



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS
International General Certificate of Secondary Education

www.XtremePapers.com

DRAMA

0411/11/T/PRE

Paper 1 Set Text

May/June 2011

PRE-RELEASE MATERIAL

To be given to candidates on receipt by the Centre.

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

The questions in Paper 1 will be based on the three stimuli and on the extract from Friedrich Dürrenmatt's play *The Visit* provided in this booklet.

You may do any preparatory work that is considered appropriate. It is recommended that you perform the extract, at least informally.

You will **not** be permitted to take this copy of the text **or** any other notes or preparation into the examination. A clean copy of the text will be provided with the Question Paper.



This document consists of **31** printed pages and **1** blank page.



STIMULI

You are required to produce a short piece of drama on each stimulus in preparation for your written examination. Questions will be asked on **each** of the stimuli and will cover both practical and theoretical issues.

- 1 She was obsessed with the gadget
- 2 United we stand, divided we laugh
- 3 He won a million

EXTRACT

Taken from *The Visit* by Friedrich Dürrenmatt

These notes are intended to help you understand the context of the drama.

The Visit was written in 1956 by Friedrich Dürrenmatt and is set in 'the Present', i.e. 1956.

The action takes place in a fictitious town somewhere in central Europe. The town is called Guellen, a satirical name since there is a similar-sounding word in Swiss German that means 'liquid manure'. The town has suffered considerable decline in recent years and there seems to be no hope for its future, unless its most famous daughter, the multi-millionairess Claire Zachanassian, can be persuaded to donate a large sum to the town.

The play is in three acts. The extract consists of the whole of Acts 1 and 2 to the point where Alfred Ill attempts unsuccessfully to escape Guellen.

Characters

Several of the characters in the play are referred to as 'types' rather than being given names.

Claire Zachanassian, née Wascher *multi-millionairess, Armenian Oil*

Her Husbands, VII-VIII

Butler

Toby & Roby *gum-chewers*

Koby & Loby *blind eunuchs*

Alfred Ill *a shop keeper in Guellen*

His wife

His son

His daughter

Mayor

Priest

Schoolmaster

Doctor

Policeman

Man One

Man Two

Man Three

Man Four

Painter

Station-master

Ticket Inspector

Guard

Bailiff

First woman

Second woman

Miss Louisa

ACT ONE

	<i>Clangour of railway-station bell before curtain rises to reveal a sign saying: 'Guellen'. Obviously name of small, skimpily depicted township in background: a tumbledown wreck. Equally ramshackle station-buildings may or may not be cordoned off, according to country, and include a rusty signal-cabin, its door marked 'No Entry'. Also depicted in bare outline, centre, the piteous Station Road. Left, a barren little building with tiled roof and mutilated posters on its windowless walls. A sign, at left corner: 'Ladies'. Another, at right corner: 'Gents'. This entire prospect steeped in hot autumn sun. In front of little building, a bench. On it, four men. An unspeakably ragged fifth (so are the other four) is inscribing letters in red paint on a banner clearly intended for some procession: 'Welcome Clarie'. Thunderous pounding din of express train rushing through. Men on bench show interest in express train by following its headlong rush with head movements from left to right.</i>	5
MAN ONE:	The Gudrun. Hamburg-Naples.	
MAN TWO:	The Racing Roland gets here at eleven twenty-seven. Venice-Stockholm.	
MAN THREE:	Our last remaining pleasure: watching trains go by.	
MAN FOUR:	Five years ago the Gudrun and the Racing Roland stopped in Guellen. And the Diplomat. And the Lorelei. All famous express trains.	10
MAN ONE:	World famous.	
MAN TWO:	Now not even the commuting trains stop. Just two from Kaffigen and the one-thirteen from Kalberstadt.	15
MAN THREE:	Ruined.	
MAN FOUR:	The Wagner Factory gone crash.	
MAN ONE:	Bockmann bankrupt.	
MAN TWO:	The foundry on Sunshine Square shut down.	
MAN THREE:	Living on the dole.	30
MAN FOUR:	On Poor Relief soup.	
MAN ONE:	Living.	
MAN TWO:	Vegetating.	
MAN THREE:	And rotting to death.	
MAN FOUR:	The entire township. <i>(Bell rings.)</i>	35
MAN TWO:	It's more than time that millionairess got here. They say she founded a hospital in Kalberstadt.	
MAN THREE:	And a kindergarten in Kaffigen. And a memorial church in the Capital.	40
PAINTER:	She had Zimt do her portrait. That Naturalistic dauber.	
MAN ONE:	She and her money. She owns Armenian Oil, Western Railways, North Broadcasting Company and the Hong Kong – uh – Amusement District. <i>(Train clatter. STATION-MASTER salutes. Men move heads from right to left after train.)</i>	45
MAN FOUR:	The Diplomat.	
MAN THREE:	We were a city of the Arts, then.	
MAN TWO:	One of the foremost in the land.	
MAN ONE:	In Europe.	50
MAN FOUR:	Goethe spent a night here. In the Golden Apostle.	
MAN THREE:	Brahms composed a quartet here. <i>(Bell rings.)</i>	

MAN TWO:	Bertold Schwarz invented gunpowder here.	
PAINTER:	And I was a brilliant student at the Ecole des Beaux Arts. And what am I doing here now? Sign-painting!	55
	<i>(Train clatter. GUARD appears, left, as after jumping off train.)</i>	
GUARD:	<i>(long-drawn wail).</i> Guellen!	
MAN ONE:	The Kaffigen commuter.	
	<i>(One passenger has got off, left. He walks past men on bench, disappears through doorway marked 'Gents'.)</i>	60
MAN TWO:	The Bailiff.	
MAN THREE:	Going to seize assets at the Town Hall.	
MAN FOUR:	We're even ruined politically.	
STATION-MASTER:	<i>(waves green flag, blows whistle).</i> Stand clear!	65
	<i>(Enter from town, MAYOR, SCHOOLMASTER, PRIEST and ILL – a man of near sixty-five; all shabbily dressed.)</i>	
MAYOR:	The guest of honour will be arriving on the one-thirteen commuter from Kalberstadt.	
SCHOOLMASTER:	We'll have the mixed choir singing; the Youth Club.	70
PRIEST:	And the fire bell ringing. It hasn't been pawned.	
MAYOR:	We'll have the town band playing on Market Square. The Athletics Club will honour the millionairess with a pyramid. Then a meal in the Golden Apostle. Finances unfortunately can't be stretched to illuminating the Cathedral for the evening. Or the Town Hall.	75
	<i>(BAILIFF comes out of little building.)</i>	
BAILIFF:	Good morning, Mister Mayor, a very good morning to you.	
MAYOR:	Why, Mister Glutz, what are you doing here?	
BAILIFF:	You know my mission, Mister Mayor. It's a colossal undertaking I'm faced with. Just you try seizing an entire town.	80
MAYOR:	You won't find a thing in the Town Hall. Apart from one old typewriter.	
BAILIFF:	I think you're forgetting something, Mister Mayor. The Guellen History Museum.	
MAYOR:	Gone three years ago. Sold to America. Our coffers are empty. Not a single soul pays taxes.	85
BAILIFF:	It'll have to be investigated. The country's booming and Guellen has the Sunshine Foundry. But Guellen goes bankrupt.	
MAYOR:	We're up against a real economic puzzle.	
MAN ONE:	The whole thing's a Freemasons' plot.	90
MAN TWO:	Conspired by the Jews.	
MAN THREE:	Backed by High Finance.	
MAN FOUR:	International Communism's showing its colours.	
	<i>(Bell rings.)</i>	
BAILIFF:	I always find something. I've got eyes like a hawk. I think I'll take a look at the Treasury.	95
	<i>(Exit.)</i>	
MAYOR:	Better let him plunder us first. Not after the millionairess's visit.	
	<i>(PAINTER has finished painting his banner.)</i>	
ILL:	You know, Mister Mayor, that won't do. This banner's too familiar. It ought to read, 'Welcome Claire Zachanassian'.	100
MAN ONE:	But she's Clarie!	
MAN TWO:	Clarie Wascher!	
MAN THREE:	She was educated here!	
MAN FOUR:	Her dad was the builder.	105
PAINTER:	O.K., so I'll write 'Welcome Claire Zachanassian' on the back. Then if the millionairess seems touched we can turn it round and show her the front.	
MAN TWO:	It's the Speculator. Zürich-Hamburg.	

