANNAH

Oh, you're the manager, good! How do you do, I'm Hannah Jelkes--

MAXINE

I'm Faulk, Maxine Faulk. (HER TONE INDICATES NO DESIRE TO DO ANYTHING FOR THEM. THE SOUND OF THE OCEAN FADES AWAY.)

HANNAH

(TURNING QUICKLY TO HER GRANDFATHER.) Nonno, the manager is a lady from the States. (NONNO LIFTS A BRANCH OF WILD ORCHIDS FROM HIS LAP, CEREMONIALLY, WITH THE INSTINCTIVE GALLANTRY OF HIS KIND. FIGURE 3.)

NONNO

(SHOUTING.) Give the lady these--botanical--curiosities--you picked on the way up. . .

HANNAH

(CROSSING TO MAXINE.) I believe they're wild orchids, isn't that what they are?

SHANNON

"Laelia Tibieina."

HANNAH

OH! (CROSSES TO WHEELCHAIR. ROLLS IT TO CENTER OF UPPER LEVEL.)

NONNO

But tell her, Hannah, tell her to keep them in the icebox till after dark, they draw bees in the sun!

MAXINE

Are you all looking for rooms here?

HANNAH

Yes, we are, but we've come without reservations.

MAXINE

Well, honey, the Costa Verde is closed in September--(CROSSES RIGHT.) except for a few special guests--

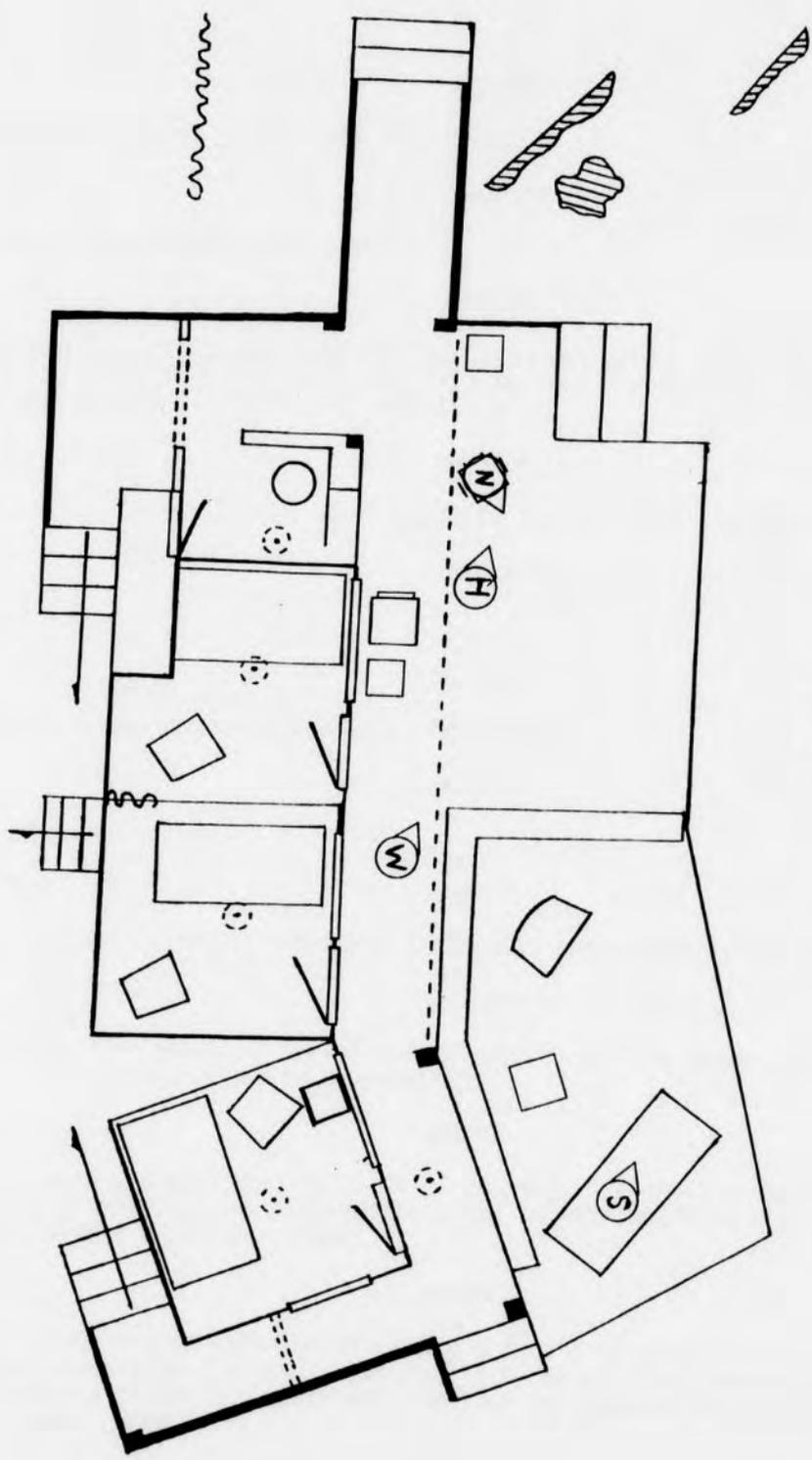


FIGURE 3
SHANNON, MAXINE, HANNAH, NONNO

SHANNON

They're "special guests", for God's sake.

HANNAH

Please let us be special guests.

MAXINE

WATCH OUT! (NONNO HAS STARTED STRUGGLING OUT OF THE WHEELCHAIR. SHANNON AND MAXINE RUSH TO KEEP HIM FROM FALLING DOWN THE VERANDAH STEPS AS HANNAH CROSSES TO STEADY THE WHEELCHAIR.)

SHANNON

All right, Grandpa. (HE HOLDS NONNO ON THE TOP STEP. MAXINE ASSISTS.)

HANNAH

Thank you.

SHANNON

We've got two steps now, Grandpa. You ready?

HANNAH

That is kind of you.

SHANNON

One. . .two. . .(ASSISTING NONNO TO ROCKING CHAIR NEAR STEPS, CENTER.)

HANNAH

In twenty-five years of travel this is the first time we've ever arrived at a place without advance reservations.

MAXINE

Honey, that old man ought to be in a hospital. (PEDRO AND PANCHO RE-ENTER UP LEFT TO COUNTER. HANNAH CROSSES RIGHT TO ROCKING CHAIR NEAR STEPS WHERE SHANNON HAS SEATED NONNO.)

HANNAH

Oh, no, no, he just sprained his ankle a little in Taxco this morning. He just needs a good night's rest, he'll be on his feet tomorrow, his recuperative powers are absolutely amazing for someone who is ninety-seven years young.

MAXINE

Well, I can't send that old man back down the hill, right now, but like I told you, the Costa Verde's practically closed in September. (HANNAH CROSSES TO WHEELCHAIR AND DETACHES HER SKETCHING BAG FROM IT.) I just take in a few folks as a special accommodation and we operate on a special basis this month. (FIGURE 4.)

NONNO

Hannah--

HANNAH

Yes, Nonno?

NONNO

Tell the lady my perambulator is just temporary. I don't like being on wheels.

HANNAH

(CROSSING BACK TO NONNO.) Yes, my grandfather feels that the decline of the Western World began with the invention of the wheel.

NONNO

Tell the manager--the--uh--lady, I'll be on my feet before dinner, and if there's dancing at dinner, and she'll do me the honor, I will fox-trot with her.

HANNAH

(A BIT DESPERATELY.) Nonno, I told the lady that the wheelchair's because of a strained ligament, Nonno.

NONNO

Fig of, fig of?

SHANNON

Fantastic!

NONNO

I didn't catch that, Hannah. Tell the lady--

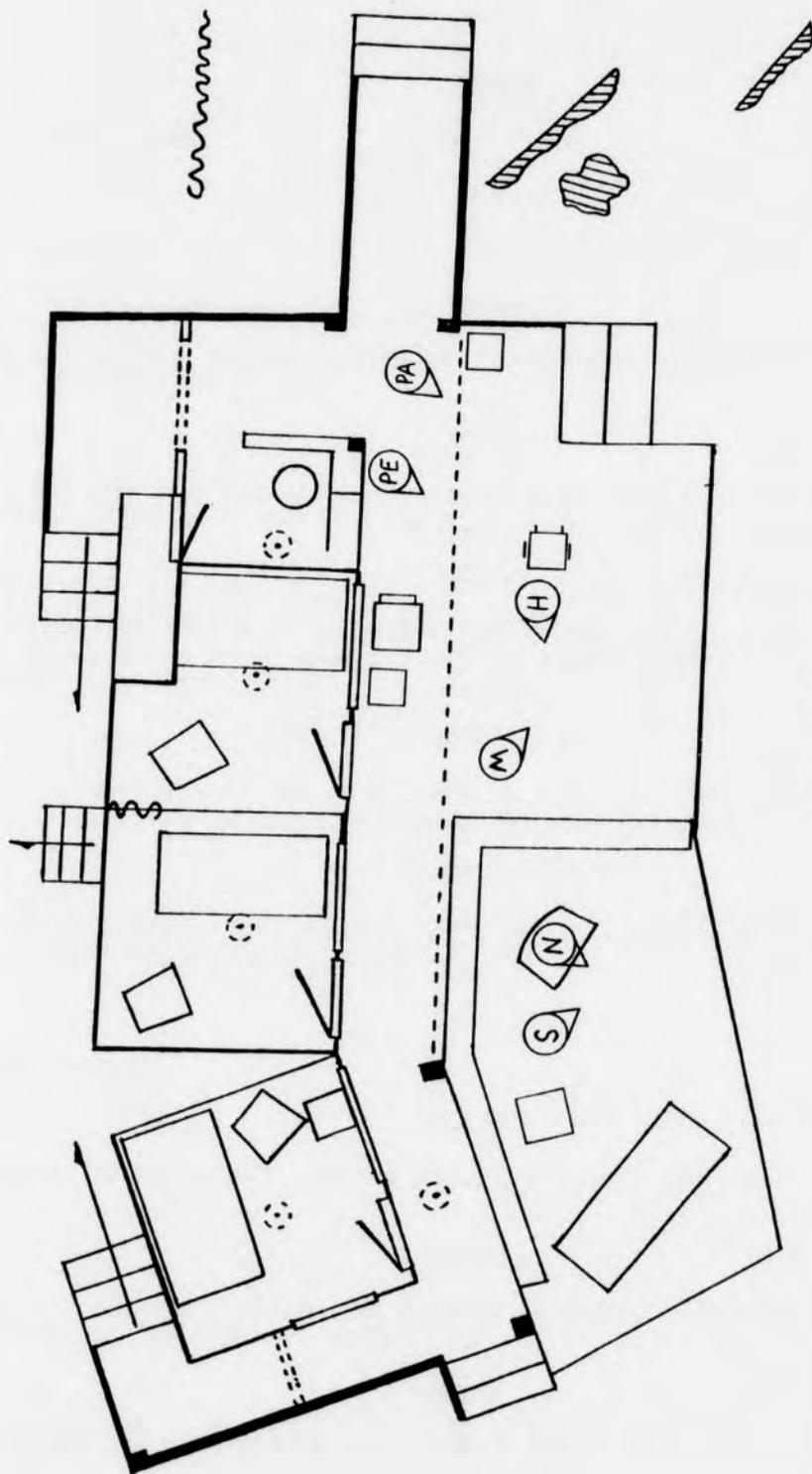


FIGURE 4
Shannon, Nonno, Maxine, Hannah, Pedro, Pancho

HANNAH

Yes, what, Nonno?

NONNO

Tell her--

HANNAH

What shall I tell her now? (SHE HAS STOPPED SMILING UNDER MAXINE'S UNSMILING SCRUTINY.)

NONNO

Tell the lady I've started work on a new poem. (HE SAYS THIS WITH A SORT OF JOYFUL SURPRISE.) And if I finish it here, I will inscribe it to her.

HANNAH

(TO MAXINE AND SHANNON.) My grandfather is the poet, Jonathan Coffin, he's ninety-seven years young and will be ninety-eight years young on the fifth of next month, October.

NONNO

Hannah, give the lady--let me present the lady--with the last signed copy of my first volume of verse, published in--when, Hannah?

HANNAH

The day that President Ulysses S. Grant was inaugurated, Nonno. (THE OFFICE TELEPHONE STARTS TO RING.)

NONNO

Morning Trumpet!

MAXINE

Old folks are remarkable. Office phone's ringing. (SHE EXITS INTO OFFICE.)

NONNO

Did I talk too much? Hmm? (HE WHIMPERS TO HIMSELF. SHANNON CROSSES TO LIQUOR CART FOR GLASS OF WATER.)

HANNAH

(TO SHANNON.) I'm afraid he did. I don't think she's going to take us.

Do you have any influence with her?

SHANNON

(BRINGING A GLASS OF ICE-WATER FROM THE CART FOR NONNO.) I reckon I ought to have some. I've been bringing parties here since thirty-five. (HANDS NONNO THE WATER.)

HANNAH

Oh, that's kind of you, thank you. I'd better give him some salt tablets to wash down with it. (SHE FUMBLES IN HER SKETCHING BAG AND BRINGS OUT A BOTTLE OF SALT TABLETS.)

NONNO

What is this libation? (HE RAISES THE GLASS EXPECTANTLY TO HIS LIPS.)

SHANNON

Some cold water, grandpa. (NONNO PUTS THE GLASS DOWN DISAPPOINTEDLY.)

HANNAH

(GIVING NONNO THE TABLETS.) Won't you have some? I see you're perspiring too. You have to be careful not to become dehydrated in the tropics. (MAXINE ENTERS FROM OFFICE.)

MAXINE

(TO PEDRO, IN SPANISH.) Pedro, corre a la playa y dile al senor aleman que la embajada alemana lo llaman al telefono. Corran, corran! (SHE INDICATES FOR PEDRO, WHO HAS BEEN STANDING AT THE COUNTER, TO TAKE A TELEPHONE MESSAGE TO SOMEONE ON THE BEACH. HE EXITS DOWN THE RAMP AT LEFT. SHANNON SITS IN CHAIR NEAR HAMMOCK.)

HANNAH

(CROSSING LEFT.) --Shall we, uh, --register now?

MAXINE

I'll have to collect six dollars from you first if you want to put your names in the pot for supper; that's how I've got to operate out of season here. (AS SHE SPEAKS SHE TAKES SHANNON'S SUITCASE FROM THE COUNTER, PICKS UP HIS COAT FROM THE HAMMOCK AND PLACES THEM IN THE STAGE RIGHT CUBICLE, NUMBER "FIVE".)

HANNAH

Six? Dollars?

MAXINE

(INSIDE CUBICLE.) Yeah, three each; in season we operate on the continental plan but out of season like this, we change to the modified American plan. (SHE COMES OUT OF CUBICLE.)

HANNAH

Oh, what is the uh--modification of it?

MAXINE

That includes two meals all day instead of three. (BUS HORN SOUNDS.)

HANNAH

Breakfast and dinner? (NONNO FALLS ASLEEP.)

MAXINE

Yeah--a continental breakfast and a cold lunch.

HANNAH

(REFLECTIVELY.) Not dinner. . . ?

MAXINE

Not dinner. (STEPS TO SECOND STEP, BETWEEN SHANNON AND NONNO.)

HANNAH

Oh, I see, uh, but--we, uh, operate on a special basis ourselves: I'd better explain it to you.

MAXINE

How do you mean "operate", on what "basis"?

HANNAH

(TAKES CARD OUT OF SKETCHING BAG.) Here's our card. I think you may have heard of us. (PRESENTS THE CARD TO MAXINE WHO IGNORES IT.) We've had a good many write-ups. My grandfather is the oldest living and practising poet: AND he gives recitations. I? . . . paint. . . water colors and I'm a "quick sketch artist." We travel together. We pay our way as we go by my grandfather's recitations and the sale of my water colors and quick character-sketches in charcoal or pastel.

SHANNON

(TO HIMSELF.) I have fever.

HANNAH

I usually pass among the tables (CROSSING LEFT.) at lunch and dinner in a hotel. I wear an artist's smock, picturesquely dabbed with paint: wide Byronic collar and flowing silk tie: I don't push myself on people: I just display my work and smile at them sweetly and if they invite me to do so sit down to make a quick character-sketch in pastel or charcoal. If not? Smile sweetly and go on. . .

SHANNON

What does Grandpa do?

HANNAH

We move among tables together slowly. (CROSSING RIGHT.) I introduce him as the world's oldest living and practising poet. If invited: he gives a recitation of a poem. Unfortunately all of his poems were written a long time ago. But, do you know, (ABOVE NONNO.) he has started a new poem? For the first time in twenty years he's started another poem!

SHANNON

Hasn't finished it yet?

HANNAH

He still has inspiration, but his power of concentration has weakened a little, of course.

MAXINE

Right now he's not concentrating.

HANNAH

Nonno? (SHAKES HIM GENTLY.) Nonno! (HE WAKES UP.)

SHANNON

Grandpa's catchin' forty winks.

MAXINE

I'm going to call town and get a taxi for these folks.

HANNAH

(CROSSING TO HER AS SHE STARTS TOWARD OFFICE.) Please don't do that! We tried every hotel in town and they wouldn't take us. I'm afraid I'll have to place myself at your--mercy. (LIGHTING BEGINS TO CHANGE FROM AFTERNOON TO EVENING. SHANNON GETS UP IN THE PAUSE AND CROSSES TO NONNO. WITH INFINITE GENTLENESS, HE ROUSES THE OLD MAN.)

SHANNON

All right, grandpa, let's go--

MAXINE

(SHARPLY.) Now you wait a minute, Shannon!

SHANNON

(IGNORING HER.) --come on, let's hit the sack, grandpa. (HE LEADS NONNO INTO THE CENTER CUBICLE. NONNO SITS ON BED.)

MAXINE

OK--OK! Looks like you're in for one night; just one. The old man's in number four. You take number three.

HANNAH

Thank you.

MAXINE

Where's your luggage? No luggage?

HANNAH

I hid it behind some palmettos at the foot of the path. (SHE EXITS INTO CENTER CUBICLE. ATTENDS NONNO.)

SHANNON

(TO PANCHO AT LEFT RAILING.) Tu Flojo! Las mule tas! Bajos las palmas--vamos! (PANCHO EXITS LEFT TO GET LUGGAGE. SHANNON SPEAKS TO MAXINE.) Maxine honey, would you cash a post-dated check for me?

MAXINE

(SHREWDLY.) --Yeah, manana, maybe. . .

SHANNON

Thanks, Maxine. Generosity is the cornerstone of your nature. . .
 (MAXINE EXITS UP LEFT AROUND CORNER TAKING WHEELCHAIR WITH HER. SHE
 GLANCES BACK AT SHANNON AS SHE LEAVES. SHANNON EXITS INTO CUBICLE NUMBER
 "FIVE", GETS A TOWEL FROM SUITCASE, STEPS BACK ON THE VERANDAH AND GAZES
 IN THE DISTANCE OFF RIGHT. HANNAH ENTERS FROM HER GRANDFATHER'S CUBICLE,
 SEES SHANNON AND SPEAKS.)

HANNAH

I'm dreadfully afraid my grandfather had a slight stroke in those high
 passes of the Sierras.

SHANNON

Very old people get these little cerebral accidents as they're called,
 they're not regular strokes, the symptoms clear up so quickly that some-
 times the old folks don't even know they've had them.

HANNAH

I think he's had more than one of them, and all in the last few months.
 He was amazing till lately. I had to show his passport to prove that he
 was the oldest (CROSSING TO SHANNON.) living and practising poet on
 earth. We did well. We made expenses and more! When I saw he was fail-
 ing, I tried to persuade him to go back to Nantucket but he said: "No,
 Mexico!". . . I didn't make any sales in Mexico City; I'd expected to
 clean up there. (SPEAKING FRONT.) So here we are on this windy hilltop
 like a pair of scarecrows. . . (SHANNON GAZES AT HER, WONDERINGLY. SHE
 RETURNS THE GLANCE. PEDRO AND PANTO ENTER UP THE RAMP AT LEFT WITH
 SEVERAL PIECES OF ANCIENT LUGGAGE. THEY LEAVE THE LUGGAGE AT CENTER
 STAGE AS THEY EXIT INTO JUNGLE OFF RIGHT.)

SHANNON

(LOOKING AT LUGGAGE.) Great Caesar's Ghost--how many times have you been
 around the world?

HANNAH

(PICKING UP ONE OF THE SUITCASES.) Almost as many times as the world's
 been around the sun, and I feel as if we'd gone the whole way on foot.

SHANNON

You'd better rest. I'm going down for a swim, now. (HANNAH GOES INTO
 NONNO'S CUBICLE WITH LUGGAGE. SHANNON CROSSES LEFT TO RAIL. HE FEELS
 DIZZY AND GRABS THE RAIL FOR SUPPORT. HANNAH RETURNS IN TIME TO SEE HIM
 GRAB THE RAIL, STEADY HIMSELF, AND EXIT DOWN THE RAMP AT LEFT. SHE PICKS

UP SKETCHING BAG AND THE REMAINING LUGGAGE AND EXITS INTO CUBICLE NUMBER "THREE" AT LEFT. THE GENERAL LIGHTING FADES AS THE LIGHT INSIDE NONNO'S CUBICLE BRIGHTENS GRADUALLY. SOFT MUSIC, POSSIBLY FROM THE CANTINA NEAR THE BEACH, BEGINS AS NONNO RECITES.)

NONNO

(FROM HIS CUBICLE.) How calmly does the orange branch
Observe the sky begin to blanch
Without a cry, without a prayer
With no betrayal of despair . . .

(LIGHTS HAVE FADED TO DARKNESS.)



ACT I

SCENE 2: LATER THAT AFTERNOON

THE BLACKOUT AFTER SCENE ONE HAS BEEN HELD FOR FIFTEEN SECONDS AS THE MUSIC CONTINUES. THE SCENE REMAINS THE SAME. THE LIGHTS ARE BROUGHT UP TO REVEAL LATE EVENING AS THE MUSIC FADES. PEDRO HAS ENTERED DURING THE BLACKOUT AND IS IN THE HAMMOCK PLAYING A HARMONICA. BESIDE HIM IS A BURLAP SACK AND A FIFTEEN FOOT LENGTH OF ROPE. THESE ARE LATER USED TO CAPTURE AND TIE THE "IGUANA". PANTHO ENTERS AROUND CORNER OF VERAN-DAH UP LEFT CARRYING A SILVER TRAY WITH DISHES AND EATING UTENSILS. HE PLACES TRAY ON CHAIR NEAR COUNTER AT LEFT. HE CROSSES RIGHT AND SITS ON STEPS NEAR PEDRO. MAXINE ENTERS FROM OFFICE CARRYING A GREEN CARD TABLE WITH LEGS FOLDED UP. SHE COMES IN FRONT OF COUNTER, LISTENS TO HARMONICA AND DISMISSES THE BOYS.

MAXINE

Pedro, Pancho--vamos. (THEY EXIT DOWN STEPS AT RIGHT AND INTO JUNGLE. PANTHO CARRIES BAG AND ROPE. PEDRO CONTINUES TO PLAY SOFTLY.) Miss Jelkes? (HANNAH COMES OUT OF HER CUBICLE, CARRYING NONNO'S WHITE LINEN JACKET.)

HANNAH

Yes, Mrs. Faulk?

MAXINE

Can I speak to you while I set up this table for supper?

HANNAH

(HANGING JACKET ON POST.) Of course you may, I wanted to speak to you, too. (SHE STARTS TO BRUSH HER GRANDFATHER'S JACKET WITH A WHISK BROOM.)

MAXINE

Good. (GETS TABLECLOTH FROM TRAY. SETS UP TABLE LEFT CENTER.)

HANNAH

I just wanted to ask you if there's a tub-bath Grandfather could use. A shower is fine for me, I prefer a shower to a tub. (CROSSING ON UPPER LEVEL TO HEAD OF HAMMOCK.) but for my grandfather there is some danger of falling down in a shower and at his age, although he says he is made out of India rubber, a broken hip-bone would be a very serious matter, so I--

MAXINE

(PUTS TABLECLOTH ON CARD TABLE.) What I wanted to say is I called up the Casa de Huespedes about you and your grampa and I can get you in there.

HANNAH

Oh, but we don't want to move!

MAXINE

(CROSSING RIGHT TWO STEPS.) The Costa Verde isn't the right place for you, honey, we cater to folks that like to rough it a little, and, well, frankly, we cater to younger people. (CROSSES LEFT TO GET TRAY OF DISHES AND UTENSILS.)

HANNAH

Oh yes . . . uh . . . well . . . The, uh, Casa de Huespedes, that means a, uh, sort of a rooming-house, Mrs. Faulk?

MAXINE

Boarding-house. They feed you, they'll even feed you on credit. (BEGINS SETTING TABLE.)

HANNAH

--Where is it located? (CROSSING LEFT.)

MAXINE

It has a central location. You could get a doctor there quick if the old man took sick on you. You got to think about that.

HANNAH

Yes, I--(NODS GRAVELY, MORE TO HERSELF THAN MAXINE.)--I have thought about that, but--(SHE HAS BEGUN TO HELP WITH THE TABLE.)

MAXINE

What are you doing?

HANNAH

Making myself useful.

MAXINE

Don't do that. I don't accept help from guests here. (HANNAH HESITATES; GOES ON SETTING TABLE.)

HANNAH

Oh, please let me. I like to be active--(HER VOICE DIES OUT.)

MAXINE

Well, just put the napkins under the plates so they don't blow away.

HANNAH

Yes, it is getting breezy on the verandah. (CONTINUES SETTING THE TABLE.)

MAXINE

(PLACES CHAIR FROM BESIDE CUBICLE "THREE" AT TABLE.) Hurricane winds are already hitting up coast.

HANNAH

We've been through several typhoons in the Orient: sometimes outside disturbances like that are an almost welcome distraction from inside disturbances, aren't they? (THIS IS ALSO SAID MORE TO HERSELF: FINISHES PUTTING PLATES ON PAPER NAPKINS.)--When do you want us to leave here, Mrs. Faulk?

MAXINE

The boys'll move you in my station wagon tomorrow: no charge for the service. (GETS WATER PITCHER FROM CART.)

HANNAH

That is very kind of you. Mrs. Faulk?

MAXINE

(TURNING BACK TO HER WITH OBVIOUS RELUCTANCE.) Yeah? (PLACES CHAIR FROM LEFT AT TABLE.)