	<i>(Another express train passes. Right to left.)</i>	110
MAN THREE:	Always on time, you can set your watch by it.	
MAN FOUR:	Tell me who still owns a watch in this place.	
MAYOR:	Gentlemen, the millionairess is our only hope.	
PRIEST:	Apart from God.	
MAYOR:	Apart from God.	115
SCHOOLMASTER:	But God won't pay.	
MAYOR:	You used to be a friend of hers, Ill, so now it all depends on you.	
PRIEST:	But their ways parted. I heard some story about it – have you no confession to make to your Priest?	
ILL:	We were the best of friends. Young and hotheaded. I used to be a bit of a lad, gentlemen, forty-five years ago. And she, Clara, I can see her still: coming towards me through the shadows in Petersens' Barn, all aglow. Or walking barefoot in the Konrad's Village Wood, over the moss and the leaves, with her red hair streaming out, slim and supple as a willow, and tender, ah, what a devilish beautiful little witch. Life tore us apart. Life. That's the way it is.	120
		125
MAYOR:	I ought to have a few details about Madam Zachanassian for my little after-dinner speech in the Golden Apostle.	
	<i>(Takes a small notebook from pocket.)</i>	
SCHOOLMASTER:	I've been going through the old school reports. Clara Wascher's marks, I'm sorry to say, were appalling. So was her conduct. She only passed in botany and zoology.	130
MAYOR:	<i>(takes note).</i> Good. Botany and zoology. A pass. That's good.	
ILL:	I can help you here, Mister Mayor. Clara loved justice. Most decidedly. Once when they took a beggar away she flung stones at the police.	135
MAYOR:	Love of justice. Not bad. It always works. But I think we'd better leave out that bit about the police.	
ILL:	She was generous too. Everything she had she shared. She stole potatoes once for an old widow woman.	140
MAYOR:	Sense of generosity. Gentlemen, I absolutely must bring that in. It's the crucial point. Does anyone here remember a building her father built? That'd sound good in my speech.	
ALL:	No. No one.	
	<i>(MAYOR shuts his little notebook.)</i>	145
MAYOR:	I'm fully prepared, for my part. The rest is up to Ill.	
ILL:	I know. Zachanassian has to cough up her millions.	
MAYOR:	Millions – that's the idea. Precisely.	
SCHOOLMASTER:	It won't help us if she only founds a nursery.	
MAYOR:	My dear Ill, you've been the most popular personality in Guellen for a long while now. In the spring, I shall be retiring. I've sounded out the Opposition: we've agreed to nominate you as my successor.	150
ILL:	But Mister Mayor ...	
SCHOOLMASTER:	I can confirm that.	
ILL:	Gentlemen, back to business. First of all, I'll tell Clara all about our wretched plight.	155
PRIEST:	But do be careful – do be tactful.	
ILL:	We've got to be clever. Psychologically acute. If we make a fiasco of the welcome at the station, we could easily wreck everything else. You won't bring it off by relying on the municipal band and the mixed choir.	160
MAYOR:	Ill's right, there. It'll be one of the decisive moments. Madam Zachanassian sets foot on her native soil, she's home again, and how moved she is, there are tears in her eyes, ah, the old familiar places. The old faces. Not that I'll be standing here like this in my	165

	shirt sleeves. I'll be wearing my formal black and a top hat. My wife beside me, my two grandchildren in front of me, all in white. Holding roses. My God, if only it all works out according to plan! <i>(Bell rings.)</i>	
MAN ONE:	It's the Racing Roland.	170
MAN TWO:	Venice-Stockholm eleven twenty-seven.	
PRIEST:	Eleven twenty-seven! We still have nearly two hours to get suitably dressed.	
MAYOR:	Kuhn and Hauser hoist the 'Welcome Claire Zachanassian' banner. <i>(Points at four men.)</i> You others better wave your hats. But please: no bawling like last year at the Government Mission, it hardly impressed them at all and so far we've had no subsidy. This is no time for wild enthusiasm, the mood you want is an inward, an almost tearful sympathy for one of our children, who was lost, and has been found again. Be relaxed. Sincere. But above all, time it well. The instant the choir stops singing, sound the fire-alarm. And look out ... <i>(His speech is drowned by thunder of oncoming train. Squealing brakes. Dumbfounded astonishment on all faces. The five men spring up from bench.)</i>	175
		180
PAINTER:	The Express!	185
MAN ONE:	It's stopping!	
MAN TWO:	In Guellen!	
MAN THREE:	The lousiest –	
MAN FOUR:	Most poverty-stricken –	
MAN ONE:	Desolate dump on the Venice-Stockholm line!	190
STATION-MASTER:	It's against the Laws of Nature. The Racing Roland ought to materialize from around the Leuthenau bend, roar through Guellen, dwindle into a dark dot over at Pückenried valley and vanish. <i>(Enter, right, CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN. Sixty-three, red hair, pearl necklace, enormous gold bangles, unbelievably got up to kill and yet by the same token a Society Lady with a rare grace, in spite of all the grotesquerie. Followed by her entourage, comprising BUTLER BOBY, aged about eighty, wearing dark glasses, and HUSBAND VII, tall and thin with a black moustache, sporting a complete angler's outfit. Accompanying this group, an excited TICKET INSPECTOR, peaked cap, little red satchel.)</i>	195
		200
CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN:	Is it Guellen?	
TICKET INSPECTOR:	Madam. You pulled the Emergency Brake.	
CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN:	I always pull the Emergency Brake.	
TICKET INSPECTOR:	I protest. Vigorously. No one ever pulls the Emergency Brake in this country. Not even in case of emergency. Our first duty is to our timetable. Will you kindly give me an explanation.	205
CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN:	It is Guellen, Moby. I recognize the wretched dump. That's Konrad's Village Wood, yonder, with a stream you can fish – pike and trout; that roof on the right is Petersens' Barn. <i>(as if awakening).</i> Clara.	210
ILL:		
SCHOOLMASTER:	Madam Zachanassian.	
ALL:	Madam Zachanassian.	
SCHOOLMASTER:	And the choir and the Youth Club aren't ready!	
MAYOR:	The Athletics Club! The Fire Brigade!	215
PRIEST:	The Sexton!	
MAYOR:	My frock-coat, for God's sake, my top hat, my grandchildren!	
MAN ONE:	Clarie Wascher's here! Clarie Wascher's here! <i>(Jumps up, rushes off towards town.)</i>	
MAYOR:	<i>(calling after him).</i> Don't forget my wife!	220
TICKET INSPECTOR:	I'm waiting for an explanation. In my official capacity. I represent	

- the Railway Management.
- CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: You're a simpleton. I want to pay this little town a visit. What d'you expect me to do, hop off your express train?
- TICKET INSPECTOR: You stopped the Racing Roland just because you wanted to visit Guellen? 225
- CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: Of course.
- TICKET INSPECTOR: Madam. Should you desire to visit Guellen, the twelve-forty commuter from Kalberstadt is at your service. Please use it. Like other people. Arrival in Guellen one thirteen p.m. 230
- CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: The ordinary passenger train? The one that stops in Loken, Brunnhübel, Beisenbach and Leuthenau? Are you really and truly asking me to go puffing round this countryside for half an hour?
- TICKET INSPECTOR: You'll pay for this, Madam. Dearly.
- CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: Bobby, give him a thousand. 235
- ALL: (*murmuring*). A thousand.
(BUTLER *gives* TICKET INSPECTOR *a thousand*.)
- TICKET INSPECTOR: (*perplexed*). Madam.
- CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: And three thousand for the Railway Widows' Fund.
- ALL: (*murmuring*). Three thousand. 240
(TICKET INSPECTOR *receives three thousand from* BUTLER.)
- TICKET INSPECTOR: (*staggered*). Madam. No such fund exists.
- CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: Then found one.
(*The supreme Civic Authority whispers a word or two in* TICKET INSPECTOR *'s ear*.) 245
- TICKET INSPECTOR: (*all confusion*). Madam is Madam Claire Zachanassian? O do excuse me. Of course it's different in that case. We'd have been only too happy to stop in Guellen if we'd had the faintest notion, O, here's your money back, Madam, four thousand, my God.
- ALL: (*murmuring*). Four thousand. 250
- CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: Keep it, it's nothing.
- ALL: (*murmuring*). Keep it.
- TICKET INSPECTOR: Does Madam require the Racing Roland to wait while she visits Guellen? I know the Railway Management would be only too glad. They say the Cathedral portals are well worth a look. Gothic. With the Last Judgment. 255
- CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: Will you and your express train get the hell out of here?
- HUSBAND VII: (*whines*). But the Press, poppet, the Press haven't got off yet. The Reporters have no idea. They're dining up front in the saloon.
- CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: Let them dine, Moby, let them dine. I can't use the Press in Guellen yet, and they'll come back later on, don't worry. 260
(*Meanwhile* MAN TWO *has brought* MAYOR *his frock-coat*. MAYOR *crosses ceremoniously to* CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN. PAINTER *and* MAN FOUR *stand on bench, hoist banner: 'Welcome Claire Zachanassi' ...* PAINTER *did not quite finish it*.)
- STATION-MASTER: (*whistles, waves green flag*). Stand clear!
- TICKET INSPECTOR: I do trust you won't complain to the Railway Management, Madam. It was a pure misunderstanding.
(*Train begins moving out*. TICKET INSPECTOR *jumps on*.)
- MAYOR: Madam Zachanassian, my dear lady. As Mayor of Guellen, it is my honour to welcome you, a child of our native town ... 270
(*Remainder of* MAYOR *'s speech drowned in clatter of express train as it begins to move and then to race away. He speaks doggedly on*.)
- CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: I must thank you, Mister Mayor, for your fine speech.
(*She crosses to* ILL *who, somewhat embarrassed, has moved towards her*.) 275
- ILL: Clara.

- CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: Alfred.
 ILL: It's nice you've come. 280
 CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: I'd always planned to. All my life. Ever since I left Guellen.
 ILL: (*unsure of himself*). It's sweet of you.
 CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: They were wonderful, all those days we used to spend together.
 ILL: (*proudly*). They sure were. (*to SCHOOLMASTER*) See, Professor, I've got her in the bag. 285
 CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: Call me what you always used to call me.
 ILL: My little wildcat.
 CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: (*purrs like an old cat*). And what else?
 ILL: My little sorceress.
 CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: I used to call you my black panther.
 ILL: I still am. 290
 CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: Rubbish. You've grown fat. And grey. And drink-sodden.
 ILL: But *you're* still the same, my little sorceress.
 CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: Don't be daft. I've grown old and fat as well. And lost my left leg. An automobile accident. Now I only travel in express trains. But they made a splendid job of the artificial one, don't you think? (*She pulls up her skirt, displays left leg.*) It bends very well. 295
 ILL: (*wipes away sweat*). But my little wildcat, I'd never have noticed it.
 CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: Would you like to meet my seventh husband, Alfred? Tobacco Plantations. We're very happily married.
 ILL: But by all means. 300
 CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: Come on, Moby, come and make your bow. As a matter of fact his name's Pedro, but Moby's much nicer. In any case it goes better with Bobby; that's the butler's name. And you get your butlers for life, so husbands have to be christened accordingly. 305
 (HUSBAND VII *bows.*)
 Isn't he nice, with his little black moustache? Think it over, Moby. (HUSBAND VII *thinks it over.*)
 Harder.
 (HUSBAND VII *thinks it over harder.*)
 Harder still. 310
 HUSBAND VII: But I can't think any harder, poppet, really I can't.
 CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: Of course you can. Just try. (HUSBAND VII *thinks harder still. Bell rings.*)
 You see. It works. Don't you agree, Alfred, he looks almost demoniacal like that. Like a Brazilian. But no! He's Greek-Orthodox. His father was Russian. We were married by a Pope. Most interesting. Now I'm going to have a look round Guellen. (*She inspects little house, left, through jewel-encrusted lorgnette.*)
 My father built this Public Convenience, Moby. Good work, painstakingly executed. When I was a child I spent hours on that roof, spitting. But only on the Gents. 315
 (*Mixed choir and Youth Club have now assembled in background. SCHOOLMASTER steps forward wearing top hat.*)
 SCHOOLMASTER: Madam. As Headmaster of Guellen College, and lover of the noblest Muse, may I take the liberty of offering you a homely folk-song, rendered by the mixed choir and the Youth Club. 325
 CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: Fire away, Schoolmaster, let's hear your homely folk-song. (SCHOOLMASTER *takes up tuning-fork, strikes key. Mixed choir and Youth Club begin ceremoniously singing, at which juncture another train arrives, left. STATION-MASTER salutes, Choir struggles against cacophonous clatter of train, SCHOOLMASTER despairs, train, at long last, passes.*) 330
 MAYOR: (*despondent*). The fire alarm, sound the fire alarm!

- CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: Well sung, Guelleners! That blond bass out there on the left, with the big Adam's apple, he was really most singular. 335
(A POLICEMAN elbows a passage through mixed choir, draws up to attention in front of CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN.)
- POLICEMAN: Police Inspector Hahncke, Madam. At your service.
- CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: *(inspects him)*. Thank you. I shan't want to arrest anybody. But Guellen may need you soon. Can you wink a blind eye to things from time to time? 340
- POLICEMAN: Sure I can, Madam. Where would I be in Guellen if I couldn't!
- CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: Start learning to wink them both.
(POLICEMAN goggles at her, perplexed.)
- ILL: *(laughing)* Just like Clara! Just like my little wildcat! 345
(Slaps thigh with enjoyment. MAYOR perches SCHOOLMASTER's top hat on his own head, ushers pair of grandchildren forward. Twin seven-year-old girls, blonde plaits.)
- MAYOR: My grandchildren, Madam. Hermione and Adolfina. My wife is the only one not present. 350
(Mops perspiration. The two little girls curtsy for MADAM ZACHANASSIAN and offer her red roses.)
- CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: Congratulations on your kids, Mister Mayor. Here!
(She bundles roses into STATION-MASTER's arms. MAYOR stealthily hands top hat to PRIEST, who puts it on.) 355
- MAYOR: Our Priest, Madam.
(PRIEST raises top hat, bows.)
- CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: Ah, the Priest. Do you comfort the dying?
- PRIEST: *(startled)*. I do what I can.
- CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: People who've been condemned to death as well? 360
- PRIEST: *(perplexed)*. The death sentence has been abolished in this country, Madam.
- CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: It may be reintroduced.
(PRIEST, with some consternation, returns top hat to MAYOR, who dons it again.) 365
- ILL: *(laughing)* Really, little wildcat! You crack the wildest jokes.
- CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: Now I want to go into town.
(MAYOR attempts to offer her his arm.)
- What's all this, Mister Mayor? I don't go hiking miles on my artificial leg. 370
- MAYOR: *(shocked)*. Immediately, immediately, Madam. The doctor owns a car. It's a Mercedes. The nineteen thirty-two model.
- POLICEMAN: *(clicking heels)*. I'll see to it, Mister Mayor. I'll have the car commandeered and driven round.
- CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: That won't be necessary. Since my accident I only go about in sedan-chairs. Roby, Toby, bring it here. 375
(Enter, left, two herculean gum-chewing brutes with sedan-chair. One of them has a guitar slung at his back.)
- Two gangsters. From Manhattan. They were on their way to Sing Sing. To the electric chair. I petitioned for them to be freed as sedan-bearers. Cost me a million dollars per petition. The sedan-chair came from the Louvre. A gift from the French President. Such a nice man; he looks exactly like his pictures in the newspapers. Roby, Toby, take me into town. 380
- ROBY/TOBY: *(in unison)*. Yes Mam. 385
- CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: But first of all to the Petersens' Barn, and then to Konrad's Village Wood. I want to take Alfred to visit our old trysting-places. In the meanwhile have the luggage and the coffin put in the Golden Apostle.