HANNAH

(CROSSING TO HER.) Do you know jade?

MAXINE

Jade?

HANNAH

Yes.

MAXINE

Why?

HANNAH

(HOLDING UP HER PENDANT NECKLACE.) I have a small but interesting collection of jade pieces. This one, for instance: a miracle of carving. Tiny as it is, it has two figures carved on it, the legendary Prince Ahk and Princess Angh, and a heron flying above them. Can you see the carving?

MAXINE

Yeah, honey, I'm not operating a hock shop, here; I'm trying to run a hotel, here. (STARTS TO FILL GLASSES.)

HANNAH

I know, but couldn't you just accept it as security for a few days' stay here? (PAUSE. WHEN THERE IS NO RESPONSE, HANNAH LOWERS HER HEAD.)

MAXINE

--You're completely broke, are you? (TURNS TO HANNAH.)

HANNAH

Yes, we are; (RAISES HER HEAD.) completely.

MAXINE

You say that like you're proud of it.

HANNAH

I'm not proud of it or ashamed of it either, it just happens to be what's happened to us, which has never happened before in all our travels. (SHE CROSSES RIGHT AND SITS IN CHAIR NEAR HAMMOCK.)

MAXINE

(GRUDGINGLY.) You're telling the truth, I reckon, but I told you the truth, too, when I told you, when you came here, that I had just lost my husband and he'd left me in such a financial hole that if living didn't mean more to me than money, I might as well been dropped in the ocean with him.

HANNAH

--Ocean?

MAXINE

(PEACEFULLY PHILOSOPHICAL ABOUT IT.) Yeah, I carried out his burial instructions exactly. Yep, my husband, Fred Faulk, was the greatest game-fisherman on the West Coast of Mexico, and on his death-bed, last week, he requested to be dropped in the sea, (CROSSING TO RAIL.) yeah, right out there in the bay, not even sewed up in canvas, just in his fisherman outfit. So now old Freddie the Fisherman is feeding the fish: fishes revenge on old Freddie: (TURNING, CROSSING ABOVE TABLE.)--how about that, I ask you?

HANNAH

(REGARDING MAXINE SHARPLY.) --I doubt that he regrets it.

MAXINE

I do. It gives me the shivers. (SHE IS DISTRACTED BY THE GERMAN PARTY SINGING A MARCHING SONG ON THE PATH UP FROM THE BEACH. SHANNON APPEARS AT THE TOP OF RAMP AT LEFT. MAXINE'S WHOLE CONCENTRATION SHIFTS ABRUPTLY TO HIM. SHE ALMOST SIZZLES LIKE AN EXPOSED POWER-LINE. HANNAH PROVIDES A VISUAL COUNTERPOINT. SHE CLENCHES HER EYES SHUT FOR A MOMENT: AND WHEN THEY OPEN, IT'S ON A LOOK OF STOICAL DESPAIR AT THE REFUGE SHE HAS UNSUCCESSFULLY FOUGHT FOR. THEN SHANNON APPROACHES THE VERANDAH AND THE SCENE IS HIS.)

SHANNON

HERE THEY COME UP, YOUR CONQUERORS OF THE WORLD, MAXINE HONEY--(THE GERMANS TROOP UP STEPS DOWN LEFT FROM THE BEACH, SINGING "WIR FAHREN GEGEN ENGELLAND." THEY CROWD ONTO THE VERANDAH, IN HIGH SPIRITS. FIGURE 5.)

FRAU FAHRENKOPF

(ECSTATICALLY.) FRAU FAULK, LONDON IS BURNING, THE HEART OF LONDON'S ON FIRE! (WOLFGANG, CROSSING RIGHT, TURNS A HAND-SPRING ONTO VERANDAH AND WALKS ON HIS HANDS A FEW PACES: TUMBLES OVER WITH A GREAT WHOOP. MAXINE LAUGHS DELIGHTEDLY WITH THE GERMANS.) BEER, BEER, BEER!

HERR FAHRENKOPF

Nein, nein--heute abend. . .champagne! Champagne feur alle! (THE EUPHORIC HORSE-PLAY AND SHOUTING CONTINUE AS THEY EXIT UP RIGHT AROUND TURN OF THE VERANDAH. MAXINE'S LAUGHTER DIES OUT A LITTLE SADLY WITH ENVY.)

SHANNON

(STEPPING TOWARD MAXINE.) You're turning this place into the Mexican Berchtesgaden, Maxine. (SHOUTS FOR BEER DRAW HER UP RIGHT AROUND VERANDAH TURN. SHANNON CROSSES TO CENTER.)

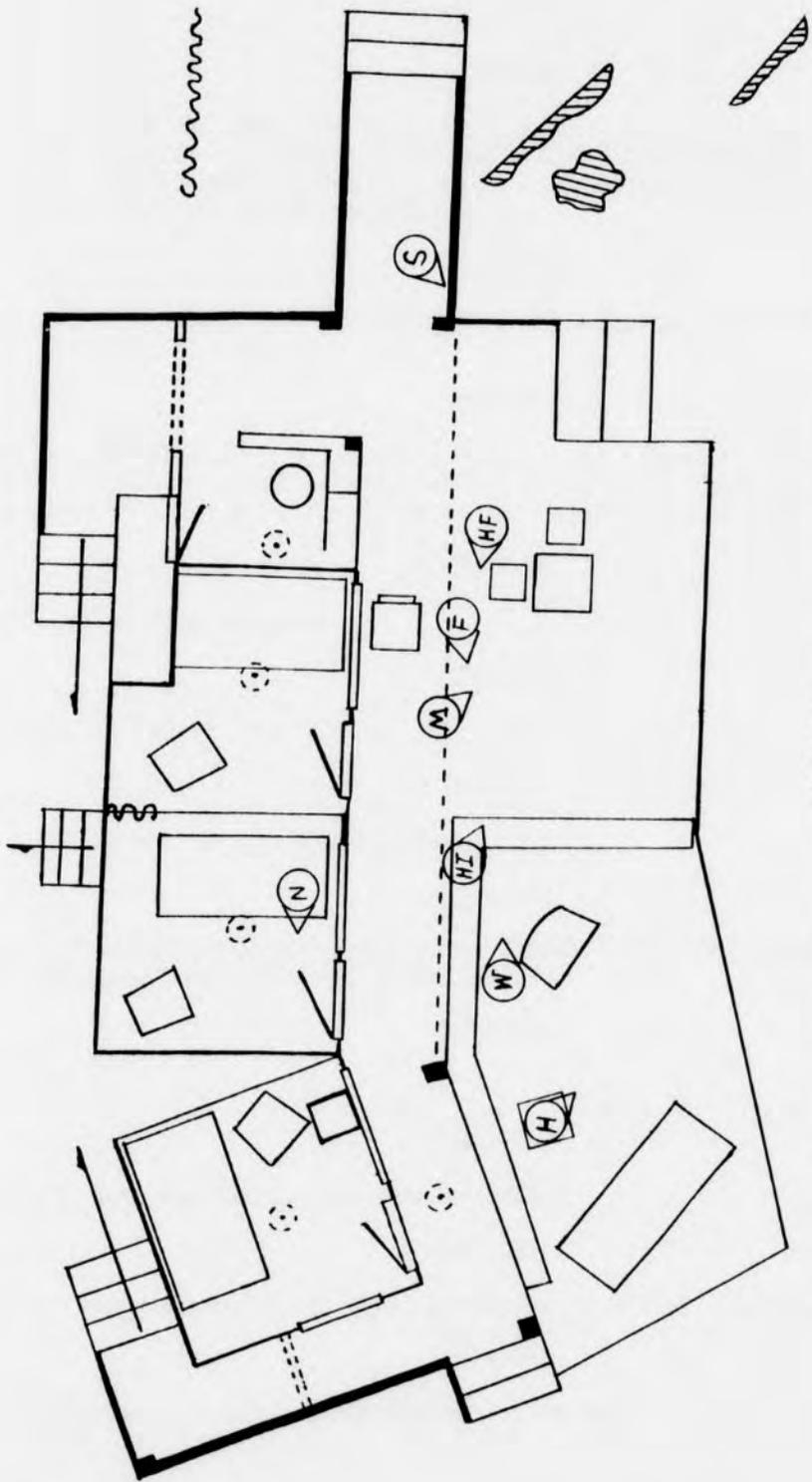


FIGURE 5
Hannah, Wolfgang, Nonno, Hilda, Maxine, Frau Fahrenkopf, Herr Fahrenkopf, Shannon

HANNAH

Mr. Shannon do you happen to know the Casa de Huespedes, or anything about it, I mean? (CROSSING TO CUBICLE FOR HER SKETCHING BAG. SHANNON STARES AT HER SOMEWHAT BLANKLY.) We are, uh, thinking of--moving there tomorrow. --Do you uh, recommend it?

SHANNON

I recommend it along with the Black Hole of Calcutta. (SITS AT CHAIR ABOVE TABLE.)

HANNAH

(NODS REFLECTIVELY.) I suspected as much. --Mr. Shannon? (CROSSING TO SHANNON.) In your touring party, do you think there might be anyone interested in my water-colors? Or in my character sketches?

SHANNON

That bunch of dime-tippers?

CHARLOTTE

(OFF LEFT.) LARRY!

SHANNON

OH--(RISES.) oh! Great Caesar's Ghost

CHARLOTTE

LARRY! (SHANNON DUCKS INTO HIS CUBICLE NUMBER "FIVE" AND SLAMS THE DOOR. CHARLOTTE RUSHES ONTO VERANDAH FROM UP LEFT.)

CHARLOTTE

LARRY!

HANNAH

(RISING.) Are you looking for someone, dear?

CHARLOTTE

Yeah, the man conducting our tour, (CROSSING TO CENTER.) Larry Shannon.

HANNAH

Oh, Mr. Shannon. I think he went down to the beach.

CHARLOTTE

I just now saw him coming up from the beach. (SHE IS TENSE AND TREMBLING, HER EYES KEEP DARTING UP AND DOWN THE VERANDAH.)

HANNAH

Oh. --Well. --But--

CHARLOTTE

LARRY? LARRY!

HANNAH

Would you like to leave a message for him, dear?

CHARLOTTE

(CROSSES RIGHT TOWARD HANNAH.) No. I'm staying right here till he comes out of wherever he's hiding.

HANNAH

(CROSSING LEFT, INDICATING CHAIR ABOVE TABLE.) Why don't you just sit down, dear? I'm an artist, a painter: I was just sorting out my water-colors and sketches in this portfolio, and look what I've come across. (HANNAH HAS SELECTED A SKETCH AND HOLDS IT UP.)

SHANNON

(FROM INSIDE CUBICLE AS HANNAH HOLDS UP SKETCH.) Oh, God! (HE FALLS AS HE TRIES TO CLIMB OUT WINDOW AT RIGHT.)

CHARLOTTE

(HEARING SHANNON IN HIS CUBICLE, DARTS TO IT.) LARRY, LET ME IN THERE! (CHARLOTTE BEATS ON THE DOOR OF CUBICLE.) LARRY, OPEN THIS DOOR AND LET ME IN, I KNOW YOU'RE IN THERE, (LOOKING AROUND CORNER.) LARRY! LARRY, LARRY, JUDY'S LOOKING FOR ME, SHE KNOWS LARRY, LET ME COME IN, LARRY BEFORE SHE FINDS ME HERE!

SHANNON

You can't come in. Stop shouting and I'll come out.

CHARLOTTE

All right, come out.



SHANNON

Stand back from the door so I can. (SHE MOVES RIGHT AND HE EMERGES FROM CUBICLE LIKE A MAN ENTERING A PLACE OF EXECUTION: HE LEANS AGAINST WALL, MOPPING SWEAT OFF HIS FACE WITH A HANDKERCHIEF. HANNAH GOES TACTFULLY INTO HER CUBICLE.) How does Miss Fellowes know what happened that night, did you tell her?

CHARLOTTE

I didn't tell her, she guessed.

SHANNON

Guessing isn't knowing, if she is just guessing, that means she doesn't know, I mean if you're not lying, if you didn't tell her.

CHARLOTTE

Don't talk to me like that.

SHANNON

(CROSSING DOWN STEPS.) Don't complicate my life now, please, for God's sake, don't complicate my life now.

CHARLOTTE

(FOLLOWING HIM.) Why have you changed like this?

SHANNON

I have a fever: don't complicate my--fever.

CHARLOTTE

You act like you hated me now.

SHANNON

(CROSSING FURTHER DOWN STAGE.) You're going to get me kicked out of Blake Tours, Charlotte.

CHARLOTTE

Judy is, not me.

SHANNON

Why did you sing "I Love You Truly" at me?

CHARLOTTE

Because I do love you truly! (SHE THROWS HER ARMS AROUND HIM.)

SHANNON

(PUSHING HER OFF, CROSSING LEFT.) Honey girl, don't you know that nothing worse could happen to a girl in your, your--unstable condition--than get emotionally mixed up with a man in my unstable condition, huh?

CHARLOTTE

No, no, I'm not unstable. (CROSSES TO SHANNON.)

SHANNON

(CUTTING THROUGH.) Two unstable conditions can set a whole world on fire, can blow it up, past repair--

CHARLOTTE

All I know is you've got to marry me, Larry, after what happened between us in Mexico City!

SHANNON

A man in my condition can't marry, it isn't decent or legal; he's lucky if he can even hold onto his job. (HE KEEPS CATCHING HOLD OF HER HANDS AND PLUCKING THEM OFF HIS SHOULDERS.) I'm almost out of my mind, can't you see that, honey?

CHARLOTTE

I don't believe you don't love me.

SHANNON

Honey, it's almost impossible for anybody to believe they're not loved by someone they believe they love, but, honey, I love nobody, I'm like that, it isn't my fault. When I brought you home that night I told you goodnight in the hall, just kissed you on the cheek like the little girl that you are, but the instant I opened my door, you rushed into my room and I couldn't get you out of it--oh, God, don't you remember that?

CHARLOTTE

Yes, I remember after you made love to me--

SHANNON

SHUT UP, SHUT UP ABOUT THAT! (CROSSING UP STEPS.)

CHARLOTTE

YOU TURNED MEAN, ACTED CRAZY!

SHANNON

Miss Goodall, I--

CHARLOTTE

(TURNING AWAY.) DON'T CALL ME MISS GOODALL AFTER THE--

SHANNON

Oh, now, Charlotte, honey, I have, we all have, just so much and no more in our nervous, our, our--emotional bank-account, (CROSSING RIGHT.) honey, and mine has been all drawn out, over-drawn, I can't write another cheque on it. Look at me! Can't you see that I--?

CHARLOTTE

(STARTING TO SOB.) Larry?

SHANNON

No, no, look at me--(SHE DOES, HELPLESSLY, SEDUCTIVELY.) --not like that!
(THE FOLLOWING SPEECHES OVERLAP.)

CHARLOTTE

Larry, let me help you!

MISS FELLOWES' VOICE

(OFF LEFT.) CHARLOTTE,...CHARLOTTE,...CHARLIE!

CHARLOTTE

Help me and let me help you!

SHANNON

(CROSSING TO HIS CUBICLE.) The helpless can't help the helpless! (HE SLAMS THE DOOR BEHIND HIM.)

CHARLOTTE

(FOLLOWING HIM.) Let me in, Judy's coming! (HE OPENS THE DOOR AND PUSHES HER AWAY.)

SHANNON

Let me go, go away! (HE THRUSTS HER VIOLENTLY BACK, SLAMMING AND BOLT-ING THE WOODEN DOOR. CHARLOTTE RUSHES INTO HANNAH'S CUBICLE. HANNAH COMES OUT OF IT A MOMENT LATER AND SITS BACK AT THE TABLE. AS SHE DOES, MISS FELLOWES CHARGES ONTO THE VERANDAH FROM UP LEFT.)

MISS FELLOWES

Shannon! Where are you? (OVERLAPPED SPEECHES END.)

HANNAH

I think Mr. Shannon has gone down to the beach.

MISS FELLOWES

Was Charlotte Goodall with him? A young dark-haired girl in our party, was she with him?

HANNAH

No, nobody was with him, he was completely alone.

MISS FELLOWES

I heard a door slam.

HANNAH

That was mine. I rushed out to catch the sunset. (MISS FELLOWES HEARS CHARLOTTE'S SOBBING IN HANNAH'S CUBICLE WHERE SHE HAD RUN TO HIDE. MISS FELLOWES THROWS THE DOOR OPEN.)

MISS FELLOWES

Charlotte! Come out of there, Charlie! (SHE HAS SEIZED CHARLOTTE BY THE WRIST.) What's your word worth, nothing? You promised you'd stay away from him! (CHARLOTTE PULLS HER ARM AWAY FROM MISS FELLOWES, SOBBING BITTERLY. MISS FELLOWES SEIZES HER AGAIN, TIGHTER, AND STARTS DRAGGING HER AWAY.) I have talked to your father about this man and he's getting out a warrant for his arrest, if he dare try coming back to the States after this!

CHARLOTTE

I don't care. (CHARLOTTE PULLS TOWARD SHANNON'S CUBICLE.)

MISS FELLOWES

I do! I'm responsible for you! (PULLING HER BACK.)

CHARLOTTE

I don't want to go back to Texas!

MISS FELLOWES

Yes, you do and you will! (THEY EXIT UP LEFT AROUND CORNER.)

SHANNON

(FROM HIS CUBICLE.) Ah, God . . . (HANNAH CROSSES TO HIS DOOR AND KNOCKS, CALLING THROUGH IT.)

HANNAH

Mr. Shannon? The coast is clear now, Mr. Shannon. (SHANNON DOES NOT ANSWER OR APPEAR. SHE SETS DOWN HER PORTFOLIO TO PICK UP NONNO'S WHITE LINEN JACKET WHICH SHE HAD PRESSED AND HUNG ON THE VERANDAH. SHE CROSSES TO HIS CUBICLE WITH IT, AND CALLS IN.) --Nonno? It's almost time for supper! There's going to be a lovely, stormy sunset in a few minutes.

NONNO'S VOICE

COMING!

HANNAH

So is Christmas. (SHE RETURNS TO HER CUBICLE. TURNS ON LIGHT.)

NONNO'S VOICE

So is the Fourth of July!

HANNAH

We're past the Fourth of July, Halloween comes next and then Thanksgiving: I hope you'll come forth sooner. (SHE GOES INTO HIS CUBICLE.) Here's your jacket, I've pressed it.

NONNO'S VOICE

It's mighty dark in here, Hannah.

HANNAH'S VOICE

I'll turn the light on for you. (SHE TURNS ON NONNO'S LIGHT. NONNO IS SITTING ON THE SIDE OF THE BED. SHANNON COMES OUT OF HIS CUBICLE, LIKE THE SURVIVOR OF A PLANE-CRASH, BRINGING OUT WITH HIM SEVERAL PIECES OF HIS CLERICAL GARB. THE BLACK, HEAVY SILK BIB, A RABAT, IS LOOSELY FASTENED ABOUT HIS PANTING, SWEATING CHEST. HE HANGS OVER IT A HEAVY GOLD CROSS AND ATTEMPTS TO FASTEN ON A STARCHED ROUND COLLAR. HANNAH

COMES BACK OUT OF NONNO'S CUBICLE, ADJUSTING HER "FLOWING SILK TIE."
FOR A MOMENT THEY BOTH FACE FRONT, ADJUSTING THEIR OUTFITS. THEY
RESEMBLE TWO ACTORS IN A PLAY WHICH IS ABOUT TO FOLD ON THE ROAD,
PREPARING GRAVELY FOR A PERFORMANCE WHICH MAY BE THE LAST ONE.)

HANNAH

(GLANCING AT SHANNON.) Are you planning to conduct church-services of
some kind here tonight, Mr. Shannon?

SHANNON

Will you please help me with this? (HE INDICATES THE ROUND COLLAR.
STEPS DOWN STEPS.)

HANNAH

(CROSSING BEHIND HIM, ASSISTING.) If you're not going to conduct a
church-service, why get into that uncomfortable outfit?

SHANNON

Because I've been accused of being defrocked and of lying about it, that's
why. I want to show the ladies that I'm still a clocked--frocked!--
minister of the--

HANNAH

Isn't that lovely gold cross enough to convince the ladies?

SHANNON

No, they know I redeemed it from a Mexico City pawn-shop and they suspect
that that's where I got it in the first place.

HANNAH

Hold still just a minute. (SHE IS BEHIND HIM, TRYING TO FASTEN THE COL-
LAR.) --There now, let's hope it stays on, the button hole is so frayed
I'm afraid that it won't hold the button. (HER FEAR IS INSTANTLY CONFIRM-
ED: THE BUTTON POPS OUT.)

SHANNON

Where'd it go?

HANNAH

Here, right under--(PICKS IT UP: SHANNON RIPS COLLAR OFF, CRUMPLES IT
AND HURLS IT ON VERANDAH. THEN HE FALLS INTO HAMMOCK, PANTING, TWISTING.
HANNAH QUIETLY OPENS SKETCH PAD, SITS BESIDE HIM, AND BEGINS TO SKETCH.

HE DOESN'T NOTICE THIS ACTION. AS SHE SKETCHES.) How long have you been inactive in the, uh, church, Mr. Shannon?

SHANNON

What's that got to do with the price of rice in China?

HANNAH

(GENTLY.) Nothing.

SHANNON

What's it got to do with the price of coffee-beans in Brazil?

HANNAH

I retract the question. With apologies.

SHANNON

To answer your question politely--I have been inactive in the church for all but one year since I was ordained a minister of the church.

HANNAH

(SKETCHING RAPIDLY, MOVING FORWARD A BIT TO SEE HIS FACE BETTER.) Well, that's quite a sabbatical, Mr. Shannon.

SHANNON

Yeah, that's--quite a--sabbatical . . .

NONNO'S VOICE

(REPEATING A LINE SEVERAL TIMES.)--A chronicle no longer gold . . .

SHANNON

(LOOKING TOWARD NONNO'S CUBICLE.) Is your grandfather talking to himself in there?

HANNAH

No, he composes out loud. He has to commit his lines to memory because he can't see to write them or read them.

SHANNON

Sounds like he's stuck on one line. (NONNO'S VOICE STOPS.)

HANNAH

--Yes. I'm afraid his memory is failing:--memory failure is his greatest dread. (SHE SAYS THIS ALMOST COOLLY: AS IF IT DIDN'T MATTER.)

SHANNON

Are you drawing me?

HANNAH

Trying to. You're a very difficult subject. When the Mexican painter Sequeiros did his portrait of the American poet Hart Crane he had to paint him with closed eyes because he couldn't paint his eyes open, there was too much suffering in them and he couldn't paint it.

SHANNON

Sorry but I'm not going to close my eyes for you: (LOOKING FRONT INTO SPACE.) I'm hypnotizing myself, at least trying to, by looking at the light on the orange tree--leaves. . .

HANNAH

That's all right. I can draw your eyes open.

SHANNON

--I had one parish one year and then I wasn't defrocked but I was--locked out of my church.

HANNAH

Oh. --Why did they lock you out of it?

SHANNON

Fornication and heresy--in the same week.

HANNAH

(SKETCHING RAPIDLY.) What were the circumstances of the--uh--first offense?

SHANNON

Yeah, the fornication came first, preceded the heresy by several days. (SITTING UP, FACING HER.) --A very young Sunday school teacher asked to see me privately in my study: a pretty little thing: no chance in the world: only child, and both of her parents were spinsters, almost identical spinsters wearing clothes of the opposite sexes: fooling some of the



people some of the time but not me--none of the time. . . Well, she declared herself to me: wildly. (HE RISES FROM THE HAMMOCK, CROSSES LEFT UP STEPS.)

HANNAH

A declaration of love?

SHANNON

(TURNING TO HER.) Don't make fun of me, honey!

HANNAH

I wasn't.

SHANNON

The natural, or unnatural, attraction of one--lunatic (PACING.) for--another . . . that's all it was. I was the goddamnedest prig in those days that even you could imagine. I said, let's kneel down (KNEELING AT STEPS.) together and pray and we did, we knelt down, but all of a sudden the kneeling position turned to a reclining position on the rug of my study and--(RISING.) When we got up?--I struck her, yes, I did, I struck her in the face and called her a damned little tramp. So she ran home: (CROSSING LEFT.) I heard the next day she'd cut herself with her father's straight blade razor: yeah, the paternal spinster shaved.

HANNAH

Fatally?

SHANNON

--just broke the skin surface enough to bleed a little, but it made a scandal.

HANNAH

Yes, I can imagine that it--provoked some comment.

SHANNON

That it did, it did that. (PAUSES A MOMENT IN HIS FIERCE PACING AS IF THE RECOLLECTION STILL APPALLED HIM. STANDS DOWN CENTER OF UPPER LEVEL FACING FRONT.) --So the next Sunday when I climbed into the pulpit and looked down over all of those smug, disapproving, accusing faces uplifted, I had an impulse to shake them, so I shook them. I had a prepared sermon:--meek, apologetic;--I threw it away, tossed it into the chancel.-- Look here, I said, I shouted:--I'm tired of conducting services in praise

and worship of a senile delinquent, yeah, that's what I said, I shouted! (FOLLOWING SPEECHES GIVEN AS IF AUDIENCE WAS CONGREGATION.) All your western theologies, the whole mythology of them are based on the concept of God as a senile delinquent and, by God, I will not and can not continue to conduct services in praise and worship of this, this--this--

HANNAH

(QUIETLY.) Senile delinquent?

SHANNON

Yeah, this angry, petulant old man, I mean he's represented like a bad-tempered childish old, old, sick, peevish man, I mean like the sort of old man in a nursing-home that's putting together a jig-saw puzzle and can't put it together and gets furious at it, and kicks over the table. Yes, I tell you they do that, all our theologies do it, accuse God of being a cruel, senile delinquent, blaming the world and brutally punishing all he created for His own faults in construction, and then, ha ha, yeah--a thunderstorm broke that Sunday--

HANNAH

You mean outside the church?

SHANNON

Yep, it was wilder than I was! And out they slithered, they slithered out of their pews to their shiny black cockroach sedans, ha ha, (CROSSING LEFT.) and I shouted after them, hell, I even followed them half way out of the church, shouting after them "Go on, go home and close your house-windows, all your windows and doors, against the truth about God!"

HANNAH

Oh, my heavens. Which is just what they did. --Poor things. . . .

SHANNON

(CROSSING RIGHT.) Miss Jelkes, honey, Pleasant Valley, Virginia, was an exclusive suburb of a large city and these poor things were not poor: materially speaking.

HANNAH

(SMILING A BIT.) What was the, uh, up-shot of it?

SHANNON

(SITTING IN ROCKING CHAIR NEAR STEPS.) --Up-shot of it? Well, I wasn't defrocked. I was just locked out of the church in Pleasant Valley, Virginia, and put in a nice little private asylum to recuperate from a

complete nervous breakdown as they preferred to regard it and then, and then I--I entered my present line: tours of God's world conducted by a minister of God with cross and round-collar to prove it. --Collecting evidence!

HANNAH

Evidence of what, Mr. Shannon?

SHANNON

(SHYLY.) My personal idea of God, not as a senile delinquent, but as a--(LIGHTNING FLASHES.)

HANNAH

--Incomplete sentence. (THUNDER IN THE DISTANCE.)

SHANNON

It's going to storm tonight--a terrific, electric storm. --Then you will see the Reverend T. Lawrence Shannon's conception of God Almighty, paying a visit to the world he created. . . .I want to go back to the Church and preach the Gospel of God as Lightning and Thunder . . .and also stray (LIGHTNING.) dogs vivisected and (RISING, STEPPING DOWN STAGE.) . . .and . . .and . . .(HE POINTS OUT SUDDENLY, FROM VERANDAH.) THAT'S HIM! There HE is now! --His oblivious majesty--and HERE I AM on this--dilapidated verandah of a cheap hotel, out of season, in a country caught and destroyed in its flesh and corrupted in its spirit by its gold-hungry Conquistadors that bore the flag of the Inquisition along with the cross of Christ. Yes . . .and . . .(PAUSE. FIGURE 6.)

HANNAH

Mr. Shannon. . . ?

SHANNON

Yes. . . ?

HANNAH

(SMILING A LITTLE AND CROSSING SLOWLY TOWARD HIM.) I have a strong feeling you will go back to the church with this evidence you've been collecting, but when you do and it's a black Sunday morning, look out over the congregation, over the smug, complacent faces for a few old, very old faces, looking up at you as you begin your sermon with eyes like a piercing cry for something to still look up to, something to still believe in, and then I think you'll not shout what you say you shouted that black Sunday in Pleasant Valley, Virginia, I think you will throw away the violent, furious sermon, you'll toss it off the chancel, and talk about, no, maybe talk about . . . nothing . . . just . . .

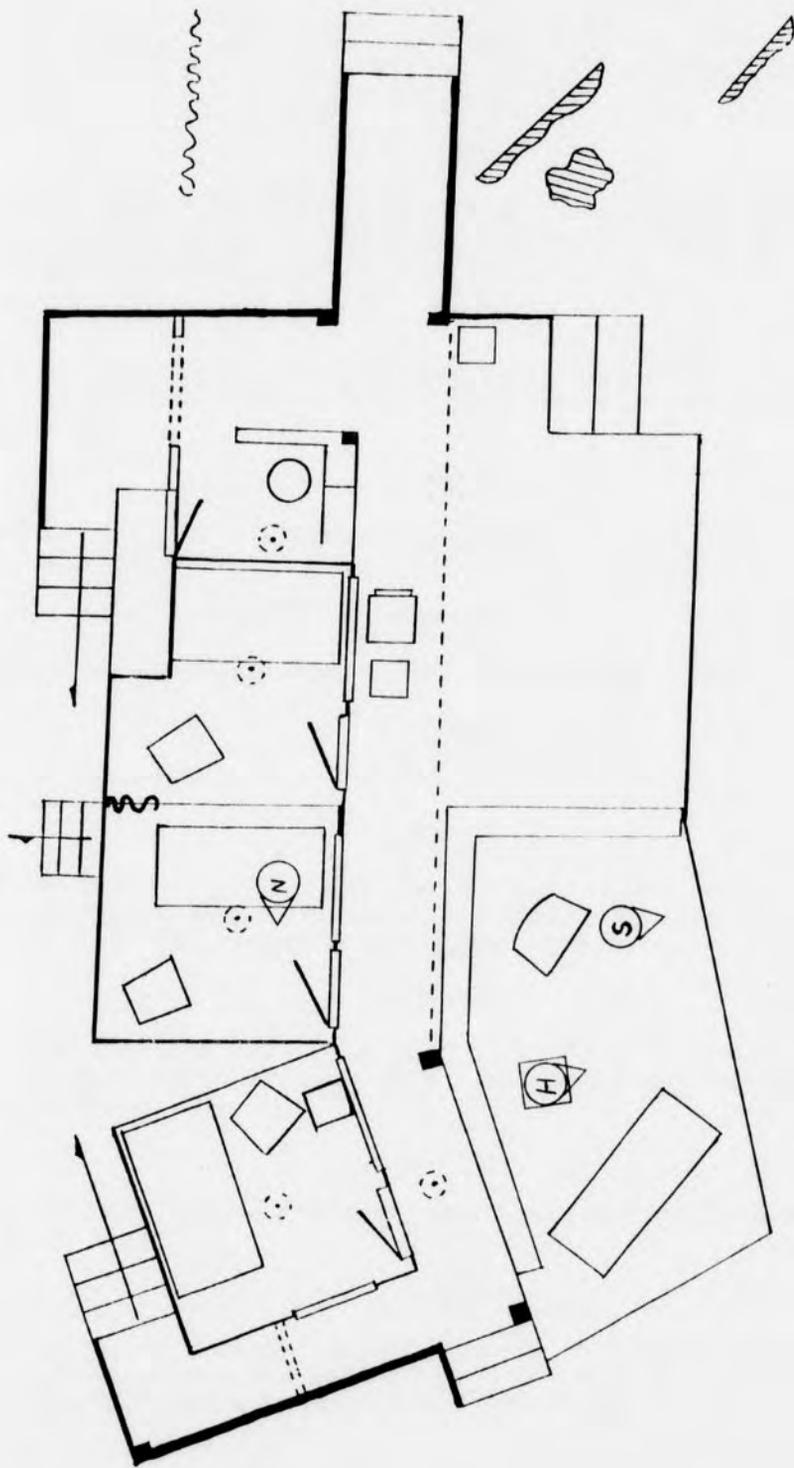


FIGURE 6
HANNAH, SHANNON, NONNO

SHANNON

--What?

HANNAH

Lead them beside still waters (HE SITS ON STEPS.) because you know how badly they need the still waters, Mr. Shannon. (A MOMENT OF SILENCE BETWEEN THEM BROKEN BY SHANNON.)

SHANNON

Lemme see that thing. (HE SEIZES PAD, KNEELS BESIDE HER, AND IS VISIBLY IMPRESSED BY WHAT HE SEES. ANOTHER MOMENT WHICH IS PROLONGED TO HANNAH'S EMBARRASSMENT.)

HANNAH

(PICKS UP SKETCHING PARAPHERNALIA.) --Where did you say the Patrona put your party of ladies?

SHANNON

--She had her--Mexican concubines put their luggage in the--Annex.

HANNAH

Where is the Annex?

SHANNON

(POINTING UP STAGE.) Right down the hill back of here, but all of my ladies except the teen-age Medea and the older Medea have gone out in a glass-bottom boat to observe the--submarine marvels.

HANNAH

Well, when they come back to the Annex (CROSSING LEFT, UP STEPS.) they're going to observe my water-colors with some "marvelous submarine" prices marked on the mattings.

SHANNON

By God, (RISING.) you're a hustler, aren't you, you're a fantastic cool hustler.

HANNAH

Yes, like you, Mr. Shannon. Oh, Mr. Shannon, if Nonno, grandfather, comes out of his cell number four before I get back, will you please look out for him for me, I won't be longer than three shakes of a lively sheep's

tail. (SHE SNATCHES UP HER PORTFOLIO AND GOES BRISKLY OFF THE VERANDAH UP LEFT.)

SHANNON

Fantastic, absolutely fantastic . . . (LIGHTNING FLASHES. PEDRO AND PANCHO RUN ON FROM RIGHT SHOUTING EXCITEDLY. THEY ARE CARRYING A SACK CONTAINING THE "CAPTIVE IGUANA." THEY CROSS LEFT AND TIE THE IGUANA WITH THE ROPE IN THE BUSHES OUT OF SIGHT. THE OTHER END OF THE ROPE IS TIED TO THE VERANDAH RAILING. A STAGE HAND KEEPS TENSION ON THE UNSEEN END. INTERMITTENT ROPE MOVEMENT AND IRREGULAR SCRAPING SOUNDS INDICATE THE IGUANA'S PRESENCE. MAXINE ENTERS UP RIGHT AND HURRIEDLY CROSSES TO CENTER. THE SPEECHES OF THE BOYS OVERLAP SLIGHTLY.)

PEDRO

Tenemos fiesta! (We're going to have a feast.)

PANCHO

Comeremos bien. (We'll eat good.)

PEDRO

Damela, damela! Yo la atare. (Give it to me, I'll tie it up.)

PANCHO

Yo la coji--yo la atare! (I caught it, I'll tie it up.)

PEDRO

Lo que vas a hacer es dejarla escapar. (You'll only let it get away.)

MAXINE

Ole, ole! Atala! No escapa! (Don't let it get away.) (TO SHANNON.)
They caught an Iguana!

SHANNON

I've noticed they did that, Maxine. (FRAU FAHRENKOPF RUSHES ONSTAGE FROM UP RIGHT, CROSSES TO MAXINE.)

FRAU FAHRENKOPF

What is this, what's going on, a snake? Did they catch a snake? (PEDRO AND PANCHO EXIT LEFT.)

MAXINE

Nein. Lizard!

FRAU FAHRENKOPF

(WITH EXAGGERATED REVULSION.) Ouuu, lizard! (A GROTESQUE ATTITUDE OF TERROR AS IF SHE WERE THREATENED BY JACK THE RIPPER. SHE CROSSES UP RIGHT, LOOKING BACK AT IGUANA, EXITS AROUND CORNER.)

SHANNON

(TO MAXINE.) You like Iguana meat, don't you?

MAXINE

Yep, tastes like white meat of chicken.

SHANNON

If you mean Mexican chicken, that's no recommendation. Mexican chickens are scavengers and taste like what they scavenge.

MAXINE

I meant Texas chicken.

SHANNON

Oh, Texas chicken. (CROSSING TO LEFT OF MAXINE.) What is the sex of that Iguana, Maxine, honey?

MAXINE

Why, who cares about the sex of an Iguana--except another Iguana?

SHANNON

I thought that if it was a male Iguana, it might take a sexual interest in you. (A CRASH AND A HOARSE, STARTLED OUTCRY ARE HEARD FROM NONNO'S CUBICLE. SHANNON RUNS INTO THE CUBICLE.)

MAXINE

I knew it! I knew it--the old man's took a fall! (SHE RUNS INTO NONNO'S CUBICLE.) Grandpa, Grandpa, are you all right? (NOW SHANNON LEADS THE OLD POET OUT OF HIS CUBICLE, ONTO THE FACING VERANDAH. THE OLD MAN IS IMPECCABLY DRESSED IN SNOW-WHITE LINEN WITH A BLACK STRING TIE. HIS LEONINE MANE OF HAIR GLEAMS SILVER.)

NONNO

I'm all right--Right as rain--If rain is right! No bones broke, I'm made out of India rubber!

SHANNON

A traveller-born falls down many times in his travels. . . .

NONNO

Hannah? (HIS VISION AND OTHER SENSES HAVE SO FAR DETERIORATED THAT HE THINKS HE'S BEING LED OUT BY HANNAH.) --I'm pretty sure I'm going to finish it here.

SHANNON

(SHOUTING, GENTLY.) I've got the same feeling, Grampa. (MAXINE FOLLOWS THEM OUT OF THE CUBICLE.)

NONNO

I've never been surer of anything in my life.

SHANNON

(GENTLY AND WRYLY.) I've never been surer of anything in mine, either. (MAXINE TURNS ON THE PORCH LIGHT AT RIGHT. THE GERMANS ENTER UP RIGHT. HERR FAHRENKOPF IS CARRYING HIS PORTABLE RADIO.)

HERR FAHRENKOPF

Frau Faulk! Frau Faulk! The London fires have spread all the way to the Channel coast! --SUPER FIRE-BOMBS! EACH NIGHT! (NONNO CATCHES ONLY THE EXCITED TONE OF THIS ANNOUNCEMENT, AND INTERPRETS IT AS A REQUEST FOR A RECITATION. HE STRIKES THE FLOOR WITH HIS CANE, THROWS BACK HIS SILVER-MANED HEAD, AND BEGINS THE DELIVERY OF A RECITATION IN A GRAND, DECLAMATORY STYLE. THE GERMANS QUIET DOWN AND LISTEN, CURIOUSLY.)

NONNO

Youth must be wanton, youth must be quick,
Dance to the candle while lasteth the wick,

Youth must be foolish and --

(HE FALTERS ON THE LINE: A LOOK OF CONFUSION AND FEAR ON HIS FACE. THE GERMAN PARTY IS AMUSED.)

WOLFGANG

SIR? What is your AGE? How OLD? (HANNAH, WHO HAS RETURNED TO THE

VERANDAH FROM UP LEFT, RUSHES UP TO HER GRANDFATHER AND ANSWERS FOR HIM.
SHANNON CROSSES TO LEFT CENTER. FIGURE 7.)

HANNAH

He is ninety-seven years YOUNG!

HERR FAHRENKOPF

How old?

HANNAH

Ninety-seven: almost a CENTURY YOUNG! (HERR FAHRENKOPF REPEATS THIS
INFORMATION TO HIS BEAMING WIFE AND HILDA.)

NONNO

(CUTTING INTO THEIR GERMAN AD-LIBS.)

Youth must be foolish and mirthful and blind,
Gaze not before and glance not behind,

Mark not--

(FALTERS AGAIN.)

HANNAH

(PROMPTING HIM, HOLDING TIGHTLY ONTO HIS ARM.)

Mark not the shadow that darkens the way--

HANNAH AND NONNO

Regret not the glitter of any lost day,

But laugh with no reason except the red wine,
For youth must be youthful and foolish and blind!

(GERMANS ARE LOUDLY AMUSED, WOLFGANG APPLAUDS DIRECTLY IN THE OLD POET'S
FACE: NONNO MAKES A LITTLE UNSTEADY BOW, LEANING FORWARD PRECARIOUSLY ON
HIS CANE. HANNAH TURNS TO THE GERMANS, OPENING HER PORTFOLIO OF CHAR-
ACTER SKETCHES AND ADDRESSING WOLFGANG.)

HANNAH

Habe ich recht dass zie auf ihrer hochzeitreise sind? (Am I right in
thinking you are on your honeymoon.) (THE GERMANS, LAUGHING AND SHAKING
THEIR HEADS, EXIT UP RIGHT.)

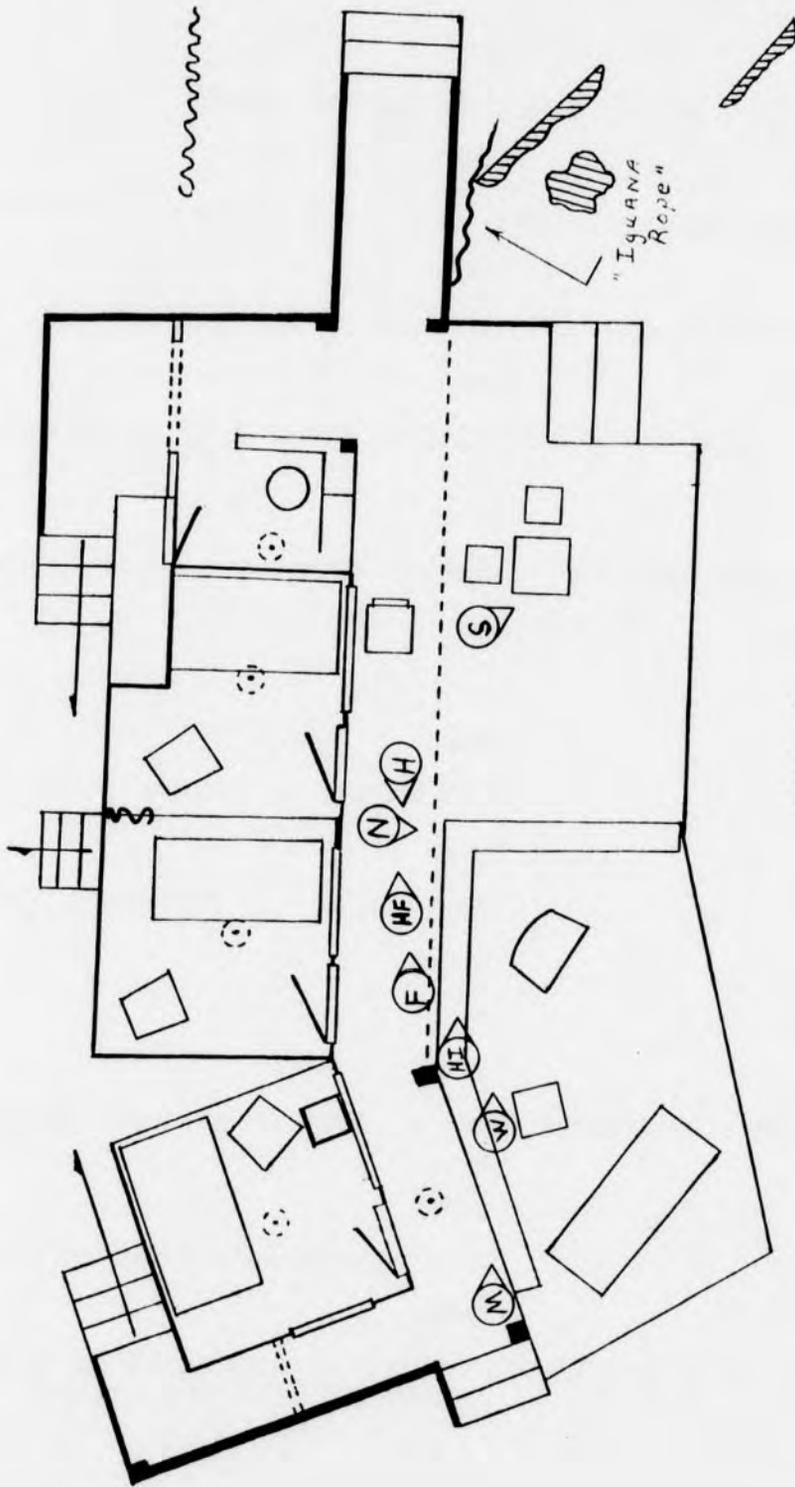


FIGURE 7
Maxine, Wolfgang, Hilda, Frau Fahrenkopf, Herr Fahrenkopf, Nonno, Hannah, Shannon

NONNO

(EXHILARATED.) HANNAH! WHAT WAS THE "TAKE"? (MAXINE STEPS LEFT.)

HANNAH

(EMBARASSED.) Grandfather, sit down. (MOVES HIM TOWARD TABLE.)

NONNO

HAH? DID THEY CROSS YOUR PALM WITH SILVER OR PAPER, HANNAH?

HANNAH

(ALMOST DESPERATELY.) NONNO! No more shouting! Sit down at the table. It's time to EAT!

NONNO

(CONFUSED BUT STILL SHOUTING.) HOW MUCH DID THEY COME ACROSS WITH?

HANNAH

NONNO! PLEASE!

NONNO

DID THEY, DID YOU--SELL 'EM A--WATER-COLOR?

HANNAH

NO SALE, GRANDFATHER!

MAXINE

HAH!

NONNO

HAH? HAH? HAH? (HANNAH TURNS TO SHANNON, HER USUAL COMPOSURE SHATTERED, OR NEARLY.)

HANNAH

He won't sit down or stop shouting.

NONNO

(BLINKING AND BEAMING WITH THE GROTESQUE SUGGESTION OF AN OLD COQUETTE.)
HAH? HOW RICH DID WE STRIKE IT, HANNAH?

SHANNON

You sit down, Miss Jelkes. (HE SAYS IT WITH GENTLE AUTHORITY TO WHICH SHE YIELDS. SHE SITS LEFT OF TABLE. SHANNON TAKES HOLD OF NONNO'S FOREARM AND PLACES IN HIS HAND A CRUMPLED MEXICAN BILL. SHOUTING.) SIR?

NONNO

HAH?

SHANNON

SIR?

NONNO

HAH?

SHANNON

FIVE! DOLLARS!--I'm putting it in your pocket.

HANNAH

We can't accept--gratuities, Mr. Shannon. . . .

SHANNON

Hell, I gave him five pesos.

NONNO

(FINALLY SINKING INTO CHAIR ABOVE TABLE.) MIGHTY GOOD FOR ONE POEM!

SHANNON

SIR? SIR? THE PECUNIARY REWARDS OF A POEM ARE GROSSLY INFERIOR TO ITS MERITS, ALWAYS! (HE IS BEING FIERCELY, ALMOST MOCKINGLY, TENDER WITH THE OLD MAN.)

NONNO

--HAH?--Yes . . . (HE IS WORN OUT, NOW, BUT STILL SHOUTING.) --WE'RE GOING TO CLEAN UP IN THIS PLACE!

SHANNON

You bet you're going to clean up here! (MAXINE MAKES HER ONE NOTE BARK OF A LAUGH. SHE EXITS UP RIGHT.)

NONNO

(TO SHANNON, THINKING IT'S HANNAH.) Is the, the--dining-room--crowded?
(LOOKS BLINDLY ABOUT WITH WILD SURMISE.)

SHANNON

Yep, it's filled to capacity! There's a big crowd at the door! (HIS
VOICE DOESN'T PENETRATE THE OLD MAN'S DEAFNESS.)

NONNO

If there's a cocktail lounge, Hannah, we ought to--work that--first.
Strike while the iron is hot, ho, ho, while it's--hot . . .(HANNAH,
REMAINING OUTWARDLY IMPASSIVE, MOVES AWAY FROM THE TABLE AND BREATHES
AS IF SHE HAS BEEN DRAGGED UP HALF-DROWNED FROM THE SEA. SHE CROSSES
LEFT TO RAIL. NONNO'S FEVERISH VITALITY COLLAPSES AND HE STARTS DRIFT-
ING BACK TOWARD HALF-SLEEP.)

SHANNON

(RISING, CROSSING TO HANNAH.) What're you breathing like that for?

HANNAH

Some people take a drink, some take a pill: I just take a few deep breaths.
. . .It isn't so much the loss of hearing and sight but the dimming out of
the mind that I can't bear. (PANCHO ENTERS UP LEFT WITH TWO PLATTERS OF
FISH ON A TRAY. HE CROSSES RIGHT.) I wonder if the widow is going to
feed us?

SHANNON

(STOPPING PANCHO.) Servicio aqui! Aqui! (HE INDICATES HANNAH'S TABLE.
PANCHO PUTS A PLATTER ON THE TABLE AND EXITS UP RIGHT AROUND CORNER.)

HANNAH

I'm going to wake him up, now. (CROSSING RIGHT.) --NONNO! (SHE APPLAUDS
QUIETLY AT HIS EAR. THE OLD MAN ROUSES WITH A CONFUSED, BREATHLESS
CHUCKLE.) Nonno, LINEN NAPKINS. (SHE REMOVES NAPKIN FROM THE POCKET OF
HER SMOCK.) --I always carry one with me, you see, in case we run into
paper napkins as sometimes happens, you see. (SHE WATCHES SHANNON CLOSELY,
AWARE OF HIS PROXIMITY TO THE LIQUOR CART. HE GOES INTO HIS CUBICLE AND
RETURNS WITH CHAIR.)

NONNO

Wonderful place here. . .I hope it is a la carte. Hannah, I want a very
light supper so I won't get sleepy. --I'm going to work after supper. . .
I'm going to finish it here.

HANNAH

NONNO? We've made a friend here, Mr. Shannon? (SHE IS CALLING HIM OUT OF HIS ROOM. THEN, AS HE APPROACHES THEM:) Nonno, this is the Reverend Mr. Shannon.

NONNO

(STRUGGLING OUT OF HIS CONFUSION.) Reverend?

HANNAH

(SHOUTING TO HIM.) Mr. Shannon's an Episcopal clergyman, Nonno.

NONNO

A man of God? (SHANNON CROSSES RIGHT TO STEPS.)

HANNAH

A man of God, on vacation. (SHE SITS LEFT OF TABLE.)

NONNO

Hannah, tell him I'm too old to baptize and too young to bury but on the market for marriage to a rich widow, fat, fair and forty. (HE IS DELIGHTED BY ALL OF HIS LITTLE JOKES. NOW IT HAS BECOME A LITTLE GROTESQUE IN A TOUCHING WAY. SHANNON GOES ALONG WITH IT. LIGHTNING FLASHES.) --But very few ladies ever get to forty if you believe'em, ho ho! Ask him to--give the blessing. Mexican food needs blessing.

SHANNON

Sir, you give the blessing. (SITS RIGHT OF TABLE.)

NONNO

Huh! I will oblige you on one condition.

SHANNON

What condition, Sir?

NONNO

That you'll keep my daughter company when I retire after dinner. I go to bed with the chickens and get up with the roosters, ho ho! So. --You're a man of God. A benedict or a bachelor?

SHANNON

Bachelor, Sir. No sane and civilized woman would have me, Mr. Coffin.

NONNO

What did he say, Hannah?

HANNAH

(EMBARRASSED.) Nonno, give the blessing.

NONNO

(NOT HEARING THIS.) I call her my daughter but she's my daughter's daughter. We've been in charge of each other since nineteen hundred and ten when she lost both of her parents in the very first automobile crash on the island of Nantucket.

HANNAH

Nonno, give the blessing.

NONNO

She isn't a modern flapper, she isn't modern and she--doesn't flap, but--she was brought up to be a wonderful wife and mother, but--I'm a selfish old man so I've kept her all to myself.

HANNAH

(SHOUTING INTO HIS EAR.) NONNO, NONNO, the BLESSING!

NONNO

(RISES WITH EFFORT.) Yes, the blessing. --"Bless this food to our use, and ourselves to Thy service. Amen." (TOTTERS BACK INTO HIS CHAIR.)

SHANNON

Amen. (NONNO'S MIND STARTS DRIFTING, HIS HEAD DROOPING FORWARD: HE MURMURS TO HIMSELF.) How good is the old man's poetry?

HANNAH

My grandfather was a fairly well-known minor poet before the First World War and for a little while after.

SHANNON

In the minor league, huh?