MAYOR:	(<i>startled</i>). The coffin?	390
CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN:	Yes, I brought a coffin with me. I may need it. Roby, Toby, off we go! (<i>The pair of gum-chewing brutes carry CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN away to town. MAYOR gives signal, whereon all burst into cheers which spontaneously fade as two more servants enter, bearing an elaborate black coffin, cross stage and exit towards Guellen. Now, undaunted and unpawned, the fire-alarm bell starts ringing.</i>)	395
MAYOR:	At last! The fire bell. (<i>Populace gather round coffin. It is followed in by CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN's maidservants and an endless stream of cases and trunks, carried by Guelleners. This traffic is controlled by POLICEMAN, who is about to follow it out when enter at that point a pair of little old fat soft-spoken men, both impeccably dressed.</i>)	400
THE PAIR:	We're in Guellen. We can smell it, we can smell it, we can smell it in the air, in the Guellen air.	405
POLICEMAN:	And who might you be?	
THE PAIR:	We belong to the old lady, we belong to the old lady. She calls us Koby and Loby.	
POLICEMAN:	Madam Zachanassian is staying at the Golden Apostle.	
THE PAIR:	(<i>gaily</i>). We're blind, we're blind.	410
POLICEMAN:	Blind? O.K., I'll take you there, in duplicate.	
THE PAIR:	O thank you Mister Policeman, thank you very much.	
POLICEMAN:	(<i>with surprise</i>). If you're blind, how did you know I was a policeman?	
THE PAIR:	By your tone of voice, your tone of voice, all policemen have the same tone of voice.	415
POLICEMAN:	(<i>with suspicion</i>). You fat little men seem to have had a bit of contact with the police.	
THE PAIR:	(<i>incredulous</i>). Men, he thinks we're men!	
POLICEMAN:	Then what the hell are you?	420
THE PAIR:	You'll soon see, you'll soon see!	
POLICEMAN:	(<i>baffled</i>). Well, you seem cheerful about it.	
THE PAIR:	We get steak and ham, every day, every day.	
POLICEMAN:	Yeah. I'd get up and dance for that too. Come on, give me your hands. Funny kind of humour foreigners have. (<i>Goes off to town with pair.</i>)	425
THE PAIR:	Off to Boby and Moby, off to Roby and Toby! (<i>Open scene-change: the façade of station and adjacent little building is replaced by interior of the Golden Apostle: an hotel-sign might well be let down from above, an imposing gilded Apostle, as emblem, and left to hang in mid-air. Faded, outmoded luxury. Everything threadbare, tattered, dusty and musty and gone to seed. Interminable processions of porters taking interminable pieces of luggage upstairs: first a cage, then the cases and trunks. MAYOR and SCHOOLMASTER seated in foreground drinking Schnapps.</i>)	435
MAYOR:	Cases, cases, and still more cases. Mountains of them. And a little while ago they came in with a cage. There was a panther in it. A black, wild animal.	
SCHOOLMASTER:	She had the coffin put in a special spare room. Curious.	
MAYOR:	Famous women have their whims and fancies.	440
SCHOOLMASTER:	She seems to want to stay here quite a while.	
MAYOR:	So much the better. Ill has her in the bag. He was calling her his little wildcat, his little sorceress. He'll get thousands out of her. Her health, Professor. And may Claire Zachanassian restore the Bockmann business.	445

SCHOOLMASTER:	And the Wagner Factory.	
MAYOR:	And the Foundry on Sunshine Square. If they boom we'll all boom – my Community and your College and the Standard of Living. <i>(He has called a toast; they clink glasses.)</i>	
SCHOOLMASTER:	I've been correcting the Guellen schoolchildren's Latin and Greek exercises for more than two decades, Mister Mayor, but let me tell you, Sir, I only learned what horror is one hour ago. That old lady in black robes getting off the train was a gruesome vision. Like one of the Fates; she made me think of an avenging Greek goddess. Her name shouldn't be Claire; it should be Clotho. I could suspect her of spinning destiny's webs herself. <i>(Enter POLICEMAN. Hangs cap on peg.)</i>	450
MAYOR:	Pull up a chair, Inspector. <i>(POLICEMAN pulls up a chair.)</i>	
POLICEMAN:	Not much fun patrolling in this dump. But maybe now it'll rise from the ashes. I've just been to Petersens' Barn with the millionairess and that shopkeeper Ill. I witnessed a moving scene. Both parties maintained a meditative pause, as in church. I was embarrassed. I therefore did not follow them when they went to Konrad's Village Wood. Say, that was a real procession. The sedan-chair first, then Ill walking beside it, then the Butler, then her seventh husband last with his fishing-rod.	460
SCHOOLMASTER:	That conspicuous consumption of husbands; she's a second Laïs.	
POLICEMAN:	And those two little fat men. The devil knows what it all means.	
SCHOOLMASTER:	Sinister. An ascent from the infernal regions.	465
MAYOR:	I wonder what they're after, in Konrad's Village Wood.	
POLICEMAN:	The same as in Petersens' Barn, Mister Mayor. They're calling in on the places where their passion used to burn, as they say.	
SCHOOLMASTER:	Flame, flame. Remember Shakespeare: Romeo and Juliet. Gentlemen: I'm stirred. I sense the grandeur of antiquity in Guellen. I've never sensed it here before.	475
MAYOR:	Gentlemen: we must drink a special toast to Ill – a man who's doing all a man can to better our lot. To our most popular citizen: to my successor! <i>(The Hotel Apostle is removed. Enter the four citizens, left, with a simple, backless wooden bench, which they set down, left. MAN ONE, with a huge, pasteboard heart hanging from his neck, on it the letters A ↑ C, climbs on to the bench. The others stand round him in a half-circle, holding twigs at arm's length to designate trees.)</i>	480
	MAN ONE:	485
	We are trees, we're pine and spruce	
	MAN TWO:	
	We are beech, and dark-green fir	
	MAN THREE:	
	Lichen, moss and climbing ivy	490
	MAN FOUR:	
	Undergrowth and lair of fox	
	MAN ONE:	
	Drifting cloud and call of bird	
	MAN TWO:	495
	We are the woodland wilderness	
	MAN THREE:	
	Toadstool, and the timid deer	
	MAN FOUR:	
	And rustling leaves; and bygone dreams.	500
	<i>(The two gum-chewing brutes emerge from background bearing</i>	

sedan-chair with CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN, ILL at her side. Behind her; HUSBAND VII. BUTLER brings up rear, leading blind pair by the hand.)

- CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: It's the Konrad's Village Wood. Roby, Toby, stop a moment. 505
 BLIND PAIR: Stop, Roby and Toby, stop, Boby and Moby.
 (CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN *descends from sedan-chair, surveys wood.*)
- CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: There's the heart with our two names on it, Alfred. Almost faded away, and grown apart. And the tree's grown. The trunk and branches have thickened. The way we have ourselves. 510
 (CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN *crosses to other trees.*)
 A woodland bower. It's a long time since I last walked through these woods, in my young days, frolicking in the foliage and the purple ivy. You brutes just go and chew your gum behind the bushes, and take your sedan-chair with you; I don't want to look at your mugs all the time. And Moby, stroll away over to that stream on the right, there, and look at the fish. 515
 (Exit brutes, left, with sedan-chair. Exit HUSBAND VII, right. CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN *sits on bench.*) 520
 Look, a doe.
 (MAN THREE *springs off.*)
- ILL: It's the close season.
 (Sits next to her.)
- CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: We kissed each other on this spot. More than fifty years ago. We loved each other under these boughs, under these bushes, among these toadstools on the moss. I was seventeen, and you weren't quite twenty. Then you married Matilda Blumhard with her little general store, and I married old Zachanassian with his millions from Armenia. He found me in a brothel. In Hamburg. It was my red hair took his fancy; the old, gold lecher! 525
 530
- ILL: Clara!
- CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: Boby, a Henry Clay.
 BLIND PAIR: A Henry Clay, a Henry Clay.
 (BUTLER *comes out of background, passes her a cigar, lights it.*) 535
- CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: I'm fond of cigars. I suppose I ought to smoke my husband's produce; but I don't trust them.
- ILL: It was for your sake I married Matilda Blumhard.
- CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: She had money.
- ILL: You were young and beautiful. The future belonged to you. I wanted you to be happy. So I had to renounce being happy myself. 540
- CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: And now the future's here.
- ILL: If you'd stayed here, you'd have been ruined like me.
- CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: Are you ruined?
- ILL: A broken-down shopkeeper in a broken-down town. 545
- CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: Now it's me who has money.
- ILL: I've been living in hell since you went away from me.
- CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: And I've grown into hell itself.
- ILL: Always rowing with my family. They blame me for being poor.
- CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: Didn't little Matilda make you happy? 550
- ILL: Your happiness is what matters.
- CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: Your children?
- ILL: No sense of ideals.
- CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: They'll develop one soon.
 (He says nothing. Both gaze at the wood of childhood memory.) 555
- ILL: I lead a laughable life. Never once really managed to leave this township. One trip to Berlin and one to Tessin. That's all.

CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN:	Why bother, anyway. I know what the world's like.	
ILL:	Because you've always been able to travel.	
CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN:	Because I own it.	560
	<i>(He says nothing; she smokes.)</i>	
ILL:	Everything's going to be different now.	
CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN:	Sure.	
ILL:	<i>(watches her)</i> . Are you going to help us?	
CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN:	I shan't leave my home-town in the lurch.	565
ILL:	We need thousands.	
CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN:	That's nothing.	
ILL:	<i>(enthusiastically)</i> . My little wildcat! <i>(Moved, he slaps her on left shoulder, then painfully withdraws hand.)</i>	570
CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN:	That hurt. You hit one of the straps for my artificial leg. <i>(MAN ONE pulls pipe and rusty door-key from trousers-pocket, taps on pipe with key.)</i> A woodpecker.	
ILL:	Now it's the way it used to be when we were young and bold, when we went out walking in Konrad's Village Wood, in the days of our young love. And the sun was a dazzling orb, above the pine-trees. And far away a few wisps of cloud, and somewhere in the woodland you could hear a cuckoo calling.	575
MAN FOUR:	Cuckoo, cuckoo!	580
	<i>(ILL lays hand on MAN ONE.)</i>	
ILL:	Cool wood, and the wind in the boughs, souging like the sea-surge. <i>(The three men who are trees begin huffing and puffing and waving their arms up and down.)</i>	
	Ah, my little sorceress, if only time had really dissolved. If only life hadn't put us asunder.	585
CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN:	Would you wish that?	
ILL:	That above all, above all. I do love you! <i>(Kisses her right hand.)</i> The same, cool white hand.	590
CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN:	No, you're wrong. It's artificial too. Ivory. <i>(ILL, horrified, releases her hand.)</i>	
ILL:	Clara, are you all artificial?	
CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN:	Practically. My plane crashed in Afghanistan. I was the only one who crawled out of the wreckage. Even the crew died. I'm unkillable.	595
BLIND PAIR:	She's unkillable, she's unkillable. <i>(Ceremonial oom-pah music. The Hotel Apostle appears again. Guelleners bring in tables, wretched, tattered tablecloths, cutlery, crockery, food. One table, centre, one left, and one right, parallel to audience. Priest comes out of background. More Guelleners flock in, among them a GYMNAST. MAYOR, SCHOOLMASTER and POLICEMAN reappear.</i>	600
	<i>The Guelleners applaud. MAYOR crosses to bench where CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN and ILL are sitting; the trees have metamorphosed back into citizens and move away upstage.)</i>	605
MAYOR:	The storm of applause is for you, my dear lady.	
CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN:	It's for the town band, Mister Mayor. It was a capital performance: and the Athletics Club did a wonderful pyramid. I love men in shorts and vests. They look so natural.	
MAYOR:	May I escort you to your place? <i>(He escorts CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN to her place at table, centre, introduces her to his wife.)</i> My wife.	610

- (CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN *examines wife through lorgnette.*)
 CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: Annie Dummermut, top of our class. 615
 (MAYOR *introduces her to a second woman, as worn out and embittered as his wife.*)
 MAYOR: Mrs Ill.
 CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: Matilda Blumhard. I can remember you lying in wait for Alfred behind the shop door. You've grown very thin and pale, my dear. 620
 (DOCTOR *hurries in, right; a squat, thick-set fifty-year-old; moustachioed, bristly black hair, scarred face, threadbare frock-coat.*)
 DOCTOR: Just managed to do it, in my old Mercedes.
 MAYOR: Doctor Nuesslin, our physician. 625
 (CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN *examines DOCTOR through lorgnette as he kisses her hand.*)
 CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: Interesting. Do you make out Death Certificates?
 DOCTOR: *(taken off guard)*. Death Certificates?
 CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: If someone should die? 630
 DOCTOR: Of course, Madam. It's my duty. As decreed by the authorities.
 CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: Next time, diagnose heart attack.
 ILL: *(laughs)*. Delicious, simply delicious.
 (CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN *turns from DOCTOR to inspect GYMNAST, clad in shorts and vest.*) 635
 CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: Do another exercise.
 (GYMNAST *bends knees, flexes arms.*)
 GYMNAST: Marvellous muscles. Ever used your strength for strangling?
 (stiffens in consternation at knees-bend position). For strangling?
 CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: Now just bend your arms back again, Mister Gymnast, then forward into a press-up. 640
 ILL: *(laughs)*. Clara has such a golden sense of humour! I could die laughing at one of her jokes!
 DOCTOR: *(still disconcerted)*. I wonder. They chill me to the marrow.
 ILL: *(stage whisper)*. She's promised us hundreds of thousands. 645
 MAYOR: *(gasps)*. Hundreds of thousands?
 ILL: Hundreds of thousands.
 DOCTOR: God Almighty.
 (The millionairess turns away from GYMNAST.)
 CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: And now, Mister Mayor, I'm hungry. 650
 MAYOR: We were just waiting for your husband, my dear lady.
 CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: You needn't. He's fishing. And I'm getting a divorce.
 MAYOR: A divorce?
 CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: Moby'll be surprised too. I'm marrying a German film star.
 MAYOR: But you told us it was a very happy marriage. 655
 CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: All my marriages are happy. But when I was a child I used to dream of a wedding in Guellen Cathedral. You should always fulfil your childhood dreams. It'll be a grand ceremony.
 (All sit. CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN *takes her place between MAYOR and ILL. ILL's wife beside ILL, MAYOR's wife beside MAYOR. SCHOOLMASTER, PRIEST and POLICEMAN at separate table, right. The four citizens left. In background, more guests of honour, with wives. Above, the banner: 'Welcome Clarie'. MAYOR stands, beaming with joy, serviette already in position, and taps on his glass.*) 660
 MAYOR: My dear lady, fellow-citizens. Forty-five years have flowed by since you left our little town, our town founded by Crown Prince Hasso the Noble, our town so pleasantly nestling between Konrad's Village Wood and Pückenried Valley. Forty-five years, more than 665

- four decades, it's a long time. Many things have happened since then, many bitter things. It has gone sadly with the world, gone sadly with us. And yet we have never, my dear lady – our Clarie (*applause*) – never forgotten you. Neither you, nor your family. Your mother, that magnificent and robustly healthy creature (ILL *whispers something to him*) tragically and prematurely torn from our midst by tuberculosis, and your father, that popular figure, who built the building by the station which experts and laymen still visit so often (ILL *whispers something to him*) – still admire so much, they both live on in our thoughts, for they were of our best, our worthiest. And you too, my dear lady: who, as you gambolled through our streets – our streets, alas, so sadly decrepit nowadays – you, a curly-headed, blonde (ILL *whispers something to him*) – redheaded madcap, who did not know you? Even then, everyone could sense the magic in your personality, foresee your approaching rise to humanity's dizzy heights. (*Takes out his notebook.*) You were never forgotten. Literally never. Even now, the staff at school hold up your achievements as an example to others, and in nature studies – the most essential ones – they were astonishing, a revelation of your sympathy for every living creature, indeed for all things in need of protection. And even then, people far and wide were moved to wonder at your love of justice, at your sense of generosity. (*Huge applause.*) For did not our Clarie obtain food for an old widow, buying potatoes with that pocket-money so hardly earned from neighbours, and thereby save the old lady from dying of hunger, to mention but one of her deeds of charity. (*Huge applause.*) My dear lady, my dear Guelleners, that happy temperament has now developed from those tender seeds to an impressive flowering, and our redheaded madcap has become a lady whose generosity stirs the world; we need only think of her social work, of her maternity homes and her soup kitchens, of her art foundations and her children's nurseries, and now, therefore, I ask you to give three cheers for the prodigal returned: Hip, Hip, Hip, Hurrah! (*Applause.*)
- (CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN *gets to her feet.*)
- CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: Mister Mayor, Guelleners. I am moved by your unselfish joy in my visit. As a matter of fact I was somewhat different from the child I seem to be in the Mayor's speech. When I went to school, I was thrashed. And I stole the potatoes for Widow Boll, aided by Ill; not to save the old bawd from dying of hunger, but just for once to sleep with Ill in a more comfortable bed than Konrad's Village Wood or Petersens' Barn. None the less, as my contribution to this joy of yours, I want to tell you I'm ready to give Guellen one million. Five hundred thousand for the town and five hundred thousand to be shared among each family. (*Deathly silence.*)
- MAYOR: (*stammers*). One million. (*Everyone still dumbstruck.*)
- CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: On one condition. (*Everyone bursts into undescrivable jubilation, dancing round, standing on chairs, GYMNAST performing acrobatics, etc. ILL pounds his chest enthusiastically.*)
- ILL: There's Clara for you! What a jewel! She takes your breath away! Just like her, O my little sorceress! (*Kisses her.*)
- MAYOR: Madam: you said, on one condition. May I ask, on what condition?

- CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: I'll tell you on what condition. I'm giving you a million, and I'm buying myself justice.
(*Deathly silence.*)
- MAYOR: My dear lady, what do you mean by that?
- CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: What I said. 730
- MAYOR: Justice can't be bought.
- CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: Everything can be bought.
- MAYOR: I still don't understand.
- CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: Bobby. Step forward.
(*BUTLER steps forward, from right to centre, between the three tables. Takes off his dark glasses.*) 735
- BUTLER: I don't know if any of you here still recognize me.
- SCHOOLMASTER: Chief Justice Courtly.
- BUTLER: Right. Chief Justice Courtly. Forty-five years ago, I was Lord Chief Justice in Guellen. I was later called to the Kaffigen Court of Appeal until, twenty-five years ago it is now, Madam Zachanassian offered me the post of Butler in her service. A somewhat unusual career, indeed, I grant you, for an academic man, however, the salary involved was really quite fantastic ... 740
- CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: Get to the point, Bobby. 745
- BUTLER: As you may have gathered, Madam Claire Zachanassian is offering you the sum of one million pounds, in return for which she insists that justice be done. In other words, Madam Zachanassian will give you all a million if you right the wrong she was done in Guellen. Mr Ill, if you please. 750
(*ILL stands. He is pale, startled, wondering.*)
- ILL: What do you want of me?
- BUTLER: Step forward, Mr Ill.
- ILL: Sure.
(*Steps forward, to front of table, right. Laughs uneasily. Shrugs.*) 755
- BUTLER: The year was nineteen ten. I was Lord Chief Justice in Guellen. I had a paternity claim to arbitrate. Claire Zachanassian, at the time Clara Wascher, claimed that you, Mr Ill, were her child's father.
(*ILL keeps quiet.*)
- At that time, Mr Ill, you denied paternity. You called two witnesses. 760
- ILL: Oh, it's an old story. I was young, thoughtless.
- CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: Toby and Roby, bring in Koby and Loby.
(*The two gum-chewing giants lead pair of blind eunuchs on to centre of stage, blind pair gaily holding hands.*) 765
- BLIND PAIR: We're on the spot, we're on the spot!
- BUTLER: Do you recognize these two, Mr Ill?
(*ILL keeps quiet.*)
- BLIND PAIR: We're Koby and Loby, we're Koby and Loby.
- ILL: I don't know them. 770
- BLIND PAIR: We've changed a lot, we've changed a lot!
- BUTLER: Say your names.
- FIRST BLIND MAN: Jacob Chicken, Jacob Chicken.
- SECOND BLIND MAN: Louis Perch, Louis Perch.
- BUTLER: Now, Mr Ill. 775
- ILL: I know nothing about them.
- BUTLER: Jacob Chicken and Louis Perch, do you know Mr Ill?
- BLIND PAIR: We're blind, we're blind.
- BUTLER: Do you know him by his voice?
- BLIND PAIR: By his voice, by his voice. 780
- BUTLER: In nineteen ten, I was Judge and you the witnesses. Louis Perch

	and Jacob Chicken, what did you swear on oath to the Court of Guellen?	
BLIND PAIR:	We'd slept with Clara, we'd slept with Clara.	
BUTLER:	You swore it on oath, before me. Before the Court. Before God. Was it the truth?	785
BLIND PAIR:	We swore a false oath, we swore a false oath.	
BUTLER:	Why, Jacob Chicken and Louis Perch?	
BLIND PAIR:	Ill bribed us, Ill bribed us.	
BUTLER:	With what did he bribe you?	790
BLIND PAIR:	With a pint of brandy, with a pint of brandy.	
CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN:	And now tell them what I did with you, Koby and Loby.	
BUTLER:	Tell them.	
BLIND PAIR:	The lady tracked us down, the lady tracked us down.	
BUTLER:	Correct. Claire Zachanassian tracked you down. To the ends of the earth. Jacob Chicken had emigrated to Canada and Louis Perch to Australia. But she tracked you down. And then what did she do with you?	795
BLIND PAIR:	She gave us to Toby and Roby, she gave us to Toby and Roby.	
BUTLER:	And what did Toby and Roby do to you?	800
BLIND PAIR:	Castrated and blinded us, castrated and blinded us.	
BUTLER:	And there you have the full story. One Judge, one accused, two false witnesses: a miscarriage of justice in the year nineteen ten. Isn't that so, plaintiff?	
CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN:	<i>(stands)</i> . That is so.	805
ILL:	<i>(stamping on floor)</i> . It's over and done with, dead and buried! It's an old, crazy story.	
BUTLER:	What happened to the child, plaintiff?	
CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN:	<i>(gently)</i> . It lived one year.	
BUTLER:	What happened to you?	810
CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN:	I became a prostitute.	
BUTLER:	What made you one?	
CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN:	The judgment of that court made me one.	
BUTLER:	And now you desire justice, Claire Zachanassian?	
CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN:	I can afford it. A million for Guellen if someone kills Alfred III. <i>(Deathly silence. MRS ILL rushes to ILL, flings her arms round him.)</i>	815
MRS ILL:	Freddy!	
ILL:	My little sorceress! You can't ask that! It was long ago. Life went on.	820
CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN:	Life went on, and I've forgotten nothing, Ill. Neither Konrad's Village Wood, nor Petersens' Barn; neither Widow Boll's bedroom, nor your treachery. And now we're old, the pair of us. You decrepit, and me cut to bits by the surgeons' knives. And now I want accounts between us settled. You chose your life, but you forced me into mine. A moment ago you wanted time turned back, in that wood so full of the past, where we spent our young years. Well I'm turning it back now, and I want justice. Justice for a million.	825
	<i>(MAYOR stands, pale, dignified.)</i>	830
MAYOR:	Madam Zachanassian: you forget, this is Europe. In the name of all citizens of Guellen, I reject your offer; and I reject it in the name of humanity. We would rather have poverty than blood on our hands.	
	<i>(Huge applause.)</i>	835
CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN:	I'll wait.	

ACT TWO

	<i>The little town. (Only in outline.) In background, the Golden Apostle Hotel, exterior view. Faded 'art nouveau' architecture. Balcony. Right, a sign, 'Alfred Ill: General Store', above a grimy shop-counter backed by shelves displaying old stock. Whenever anyone enters the imaginary door, a bell rings, tinnily. Left, a sign, 'Police', above a wooden table, on it a telephone. Two chairs. It is morning. ROBY and TOBY, chewing gum, enter, left, bearing wreaths and flowers as at a funeral, cross stage and enter, back, the hotel, ILL at a window, watching them. His DAUGHTER on her knees scrubbing floor. His SON puts a cigarette in his mouth.</i>	840
ILL:	Wreaths.	
SON:	They bring them in from the station every morning.	
ILL:	For the empty coffin in the Golden Apostle.	
SON:	It doesn't scare anyone.	850
ILL:	The town's on my side. (SON lights cigarette.) Mother coming down for breakfast?	
DAUGHTER:	She's staying upstairs. Says she's tired.	
ILL:	You've a good mother, children. That's a fact. I just want you to know. A good mother. Let her stay upstairs, rest, save her energy. In that case, <i>we'll</i> have breakfast together. It's a long time since we've done that. I suggest eggs and a tin of American Ham. We'll do ourselves proud. Like in the good old days, when the Sunshine Foundry was still booming.	855
SON:	You'll have to excuse me. (Stubs out cigarette.)	860
ILL:	Aren't you going to eat with us, Karl?	
SON:	I'm going to the station. There's a railwayman off sick. Maybe they want a temporary.	865
ILL:	Railroad work in the blazing sun is no job for my boy.	
SON:	It's better than no job. (Exit SON. DAUGHTER stands.)	
DAUGHTER:	I'm going too, father.	
ILL:	You too? I see. May one ask my lady where?	870
DAUGHTER:	To the Labour Exchange. They may have a vacancy. (Exit DAUGHTER. ILL, upset, takes out handkerchief, blows nose.)	
ILL:	Good kids, fine kids (A few bars of guitar-music twang down from balcony.)	875
VOICE OF CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN:	Boby, pass me my left leg.	
VOICE OF BUTLER:	I can't find it, Madam.	
VOICE OF CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN:	On the chest of drawers behind the wedding flowers. (Enter MAN ONE, as first customer; he goes through imaginary door into ILL's shop.)	880
ILL:	'Morning, Hofbauer.	
MAN ONE:	Cigarettes.	
ILL:	Same as usual?	
MAN ONE:	Not those, I want the green ones.	
ILL:	They cost more.	885