HANNAH

Yes, a minor league poet with a major league spirit. --I'm proud to be

his granddaughter. . . Sometimes I think that nineteenth century poets like Keats and Shelley who didn't outlive their talent were lucky. . .

NONNO

(VERY CONFUSED.) Hannah, it's too hot for--hot cereals this--morning . . .
 . . (SHAKES HIS HEAD SEVERAL TIMES WITH A RUEFUL CHUCKLE AND TAKES THE NAPKIN FROM UNDER HIS CHIN.)

HANNAH

He's not quite back, you see; he--thinks it's morning. . . (SHE SAYS THIS AS IF MAKING AN EMBARRASSED ADMISSION, WITH A QUICK, FRIGHTENED SMILE AT SHANNON.)

SHANNON

--Fantastic--fantastic. . .

HANNAH

That word "fantastic" seems to be your favorite word, Mr. Shannon.

SHANNON

(LOOKING OUT GLOOMILY FROM THE VERANDAH.) Yeah, (RISES, CROSSES RIGHT.) well, you know we--live on two levels, Miss Jelkes, the realistic level and the fantastic level and which is the real one, really . . . ?

HANNAH

I would say both, Mr. Shannon.

SHANNON

But when you live on the fantastic level as I have lately but have got to operate on the realistic level, that's when you're spooked, that's the spook. . . I thought I'd shake the spook here but conditions at the Costa Verde have changed. (MAXINE APPEARS UP LEFT CARRYING ICE BUCKET AND COCKTAIL SHAKER.) It's being managed by a widow--(MAXINE TURNS ON LIGHT BEHIND COUNTER. GENERAL LIGHTING HAS LOST INTENSITY AS THE BLUES AND GREENS OF NIGHT HAVE BECOME MORE DOMINANT.) a sort of bright widow spider.

MAXINE

Cocktails, anybody? Anybody for toddies? Old folks call them toddies.

HANNAH

No, thank you, Mrs. Faulk, I don't think we care for any.

SHANNON

(CROSSING LEFT.) People don't drink cocktails between the fish course and the entree, Maxine honey. (HE IS OBVIOUSLY DISTURBED BY THE PROXIMITY OF THE LIQUOR CART.)

MAXINE

Grandpa needs a toddy so he'll live through supper.

SHANNON

Miss Jelkes said no.

MAXINE

Grandpa didn't say no. (SHE CROSSES TO NONNO AND SHOUTS AT HIM.) GRANDPA, GRANDPA--HOW ABOUT A TODDY?

NONNO

What's that, Hannah?

HANNAH

The lady manager is offering you a cocktail, Nonno.

NONNO

Oh, I'd love a Manhattan.

MAXINE

Hah! He knows what he wants! (SHE STARTS TO MIX IT AT LIQUOR CART.)

NONNO

With two cherries in it. I say yum for one cherry and yum again for another.

MAXINE

A double-cherry Manhattan coming up. How about you, honey--a little soda with lime-juice?

HANNAH

Nothing at all for me, thank you.

MAXINE

Shannon--I hope your Texas ladies know they got to pay for their dinner whether they eat it or not.

SHANNON

(WITH SWELLING FURY.) First they got to get back from their glass-bottom boat trip you sent them out on. (TURNS AWAY.)

MAXINE

I didn't send them--they went!

SHANNON

(TURNING TO MAXINE.) Who with? That old wino, Chavez, with a storm coming up?

MAXINE

My, but the pot has a mighty loud mouth about the kettle tonight.

HERR FAHRENKOPF

(ENTERS UP RIGHT. CROSSES TO CORNER.) Mehr champagne, Frau Faulk, mehr champagne, bitte!

MAXINE

Eine moment, eine moment!

SHANNON

Go back to your Nazis and celebrate London's burning. I'll give grandpa his toddy. (CROSSES TO CART.)

MAXINE

You act like you'd took over management of the place.

SHANNON

Don't make nervous people more nervous. Don't--

MAXINE

There's your table, Shannon. --Go back and sit at your table. (HE THRUSTS THE LIQUOR CART LIKE A BATTERING RAM AT HER BELLY. SHE THRUSTS IT RIGHT BACK AT HIM. THEY SEIZE THE OPPOSITE HANDLES AND WRESTLE IT BACK AND FORTH. FIGURE 8.)



FIGURE 8

WOLFGANG, HERR FAHRENKOPF, HILDA, FRAU FAHRENKOPF, MAXINE, SHANNON, NONNO, HANNAH

HANNAH

Mrs. Faulk--Mr. Shannon--this is childish! Please stop it! (THE GERMANS HAVE ENTERED UP RIGHT TO ENJOY THE CONFLICT. SHANNON SHOVS THE CART AT THEIR NOISY AMUSEMENT AND RUSHES OFF THE VERANDAH DOWN LEFT. QUIET RETURNS AND THE GERMANS EXIT LAUGHING: WOLFGANG AND HILDA INTO JUNGLE AT RIGHT; FRAU FAHRENKOPF AND HERR FAHRENKOPF AROUND CORNER UP RIGHT.)

MAXINE

Crazy, black Irish Portestant son of a--Protestant.

HERR FAHRENKOPF

Mehr champagne, bitte.

MAXINE

Spaete, spaete.

HANNAH

Mrs. Faulk, he's putting up a struggle not to drink.

MAXINE

Don't interfere, you're an interfering woman. --Now, here's Grampa's Manhattan cocktail with two cherries in it. (SHE PUTS TWO CHERRIES IN THE GLASS AND GIVES IT TO NONNO.)

HANNAH

Please don't call him Grampa.

MAXINE

Shannon calls him Grampa.

HANNAH

He doesn't make it sound condescending, you do. My grandfather is a gentleman in the true sense of the word, he is a gentle man.

MAXINE

What are you?

HANNAH

I am his grand-daughter.

MAXINE

Is that all you are?

HANNAH

I think it's enough to be.

MAXINE

You're also a deadbeat, using that dying old man for a front to get in places without the cash to pay one day in advance. Why, you drag him around with you like Mexican beggars carry around a sick child to put the touch on the tourists.

HANNAH

(RISES.) Mrs. Faulk, I told you I had no money.

MAXINE

(AT THE LIQUOR CART.) And I told you that I was a widow, recently left in such a financial hole they might as well have buried me with my husband. (SHANNON REAPPEARS DOWN LEFT.)

HANNAH

(CROSSING TO MAXINE, WITH FORCED CALM.) Tomorrow morning, at daybreak, I will set up my easel in the plaza and peddle my water-colors and sketch tourists. I am not a weak person, Mrs. Faulk, my failure here isn't typical of me.

MAXINE

I'm not a weak person either.

HANNAH

No, by no means, no, your strength is awe-inspiring.

MAXINE

(CROSSING TO STEPS.) You're goddam right about that, but how do you think you'll get to Acapulco without the cabfare or even the busfare there?
(SITS ON STEPS AT CENTER.)

HANNAH

I will go on shank's mare, Mrs. Faulk. --Islanders are good walkers, and if you doubt my word for it, (CROSSING TO MAXINE.) if you really think I came here as a deadbeat, then I will put my grandfather back in his wheelchair and push him back down this hill to the road and all the way back

into town.

MAXINE

Ten miles, with a storm coming up?

HANNAH

Yes, I would, I will. (HANNAH IS DOMINATING MAXINE IN THIS EXCHANGE. NONNO'S HEAD IS DROOPING BACK INTO SLEEP. HANNAH CALLS OFF STAGE.)
Where is his wheelchair, where is my grandfather's wheelchair?

MAXINE

(RISING.) Calm down, honey.

HANNAH

I'm perfectly calm, Mrs. Faulk.

MAXINE

I'm not; that's the trouble.

HANNAH

I understand that, Mrs. Faulk. You lost your husband just lately. I think you probably miss him more than you know.

MAXINE

No, the trouble is Shannon.

HANNAH

You mean his nervous state and his--?

MAXINE

No, I just mean Shannon: I want you to lay off him, honey: you're not for Shannon and Shannon isn't for you.

HANNAH

Mrs. Faulk, I'm a New England spinster who is pushing forty.

MAXINE

I got the vibrations between you, I'm very good at catching vibrations between people, and there sure was a vibration between you and Shannon the moment you got here: that, just that, believe me, nothing but that

has made this misunderstanding between us, so you just stop messing around with Shannon--

HANNAH

Oh, Mrs. Faulk, do I look like a vamp?

MAXINE

They come in all types, I've had all types of them here. Of course, I suppose there isn't any sex in Nantucket unless they catch you at it!

SHANNON

(CROSSING UP DOWN LEFT STEPS.) Maxine, I told you don't make nervous people more nervous but you wouldn't listen.

MAXINE

What you need is a drink.

SHANNON

Let me decide about that.

HANNAH

(CROSSING BACK TO TABLE.) Won't you sit down with us, Mr. Shannon, and eat something? Please. You'll feel better.

SHANNON

I'm not hungry right now.

HANNAH

Well just sit down with us, won't you? (SHANNON SITS AT LEFT OF TABLE.)

MAXINE

(WARNINGLY TO HANNAH.) OK--OK. . .(SHE EXITS UP LEFT. RECORDED SOUNDS OF WIND BEGIN AND GROW WITH INTENSITY THROUGH THE END OF THE SCENE.)

NONNO

Wonderful place here.

SHANNON

Would you have gone through with it?

HANNAH

Haven't you ever played poker, Mr. Shannon?

SHANNON

You mean you were bluffing?

HANNAH

Let's say I was drawing to an inside straight. It is going to storm. I hope your ladies are back from their glass-bottom boat trip.

SHANNON

You hope that because you don't know my ladies. (RISES AND CROSSES LEFT.) However, they're back from the boat trip, they're down at the cantina dancing together to a marimba band and hatching new plots to get me kicked out of Blake Tours.

HANNAH

What would you do if--

SHANNON

I got the sack?

HANNAH

Go back to the church? (OFFSTAGE FANS, RIGHT AND LEFT, BEGIN TO BLOW THE FOLIAGE INDICATING THE UPCOMING STORM.)

SHANNON

--or take the long swim to China.

HANNAH

China's a far place to swim to.

SHANNON

About eight thousand miles out there.

HANNAH

Are you in condition for such a long swim, Mr. Shannon? I think it would call for weeks of rigorous training. (SHE HAS REMOVED A PACK OF CIGARETTES FROM THE POCKET OF HER SMOCK.)

SHANNON

(TURNING BACK TO HER.) Don't smoke those! They're made out of tobacco from cigarette butts that beggars pick up off the sidewalks. (HE CROSSES TO HER, TAKES THE PACK OF CIGARETTES AND THROWS IT OFF THE VER-ANDAH.) Have these--Benson and Hedges, imported in an air-tight tin, my luxury in my life.

HANNAH

Thank you, I will since you have thrown mine away. --I have matches. (SHE LIGHTS HIS CIGARETTE AND THEN HERS, CUPPING HER HANDS AROUND THE MATCH AS SHE DOES SO.)

SHANNON

How did you learn to strike a match in the wind?

HANNAH

Oh, I've learned lots of useful little things like that. I wish I'd learned some big ones.

SHANNON

Such as what?

HANNAH

Such as--how to help you, Mr. Shannon.

SHANNON

Now I know why I came here. (HERR FAHRENKOPF AND FRAU FAHRENKOPF APPEAR AROUND CORNER UP RIGHT.)

THE FAHRENKOPFS

Wolf-gaaang! Hilda! (AFTER LOOKING IN ALL DIRECTIONS AND NOT SUCCEEDING IN FINDING THE COUPLE, THEY EXIT. MAXINE RUNS OUT FROM THE OFFICE AND CALLS TO THE BEACH TO PEDRO AND PANTO TO COME AND CLEAR THE TABLES.)

MAXINE

MUCHACHOS! MUCHACHOS! Vene, vene! La tempestad-llevaros today las cocas! (SHE BEGINS TO CLEAR AWAY THE PLATES AND DISHES. PEDRO AND PANTO ENTER DOWN LEFT UP THE STEPS. AS MAXINE PLACES THE DISHES ON THE COUNTER, PEDRO FOLDS UP THE LEGS OF THE CARD TABLE AND CARRIES IT OFF UP LEFT.) (TO HANNAH AND NONNO.) Hey--are you all unconscious? Get up--we're clearing the table.

HANNAH

Nonno--get up. It's storming. (HANNAH AND NONNO RISE AND MOVE UPSTAGE UNDER THE PROTECTION OF THE ROOF. PANTO CLEARS THE CHAIRS FROM THE TABLE, REMOVES THE CUSHIONS FROM THE TWO CHAIRS DOWN RIGHT, AND EXITS UP LEFT AROUND CORNER. THUNDER ROLLS AND LIGHTNING FLASHES. THE HOTEL LIGHTS GO OUT.)

MAXINE

There goes the generator--no more cold Carta Blanca! (SHE CROSSES RIGHT, UNFASTENS THE HAMMOCK FROM ITS DOWNSTAGE SUPPORT, FOLDS IT ACROSS THE UPSTAGE SUPPORT AND EXITS INTO THE OFFICE. WOLFGANG AND HILDA HAVE ENTERED UP THE STEPS AT RIGHT AND EXITED AROUND THE CORNER UP RIGHT. SHANNON HAS RISEN AND CROSSED CENTER LOOKING TOWARD THE SKY.)

HANNAH

Here is your God, Mr. Shannon. (SHANNON CONTINUES TO LOOK TOWARD THE HEAVENS AS RAIN BEGINS TO FALL FROM A "SOAKER HOSE" CONCEALED IN THE VINES AND TREE LIMBS HANGING JUST BEHIND THE PROSCENIUM. LIGHTNING AND THUNDER BECOME MORE INTENSE. FIGURE 9.)

SHANNON

Yes, I see Him, I hear Him, I know Him. (MORE LIGHTNING AND THUNDER. SHANNON MOVES DOWNSTAGE INTO THE FALLING RAIN. HE EXTENDS HIS HANDS TO CATCH SOME OF THE WATER.) AND IF HE DOESN'T KNOW THAT I KNOW HIM, LET HIM STRIKE ME DEAD WITH A BOLT OF HIS LIGHTNING! (TREMENDOUS CRACK OF THUNDER. A LAST FLASH OF LIGHTNING REVEALS HANNAH AND NONNO HUDDLED TOGETHER UNDER THE PORCH IN FRONT OF CUBICLE "FOUR". SHANNON CONTINUES TO BATHE HIS HANDS AND FOREHEAD IN THE RAIN. HE REACHES TOWARD HEAVEN AS ALL THE LIGHTING IS FADED TO COMPLETE DARKNESS. THE BLACKOUT IS HELD FOR FIFTEEN SECONDS AS THE ACTORS CLEAR THE STAGE. THE WIND FADES OUT AS THE LAST DROPS OF RAIN ARE HEARD HITTING THE VERANDAH. HOUSE LIGHTS ARE BROUGHT UP FOR A FIFTEEN MINUTE INTERMISSION. DURING THIS TIME, THE EXCESS WATER IS MOPPED FROM THE STAGE, THE HAMMOCK IS REHUNG, AND THE CUSHIONS ARE REPLACED IN THE CHAIRS DOWN RIGHT. THE WRITING TABLE FROM SHANNON'S CUBICLE IS PLACED IN FRONT OF CHAIR NEAR HAMMOCK.)



FIGURE 9
SHANNON, NONNO, HANNAH

ACT II

THE VERANDAH, SEVERAL HOURS LATER. AT THE END OF THE FIFTEEN MINUTE INTERMISSION, THE HOUSE LIGHTS ARE FADED TO HALF. MUSIC BEGINS AND CONTINUES FOR THIRTY SECONDS. THE HOUSE LIGHTS FADE OUT AND THE ACTORS PRESET THEMSELVES ON STAGE. THE GENERAL LIGHTING COMES UP TO REVEAL THE HOTEL AT NIGHT. CUBICLES "THREE" AND "FOUR" ARE DIMLY LIGHTED WITHIN. SHANNON IS SEATED AT A TABLE NEAR THE HAMMOCK DOWN RIGHT. HE IS WORKING FEVERISHLY ON A LETTER TO HIS BISHOP. NOW AND THEN HE SLAPS AT A MOSQUITO ON HIS BARE TORSO. HE IS SHINY WITH PERSPIRATION, BREATHING LIKE A SPENT RUNNER, AND MUTTERING TO HIMSELF AS HE WRITES. SOMETIMES HE SUDDENLY DRAWS A LOUD DEEP BREATH AND THROWS HIS HEAD BACK TO STARE UP WILDLY AT THE NIGHT SKY. HANNAH IS SEATED INSIDE HER CUBICLE, READING A BOOK AND GLANCING AT SHANNON. SHE HAS LET HER HAIR DOWN. SHE ACTS AS IF SHE WERE SHANNON'S GUARDIAN ANGEL. NONNO IS SEATED IN A CHAIR IN HIS CUBICLE WHERE HE RECITES THE LINES OF HIS FIRST NEW POEM IN "TWENTY-SOME YEARS". HE KNOWS IT IS ALSO HIS LAST. MAXINE ENTERS FROM THE OFFICE WITH TWO SMUDGE POTS AS THE MUSIC FADES. SHE HANGS ONE POT ON A POST AT LEFT AND THE OTHER NEAR NONNO'S DOOR.

THE PERIODIC ROPE MOVEMENT AND ACCOMPANYING SCRATCHING SOUNDS OF THE "CAPTIVE IGUANA" CONTINUE THROUGH THE ACT. THEY ARE NEVER DISTRACTING AND BECOME MORE INTENSE BEFORE AND DURING REFERENCES TO THE CREATURE.

MAXINE

(LOOKING AT SHANNON'S WORK.) Workin' on your sermon for next Sunday, Rev'rend? (FIGURE 10.)

SHANNON

I'm writing a very important letter, Maxine. (HE MEANS DON'T DISTURB ME.)

MAXINE

Who to, Shannon? (MIXING DRINK AT LIQUOR CART.)

SHANNON

The Dean of the Divinity School, Sewanee. (MAXINE REPEATS "SEWANEE" TO HERSELF, TOLERANTLY.) Yes, and I'd appreciate it very much, Maxine honey, if you'd get Pedro or Pancho to drive in town with it tonight so it will go out the first thing in the morning.

MAXINE

(CROSSING LEFT ON STEPS.) The kids took off in the station-wagon already: for some cold beers and hot whores at the Cantina.

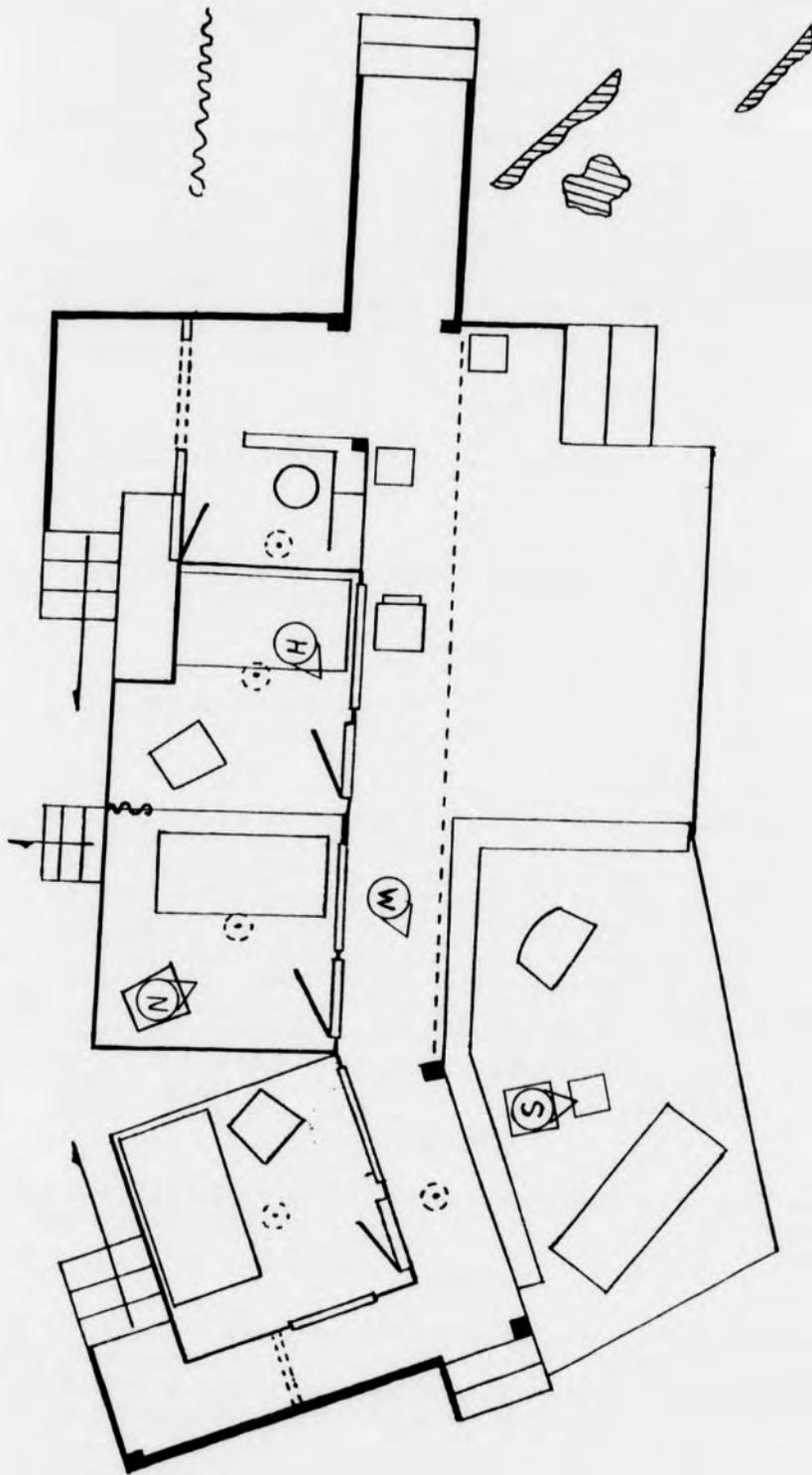


FIGURE 10
SHANNON, NONNO, MAXINE, HANNAH

SHANNON

"Fred's dead"--he's lucky. . . (FIGURE 11.)

MAXINE

(TURNING TO SHANNON.) Don't misunderstand me about Fred, baby. I miss him, but we'd not only stopped sleeping together, we'd stopped talking together except in grunts--no quarrels, no misunderstandings, but if we exchanged two grunts in the course of a day, it was a long conversation we'd had that day between us.

SHANNON

Maybe he thought you'd turned to a pig, Maxine.

MAXINE

HAH! --You know damn well Fred respected me, Shannon, like I did Fred. We just, well you know--age difference--

SHANNON

Well, you've got Pedro and Pancho.

MAXINE

Employees. --They don't respect me enough. When you let employees get too free with you, personally, they stop respecting you, Shannon--and it's--well, it's--humiliating. --Not to be--respected. . .(CROSSING RIGHT, SITTING IN ROCKING CHAIR NEAR STEPS.) I been thinking lately of selling out here and going back to the States, to Texas, and operating a tourist camp outside some live town like Houston or Dallas, on a highway, and renting out cabins to business executives wanting a comfortable little intimate little place to give a little after-hours dictation to their cute little secretaries who never heard of shorthand or seen a typewriter. Complimentary rum-cocos: bathrooms with bidets. I'll introduce the bidet to the States. . .

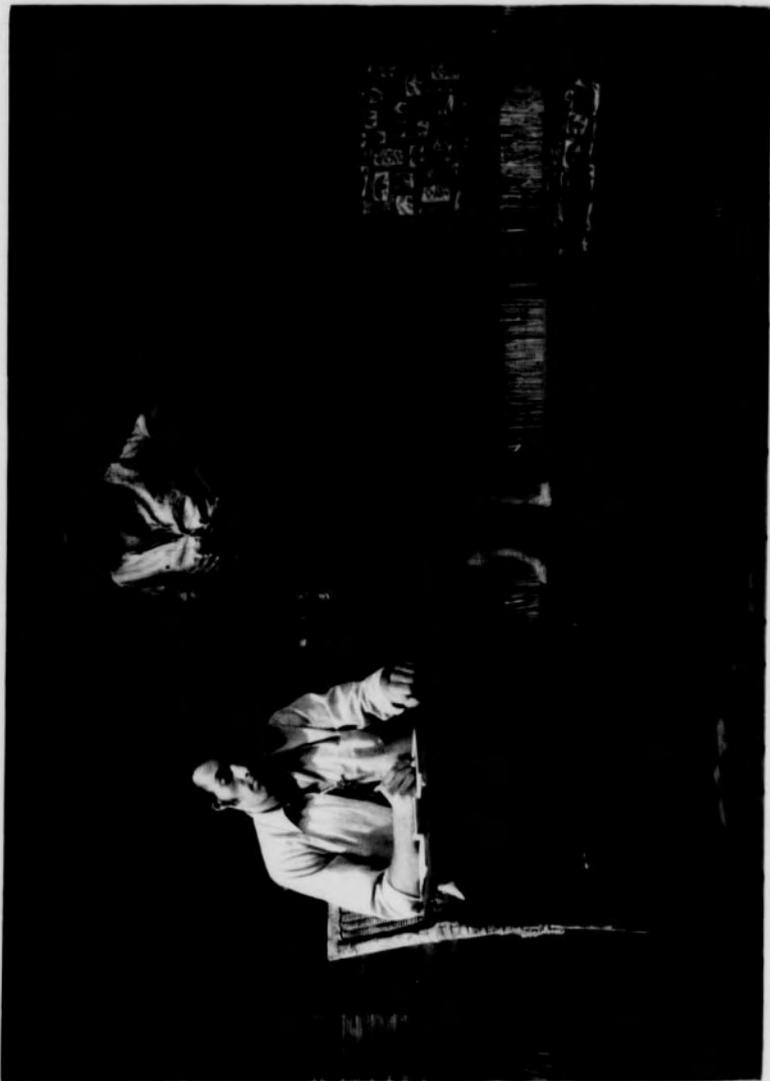
SHANNON

(RISING, CROSSING DOWN RIGHT.) Does everything have to wind up on that level with you, Maxine?

MAXINE

Yes and no, Baby. I know the difference between loving someone and just sleeping with someone: even I know about that. We've both reached a point where we've got to settle for something that works for us in our lives--even if it isn't on the highest kind of level.

FIGURE 11
SHANNON, MAXINE



SHANNON

I don't want to rot.

MAXINE

You wouldn't. I wouldn't let you! I know your psychological history. (RISING, LEANING ON TABLE.) I remember one of your conversations on this verandah with Fred. You was explaining to him how your problems first started. You told him that Mama, your mama, used to send you to bed before you was ready to sleep--so you practised the little boy's vice, you amused yourself with yourself. (SITS ON EDGE OF TABLE.) And once she caught you at it and whaled your backside with the backside of a hair-brush, because she said she had to punish you for it because it made God mad as much as it did Mama, and she had to punish you for it so God wouldn't punish you for it harder than she would.

SHANNON

I was talking to Fred. (CROSSES LEFT, SITS IN ROCKING CHAIR NEAR STEPS.)

MAXINE

Yeah, but I heard it, all of it, you said you loved God and Mama and so you quit it to please them, but it was your secret pleasure (RISING.) and you harbored a secret resentment against Mama and God for making you give it up, and so you got back at God by preaching atheistical sermons and you got back at Mama by starting to lay young girls. Did you mention the charge of statutory rape to the Divinity Dean?

SHANNON

(RISING ANGRILY, PUSHING CHAIR BACK.) WHY DON'T YOU LET UP ON ME? You haven't let up on me since I got here this morning! LET UP ON ME! WILL YOU PLEASE LET UP ON ME? (SHE SMILES SERENELY INTO HIS RAGE.)

MAXINE

The Chinaman in the kitchen says "No sweat"--"No sweat". (CROSSING RIGHT.) He says that's all his philosophy, all the Chinese philosophy, in two words "Mei yoo Guanchi"--which is Chinese for "No sweat." . . .With your record and a charge of statutory rape hanging over you in Texas, how could you get into a church except to the Holy Rollers (TURNING QUICKLY TO SHANNON.) with some lively young female rollers and a bushel of hay on the church floor?

SHANNON

I'll drive in town in the bus to post this letter tonight. (HE HAS STARTED LEFT TOWARD RAMP. SOUNDS OFF LEFT OF FEMALE AD-LIBS. HE LOOKS OVER RAIL.)

MAXINE

Watch out for the spook. He's out there. (NONNO RISES, CROSSES TO BED.)

SHANNON

My ladies are up to something, they're all down there on the road, around the bus.

MAXINE

They're running out on you Shannon. (SHE CROSSES LEFT BESIDE HIM. HE DRAWS BACK AND ASIDE. SHE LOOKS DOWN THE HILL.) Hey! There's a little fat man down there that looks like Jake Latta to me. Yep, that's Jake, that's Latta. I reckon Blake Tours has sent him here to take over your party, Shannon. (TURNING BACK TO SHANNON.) Well, let him do it: no sweat. He's coming up here, now. Want me to handle it for you?

SHANNON

I'll handle it myself: you keep out of it, please. (SHE CROSSES RIGHT, UPSTAGE OF SHANNON. JAKE LATTA, A SHORT, HEAVY SET, GREEDY MAN IN HIS LATE FORTIES, ENTERS UP THE RAMP AT LEFT. HE WEARS A SOILED WHITE SUIT AND IS WINDED FROM HIS CLIMB UP THE PATH.)

LATTA

Hi there, Larry.

SHANNON

Hello, Jake. (HANDS MAXINE HIS LETTER.) Mrs. Faulk honey, this goes air special.

MAXINE

First you'd better address it.

SHANNON

OH! (LAUGHS AND SNATCHES THE LETTER BACK, FUMBLES IN PANTS POCKET FOR ADDRESS BOOK, HIS FINGERS SHAKING UNCONTROLLABLY. HE CROSSES RIGHT, SITS AT TABLE AND ADDRESSES THE LETTER. SHE SMILES TOLERANTLY.)

LATTA

(CROSSING RIGHT TO MAXINE.) How's our boy doin', Maxine?

MAXINE

He'd feel better if I could get him to drink.

LATTA

Can't you get a drink down him?

MAXINE

Nope, not even a rum-coco. (SHE EXITS INTO OFFICE.)

LATTA

Let's have a rum-coco, Larry. (HE GOES TO LIQUOR CART, MAKES RUM-COCO.)

SHANNON

You have a rum-coco, Jake. (GETS SHIRT FROM BACK OF CHAIR, PUTS IT ON LEAVING IT UNBUTTONED.) I have a party of ladies to take care of. And I've discovered that situations come up in this business that call for cold, sober judgment. How about you? Haven't you ever made that discovery, Jake? What're you doing here? Are you here with a party?

LATTA

(CROSSES DOWN RIGHT TO SHANNON. PAUSES.) I'm here to pick up your party, Larry boy.

SHANNON

(TURNING.) That's interesting! On whose authority, Jake?

LATTA

Blake Tours wired me in Cuernavaca to pick up your party here and put them together with mine cause you'd had this little nervous upset of yours and--

SHANNON

(RISING.) Show me the wire! Huh?

LATTA

The bus-driver says you took the ignition key to the bus.

SHANNON

That's right. I have the ignition key to the bus and I have this party and neither the bus or the party will pull out of here till I say so.

LATTA

Larry, you're a sick boy: (TURNS LEFT.) don't give me trouble.

SHANNON

What jail did they bail you out of, you fat zero? (MAXINE ENTERS FROM OFFICE.)

LATTA

Let's have the bus key, Larry.

SHANNON

Where did they dig you up? You've got no party in Cuernavaca, you haven't been out with a party since 'thirty-seven. (CROSSING UP RIGHT.)

LATTA

Just give me the bus key, Larry.

SHANNON

In a pig's--snout!--like yours!

LATTA

(TURNING TO MAXINE.) Where is the Reverend's bedroom, Mrs. Faulk?
(SHE EXITS TO OFFICE.)

SHANNON

The bus key is in my pocket. (SLAPS PANTS POCKET FIERCELY.) Here, right here, in my pocket! Want it? Try and get it!

LATTA

Larry, don't make me call the bus-driver up here to help hold you down while I get that key away from you. You want to see the wire from Blake Tours? Here. (PRODUCE WIRE.) Read it.

SHANNON

You sent that wire to yourself.

LATTA

From Houston?

SHANNON

You had it sent you from Houston. What's that prove? Why, Blake Tours was nothing, NOTHING! --(LATTA CROSSES LEFT, PUTS DRINK ON COUNTER, LOOKS OVER RAIL LEFT.) till they got me. You think they'd let me GO?

LATTA

(SHOUTS DOWN THE HILL, THEN EXITS UP LEFT TO GET LUGGAGE.) Hank, let's get cracking!

SHANNON

Why, those ladies--have had--some of them, most of them if not all of them--(CROSSING DOWN STAGE.) for the first time in their lives the advantage of contact, social contact, with a gentleman born and bred, whom under no other circumstances they could have possibly MET!--let alone be given the chance to insult and accuse and--

MISS FELLOWES

(ENTERING UP LEFT WITH LUGGAGE.) SHANNON! THE GIRLS ARE IN THE BUS AND WE WANT TO GO NOW, SO GIVE UP THAT KEY NOW. (HANK, THE BUS-DRIVER, APPEARS ON RAMP AT LEFT, CASUALLY, UNNOTICED.)

SHANNON

(CROSSING LEFT, UP STEPS.) If I didn't have a decent sense of responsibility to these parties I take out, I would gladly turn over your party, because I don't like your party, to this degenerate here, this Jake Latta of the gutter-rat Lattas. (JAKE ENTERS WITH TWO SUITCASES.) Yes, I would, I would surrender the bus key in my pocket, even to Latta, but I am not that irresponsible, no, I'm not, to the parties that I take out, regardless of the party's treatment of me, I still feel responsible for them till I get them back wherever I picked them up. (HANK CROSSES RIGHT TO SHANNON.) Hi, Hank.

HANK

Hi, Larry.

SHANNON

Are you friend or foe? (MISS FELLOWES CROSSES FURTHER LEFT AS HANNAH STEPS FROM HER CUBICLE.)

HANK

Larry, I got to get that ignition key now so we can get moving down there.

SHANNON

Oh! Then FOE! I'm disappointed, Hank. I thought you were friend, (TURNS AWAY RIGHT.) not foe. (HANK GRABS SHANNON FROM BEHIND, FIGURE 12, AND WRESTLES HIM TO FLOOR AT DOWN LEFT STEPS. ALL ARE YELLING AND SHOUTING. MISS FELLOWES RUSHES TO THEM AND DIRECTS THE OPERATION, EXCITEDLY. LATTA REMOVES THE BUS KEY FROM SHANNON'S POCKET, GIVES IT TO HANK, WHO



FIGURE 12
JUDITH FELLOWES, SHANNON, HANK, JAKE LATTA

RUNS BACK DOWN THE HILL OFF LEFT. HANNAH RAISES A HAND TO HER EYES.) OK, OK you've got the bus key. (HE IS LYING HALF ON STEPS AND HALF ON VERANDAH.) By force. I feel exonerated now of all responsibility: take the bus and the ladies in it and go. (JAKE AND MISS FELLOWES PICK UP LUGGAGE. SHANNON SITS ON VERANDAH, TURNS TO LATTA.) Latta, right now I don't have my fare back to Houston or even to Mexico City-- (DRAWS A BREATH, ALMOST GASPING.)--I'm sure Blake Tours must have given something in the--the nature of--severance pay? Or at least enough to get me back to the States?

LATTA

I got no money for you. (HE SHOUTS:) Muchachos! (PEDRO AND PANCHO ENTER AROUND CORNER UP RIGHT, PAUSE. THEY ARE AMUSED AT SHANNON'S CONDITION.)

SHANNON

I hate to question your word, but--(PANTING ON FLOOR.)

LATTA

We'll drive you back to Mexico City, you can sit up front with the driver.

SHANNON

You would do that, Latta: I'd find it humiliating. Now! Give me my severance pay! (FIGURE 13.)

LATTA

Blake Tours is having to refund those ladies half the price of the tour: that's your severance pay! And Miss Fellowes tells me you got plenty of money out of this young girl you seduced in Mexico City.

SHANNON

Miss Fellowes, (RISING, CROSSING LEFT.) did you really make such a fantastic statement like that?

MISS FELLOWES

(CROSSING TO SHANNON.) When Charlotte returned that night--she'd cashed two travellers' checks!

SHANNON

After I had spent all my own cash.

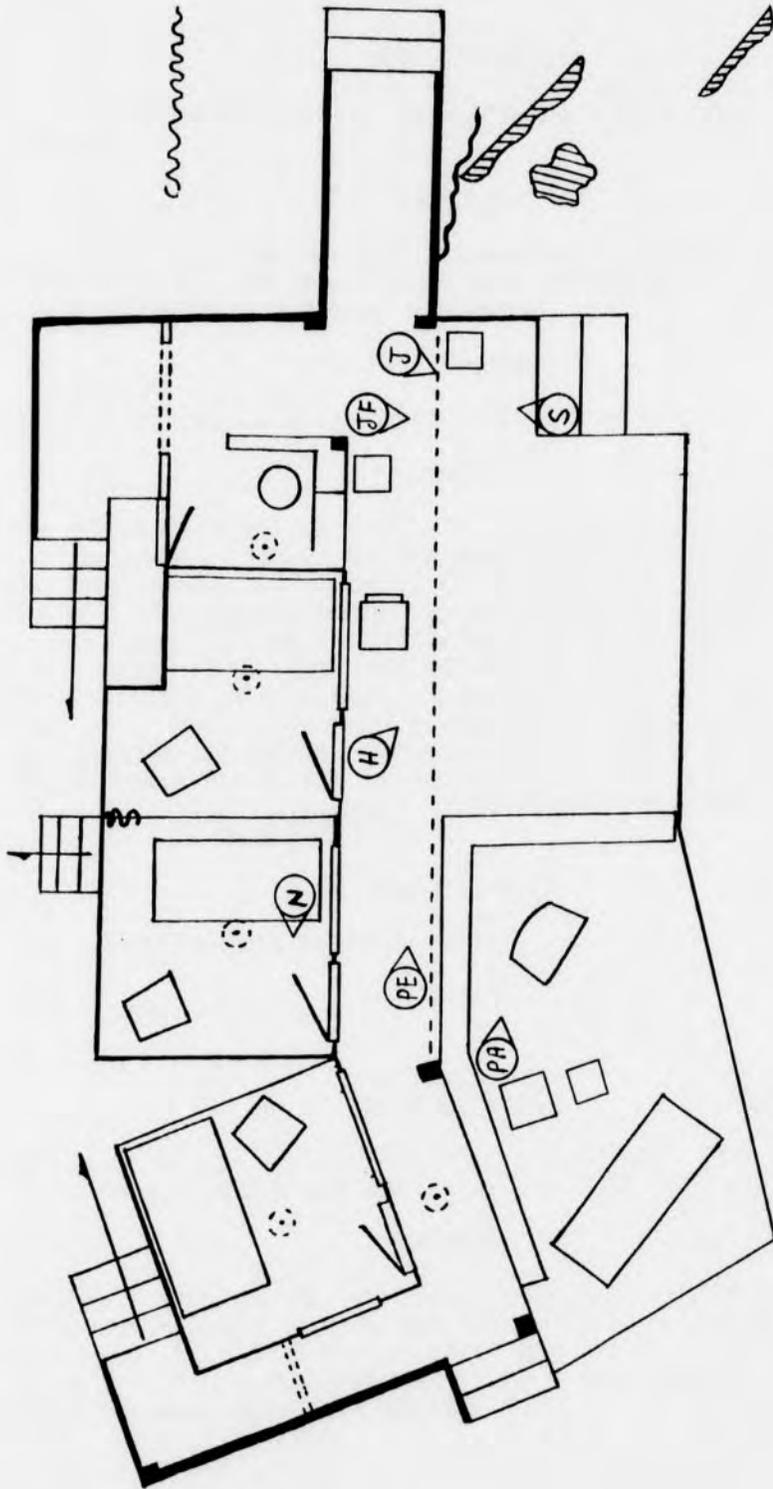


FIGURE 13
Pancho, Pedro, Nonno, Hannah, Judith Fellowes, Shannon, Jake Latta

MISS FELLOWES

On what? (CROSSING DOWN LEFT.) Whores in the filthy places you took her through?

SHANNON

Miss Charlotte cashed two ten-dollar travellers' checks because I had spent all the cash I had on me: and I've never had to, I've certainly never desired to, have relations with whores.

MISS FELLOWES

You took her through ghastly places--(SHE EXITS UP LEFT.)

SHANNON

(IRRATIC MOVEMENTS RIGHT AND LEFT.) I showed her what she wanted me to show her: ask her! I showed her San Juan de Letran, I showed her Tenampa and some other places not listed in the Blake Tours brochure. I showed her more than the floating gardens at Xochimilco, Maximilian's Palace, and the mad Empress Carlotta's little homesick chapel, (LATTA MOTIONS TO PEDRO AND PANCHO. THEY CROSS LEFT AND RECEIVE INSTRUCTIONS CONCERNING LUGGAGE.) Our Lady of Guadalupe, the monument to Juarez, the relics of the Aztec civilization, the sword of Cortez, the headdress of Montezuma, I showed her what she told me she wanted to see. Where is she? Where is Miss--Oh! Down there with the ladies! (LEANS OVER RAIL AND SHOUTS OFF LEFT.) Charlotte! Charlotte! (MISS FELLOWES RE-ENTERS IN TIME TO HEAR HIM CALL TO CHARLOTTE.)

MISS FELLOWES

Don't you dare! (RUSHING TO HIM.)

SHANNON

Dare what?

MISS FELLOWES

Call her, speak to her, go near her, you, you--filthy! (THE MEXICAN BOYS START TO CARRY THE LUGGAGE OFF LEFT. LATTA SITS IN CHAIR AT RAMP.)

SHANNON

(IN A COURTLY MANNER.) --Oh, all right, I won't, I only wanted her to confirm my story, that I took her out that night at her request, not at my--suggestion! All that I did was offer my services to her when she told me she'd like to see things not listed in the brochure, not usually witnessed by ordinary tourists such as--

MISS FELLOWES

Your hotel bedroom? Later? That too?! She came back flea-bitten!

SHANNON

Oh, now, don't exaggerate, please! Nobody ever got any fleas off Shannon!

MISS FELLOWES

Wait till they get my report!

SHANNON

I don't deny that it's possible to get flea-bites on (CROSSING RIGHT.) a tour of inspection of what lies under the public surface of cities, off the grand boulevards, the nightclubs, even away from Diego Rivera's murals, but--

MISS FELLOWES

Oh, preach that in a pulpit, Reverend Shannon de-frocked!

SHANNON

(OMINOUSLY.) You've said that once too often. (HE GRABS HER ARM.) This time before witnesses. Miss Jelkes? Miss Jelkes! (HANNAH STEPS TOWARD THEM.)

HANNAH

Yes, Mr. Shannon, what is it?

SHANNON

You heard what this--

MISS FELLOWES

Shannon? Take your hand off me. . . I spent this entire afternoon and over twenty dollars checking up on this impostor, over long-distance! Phone-calls!

HANNAH

Not impostor: you mustn't say things like that.

MISS FELLOWES

You were LOCKED OUT of your CHURCH!--for atheism and seducing of girls!

SHANNON

(TURNING RIGHT.) In front of God and witnesses, you are lying, lying!

LATTA

(RISING, CROSSING TO MISS FELLOWES.) Miss Fellowes, I want you to know that Blake Tours was deceived about this character's background and Blake Tours will see that he is black-listed from now on at every travel-agency in the States. (SHOUTS.) Muchachos!

SHANNON

How about Africa, Asia, Australia? The whole world, Latta, God's world, has been the range of my travels. (CROSSING RIGHT.) I haven't stuck to the schedules of the brochures and I've always allowed the ones that were willing to see, to SEE!--the underworlds of all places, and if they had hearts to be touched, feelings to feel with, I gave them a priceless chance to feel and be touched--and none will ever forget it, none of them, ever, never! (THE PASSION OF HIS SPEECH IMPOSES A LITTLE STILLNESS: LATTA CROSSES LEFT TO STEPS.)

LATTA

GO ON, LIE BACK IN YOUR HAMMOCK, THAT'S THE REST OF YOUR LIFE. --OK, LET'S GET CRACKING, GET THAT LUGGAGE STRAPPED ON TOP OF THE BUS, WE'RE MOVING! (LATTA AND MISS FELLOWES START DOWN RAMP.)

NONNO'S VOICE

(INCONGRUOUSLY, FROM HIS CUBICLE.)

"How calmly does the orange branch

Observe the sky begin to blanch . . ."

(SHANNON SUCKS IN HIS BREATH WITH AN ABRUPT, FIERCE SOUND. HE RUSHES OFF THE VERANDAH DOWN STEPS AT LEFT, EXITS. HANNAH CALLS AFTER HIM, WITH A RESTRAINING GESTURE. MAXINE ENTERS FROM OFFICE. A GREAT COMMO-TION BEGINS OFF LEFT. SHRIEKS OF OUTRAGE AND SQUEALS OF SHOCKED LAUGHTER.)

MAXINE

Shannon! Come back here! (CROSSES TO RAMP.) Shannon! Come back here! What are you up to? . . .OH MY GOD, STOP HIM! FOR GOD'S SAKE, SOMEBODY STOP HIM! (SHE EXITS DOWN RAMP AT LEFT. A FEW SECONDS LATER SHANNON ENTERS UP RAMP, EXHAUSTED AND PANTING, FOLLOWED BY MAXINE. HANNAH WATCHES HELPLESSLY.) Shannon, go in your room and stay there until that party's gone.

SHANNON

Don't give me orders.

MAXINE

(UNSUCCESSFULLY PUSHING AND PULLING SHANNON.) You do what I tell you to do or I'll have you removed, you know where. (PEDRO AND PANCHO ENTER ON RAMP AT LEFT, LAUGHING, THEY PAUSE AT COUNTER.)

SHANNON

Don't push me, don't pull at me, Maxine.

MAXINE

All right, do as I say.

SHANNON

Shannon obeys only Shannon.

MAXINE

You'll sing a different tune if they put you where they put you in 'thirty-six. Remember 'thirty-six, Shannon?

SHANNON

Okay, Maxine, (CROSSING RIGHT TO HAMMOCK, LYING DOWN.) just--let me breathe alone, please. I won't go but I will lie in a--hammock. (HANNAH RETURNS TO HER CUBICLE.)

MAXINE

Shannon, go into Fred's room where I can watch you.

SHANNON

Later, Maxine, not yet.

MAXINE

Why do you always come here to crack up, Shannon? (BUS HORN SOUNDS.)

SHANNON

It's the hammock, Maxine, the hammock by the rain-forest. . .

MAXINE

Oh, my God, the money. They haven't paid the bill. I got to go back down there and collect my money. (TO PANCHO.) Entiendes! Vejilalo? (Watch him! Hear?) (SHE RUSHES BACK DOWN RAMP TO COLLECT, SHOUTING.)

HEY! JAKE! WAIT A MINUTE!

SHANNON

What did I do? (SHAKES HIS HEAD STUNNED.) --I don't know what I did . . .
(PANCHO CROSSES TO HAMMOCK. PEDRO SOON FOLLOWS.) God Almighty, I--
What did I do? I don't know what I did! (BREATHLESS, SPASMODIC LAUGHTER.
HE REPEATS THE QUESTION IN SPANISH TO PANCHO WHO INFORMS HIM, IN SPANISH,
THAT HE URINATED ON THE LADIES LUGGAGE.) Que he hecho? Que he hecho?

PANCHO

Se meo sobre los velises de las senoras. (SHANNON TRIES TO LAUGH WITH HIM.
THE BOYS CROSS BACK TO COUNTER. SHANNON'S LAUGHTER DIES OUT IN LITTLE
CHOKED SPASMS. OFF LEFT, THE ROAR OF THE BUS MOTOR AS IT PULLS AWAY.)

SHANNON

There go my ladies, ha ha! (RISING, CROSSING LEFT.) There goes my--
ladies, the last of my--ha ha!--ladies. . . (HE BENDS OVER RAIL, STRAIGHTENS
VIOLENTLY AND, WITH AN ANIMAL OUTCRY, BEGINS TO PULL VIOLENTLY AT THE
CHAIN SUSPENDING THE GOLD CROSS ABOUT HIS NECK. AS THE CHAIN CUTS THE
BACK OF HIS NECK, HANNAH RUSHES TO HIM.)

HANNAH

Mr. Shannon, stop that! You're cutting yourself doing that, that isn't
necessary, so stop it!

(THE FOLLOWING LINES OF HANNAH AND SHANNON WERE ADDED BY THE DIRECTOR.)

HANNAH

(ADDED LINES.)

What are you trying to do--(CROSSING LEFT TO SHANNON.) let me do that.

SHANNON

(ADDED LINES.)

It won't come off, I'll have to break it.

HANNAH

(ADDED LINES.)

No, wait, (AS SHE UNFASTENS CHAIN.) I've got it. (SHANNON STARTS DOWN
LEFT.) Where are you going? What are you going to do?

SHANNON

(AS HE EXITS DOWN LEFT.) I'M GOING SWIMMING, I'M GOING TO SWIM OUT TO CHINA!

HANNAH

(TO PEDRO AND PANCHO AT COUNTER.) Cojerlo! Cojerlo! (MAXINE RE-ENTERS UP RAMP, COUNTING JAKE'S MONEY. SHE ORDERS THE MEXICANS TO CATCH SHANNON.)

MAXINE

Cojerlo! Esta loco! Esta loco! Cojerlo! No escapa! Traelo aqui! Traelo aqui! Aqui! No escapa! (THEY EXIT. IN A FEW MOMENTS THEY HAUL SHANNON BACK UP FROM THE BEACH AND ONTO THE VERANDAH. MAXINE CROSSES TO STEPS AND GESTURES FOR THE BOYS TO TIE HIM UP IN HAMMOCK. THEY USE ROPE FROM THE UPSTAGE HAMMOCK SUPPORT. SHANNON'S STRUGGLE IS PROBABLY NOT TOO MUCH OF A REAL STRUGGLE: HISTRIONICS MOSTLY. HANNAH WRINGS HER HANDS AS HE IS TIED UP SECURELY. HE GASPS FOR BREATH.)

HANNAH

The ropes are too tight on his chest! (CROSSING TO CUBICLE "FOUR".)

MAXINE

No, they're not! He's acting, acting! He likes it! I know this black Irish bastard like nobody ever knowed him, so you keep out of it, honey. He cracks up like this so regular that you set a calendar by it, every eighteen months he does it, and twice he's done it here and I've had to pay for his medical care. Now I'm going to call in town to get a doctor to come out here and give him a knock-out injection and if he's not better tomorrow, he's going into the Casa de Locos again like he did the last time he cracked up on me! (SHE EXITS UP LEFT, FOLLOWED BY THE BOYS.)

SHANNON

Miss Jelkes?

HANNAH

Yes.

SHANNON

Where are You?

HANNAH

I'm right here behind you. Can I do anything for you.

SHANNON

Sit here where I can see you: don't stop talking: I have to fight this panic. (PAUSE. SHE SITS IN ROCKING CHAIR NEAR STEPS. THE GERMANS ENTER UP RAMP AT LEFT. THEY ARE DELIGHTED BY THE DRAMA THAT SHANNON HAS PROVIDED. THEY TROOP IN SCANTY SWIM-SUITS ONTO THE VERANDAH AND GATHER ABOUT SHANNON'S CAPTIVE FIGURE AS IF THEY WERE LOOKING AT A FUNNY ANIMAL IN A ZOO. THE DIALOGUE IS IN GERMAN EXCEPT WHEN THEY SPEAK DIRECTLY TO SHANNON OR HANNAH. FRAU FAHRENKOPF BENDS OVER SHANNON IN HAMMOCK AND SAYS TO HIM LOUDLY AND SLOWLY IN ENGLISH--)

FRAU FAHRENKOPF

Is this true you make pee-pee all over the suitcases of the ladies from Texas? (SHE SHAKES HAMMOCK.) Hah? Hah? You run down there to the bus and right in front of the ladies you pees all over the luggage of the ladies from Texas?

HANNAH

Please! (RISING.) Will you be so kind as to leave him alone? (THEY PRETEND NOT TO UNDERSTAND HER. HANNAH'S PROTEST IS DROWNED IN THE LAUGHTER OF THE GERMANS.)

HERR FAHRENKOPF

(ROCKING HAMMOCK LIKE A CRADLE.) Thees is wunderbar, wunderbar. HAH? Thees is a EPIC GESTURE! (FIGURE 14.)