MAN ONE:	On account.	
ILL:	Since it's you, Hofbauer, and we should all stick together.	
MAN ONE:	That's a guitar playing.	
ILL:	One of those Sing Sing gangsters. (BLIND PAIR <i>walk out of hotel carrying rods and other appurtenances proper to fishing.</i>)	890
BLIND PAIR:	Lovely morning, Alfred, lovely morning.	
ILL:	Go to hell.	
BLIND PAIR:	We're going fishing, we're going fishing. (Exit BLIND PAIR, left.)	895
MAN ONE:	Gone to Guellen Pond.	
ILL:	With her seventh husband's fishing tackle.	
MAN ONE:	They say he's lost his tobacco plantations.	
ILL:	They belong to the millionairess.	
MAN ONE:	The eighth wedding will be gigantic. She announced their engagement yesterday.	900
	 (CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN <i>appears on balcony in background, dressed for the morning. Moves her right hand, her left leg. Sporadic notes plucked on the guitar accompany the balcony scene which follows, after the fashion of opera-recitative, pointing the text now with a waltz, now with snatches of national or traditional songs, anthems etc.</i>)	905
CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN:	I'm assembled again. Roby, the Armenian folk-song! (Guitar music.)	
	Zachanassian's favourite tune. He used to love listening to it. Every morning. An exemplary man, that old tycoon. With a veritable navy of oil tankers. And racing-stables. And millions more in cash. It was worth a marriage. A great teacher, and a great dancer; a real devil. I've copied him completely.	910
	 (Two women come in, hand ILL milk-cans.)	915
FIRST WOMAN:	Milk, Mr Ill.	
SECOND WOMAN:	My can, Mr Ill.	
ILL:	A very good morning to you. A quart of milk for the ladies. (Opens a milk-drum, prepares to ladle milk.)	
FIRST WOMAN:	Jersey milk, Mr Ill.	920
SECOND WOMAN:	Two quarts of Jersey, Mr Ill.	
ILL:	Jersey. (Opens another drum, ladles milk.)	
	 (CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN <i>assesses morning critically through lorgnette.</i>)	925
CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN:	A fine autumn morning. Light mist in the streets, a silvery haze, and the sky above precisely the shade of violet-blue Count Holk used to paint. My third husband. The Foreign Minister. He used to spend his holidays painting. They were hideous paintings. (She sits, with elaborate ceremony.)	930
	The count was a hideous person.	
FIRST WOMAN:	And butter. Half a pound.	
SECOND WOMAN:	And super-bread. Four large loaves.	
ILL:	I see we've had a legacy, ladies.	
THE TWO WOMEN:	On account.	935
ILL:	Share the rough and share the smooth.	
FIRST WOMAN:	And a bar of chocolate.	

SECOND WOMAN:	Two bars.	
ILL:	On account?	
FIRST WOMAN:	On account.	940
SECOND WOMAN:	We'll eat those here, Mr Ill.	
FIRST WOMAN:	It's much nicer here, Mr Ill. (<i>They sit at back of shop eating chocolate.</i>)	
CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN:	A Winston. I will try that brand my seventh husband made, just once, now I've divorced him; poor Moby, with his fishing passion. He must be so sad sitting in the Portugal Express. (<i>BUTLER hands her a cigar, gives her a light.</i>)	945
MAN ONE:	Look, sitting on the balcony, puffing at her cigar.	
ILL:	Always some wickedly expensive brand.	
MAN ONE:	Sheer extravagance. She ought to be ashamed, in front of the poor.	950
CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN:	(<i>smoking</i>). Curious. Quite smokeable.	
ILL:	Her plan's misfired. I'm an old sinner, Hofbauer – who isn't? It was a mean trick I played on her when I was a kid, but the way they all rejected the offer, all the Guelleners in the Golden Apostle unanimously, that was the finest moment of my life.	955
CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN:	Boby. Whisky. Neat. (<i>Enter MAN TWO, as second customer, poor and tattered and torn, like everyone else.</i>)	
MAN TWO:	'Morning. It'll be a hot day.	960
MAN ONE:	Very fine and warm for the time of the year.	
ILL:	Extraordinary custom this morning. Not a soul for as long as you like and suddenly these past few days they're flocking in.	
MAN ONE:	We'll stick by you. We'll stick by <i>our</i> Ill. Come what may.	
THE TWO WOMEN:	(<i>munching chocolate</i>). Come what may, Mr Ill, come what may.	965
MAN TWO:	Remember, you're the town's most popular personality.	
MAN ONE:	Our most important personality.	
MAN TWO:	You'll be elected Mayor in spring.	
MAN ONE:	It's dead certain.	
THE TWO WOMEN:	(<i>munching chocolate</i>). Dead certain, Mr Ill, dead certain.	970
MAN TWO:	Brandy. (<i>ILL reaches to shelf.</i>) (<i>BUTLER serves whisky.</i>)	
CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN:	Wake the new guy. Can't bear my husbands sleeping all the time.	
ILL:	Five and three.	975
MAN TWO:	Not that.	
ILL:	It's what you always drink.	
MAN TWO:	Cognac.	
ILL:	It costs thirty-seven and nine. No one can afford that.	
MAN TWO:	Got to give yourself a treat sometimes. (<i>A girl rushes headlong over stage, pursued by Toby.</i>)	980
FIRST WOMAN:	(<i>munching chocolate</i>). It's a scandal, the way Louisa behaves.	
SECOND WOMAN:	(<i>munching chocolate</i>). And to make matters worse she's engaged to that blond musician in Gunpowder Street. (<i>ILL takes down Cognac.</i>)	985

ILL:	Cognac.	
MAN TWO:	And tobacco. For my pipe.	
ILL:	Tobacco.	
MAN TWO:	The Export. (ILL totals account.)	990
<i>(HUSBAND VIII appears on balcony – the film star, tall, slender, red moustache, bath-robe. May be played by same actor as HUSBAND VII.)</i>		
HUSBAND VIII:	Isn't it divine, Hopsi? Our first engagement breakfast. Really a dream. A little balcony, the lime-tree rustling, the Town Hall fountain softly plashing, a few hens scampering right across the sidewalk, housewives' voices chattering away over their little daily cares and there, beyond the roof-tops, the Cathedral spires!	995
CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN:	Sit down, Hoby. Stop babbling. I can see the landscape. And thoughts aren't your strong point.	1000
MAN TWO:	She's sitting up there with her husband now.	
FIRST WOMAN:	<i>(munching chocolate)</i> . Her eighth.	
SECOND WOMAN:	<i>(munching chocolate)</i> . Handsome gentleman. Acts in films. My daughter saw him as the poacher in a country-life feature.	
FIRST WOMAN:	I saw him when he was the priest in a Graham Greene. (CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN is kissed by HUSBAND VIII. Guitar twangs chords.)	1005
MAN TWO:	You can get anything you want with money. <i>(Spits.)</i>	
MAN ONE:	Not from us. <i>(Bangs fist on table.)</i>	
ILL:	One pound three shillings and threepence.	1010
MAN TWO:	On account.	
ILL:	I'll make an exception this week; only you make sure you pay on the first, when the dole's due. (MAN TWO crosses to door.)	
ILL:	Helmesberger! (MAN TWO halts. ILL goes after him.)	1015
MAN TWO:	You're wearing new shoes. New yellow shoes. So what? (ILL stares at MAN ONE's feet.)	
ILL:	You too, Hofbauer. You're wearing new shoes too. <i>(His gaze alights on the women; he walks slowly towards them, terror-stricken.)</i>	1020
MAN ONE:	You too. New shoes. New yellow shoes. What's so extraordinary about new shoes?	
MAN TWO:	You can't go around in the same old shoes for ever.	1025
ILL:	New shoes. How did you all get new shoes?	
THE TWO WOMEN:	We got them on account, Mr Ill, we got them on account.	
ILL:	You got them on account. You got things on account from me too. Better tobacco, better milk, Cognac. Why are all the shops suddenly giving you credit?	1030
MAN TWO:	You're giving us credit too.	
ILL:	How are you going to pay? <i>(Silence. He begins throwing his wares at the customers. They all run away.)</i>	
ILL:	How are you going to pay? How are you going to pay? How? How? <i>(He rushes off, back.)</i>	1035