HANNAH

(CALLING OUT.) Mrs. Faulk! Mrs. Faulk! (CROSSING LEFT.)

HERR FAHRENKOPF

Hah? Thees is the vay to demonstrate to ladies that you are a American GENTLEMAN! HAH?--(SHANNON SPITS AT HIM. THE GERMANS TRY TO ATTACK HIM.)

HANNAH

(AS MAXINE APPEARS.) Will you please ask these people to leave him alone, they're tormenting him like an animal in a trap. (MAXINE QUIETS THE GERMANS DOWN AND EXITS UP RIGHT WITH THEM.)

SHANNON

(SUDDENLY, SHOUTING.) REGRESSION TO INFANTILISM, HA HA, REGRESSION TO INFANTILISM, THE INFANTILE PROTEST, HA HA HA, THE INFANTILE EXPRESSION OF RAGE AT MAMA AND RAGE AT GOD AND RAGE AT THE GODDAM CRIB, AND RAGE AT THE EVERYTHING, RAGE AT THE--EVERYTHING. . .REGRESSION--TO INFANTILISM . . .Untie me.

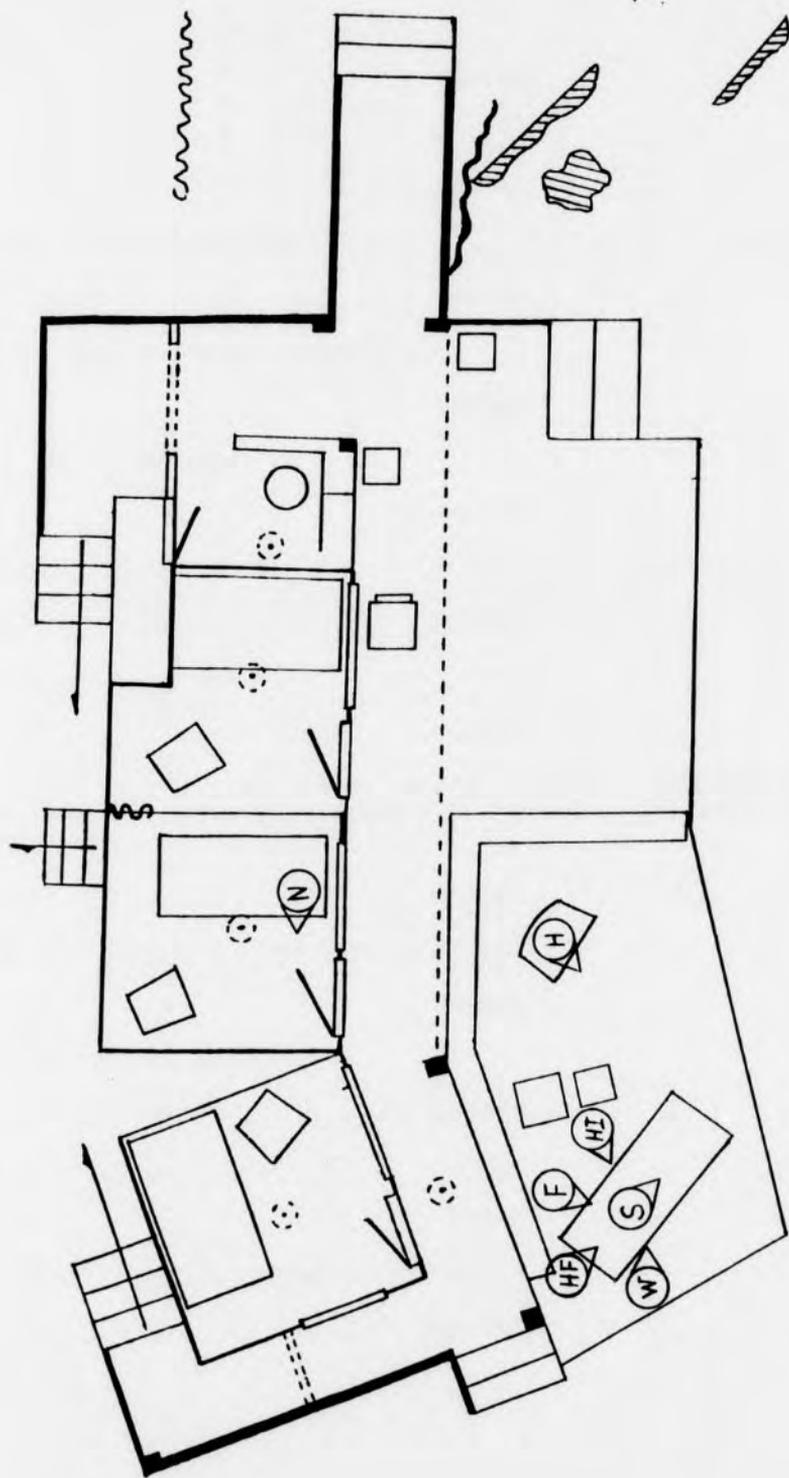


FIGURE 14
Wolfgang, Herr Fahrenkopf, Shannon, Frau Fahrenkopf, Hilda, Hannah, Nonno

HANNAH

Not yet.

SHANNON

I can't stand being tied up.

HANNAH

You'll have to stand it a while.

SHANNON

It makes me panicky.

HANNAH

I know.

SHANNON

A man can die of panic.

HANNAH

Not if he enjoys it as much as you, Mr. Shannon. (SHE ENTERS HER CUBICLE AND TURNS ON LIGHT. SHE RETURNS WITH A TEA-TRAY AND CANDLE BURNER WHICH REPRESENTS AN ALCOHOL BURNER.)

SHANNON

What did you mean by that insulting remark?

HANNAH

What remark, Mr. Shannon?

SHANNON

That I enjoy it.

HANNAH

Oh, that. (CROSSING DOWNSTAGE TO TABLE.)

SHANNON

Yes, that.

HANNAH

That wasn't meant as an insult, just an observation.

SHANNON

A mighty, damned blind observation! (HE IS TWISTING FURIOUSLY IN THE HAMMOCK.)

HANNAH

I'm not blind, Mr. Shannon.

SHANNON

Pedro! Pancho!

HANNAH

Please be still so that I can explain what I meant. (SHE PUTS THE TRAY DOWN ON SHANNON'S WRITING TABLE.)

SHANNON

Are you going to untie me?

HANNAH

Who wouldn't like to suffer and atone for the sins of the world, and himself, if it could be done with ropes instead of nails, on a hammock instead of a cross?

SHANNON

Untie me!

HANNAH

There's something voluptuous the way you twist and groan in the hammock.

SHANNON

Untie me!

HANNAH

No nails, no blood, no agony, Mr. Shannon. Isn't that a comfortable crucifixion? Comparatively?

SHANNON

Untie me!

HANNAH

I'd say it's a luxurious crucifixion to suffer for the guilt of the world, Mr. Shannon. (PREPARES TO BREW TEA.)

SHANNON

You, you, not me, are taking pleasure in my being tied up here.

HANNAH

That isn't true, Mr. Shannon.

SHANNON

All women, all, whether they face it or not, they--

HANNAH

(LIGHTING BURNER.) If you keep twisting like that, you're going to get rope burns.

SHANNON

I'm going to get loose--without help! All women love nothing better than getting, seeing a man in a tied-up situation.

HANNAH

No, not all, Mr. Shannon.

SHANNON

They work at it all their lives, to get one man or as many men as they can, in the tied-up situation.

HANNAH

I know that some do, but--(SITS AT TABLE.)

SHANNON

They're satisfied only, their lives are only fulfilled, when they've roped up, hog-tied a man!

HANNAH

I'm not--

SHANNON

Untie me!

HANNAH

I can't till you've quit this--passion play performance!

SHANNON

Funny, ha ha, funny! Nantucket spinsters have their wry, dry humor, don't they?

HANNAH

Yes, they do, they have to. (BREATHING DEEPLY.)

SHANNON

Some more deep breaths? Feeling panic? I can't see what you're up to, Miss Jelkes honey, but I'd almost swear you're making a pot of tea over there.

HANNAH

That is just what I'm doing.

SHANNON

This strikes you as the right time for a tea-party?

HANNAH

This isn't plain tea, this is poppy-seed tea.

SHANNON

Poppy-seed? Did I understand you to say poppy-seed tea?

HANNAH

That's right, it's for my grandfather and myself as well as for you. (NONNO'S VOICE IS HEARD.) Hear him mumbling over and over the lines of his "new poem"--it's like a blind man climbing a staircase that goes to nowhere, just falls off into space. (SHE DRAWS A DEEP BREATH.)

SHANNON

Put some hemlock in his poppy-seed tea, and I'll consecrate it, I'll--

HANNAH

Mr. Shannon, please stop being childishly cruel. I can't stand for a person that I respect to talk and behave like a small, cruel boy, Mr. Shannon.

SHANNON

Respect?

HANNAH

Yes, respect.

SHANNON

What have you found to respect in me--Miss thin-standing-up-female-Buddha?

HANNAH

I respect a person that has had to fight and howl for his decency and his--

SHANNON

What decency?

HANNAH

Yes, for his decency and his bit of goodness, much more than I respect the lucky ones that just had theirs handed out to them at birth and never afterwards snatched away from them by--

SHANNON

You RESPECT me?

HANNAH

I do.

SHANNON

But you just said that I'm taking pleasure in this--Will you untie me!

HANNAH

Not till I'm reasonably sure that you wouldn't swim out to China, because, you see, I think you think of the--"the long swim to China" as another painless atonement. I mean I don't think you think you'd be intercepted by sharks and barracudas before you got far past the--barrier reef, and I'm afraid you would be. --It's as simple as that, if that is--simple. .

SHANNON

All right, Miss thin-standing-up-Female-Buddha, just get me a Benson and Hedges cigarette. (HANNAH PICKS ONE UP FROM THE TEA-TRAY AND LOOKS AT HIM.) Now light it. (SHE DOES.) Put it in my mouth. (SHE CROSSES TO HIM AND PUTS IT BETWEEN HIS LIPS.) Now take it out. (AS SHE DOES, HE GRABS HER WRIST WITH HIS TIED HANDS. THE FOLLOWING SPEECHES OVERLAP.) Untie me--now you untie me before I break your arm!

HANNAH

You're hurting me, Mr. Shannon. Please, Mr. Shannon, you're hurting me!

SHANNON

UNTIE ME!

HANNAH

Don't make me call Mrs. Faulk! Please!

SHANNON

I said UNTIE ME! Go on, untie me! (OVERLAPPED SPEECHES END.)

HANNAH

(SHOUTING.) Mrs. Faulk! MRS. FAULK! (HER SHOUTS BRING MAXINE OUT OF THE OFFICE.)

MAXINE

(RUSHING ONTO VERANDAH.) YOU LET GO OF HER! Now, hear this, you cockaloney mick you. I've called up Doc Lopez, the man in the dirty white jacket that came here the last time you cracked here? And hauled you off to the Casa de Locos? (SHANNON STARTS TO SHOUT "OFF! OFF!" AND MAXINE JUMPS ONTO HIS KNEES, FACING FRONT, STRADDLES HIM IN THE HAMMOCK TO QUIET HIM.) And threw you into that cell, with nothing in it but a bucket and straw and a water pipe? And you shinnied up the water pipe and fell down on your head? I told him you were cracking up again and if you weren't better tonight he should haul you off in the morning.

SHANNON

(CUTTING IN, WITH THE HONKING SOUND OF A PANICKY GOOSE.) OFF, OFF, OFF,
OFF, OFF!

HANNAH

Oh, Mrs. Faulk, Mr. Shannon won't quiet down till he's left alone in the
hammock.

MAXINE

They why don't you leave him alone?

HANNAH

I'm not sitting on him and he--has to be cared for by someone.

MAXINE

And the someone is you? (SHANNON IS GROWING WEAKER.)

HANNAH

A long time ago, Mrs. Faulk, I had experience with someone in Mr.
Shannon's condition so I know how necessary it is to let them be quiet
for a while.

MAXINE

He wasn't quiet, he was shouting. (HE NO LONGER STRUGGLES.)

HANNAH

He will quiet down again: I'm preparing a sedative tea for him, Mrs.
Faulk.

MAXINE

(RISING.) Yeah, I see, put it out, nobody cooks here but the Chinaman in
the kitchen.

HANNAH

This is just a little alcohol-burner, a spirit-lamp, Mrs. Faulk.

MAXINE

I know what it is, it goes out! (SHE BLOWS OUT THE FLAME OF THE BURNER.)

SHANNON

(HE SPEAKS QUIETLY NOW.) Stop persecuting this lady. (SITS UP.) You can't intimidate her. A bitch is no match for a lady except in a brass bed, honey, and sometimes not even there. (WOLFGANG ENTERS UP RIGHT, SHOUTS FOR BEER: A CASE OF IT TO TAKE DOWN TO THE BEACH.)

WOLFGANG

Eine kiste Carta Blanca.

MAXINE

(LINE ADDED BY DIRECTOR.)
I'll get it.

SHANNON

Tonight, when the moon's gone down, if you'll let me out of this hammock, I'll try to imagine you as a--as a nymph in her teens--

MAXINE

A fat lot of good you'd be in your present condition.

SHANNON

Don't be a sexual snob at your age, honey.

MAXINE

HAH! (THE UNFLATTERING OFFER HAS PLEASED HER REALISTICALLY MODEST SOUL. SHE EXITS UP RIGHT TO SERVE THE GERMANS. HANNAH RE-LIGHTS THE BURNER.)

SHANNON

Now let me try a bit of your poppy-seed tea, now, Miss Jelkes.

HANNAH

I had run out of sugar, but I had some ginger, some sugared ginger. (POURS A CUP OF TEA, SIPS IT.) --Oh, it's not well-brewed yet, but try to drink some now and the--the second cup will be better. . .(SHE CROUCHES BY THE HAMMOCK, THEN STANDS FURTHER AWAY, WARILY, AND PRESSES THE CUP TO HIS LIPS: HE RAISES HIS HEAD TO SIP IT: GAGS, AND CHOKES OUT--)

SHANNON

Caesar's ghost!--it could be chased by a witches' brew.

HANNAH

Yes, I know, it's still bitter. (THE GERMANS ENTER UP RIGHT AND GO TROOPING DOWN TO THE BEACH, FOR A BEER FESTIVAL AND A MOONLIGHT SWIM. THEY CARRY WITH THEM A CASE OF CARTA BLANCA BEER AND SMILES OF EUPHORIA AS THEY EXIT WITH THE QUALITY OF A DREAM-IMAGE, STARTING TO SING "THE LORELEI" AS THEY GO.)

NONNO

(FROM HIS ROOM.) HANNAH! (HANNAH RUNS TO THE ROOM, GOES IN. AS SHE GOES, SHANNON STRUGGLES FURIOUSLY OUT OF THE ROPES AND GETS UP FROM THE HAMMOCK.)

SHANNON

(AS HANNAH EMERGES FROM NONNO'S ROOM.) OUT! FREE! UNASSISTED!

HANNAH

I never doubted that you could get loose, Mr. Shannon.

SHANNON

Thanks for your help, anyway.

HANNAH

Where are you going?

SHANNON

Not far (CROSSES TO LIQUOR CART.) --to the liquor cart to make myself a rum-coco.

HANNAH

Oh!

SHANNON

No ice--a night for warm drinks. Would you care for your complimentary rum-coco? (AT RIGHT OF CART.)

HANNAH

No, thank you, Mr. Shannon.

SHANNON

You don't object to me having mine?

HANNAH

Why, no, of course, not a bit.

SHANNON

I s'pose you sat up playing poker in ship-saloons with fellow-passengers that drank the stars out of the sky, many, many nights in your--Gulliver's travels. . . (HE COMES CLOSE TO HER WITH HIS RUM-COCO. THE STICKY FLUID HAS SPILT ON HIS CHIN AND THROAT, GIVING IT A WET GLEAM IN THE LAMPLIGHT. HE PLUCKS AT OR TWITCHES THE LOOSE SLEEVE OF HER ROBE.) Didn't anyone ever raptap-tap at your cabin door after the game had broken up at daybreak?

HANNAH

Once in a while, Mr. Shannon. (TURNS AWAY.)

SHANNON

How did you respond to the--visitation?

HANNAH

Opened the door a crack with cold cream on my face and said, "Is something the matter? Is the ship going down?"

SHANNON

Taking deep breaths? Feeling panic?

HANNAH

No, not at all, Mr. Shannon. (CROSSING RIGHT TO STEPS.) I suspected they'd really be a little relieved that I didn't say, "Oh, come in!"

SHANNON

Well, in a ship's cabin, you could ring for the steward but here, tonight, you're alone.

HANNAH

(TURNS TO HIM.) You'll never be dangerous to anyone but yourself, Mr. Shannon.

SHANNON

(GRUNTS UNCERTAINLY AND TURNS UNCERTAINLY AWAY FROM HER.) The widow was right about one thing: me needing a drink. The spook has left the rain-forest, yep, he's beat a temporary retreat. . .

HANNAH

Maybe he's gone for good. (GETS CIGARETTE FROM TRAY, LIGHTS IT.)

SHANNON

Nobody's that lucky. He's gone a little way for a little while but I know, as well as he knows, that when I buzz the buzzer for "continental breakfast" tomorrow, he'll bring it in to me with a grin that'll curdle the milk in the coffee and blood in my veins. . .(HE CROSSES LEFT, SHIVERS.)

HANNAH

(BREATHING MORE CALMLY, SHE CROSSES TO HIM AND GIVES HIM A CIGARETTE.)
If you wake up before our eviction, if we're evicted tomorrow, call me and I'll bring your coffee in to you.

SHANNON

You'll be gone before I've slept off my liquor.

HANNAH

Not if I play my cards right.

SHANNON

You're whistling down the wind. The widow wants you out and out you'll go. (LIGHTS CIGARETTE.)

HANNAH

Not as easily as the widow imagines.

SHANNON

You told the widow you'd had some experience, once, with someone in my condition: who was that, Miss Jelkes?

HANNAH

I think you know who that was.

SHANNON

I think so, too. How'd you get over your crack-up?

HANNAH

I didn't crack up: I didn't want to, I couldn't afford to, and so I-- just didn't.

SHANNON

You're made out of stronger metal?

HANNAH

(CROSSING TO CHAIR AT HAMMOCK TO GET SHANNON'S COAT.) No, I was just lucky. I had an occupation, painting, sketching, that forced me to look out of myself, not in--skies, oceans, light, human faces--especially the inward or outward look in the eyes of the faces. . .(THE FOLLOWING LINES ARE TAKEN FROM AN ORIGINAL SCRIPT.)

HANNAH

(ORIGINAL SCRIPT.) . . .and gradually, at the far end of the tunnel that I was struggling out of I began to see the faint, very faint gray light--the light of the world outside me--and I kept climbing toward it. I had to.

SHANNON

(ORIGINAL SCRIPT.) Did it stay a gray light?

HANNAH

(ORIGINAL SCRIPT.) No, no, it turned white.

SHANNON

(ORIGINAL SCRIPT.) Only white, never gold?

HANNAH

(ORIGINAL SCRIPT.) No, it stayed only white, but white is a very good light to see at the end of a long black tunnel you thought would be never ending, that only God or Death could put a stop to, especially when you. . .since I was. . .far from sure about God.

SHANNON

Honey, you're not operating on the realistic level any better than I am.

HANNAH

You're shivering, Mr. Shannon.

SHANNON

Chills come with fever. ("IGUANA" NOISES.)

HANNAH

I know. (SHE PLACES HIS JACKET ABOUT HIS SHOULDERS.)

SHANNON

Take my gold cross, hock it, it's good for your bus fare to the States side of Laredo, and in Laredo, if your grandpa makes it, give him a tin cup and some gravel to rattle in it on the--streets of Laredo.

HANNAH

(TURNING AWAY.) I think I'll think of some other way to cope with our situation in the morning.

SHANNON

Have you ever considered the world's oldest profession? ("IGUANA" NOISES.)

HANNAH

You're taking revenge on me, aren't you?

SHANNON

Mexicans go for American ladies.

HANNAH

I'll make a notation of that in my files under the heading of interesting but useless information. Tell me, what is that sound I keep hearing down there? ("IGUANA" NOISES.)

SHANNON

The widow's high-diving night-swimmers have caught an Iguana and tied it up under the verandah. (PAUSE--HANNAH CROSSES RIGHT TOWARD HER GRAND-FATHER'S CUBICLE, PEDRO IS HEARD PLAYING HIS HARMONICA IN THE DISTANCE.) Miss Jelkes, (SITS IN CHAIR AT RAIL.) have you never had any life of your own besides your water-colors and sketches and travels with Grandpa?

HANNAH

We make a home for each other, my grandfather and I.

SHANNON

A home is a place you stay in--it's stationary.

HANNAH

I don't mean that kind of home, I mean the kind that two people build between them in which they can, well, nest, rest--live in, emotionally speaking. Does that make any sense to you, Mr. Shannon?

SHANNON

Yeah, complete, but. . .

HANNAH

Another incomplete sentence. . .

SHANNON

We better leave it that way. . .(RISES.) I might've said something to hurt you. . .

HANNAH

I'm not thin-skinned, Mr. Shannon. . .

SHANNON

No, well, then, I'll say it. . .(CROSSES TO LIQUOR CART, MAKES DRINK.)
When a bird builds a nest to rest in and live in, it doesn't build it
in a. . .a falling down tree. . .(SITS IN CHAIR BESIDE CART.)

HANNAH

I'm not a bird, Mr. Shannon. . .

SHANNON

I was making an analogy, Miss Jelkes.

HANNAH

(CROSSING LEFT.) I thought you were making yourself another rum-coco,
Mr. Shannon.

SHANNON

Both. When a bird builds a nest, it builds it with an eye for the--the relative permanence of the location, and also for the purpose of--mating and propagating its species. . .

HANNAH

I still say that I'm not a bird, Mr. Shannon. (TURNS RIGHT TO HIM.) I'm a human being and when a member of that fantastic species builds a nest in the heart of another, the question of permanence isn't the first or even the last thing that's considered. . .necessarily?. . .always? (CROSSING FURTHER LEFT.) Nonno and I have been continually reminded of the impermanence of things lately. . .We go back to a hotel we've been many times before and it isn't there any more. It's been demolished and there's one of those glassy, brassy new ones: or if the old one's still there, the manager or the Maitre D who always welcomed us back so cordially before has been replaced by someone new who looks at us with-- suspicion.

SHANNON

Yeah, (RISING, CROSSING LEFT TO HER.) but you still had each other.

HANNAH

Yes--we did.

SHANNON

But when the old gentleman goes?

HANNAH

Yes?

SHANNON

What will you do? Stop?

HANNAH

Stop or go on. . .probably go on.

SHANNON

Alone? (TURNS RIGHT.) Checking in hotels alone, eating alone at tables for one in a corner, the tables waiters call aces. . .

HANNAH

Thank you for your sympathy, Mr. Shannon, but in my profession I'm obliged to make quick contacts with strangers who turn to friends very quickly.

SHANNON

Customers aren't friends.

HANNAH

They turn to friends, if they're friendly.

SHANNON

Yeah, but how will it seem to be travelling alone after so many years of travelling with. . .

HANNAH

I will know how it feels when I feel it--and don't say alone as if nobody had ever gone on alone. . .For instance, you?

SHANNON

I've always traveled with train loads, plane loads and bus loads of tourists. (CROSSES UP RIGHT.)

HANNAH

That doesn't mean you're still not really alone.

SHANNON

I never fail to make an intimate connection with someone in my parties.

HANNAH

Yes, the youngest young lady, and I was on the verandah this afternoon when the latest of these young ladies gave a demonstration of how lonely the intimate connection has always been for you. (CROSSING TO HIM.) The episode in the cold, inhuman hotel room, Shannon, for which you despise the lady almost as much as you despise yourself. Afterwards you either strike her or are so polite to the lady I'm sure that it must chill her to the bone. Oh, no, Mr. Shannon, don't kid yourself that you ever travel with someone, you have always traveled alone except for your spook, as you call it, he's your travelling companion, nothing, nobody else has traveled with you.

SHANNON

Thank you for your sympathy, Miss Jelkes--

HANNAH

You're welcome, Mr. Shannon--and now I think I had better warm up the

poppy-seed tea for Nonno. (CROSSING DOWN RIGHT TO TABLE.) Only a good night's sleep could make it possible for him to go on from here tomorrow. . .

SHANNON

Yes, well, (STEPS LEFT.) if the conversation is over--I think I'll go down for a swim now. . .

HANNAH

To China?

SHANNON

(CROSSING DOWN STEPS TO HER.) Because I'm not a nice drunk and I was about to ask you a not nice question.

HANNAH

Ask it. There's no set limit on questions here tonight.

SHANNON

And no set limit on answers?

HANNAH

None I can think of between you and me, Mr. Shannon.

SHANNON

That I will take you up on . . . (CROSSING RIGHT.)

HANNAH

Do. . .

SHANNON

It's a bargain. . .

HANNAH

Only do lie back down in the hammock and drink a full cup of the poppy-seed tea this time. . . It's warmer now and the sugared ginger will make it easier to get down. . .

SHANNON

All right: (SITS IN HAMMOCK.) the question is this: Have you never had in your life any kind of a love-life? (HANNAH STIFFENS, PAUSES.)

HANNAH

We'll make a bargain: (POURS CUP OF TEA.) I will answer your questions after you've had a full cup of the poppy-seed tea so you'll be able to get the good night's sleep you need, too.

SHANNON

You think I'm going to drift into dream-land so you can welch on the bargain? (HE ACCEPTS THE CUP FROM HER.)

HANNAH

I'm not a welcher on bargains. Drink it, all. (HE SIPS A MOUTHFUL.) All. (ANOTHER SIP.) All!

SHANNON

(WITH A DISGUSTED GRIMACE AS HE DRAINS THE CUP.) What's that, Miss Jelkes? The Oriental idea of a--Mickey Finn, huh?--Sit down where I can see you, Miss Jelkes honey. . . (SHE SITS DOWN IN CHAIR, NEAR HAMMOCK.) Where I can see you!--I don't have X-ray eyes Miss Jelkes. (SHE MOVES THE CHAIR ALONGSIDE THE HAMMOCK.) Closer, Closer. (SHE MOVES SLIGHTLY, THEN MOVES AGAIN, COMPLYING.) There now. Answer the question, now, Miss Jelkes honey.

HANNAH

Would you mind repeating the question?

SHANNON

(SLOWLY, WITH EMPHASIS.) Have you never had in all your life and your travels any experience, any encounter, with what Larry the Crackpot Shannon thinks of as a love-life?

HANNAH

There are--worse things than chastity, Mr. Shannon.

SHANNON

Yeah, lunacy and death are both a little worse, maybe! But chastity isn't a thing that a beautiful woman or an attractive man falls into like a booby-trap or an overgrown gopher hole, is it? (PAUSE.) I still think you are welching on the bargain and I--(STARTS OUT OF HAMMOCK.)

HANNAH

Mr. Shannon, this night is just as hard for me to get through as it is for you to get through. But it's you that are welching on the bargain, you're not staying in the hammock, lie back down in the hammock. (AFTER A PAUSE, SHANNON LIES DOWN IN THE HAMMOCK.) Now. Yes. Yes--I have had two experiences, well, encounters, with-- (HESITANTLY.)

SHANNON

Two, did you say? (PAUSE. SHE TURNS TO HIM AND SMILES FAINTLY.)

HANNAH

Yes, I said two: and I wasn't exaggerating and don't you say "fantastic" before I've told you both stories. --When I was sixteen, your favorite age, Mr. Shannon, each Saturday afternoon my grandfather, Nonno, would give me thirty cents. Twenty-five cents for admission to the Saturday matinee at the Nantucket movie-theatre and five cents extra for a bag of popcorn, Shannon. I'd sit at the almost empty back of the movie theatre so that the popcorn munching wouldn't disturb the other movie-patrons. --Well. . . One afternoon a young man sat down beside me and pushed his--knee against mine and--I moved over two seats but he moved over beside me and continued this--pressure! I jumped up and screamed, Mr. Shannon. --He was arrested for molesting a minor. . . (RELIEVED.)

SHANNON

Is he still in the Nantucket jail? (SHE TURNS AWAY, EMBARRASSED.)

HANNAH

No. I got him out. I told the police that it was a Clara Bow picture-- it was a Clara Bow picture--and I was just--over-excited. . .

SHANNON

Fantastic. (DISPLAYING TOTAL ASTONISHMENT.)

HANNAH

Yes, very!--(RISES.) The second experience is much more recent: only two years ago, when Nonno and I were operating at the Raffles Hotel in Singapore, and doing very well there, making expenses, and more! One evening in the Palm Court of the Raffles, we met this middle-aged, sort of nondescript Australian salesman there, you know, plump, bald-spotted with a bad attempt at speaking with an upper class accent and terribly over-friendly. (STEPS DOWNSTAGE.) --He--was alone and looked lonely. Grandfather said him a poem and I did a quick character sketch that was shamelessly flattering of him. He paid me more than my usual asking price and gave my grandfather five Malayan dollars, yes, and he even

purchased one of my water-colors. Then it was Nonno's bedtime. The Aussie salesman asked me out in a sampan with him. Well. He'd been so generous--I accepted, I did, I accepted. (SITS IN CHAIR NEAR STEPS.)
 --Grandfather went up to bed and I went out in the sampan with this ladies' underwear salesman. . .I noticed that he became more and more--

SHANNON

What? (SHE IS DEEP IN THOUGHT. TOTALLY SERIOUS.)

HANNAH

--Well--agitated!--as the afterglow of the sunset faded out on the--water--(SHE LAUGHS WITH A DELICATE SADNESS.) --well, finally, eventually, he leaned toward me (TURNS TO SHANNON.)--we were vis-a-vis in the sampan? --and he looked intensely, passionately into my eyes! (SAME LAUGH.) --and said to me: "Miss Jelkes? Will you do me a favor? Will you do something for me?"--"What" said I.--"Well," said he, "if I turn my back, if I look the other way, will you take off some piece of your clothes and let me hold it, just hold it?" (AS IF IN BOAT AGAIN.)

SHANNON

Fantastic-- (COMPLETELY INVOLVED.)

HANNAH

Then he said: "It will just take a few seconds."--"Just a few seconds for what?" I asked him. (SAME LAUGH.) He didn't say for what but--

SHANNON

--His satisfaction?

HANNAH

--Yes.

SHANNON

--What did you do? In a situation like that?

HANNAH

I--gratified his request, I--did!--And he kept his promise, he did keep his back turned till I said ready and threw him--the part of my clothes--

SHANNON

What did he do with it?

HANNAH

He didn't move except to seize the article he'd requested. I looked the other way while his satisfaction took place.

SHANNON

(TURNING AWAY RIGHT.) Watch out for commercial travellers in the Far East: is that the moral, Miss Jelkes honey?

HANNAH

Oh, no, (RISING.) the moral is Oriental: Accept whatever situation you cannot improve!--He'd bought a water-color. (CROSSING LEFT.) The incident was embarrassing, not violent: I left and returned unmolested! Oh, and the funniest part of all is that when we got back to the Raffles Hotel, he took the piece of apparel out of his pocket like a bashful boy producing an apple for his school-teacher and tried to slip it into my hand in the elevator, ha ha!--I wouldn't accept it, I whispered, "Oh, please keep it, Mr. Willoughby!"--He'd paid the asking price for my water-color and somehow the little experience had been rather touching, I mean it was so lonely, out there in the sampan with violet streaks in the sky and this little middle-aged Australian making sounds like he was dying of asthma! Ha ha ha. . . And planet Venus coming serenely out of a fair-weather cloud, over the Straits of Malacca. . .

SHANNON

(TURNING LEFT.) And that experience--you call that a--

HANNAH

A love experience? (CROSSING RIGHT, SITTING IN CHAIR NEAR HAMMOCK.) Yes. I do call it one. (HE REGARDS HER WITH INCREDULITY, PEERING INTO HER FACE SO CLOSELY THAT SHE IS EMBARRASSED: BECOMES DEFENSIVE.)

SHANNON

That, that--sad, dirty little episode, you call it a--?

HANNAH

(CUTTING IN SHARPLY.) Sad it certainly was--for the odd little man--but why do you call it "dirty"?

SHANNON

How did you feel when you went into your bedroom?

HANNAH

Confused. I . . . a little confused I suppose. . . I'd known about loneliness--but not that degree or--depth of it--

SHANNON

You mean it didn't DISGUST you?

HANNAH

Nothing human disgusts me unless it's unkind, violent!--And I told you how gentle he was. --Apologetic, shy, and really very, well, delicate about it--however I do grant you that it was on the rather fantastic level.

SHANNON

--You're--

HANNAH

I am what? "Fantastic?"

NONNO

(HIS VOICE RISING CLEAR AGAIN.)

"Sometime, while night obscures the tree,
The zenith of its life will be . . ."

(HIS VOICE SUBSIDES TO ITS MUMBLE. SHANNON RISES, CROSSES BEHIND HANNAH'S CHAIR AND PLACES HIS HAND ON HANNAH'S THROAT.)

HANNAH

--What is that for? Are you about to strangle me, Mr. Shannon?

SHANNON

You can't stand to be touched?

HANNAH

Save it for the widow. It isn't for me.

SHANNON

Yes, you're right. (REMOVES HIS HAND. CROSSES DOWN LEFT.) I could do it with Mrs. Faulk, the inconsolable widow but I couldn't with you.

HANNAH

(DRYLY AND LIGHTLY.) Spinster's loss, widow's gain, Mr. Shannon.

SHANNON

Or widow's loss, spinster's gain, anyhow it sounds like some old parlor-game in a Virginia or Nantucket Island parlor. But--I wonder something..

HANNAH

What do you wonder?

SHANNON

If we couldn't--travel together, (STEPS TO HER.) I mean just travel together?

HANNAH

--Could we? In your opinion?

SHANNON

Why not, I don't see why not.

HANNAH

--I think the impracticality of the idea will appear much clearer to you in the morning, Mr. Shannon. Morning can always be counted on to bring us back to a more realistic level. . .(RISING.) Good night, Mr. Shannon.

SHANNON

Don't leave me out here alone yet.

HANNAH

I have to pack now so I can get up at daybreak and try my luck in the plaza.

SHANNON

You won't sell a water-color or sketch in that blazing-hot plaza tomorrow. Miss Jelkes honey, I don't think you're operating on the realistic level.

HANNAH

Would I be if I thought we could travel together?

SHANNON

I still don't see why we couldn't.

HANNAH

Mr. Shannon, you're not well enough to travel anywhere with anybody right now. Does that sound cruel of me?

SHANNON

You mean that I'm stuck here for good? Winding up with the--insatiable widow?

HANNAH

We all wind up with something or with someone and if it's someone instead of just something, we're lucky, perhaps--unusually lucky. . . (SHE STARTS TO TAKE THE TRAY TO HER ROOM: THEN TURNS TO HIM AGAIN IN THE DOORWAY.) Oh, and tomorrow--

SHANNON

What about tomorrow?

HANNAH

(WITH DIFFICULTY.) I think it might be better, tomorrow, if we avoid showing any particular interest in each other, because Mrs. Faulk is a morbidly jealous woman.

SHANNON

Is she?

HANNAH

I mean till she's thoroughly reassured, it might be better if we just say good morning or good night to each other.

SHANNON

We don't even have to say that.

HANNAH

I will, but you don't have to answer. (SHE TAKES THE TRAY INTO HER ROOM.)

SHANNON

(SAVAGELY, CROSSING TO HER DOOR.) How about wall-tappings between us by way of communication? You know, like convicts in separate cells communicate with each other by tapping on the walls of the cells? One tap: I'm here. Two taps: Are you there? Three taps: Yes, (CROSSING RIGHT TO POST.) I am. Four taps: That's good, we're together. Christ.

NONNO'S VOICE

(ABRUPTLY.) HANNAH! (SHE RUSHES FROM HER CUBICLE INTO HIS.)

HANNAH

Yes, what is it, Nonno? (HE DOESN'T HEAR HER, REPEATS HER NAME LOUDER.) Here I am, I'm here.

NONNO

Don't come in yet, but stay where I can call you.

HANNAH

Yes, I'll hear you, Nonno. (SHE LEAVES HIS DOOR OPEN AND TURNS TOWARD SHANNON, DRAWING A DEEP BREATH. "IGUANA" SOUNDS CONTINUE.) --What did you say (CROSSING LEFT.) is making that constant, dry, scuffling sound beneath the verandah?

SHANNON

I told you.

HANNAH

I don't remember.

SHANNON

It's an Iguana. Do you want to see the Iguana? (CROSSES TO HER.) At the end of its rope? Trying to go on past the end of its goddam rope? Like YOU! Like ME! Like Grampa with his last poem! (PAUSE.)

HANNAH

What is a--what?--Iguana?

SHANNON

It's a kind of lizard: a big one, a giant one: Mexican kids caught and tied it up. (HE TAKES HER LEFT TO THE STEPS.)

HANNAH

Why did they tie it up?

SHANNON

Because that's what they do, they tie them up and fatten them up and then eat them up, when they're ready for eating. And also, the kids, the Mexican kids, have a lot of fun with them, poking out their eyes with sticks and burning their tails with matches. You know? Fun? Like that?

HANNAH

(SITTING ON CHAIR AT RAIL.) Mr. Shannon, please go down and cut it loose!

SHANNON

I can't do that.

HANNAH

Why can't you?

SHANNON

Mrs. Faulk wants to eat it. I've got to please Mrs. Faulk, I am at her mercy. I am at her disposal. . .(SPEAKS RAPIDLY, THEN SLOWLY.)

HANNAH

I don't understand. I mean I don't understand how anyone could eat a big lizard.

SHANNON

(DURING THIS SPEECH HE TRAVERSES WHOLE STAGE.) Miss Jelkes, you're still not operating on the realistic level. You'd be surprised what people will eat when they're really hungry. They'll eat cold, greasy frijoles at the Casa de Huespedes--they'll even--Why I remember conducting a party of ladies, yes, ladies--through a country that shall be nameless but in this world--We were passing by rubberneck bus along a tropical coastline when we saw a great mound of--Well, the smell was unpleasant. One of my ladies said, "Oh, Larry, what is it?" My name being Laurence, the most familiar ladies sometimes call me Larry. I didn't use the four-letter word for what the great mound was. I didn't think it was necessary to say it. Then she noticed, and I noticed, too, a pair of very old natives of this nameless country, practically naked except for a few filthy rags, creeping and crawling about this mound of--and--occasionally stooping to pick something out of it, and pop it into their mouths! What? Bits of undigested--food particles, Miss Jelkes. (SHE MAKES A GAGGING SOUND IN



HER THROAT AND RUSHES DOWN STEPS, EXITING DOWN LEFT INTO JUNGLE.) Disgusting? Nothing human disgusts you unless it's--(TO HIMSELF AND THE MOON.) Now why did I tell her that? Because it's true? That's no reason to tell her, because it's true. Yeah. Because it's true was a good reason not to tell her. Except!--I think I first faced it in that nameless country. The gradual, rapid, natural, unnatural--predestined, accidental--cracking up and going to pieces of young Mr. T. Lawrence Shannon, yes, still young Mr. T. Lawrence Shannon, by which rapid--slow process--his final tour of ladies through tropical countries--Why did I say "tropical"?--Hell! Yes!--It's always been tropical countries I took ladies through. Does that, does that--huh?--signify something, I wonder?--Maybe. Fast decay is a thing of hot climates, steamy, hot, wet climates and I run back to them like an incomplete sentence. (HANNAH RE-ENTERS IN SHADOWS DOWN LEFT.) . . . Always seducing a lady or two or three or four or five ladies in the party, but really ravaging her first by pointing out to her the--what?--Horrors? Yes, horrors!--of the tropical country being conducted a tour through. . .Cruelty: pity! Which is it?--don't know, all I know is--my brain is going out like a failing power.

HANNAH

(BELOW.) You're talking to yourself.

SHANNON

No. To you. I knew you could hear me out there, but not being able to see you I could say it easier, though, you know. . .

NONNO'S VOICE

"A chronicle no longer gold,
A bargaining with mist and mould. . ."

HANNAH

(NOW COMING UP STEPS ONTO VERANDAH.) I took a closer look at the Iguana down there.

SHANNON

Did you? How did you like it? Charming? --Attractive?

HANNAH

No, (CROSSING TO SHANNON.) it's not an attractive creature, nevertheless, I think it should be cut loose.

SHANNON

Iguanas have been known to bite their tails off when they're tied up by

their tails. (CROSSES TO RAIL.)

HANNAH

This one is tied by its throat, it can't bite its own head off to escape from the end of the rope, Mr. Shannon. Can you look at me and tell me, truthfully, that you don't know it's able to feel pain and panic?

SHANNON

(TURNING TO HER.) You mean it's one of God's creatures?

HANNAH

If you want to put it that way, yes, it is. At least its situation seems very human and so did its desperation. So--Mr. Shannon, will you please cut it loose, set it free? Because (TURNING AWAY.) if you don't, I will. ("IGUANA" NOISES.)

SHANNON

Fine! We'll play God tonight like kids play house with old broken crates and boxes. All right? (SHANNON GETS MACHETE FROM LIQUOR CART.) Now Shannon is going to go down there with his machete and cut the damn lizard loose so it can run back to its bushes because God won't do it and we are going to play God here. (EXITS DOWN STEPS AT LEFT. THE LOW, EXCITED MUMBLE OF CUBICLE "FOUR" GROWS LOUDER. IT TURNS TO A SUDDEN SHOUT.)

NONNO

Hannah! Hannah! Hannah! (SHE RUSHES TO HIM AS HE WALKS OUT OF THE CUBICLE.)

HANNAH

Grandfather! What is it?

NONNO

I--BELIEVE--IT--IS--FINISHED! (TENSION ON IGUANA'S ROPE CEASES. UNSEEN, SHANNON HAS CUT THE ROPE AND SET THE IGUANA FREE. PAUSE, NONNO SITS IN ROCKING CHAIR NEAR STEPS.) Quick! Before I forget it! Pencil! Paper! QUICK! PLEASE! Ready? (HE SITS. HANNAH GETS A PAD AND PENCIL FROM HIS CUBICLE.)

HANNAH

Yes. All ready, Grandfather. (SHE PULLS OTHER CHAIR BESIDE HIS AND WRITES.)

NONNO

(IN A LOUD, EXALTED VOICE.)

How calmly does the orange branch
 Observe the sky begin to blanch
 Without a cry, without a prayer,
 With no betrayal of despair.

Sometime while night obscures the tree
 The Zenith of its life will be
 Gone past forever, and from thence
 A second history will commence.

A chronicle no longer gold,
 A bargaining with mist and mould,
 And finally the broken stem
 The plummeting to earth; and then

(SHANNON ENTERS DOWN LEFT IN SHADOWS, SITS, LEANS AGAINST STUMP.)

An intercourse not well designed
 For beings of a golden kind
 Whose native green must arch above
 The earth's obscene, corrupting love.

And still the ripe fruit and the branch
 Observe the sky begin to blanch
 Without a cry, without a prayer,
 With no betrayal of despair.

(SUMMONING A RENEWED STRENGTH.)

O Courage, could you not as well
 Select a second place to dwell,
 Not only in that golden tree
 But in the frightened heart of me?

Got it?

HANNAH

Yes!

NONNO

All of it?

HANNAH

Every word of it.

NONNO

It is finished?

HANNAH

Yes.

NONNO

OH! GOD! FINALLY FINISHED? (THE LIGHT OF EVENING HAS BEGUN TO GIVE WAY TO A MORE INTENSE "THEATRICAL NIGHT." BLUE AND GREEN SHADOWS EMCOMPASS THE HOTEL AND ITS INHABITANTS.)

HANNAH

Yes! FINALLY FINISHED! (SHE IS CRYING.)

NONNO

After waiting so long!

HANNAH

Yes, we waited so long!

NONNO

And it's good! It is good?

HANNAH

It's--it's--

NONNO

WHAT!

HANNAH

BEAUTIFUL, Grandfather. Oh, Grandfather! I am so happy for you! Thank you for writing such a lovely poem! It was worth the long wait.

NONNO

You'll have it typewritten tomorrow?

HANNAH

Yes. (RISING, CROSSING TOWARD HER CUBICLE.) I'll have it typed up and send it off to Harper's.

NONNO

Hah? I DIDN'T HEAR THAT, HANNAH!

HANNAH

(SHOUTING.) I'LL HAVE IT TYPED UP, TOMORROW, AND MAIL IT TO HARPER'S TOMORROW! They've been waiting for it a long time, too, you know!

NONNO

Yes.

HANNAH

Rest now, Grandfather. You've finished your loveliest poem. (EXITS INTO HER CUBICLE.)

NONNO

Yes, thanks and praise. (HE BEGINS TO DOZE AND DRIFTS INTO A DEEP SLEEP. MAXINE APPEARS AROUND THE CORNER OF THE VERANDAH UP RIGHT FOLLOWED BY PEDRO, SOFTLY PLAYING A HARMONICA. SHE WEARS A BRIGHT RED ROBE WITH A TOWEL ACROSS HER SHOULDER, PREPARED FOR A NIGHT SWIM. THE NIGHT'S PROGRESS HAS MELLOWED HER SPIRIT: HER FACE WEARS A FAINT SMILE. CARRYING A RUM-COCO, SHE CROSSES TOWARD THE HAMMOCK, DISCOVERS IT EMPTY, THE ROPES HANGING LOOSE, AND CALLS SOFTLY TO PEDRO.)

MAXINE

Shannon ha escapado! SHH--AAA--NNOOONN! (SHANNON RISES FROM THE SHADOW IN FRONT OF THE VERANDAH. TO PEDRO.) Vamos! (HE EXITS UP RIGHT WITH A SHRUG, THE HARMONICA FADING OUT.) What're you doing (CROSSING LEFT.) down there, Shannon?

SHANNON

(HE DRIVES MACHETE BLADE INTO STUMP.) I cut loose one of God's creatures at the end of his rope.

MAXINE

(TOLERANTLY.) What'd you do that for, Shannon?

SHANNON

So that one of God's creatures could scramble home safe and free. A little act of grace, honey.

MAXINE

(SMILING A BIT MORE DEFINITELY.) C'mon up here, Shannon, I want to talk to you.

SHANNON

(STARTING UP STEPS.) What d'ya want to talk about, Widow Faulk?

MAXINE

Come on up here and I'll tell you. (HE COMES UP ONTO THE VERANDAH.) Let's go down and swim in that liquid moonlight.

SHANNON

Where'd you pick up that poetic expression?

MAXINE

Shannon, I want you to stay here with me. (HANNAH STANDS IN HER DOORWAY.)

SHANNON

(TAKING THE RUM-COCO FROM HER.) You want a drinking companion?

MAXINE

No, I just want you to stay. I need somebody to help manage the place. (HANNAH STRIKES A MATCH FOR HER CIGARETTE.)

SHANNON

(TURNING TO LOOK AT HER.) I want to remember that face. (HANNAH LOOKS AT HIM AND HOLDS MATCH BEFORE BLOWING IT OUT.) I won't see it again. Miss Jelkes, I cut loose the Iguana.

HANNAH

Thank you. Thank you, Larry.

SHANNON

(STEPS RIGHT.) Now another one of God's creatures is going down to swim in that liquid moonlight. (FIGURE 15.)

HANNAH

Goodbye, Mr. Shannon. (SHE EXITS TO HER CUBICLE TO GET SHAWL FOR NONNO.)



FIGURE 15
NONNO, HANNAH, MAXINE, SHANNON

MAXINE

Come on down to the beach.

SHANNON

I can make it down hill but not back up.

MAXINE

I'll get you back up the hill. (THEY'VE STARTED OFF, NOW, TO THE PATH DOWN LEFT THROUGH THE RAIN-FOREST.) You know something, baby! I've got five more years, here, maybe ten, to make this place attractive to the male clientele, the middle-aged ones, at least, and you know what you can do? You can take care of the women with them, that's what you can do, you know that, Shannon. . .(SHE CHUCKLES HAPPILY, HALF-LEADING AND HALF-SUPPORTING SHANNON OFF LEFT. HANNAH PAUSES AT THE DOOR AND SPEAKS TO HERSELF AND THE SKY. A LIGHTING SPECIAL GRADUALLY COMES UP ON NONNO AND HIS CHAIR. REMAINING AREAS BEGIN A SLOW FADE TO DARKNESS.)

HANNAH

Oh God, can't we stop now? Finally? Please let us! It's so quiet here now! (SHE STARTS TO PUT THE SHAWL ABOUT NONNO. AT THE SAME MOMENT HIS LEFT HAND DROPS TO THE SIDE. WITH A SOFT INTAKE OF BREATH, SHE TRIES TO FIND HIS PULSE. THERE IS NONE. IN A PANICKY MOMENT, SHE LOOKS RIGHT AND LEFT FOR SOMEONE TO CALL TO. NO ONE IS THERE. SOFT MUSIC BEGINS AS SHE RECONCILES HERSELF TO THE INEVITABLE. SHE KNEELS BESIDE THE CHAIR AT RIGHT AND GENTLY TAKES NONNO'S HEAD IN HER LEFT HAND. HER RIGHT HAND TOUCHES HIS RIGHT HAND. AFTER A LAST GLANCE TOWARD HEAVEN, SHE BOWS HER HEAD AND HOLDS NONNO FIRMLY. THE SPECIAL FOCUSED ON THE FIGURES AND THE CHAIR FADES TO BLACKOUT ON A FIVE COUNT AS THE MUSIC SWELLS. FIGURE 16.)

HANNAH AND NONNO CLEAR THE STAGE. AFTER A SIX COUNT, THE GENERAL LIGHTING IS BROUGHT UP TO THREE-FOURTHS INTENSITY. THE CURTAIN CALL CONSISTS OF ENTRANCES BEGINNING WITH MINOR CHARACTERS, FOLLOWED BY HANNAH AND SHANNON AT CENTER STAGE. EACH CHARACTER ENTERS TO A PRE-DETERMINED POSITION. WHEN EVERYONE IS ON STAGE, THERE IS ONE COMPANY BOW FOLLOWED BY A BLACKOUT. AFTER THE ACTORS CLEAR THE STAGE, THE HOUSE LIGHTS ARE BROUGHT TO FULL. THE MUSIC ENDS AFTER TWO MINUTES.



FIGURE 16
HANNAH, NONNO

CHAPTER III

THE FINAL EVALUATION

CHAPTER III
THE FINAL EVALUATION

I've always been obsessed that I'm dying of cancer, dying of heart trouble. I think its good for a writer to think he's dying. He works harder.¹⁵

The third chapter of this thesis concentrates on a post production analysis of The Night of the Iguana during its inception, casting, rehearsal, and seven performances, the latter occurring during the premiere season of the UNC-G Summer Repertory Theatre. Various items of discussion are a result of direct observation by the production director. Additional areas of concentration are submitted by the thesis committee as a result of the director's oral examination. Remaining points are rendered by audience members or others connected with the production. The topics to be explored are: 1) audience response; 2) director-technician relationships; 3) actor-director relationships; 4) the interpretation and the finished product; and 5) the director's concluding comments.

The Audience Reacts

One of the main purposes of live theatre or one of the elements that distinguish it as an art form is the presence of an audience. If the audience does not develop, the play might well have stayed as a printed page. Approximately six hundred people attended the seven

¹⁵ Tennessee Williams, "The Angel of the Odd." Time. T. E. Kalem, ed. March 9, 1962, p. 54.

performances of The Night of the Iguana. Averaging more than eighty persons at each showing, the theatre's five hundred member seating capacity was hardly utilized. Even though the houses were small, they were generally enthusiastic and received the production well. The drama, as opposed to a comedy, has considerably fewer opportunities for audience response. However, those who ventured to see this play took advantage of each occasion whether it was large or small. Reactions during the few comic moments of the play let the actors know the audience existed and understood what was being presented. Today's audience, heavily steeped in the format of television, seems reluctant to endure a production of more than two hours, especially a serious one containing long scenes of dialogue and sparse plot development. The warm and often sustained round of applause at the conclusion of the play indicated audience relief that the lengthy production (two and one half hours) was over or better still, a job well done.

Surveys of UNC-G theatre-goers show that musical productions are attended in greater proportion than any other theatrical event. The regular comedy draws the second greatest amount of people. Since The Night of the Iguana does not fit either category, the small audiences may partially be rationalized. The comedy Charley's Aunt continually drew larger audiences. The same situation was true of the two Menotti operas which afforded a theatrical possibility seldom available except in larger cities, the opportunity to see a live operatic performance.

Audience members who commented on the production, as well as the reviewers from local newspapers, seemed to feel the performance

generally contained merit and that the scenery and special effects were a definite attribute to the technical staff. (One reviewer was definitely overwhelmed because he wrote that David Reynolds directed both Iguana and Charley's Aunt. One was enough. Two would have been a total disaster.) As with all undertakings, especially theatrical performances, there are those who enjoy and feel the effort was worthwhile and others wish they had stayed home. Such was the range of comments concerning The Night of the Iguana. The most prevalent ideas related a favorable impression; the production as a whole was not the greatest of successes but it was a success.

The conclusions drawn from the small turnout and audience response were that the play was hampered because it was not a comedy or a musical, both forms being more popular for audience appeal. Audiences for this summer theatre seemed to want lighter, funnier themes. The serious drama was possibly a poor choice in this category. Secondly the movie version of The Night of the Iguana with Richard Burton and Ava Gardner had made its rounds to local television stations less than a month before the performance. The population is perhaps reluctant to pay for an item it can acquire without cost. Many people attended all three offerings to witness the various roles played by the nucleus of the repertory acting staff. Much enjoyment was afforded by the contrasting nature of the plays and the acting required. In this aspect, the choice of the serious play may be defended, as a learning experience for actors as well as audience. The great diversity of scenery styles and their nightly shifting for the next offering also seemed to be a drawing card for the entirety. Although the task was unpopular to the company because

of the manpower required, it was an educational reward to them and the audience alike. Those who attended the play to learn and those who attended to be entertained both received their reward. By this manner of satisfying the audience, a main goal of all productions, The Night of the Iguana served its purpose.

The Technical Accomplishments

The technical requirements of the summer repertory theatre were gigantic. The contrasting style of the productions did not allow for duplication of scenery, costumes, or properties which would have conserved time and effort for the technical staff. Due to a limited quantity of lighting instruments, there was duplication in this area. When the repertory season gained its full momentum the productions were alternated on a daily basis. This quickly took its toll as far as changing scenery for the next performance as well as for any additional rehearsals of a different play which might have been called in the meantime.

The unit setting for The Night of the Iguana was constructed of two by eight lumber. Not only was the set built on a rake but the levels were mounted on casters for shifting purposes. Two wagons comprised the unit. The larger of the two required twenty people working in unison to roll it from center stage to its resting place off left. This design by Ron Burns was detailed, workable, and definitely demonstrated the artistic talents of the young man. Due to the complexity of this set and the need for the actors to work on various levels, its construction was begun first. Many rehearsals were made easier because

the majority of the single set was readily available off left and did not require the efforts of the construction crew to reassemble while they were attending other matters. These rehearsals did not allow the director the luxury of viewing the set from many angles as an audience would but the goal of a working space for actors was achieved.

The main technical difficulties of the repertory season dealt with the tremendous amount of work to be done in a short amount of time. The crews seemed continually tired from building and then maintaining and shifting the different sets, a total of seven: one tremendous one for Iguana, four fragmentary sets for Charley's Aunt and a box set for each opera. The problem could have possibly been eliminated by a choice of plays with simpler scenery requirements or at least a simplification of the scenery for the plays which were chosen. As a result, the stage manager, who doubled as head of the construction crew and the scenery designer, also occupied as lighting designer and operator, were unable to attend any Iguana runthroughs until the first technical rehearsal. This rehearsal which should have been for their benefit, allowing them to establish and adjust cues, served only as an introduction to what they needed to begin.

Since Charley's Aunt opened the night before Iguana, much of the technical effort was put into that show. Many significant elements of the Iguana set were unfinished or lacking during final dress rehearsal held the afternoon before the opening performance. In many instances, small omissions would have had little relevance, but these were of major importance to this play. The director was particularly concerned that the actors had not had the opportunity of working with major elements;

doors, the walls of scrim, columns, counters, and practical shutters. The actors needed to be familiar with these set pieces and be able to concentrate totally on the performance. The director proportioned a great deal of concern to the lack of these items when more attention needed to be directed toward development of the acting. The scenery crew finally finished painting and left the set fifteen minutes before the play began. The audience had been kept waiting in the lobby until this time. This last concentrated effort on the part of the technical crew between final dress rehearsal and opening produced a finished set, much of which the cast had not seen before. They were not only working with wet paint but colors they were unfamiliar with or had not anticipated on the heavy two by eights, scrim walls, and weathered lumber.

The long hours of technical work took a heavy toll of the whole company. Actors, who were already confused as to which lines or part they were doing for what play, or which rehearsal they were to attend next, were asked to devote any spare time to the technical cause. Several responded eagerly and willingly, others felt they were above menial labor. As production time neared, many crew members reported they had acquired only a few minutes sleep in two or three days. Efficiency was sacrificed for the purpose of completing the total task. The Iguana director and his wife used a hammer and painted all night before the play's opening. The experiences will be remembered for many years to come. After the opera sets had taken their amount of energy, the final lighting cues for Iguana were totally disrupted. An inspection of the light booth revealed the panel operator had fallen asleep on the job!

The lack of scrim on the walls of the cubicles did not allow for the setting of certain lighting cues before they were put into use during the opening performance. As stated in the beginning chapter of the thesis, the cubicles were not to be lighted until the night scenes when there was motivated light from within. This plan of operation was not sufficient when the director had to make it known to the audience the presence of actors inside the room during daylight scenes, even though their significance in the scene was small: Maxine changing linens; Nonno composing the poem; and Shannon opening his suitcase. A small amount of light had to be added for their visibility. How much was unable to be determined until the opening night. An additional problem arose in the opening of Act I, Scene 1. Maxine and one of the beach boys are dimly seen inside the center cubicle. She is nude to the waist, rises from the bed and puts on her shirt. To save embarrassment to the actress and others concerned, the director had postponed rehearsal of this segment until the scrim and the proper amount of lighting were present. The actress wanted to become adjusted to the lack of costume. Ease could have been attained if the lacking elements had allowed for adequate rehearsal.

The crew member in charge of props was another area of concern. The person was very inexperienced for the task. He seemed unable to determine priorities as far as studies, props, and social events were concerned. The actual prop and, in many instances, adequate rehearsal props could not be had because the crew member "did not have time." If the excuse had been used on a limited number of occasions, the director's

reactions would have been less serious than with the continual battle with the lack of props. Eventually the required amount and type of props were achieved. They were placed appropriately each night and the show failed to suffer as a result. The director was very happy with this achievement after the long, hard struggle. An experienced crew member is not always necessary but a willing one is.

A final area of technical concern deals with the sound effects of the storm. The recorded pre-show music with accompanying chatter of jungle creatures seemed very appropriate and worked well. The same is true for intermediate and closing music. Even the occasional ring of a telephone at the wrong moment or the lack of a ring could be excused. Most audience members did not realize it or if they did only laughed occasionally. The actors even covered the mistake with their lines. The changing of sound technicians halfway through the run could have resulted in the out of place phone calls and socializing in the box office by the sound operator may have been to blame for the omissions. The one area which could not be explained or for that matter altered appreciably deals with the gradually increasing wind of the approaching storm at the end of Act I. Several attempts were made to have fans blow foliage, bushes, and other set pieces in a realistic manner. Due to the noise of the fans and the lack of adequate foliage that would wave in the breeze, this idea was abandoned. The next resort was recorded wind. The quality of sound effects records with wind on them leaves a great deal to be desired. The resulting recordings for Iguana seemed very much like gale force winds. The only hope was to run it at a very low volume, then only the attentive ear could distinguish the

difference. The sound operator did a credible job of recording and blending the sounds.

On the whole, the technical elements of Iguana blended well to add to the balance of the production. Only minor mistakes occurred and these seem unimportant when considering the many aspects involved. The falling rain from the "soaker" hose concealed in the hanging vines provided a spectacular effect and only a few actors complained about having a wet seat for Act II. When considering the vast amount of work to be accomplished, the technical staff and the crew members of the repertory company are to be given a hearty round of congratulations, especially since their work began ahead of the performance and did not end until the set had been shifted after the performance and all was in order for the next day's rehearsal or the next evening's production.

The Actors

A nucleus of eight actors was hired to perform a major role in one play and a smaller role in the second. Their quality was generally above average even though the one minute auditions at the Southeastern Theatre Conference, which seemed adequate at the time, proved generally to be the best example of the actors' work when auditioned further. After local auditions were held, perspective actors proved available whose existence was not known before. The play was still cast with the hired actors in main roles. Perhaps local talent would have added depth to the performance but its availability was not known at the time. The director does not regret the casting of the play.

The actresses who played Maxine and Hannah, local residents enrolled for summer school, were especially strong. Perhaps a more experienced actor could have been found to play Shannon but a vast search would have been made to find a more willing and eager person. He was actually studying to be a minister and brought a great deal of initiative to the role. He continually experimented with new methods of delivery and movement, trying to find the best possible combination. When the call went out for assistance from the actors for scenery work, he responded. He even had to be asked by the director to stop working and go home for some rest at six o'clock in the evening before opening night.

To complete the production company, advertisements were placed in Backstage requesting credentials from actors and actresses interested in becoming members of the repertory group. Many responded and the only method of making a final decision was through voice tapes. One actress who was hired in this manner had an adequate resume and sounded capable on the tapes. In practice, she continually had to be told the direction of stage left and of stage right. She had to be coached in elemental stage positioning and her missed entrances during performance were a constant cause of disruption of the flow of a scene.

A second actor acquired in this manner proved to have much more talent and stage presence. He was cast in a main role in Charley's Aunt and as a beach boy in Iguana. After a short amount of rehearsal he felt his time in Iguana was being wasted and wished to be released from the part. Since he had been the constant practical joker and the cause of much disruption, the director consented. The hope was that his removal

would be for the betterment of the play. It caused some dissention among the paid actors, although, because he had only half the duties they had. His personality should be compared to that of the actor who played Nonno. This young man spent many hours of rehearsal in character as the aging poet, isolated in his cubicle, composing poetry. He never seemed to be out of character even when given a rehearsal break. Through constant work and dedication he developed a very believable character, ninety seven years old. For the voice he incorporated a forced closing of the vocal cords. It sounded as if it had attained the proper age but at times was hard to understand. Perhaps his natural voice with pauses and variety of volume and phrasing would have assisted the audience in understanding. Nonetheless, he brought a concentration and work effort that could not be equaled.

The number of audience members attending this premiere season may in some way have been proportionate to the number of actors who participated in local auditions. Only six females, including those hired by the company, auditioned. This number was exactly the requirement for Iguana. The director of Charley's Aunt drafted his wife for a role in that play. The same type problem occurred with the men. When the paid actor asked to be removed from the cast, the director had to plea for a volunteer to fill the vacancy. The director's assistant was even persuaded to play Hank the bus driver. When the final results were recorded, the cast was a capable one. Many of the performers were exceptionally talented and dedicated. In addition to those previously mentioned, please add Jake Latta who only appeared for a few moments in Act II. The weakest links were the actresses with little or no stage experience.

The performers worked with their new doors and set pieces, overcame their embarrassment at the lack of costume or partial exposure, (Most reviewers could not help but mention Bette Davis' unbuttoned shirt in the original production.) and kept Nonno's wheelchair from rolling down the raked set into the audience. Their mission was accomplished.

The director at the time of The Night of the Iguana was relatively new at the task. He did not want to perform as a dictator and give the actors every move and inflection. Suggestions and ideas were given in the hope the actors would contribute their own portrayal, a combination of efforts, not totally that of the director. As the cast divided itself into those with experience and those with little experience, the director concluded who needed more inducements and prodding. Others needed only reassurance and helpful encouragement. Maxine and Hannah fell into the latter category. Shannon was willing to undertake anything to strengthen and deepen his performance. He lacked experience but with strong direction, and at times almost walking through the part with him, he turned in a credible performance. The actress from New York who had to be told stage directions also had to be shown where to move, how to move and how to speak. The director is grateful to Mr. Williams for providing her with what to speak. With all the coaching she still moved in varied patterns. If she had had someone to walk her across the stage she would have forgotten or done it incorrectly. In this area the director failed miserably although the attempts were many. He was more successful in bringing more projection and emotion from actors and actresses with little or no stage experience. Charlotte Goodall and Hank the bus driver were the main objects here. The actor

who played Jake and the actress who played Judith were quite adept at keeping the director on his toes. They had enough stage experience to challenge the director but little enough that they didn't try to override decisions. They along with the two leading ladies made the director's experience an invaluable one. The older man playing Herr Fahrenkopf was also a joy to work with. He could have done a tremendous job with one of the major roles if the director had not felt committed to the salaried actors. The actor who played Pancho also tended to be a practical joker during rehearsals. He forgot he had to pretend on stage and dove full force into the hammock. Needless to say, the frame broke and Shannon spent the better part of an act with his backside dragging the verandah. When the production went up and the audience was real, Pancho began to concentrate and produced a great deal of quality in his small part. The director does not know if private conversations with the actor or the actor's own decisions are to account for this.

Near the end of the run when the plays had been mastered and boredom began to set in, the cast and crew began to divide itself into cliques. Possibly other company members were talked about or made fun of. The production schedule was difficult enough without the added unpleasantness of hurt feelings. Also extra noise was audible from time to time during the production. At times it came from the green room and other times from off stage. The same problem occurred during Charley's Aunt. Performance time seemed to be the meeting time for the social groups. This attitude tended to dampen the spirits of a long and difficult but worthy undertaking.

The Production

The finished product of The Night of the Iguana manifested itself as a play of loneliness, despair, isolation, and desperation but with a ray of hope at the end. This was the director's intention from the beginning. The director's interpretation along with the style and mood of the play were achieved. The main difficulties encountered dealt with rhythm, tempo, and pacing of the lengthy dialogue scenes. During certain performances the scenes played well, the actors had very little trouble meeting the challenge. On other nights tremendous obstacles were encountered. In this respect the production needed more of an even quality.

The main additions to the script were lines from an early version of Williams' writing. They dealt with the ray of hope at the end of the dark tunnel. With this possibility, the characters of the Costa Verde did not have to totally cope with defeated dreams and a lack of future hope. These lines given to Shannon and Hannah worked well and added an extra bit of insight to the symbolism.

The director did not make any major deletions in the script. If the play were being done again, he would consider other means of handling the family of Germans who continually interrupted the rhythm of the long scenes with their entrances. This was partly the fault of the actors and partly that of the playwright. (The actors were to blame when they missed an entrance, thus the problem was compounded.) The family seemed to possibly distract more than they contributed. Technically they became actors with a lot of waiting time. This developed into boredom and unwanted noise. Serious consideration should be given

to eliminating them altogether or including them to a greater degree.

The director made no strong attempt to have the actors use realistic German or Spanish accents, and he should have. The characters who had these as a native language would definitely have had strong accents. Even Maxine who had spent a major portion of her life in Mexico would have acquired a Mexican flavor in her speech. Another area for improvement of the play would have been to give more erratic movements to Shannon during his approaching madness. This would have given the actor energy physically as well as emotionally. Shannon was played by the type of actor without the experience or knowledge to perform this task on his own. The director should have given him even more assistance.

The Conclusion

The Night of the Iguana may be termed a success in many ways: 1) audience reaction was favorable; 2) it served as a definite learning experience for the staff as well as the cast and crew; and most important, 3) the director's thesis committee did not wish for an additional production to be mounted to prove the director's qualifications. The play was a worthy piece of writing and holds significant meaning even in later years. If the season were to be performed again, the choice of play would probably remain the same and with a few minor exceptions, the cast of characters would probably remain the same. The director was especially happy to cast Maxine and Hannah. Both reached a very satisfying depth of performance.

The UNC-G Summer Repertory Theatre, although lacking funds from the debts incurred by the premiere season mainly due to small audiences,

still continues. The initial endeavors, especially The Night of the Iguana, were met with some degree of success and some degree of failure. This could be considered symbolic of Williams and his works. A quote from the playwright (Taken from an article in Time magazine by T. E. Kalem; one of the best short biographies of the author available.) might well epitomize Williams life, his works, and this particular production of The Night of the Iguana:

There is a horror in things, a horror at the heart of the meaninglessness of existence. Some people cling to a certain philosophy that is handed down to them and which they accept. Life has a meaning if you're bucking for heaven. But if heaven is a fantasy, we are in this jungle with whatever we can work out for ourselves. It seems to me that the cards are stacked against us. The only victory is how we take it.¹⁶

¹⁶ Tennessee Williams, "The Angel of the Odd," Time, T. E. Kalem, ed., March 9, 1962, p. 53.

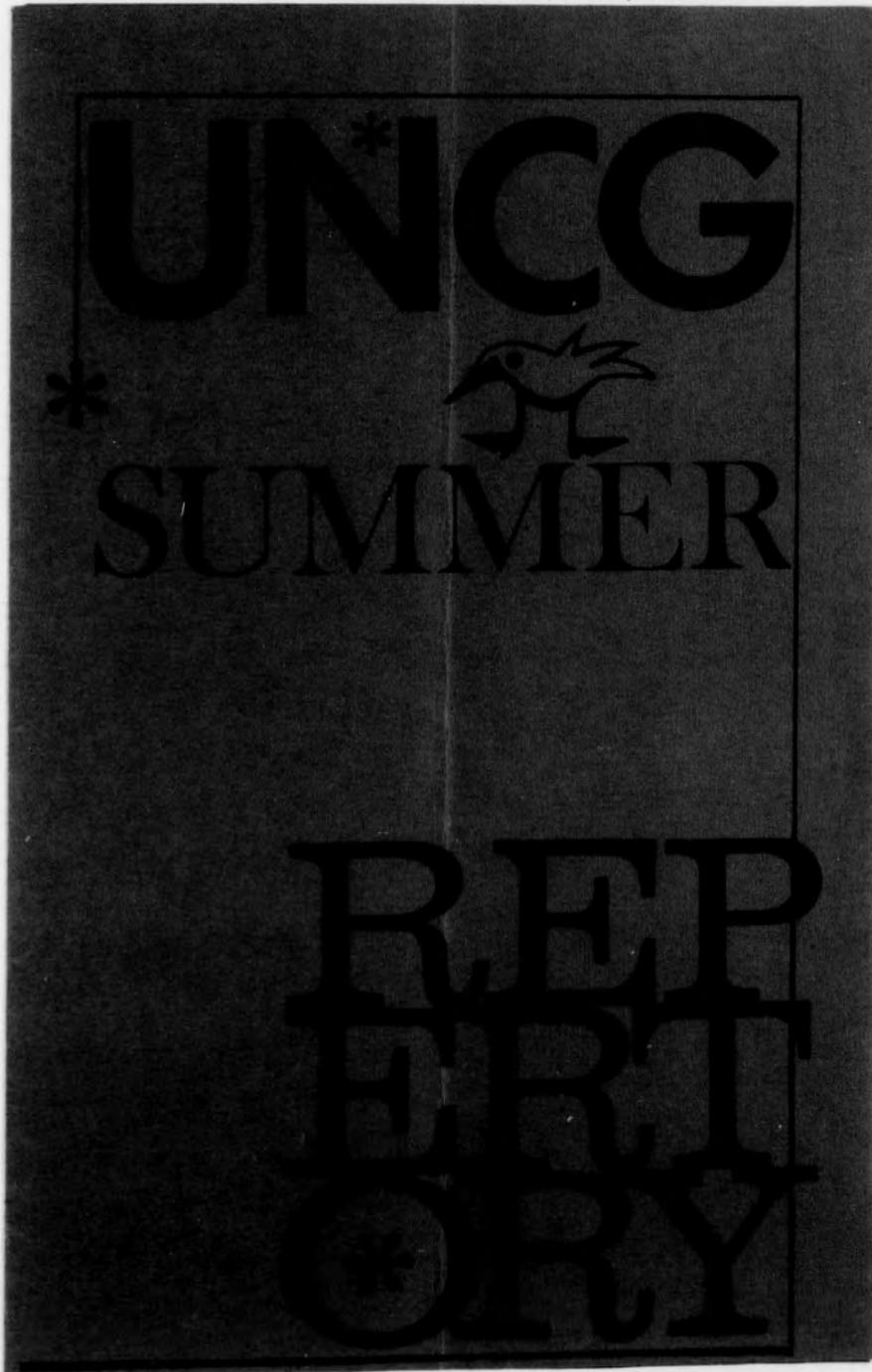
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APPENDIX I

The Program, UNC-G Summer Repertory Theatre



APPENDIX II

The Reviews

UNC-G Players Do 'Iguana' Well

A Review

BY JOE KNOX
Daily News Staff Writer

Tennessee Williams' powerful and moving drama, "The Night Of The Iguana," was presented Thursday night in Taylor Theater by the UNC-G Summer Repertory Theatre as the second in a series of three productions for the season.

It was a complete switch in tone from the opener on Wednesday, "Charley's Aunt." The two plays are as different as night from day.

It was most interesting to see many of the players in a charming light-hearted comedy one night, take on deep heavy roles in a serious drama the next night.

INTERESTING too is the fact that both plays are directed by David Reynolds. Then Ronald Burns accounted for the scenery and lighting in both; and Carole Kolodziejcki designed the sets for both.

All of this is obviously a formidable undertaking, and the Repertory Theatre players and production staff deserve sustained applause for displaying such virtuosity and doing it so well.

"The Night of The Iguana" suffered from several weak performances among the cast of 14, but others were truly outstanding.

• • •

I WAS ESPECIALLY taken by Mary Law Ramsey in the role of Maxine Faulk, the tough-minded manager of a seedy hotel in Mexico where it all happens.

She was just very fine, bringing great sensitivity and understanding to a difficult part. The night before she had played a madcap role in which she looked like a female Harpo Marx.

APPENDIX II

(Continued)

'Iguana' Neither Suffers Nor Profits

BY CANDY JOHNSON
Record Staff Writer

Tennessee Williams' "Night of the Iguana" did not suffer at the hands of the UNC-G Summer Repertory Theatre in last night's opening, but then neither did the play profit.

The summer cast just could not pull it all together.

There were some individually outstanding actors, but there was at least one and possibly more who were far below UNC-G's normal high quality. The weaker actors brought a great

deal of unevenness to the production.

Even the better actors could not bring the playwright's loneliness, brooding tension, and helplessness into a central focus.

The play is the story of the descent into madness of the Reverend T. Lawrence Shannon, a minister who had been defrocked several years earlier after he had served in the ministry only one year. The reason? Fornication and heresy.

Shannon keeps wanting to return to the church and suffers



terribly from the conflict in his soul of the heavenly and the earthly.

The setting for the play, which was very well done (including

the special effect of a rainstorm on stage), is the Costa Verde Hotel on the west coast of Mexico.

Shannon's job since he had been defrocked is to take groups on tours of "God's world." As had happened before, Shannon arrived at the hotel with a busload of teachers from a Baptist girls' school and there began his descent.

Michael L. Chafin played Shannon. The young actor, who himself was once a minister, was at his best when portraying the madness of Shannon. But, he has a problem with his speaking

voice. I expect he rushed his words for effect, but the result was disconcerting as he continually stumbled over his lines.

The three women with substantial roles in the play were particularly good actresses.

In the character part of a teacher from the girls' school, Shelle Jacobs could not be beat. Her mannerisms, particularly sticking her handkerchief up her sleeve, were perfect.

Mary Law Ramsey played the difficult role of Maxine Faulk, the proprietor of the hotel, recent widow, and party-time girl. Her performance was sensitive

and the most believable of the entire play.

Finally, Jane Walton D'Auvray does a fine job as the lady who has traveled around the world on her wit and no money. Her identification with Shannon as another person who almost went mad adds depth to the play.

Scenery and lighting were done by Ronald Burns, and costumes were designed by Carole Kolodziejski.

Director of the play was David Reynolds.

"Iguana" will be presented July 5, 8, 13, 18, and 21.

APPENDIX III
Rehearsal Schedule

June 4	Mon.	Auditions	7:30-10:30	Taylor Th.
June 5	Tue.	Readthrough	12:00- 3:30	Taylor Th.
June 6	Wed.	Block I i	10:00- 1:00	Studio Th.
June 6	Wed.	Adjust and Run I i	7:30-10:30	Studio Th.
June 7	Thu.	Block I ii	2:00- 5:00	Studio Th.
June 8	Fri.	Adjust and Run I ii	9:00- 1:00	Studio Th.
June 9	Sat.	All Day - Lines		
June 10	Sun.	Run I i and I ii	2:00- 5:00	Studio Th.
June 11	Mon.	Block II	9:00- 1:00	Studio Th.
June 11	Mon.	Adjust and Run II	7:30-10:30	Studio Th.
June 12	Tue.	Runthrough (No Books)	2:00- 5:00	Studio Th.
June 13	Wed.	Work I i	11:00- 2:00 3:00- 5:00	Taylor Th. (until close of show)
June 14	Thu.	Work I ii	11:00- 2:00	
June 15	Fri.	Work II	11:00- 2:00	
June 16	Sat.	Act I (Shannon and Hannah)	10:00-12:00	
June 17	Sun.	Runthrough	2:00- 5:30	
June 18	Mon.	Detail I i	11:00- 2:00	
June 19	Tue.	Detail I ii	11:00- 2:00	
June 20	Wed.	Detail II	7:30-11:30	
June 21	Thu.	Run II	11:00- 2:00	
June 22	Fri.	Act II (Shannon and Hannah)	10:00-11:30	
June 22	Fri.	Runthrough	12:00- 3:00	

Rehearsal Schedule

(Continued)

June 23	Sat.	Runthrough	2:00- 6:00
June 24	Sun.	Charley's Aunt Tech. - No Iguana Rehearsal	
June 25	Mon.	Tech. Rehearsal	2:00 p.m.-2:00 a.m.
June 26	Tue.	1st Dress	10:00- 2:00
June 27	Wed.	Aunt Dress and Open - No Iguana Rehearsal	
June 28	Thu.	2nd Dress	11:00- 3:00
June 28	Thu.	Iguana Opens	8:30 p.m. (set finished 8:15)
June 30	Sat.	Performance	8:30 p.m.
July 5	Thu.	Whole Cast-"Bits and Pieces" Major Tech Cues	3:00- 6:15
July 5	Thu.	Performance	8:30 p.m. (Pictures-12:00 then shift set 12:45)
July 8	Sun.	Performance	2:30 p.m.
July 13	Fri.	Brush-up Runthrough	1:00- 3:30
July 13	Fri.	Performance	8:30 p.m.
July 18	Wed.	Hannah and Shannon Act II-Run Act I, Everyone	2:30- 4:30
July 18	Wed.	Performance	8:30 p.m.
July 21	Sat.	Performance (Strike immediately after performance, ended 4:30 a.m.)	8:30 p.m.