- HUSBAND VIII: Township's getting rowdy.
 CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: Village life.
 HUSBAND VIII: Seems to be trouble in the shop down there. 1040
 CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: Hagglng over the price of meat.
 (*Chords on guitar, fortissimo. HUSBAND VIII leaps up, horrified.*)
- HUSBAND VIII: Hopsi, for heaven's sake! Did you hear that?
 CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: The Black Panther. Spitting a little. 1045
 HUSBAND VIII: (*awestruck*). A Black Panther?
 CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: From the Pasha of Marakeesh. A present. He's loping around in the hall. A great wicked cat with flashing eyes. I'm very fond of him.
- (*POLICEMAN sits down at table, left. Drinks beer. Slow, portentous manner of speech. ILL arrives from back of stage.*) 1050
- CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: You may serve, Boby.
- POLICEMAN: Ill. What can I do for you? Take a seat.
 (*ILL remains standing.*)
 You're trembling. 1055
- ILL: I demand the arrest of Claire Zachanassian.
 (*POLICEMAN thumbs tobacco into his pipe, lights it, comfortably.*)
- POLICEMAN: Peculiar. Highly peculiar.
 (*BUTLER serves breakfast, brings mail.*) 1060
- ILL: I demand it as future Mayor.
 (*puffing clouds of smoke*). We have not yet held the elections.
 ILL: Arrest that woman on the spot.
 POLICEMAN: What you mean is, you wish to charge this lady. It is then for the police to decide whether or not to arrest her. Has she infringed the law? 1065
- ILL: She's inciting the people of our town to kill me.
 POLICEMAN: So now you want me to walk up to the lady and arrest her.
 (*Pours himself beer.*)
- CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: The mail. From a number of World leaders. They send congratulations. 1070
- ILL: It's your duty.
 POLICEMAN: Peculiar. Highly peculiar.
 (*Drinks beer.*)
- ILL: It's only natural. Perfectly natural. 1075
 POLICEMAN: My dear Ill, it's not as natural as all that. Now let's examine the matter soberly. The lady makes an offer of one million to the town of Guellen in exchange for your – you know what I'm talking about, of course. True, true, I was there. All this notwithstanding, no sufficient grounds are thereby constituted for the police taking action against Mrs Claire Zachanassian. We must abide by the law. 1080
- ILL: Incitement to murder.
 POLICEMAN: Now listen here, Ill. We would only have a case of incitement to murder if the proposal to murder you were meant seriously. So much is obvious. 1085
- ILL: That's what I'm saying.

- POLICEMAN: Exactly. Now, this proposal cannot be meant seriously, because one million is an exorbitant price, you have to admit that yourself. People offer a hundred, or maybe two hundred, for a job like that, not a penny more, you can bet your life on it. Which again proves the proposal wasn't meant seriously, and even if it had been the police couldn't take the lady seriously, because in that case she'd be mad. Get it? 1090
- ILL: Inspector. This proposal threatens *me*, whether the woman happens to be mad or not. That's only logical. 1095
- POLICEMAN: Illogical. You can't be threatened by a proposal, only by the execution of a proposal. Show me one genuine attempt to execute that proposal, for example one man who's been pointing a gun at you, and I'll be on the spot in a flash. But no one, in point of fact, has any wish to execute the proposal; quite the contrary. That demonstration in the Golden Apostle was extremely impressive. It was a while ago now, but allow me to congratulate you. 1100
(*Drinks beer.*)
- ILL: I'm not quite so sure, Inspector.
- POLICEMAN: Not quite so sure? 1105
- ILL: My customers are buying better milk, better bread, better cigarettes.
- POLICEMAN: But you ought to be overjoyed! Business is better!
(*Drinks beer.*)
- CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: Bobby, buy up Dupont Shares. 1110
- ILL: Helmesberger's been in buying Cognac. A man who hasn't earned a cent for years and lives on Poor Relief soup.
- POLICEMAN: I'll have a tot of that Cognac this evening. Helmesberger's invited me over.
(*Drinks beer.*) 1115
- ILL: Everyone's wearing new shoes. New yellow shoes.
- POLICEMAN: Whatever can you have against new shoes? I've got a new pair on myself.
(*Displays feet.*)
- ILL: You too. 1120
- POLICEMAN: Look.
- ILL: Yellow as well. And you're drinking Pilsener Beer.
- POLICEMAN: Tastes good.
- ILL: You always used to drink local beer.
- POLICEMAN: Filthy stuff. 1125
(*Radio music.*)
- ILL: Listen.
- POLICEMAN: What?
- ILL: Music.
- POLICEMAN: *The Merry Widow.* 1130
- ILL: A radio.
- POLICEMAN: It's Hagholzer next door. He ought to keep his window shut.
(*Makes note in little notebook.*)
- ILL: How did Hagholzer get a radio?
- POLICEMAN: That's his business. 1135
- ILL: And you, Inspector, how are you going to pay for your Pilsener Beer and your new shoes?
- POLICEMAN: That's my business.
(*Telephone on table rings. POLICEMAN picks up receiver.*)
- POLICEMAN: Guellen Police Station. 1140

- CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: Bobby, telephone the Russians and tell them I accept their offer.
- POLICEMAN: O.K., we'll see to it.
- ILL: And how are my customers going to pay?
- POLICEMAN: That doesn't concern the police.
(*Stands, takes rifle from back of chair.*) 1145
- ILL: But it does concern me. Because it's me they're going to pay with.
- POLICEMAN: Nobody's threatening you.
(*Begins loading rifle.*)
- ILL: The town's getting into debt. The greater the debt, the higher the standard of living. The higher the standard of living, the greater the need to kill me. And all that woman has to do is sit on her balcony, drink coffee, smoke cigars and wait. That's all. Just wait. 1150
- POLICEMAN: You're imagining things.
- ILL: You're all just waiting.
(*Bangs on table.*) 1155
- POLICEMAN: You've been drinking too much brandy.
(*Checks rifle.*)
- There. Now it's loaded. Set your mind at rest. The police are here to enforce respect for the law, to maintain order and protect the individual. They know their duty. If the faintest suspicion of a threat to you arises, wheresoever it arises, from whatsoever source, the police will step in, Mr Ill, you can rely upon it. 1160
- ILL: (*softly*). Then how do you explain that gold tooth in your mouth, Inspector?
- POLICEMAN: What? 1165
- ILL: A gleaming new gold tooth.
- POLICEMAN: Are you crazy?
(*At this point ILL perceives the gun-barrel is now directed at himself, and his hands go slowly up.*)
- I've no time to argue over your ravings, man. I've got to go. That screwy millionairess has lost her little lapdog. The black panther. Now I have to hunt it down.
(*Goes towards back of stage and off.*) 1170
- ILL: It's me you're hunting down, me.
- (*CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN is reading a letter.*) 1175
- CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: He's coming, my dress-designer's coming. My fifth husband, my best-looking man. He still creates all my wedding-gowns. Roby, a minuet.
(*Guitar plays a minuet.*)
- HUSBAND VIII: But your fifth was a surgeon. 1180
- CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: My sixth.
(*Opens another letter.*)
- From the Boss of Western Railways.
- HUSBAND VIII: (*astonished*). I've not heard of that one at all.
- CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: My fourth. Impoverished. His shares belong to me. I seduced him in Buckingham Palace. 1185
- HUSBAND VIII: But that was Lord Ishmael.
- CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: So it was. You're right. Hoby. I forgot all about him and his castle in Yorkshire. Then this letter must be from my second. Met him in Cairo. We kissed beneath the Sphinx. A most impressive evening. 1190
- (*Scene-change, right. The sign 'Town Hall' appears. MAN THREE enters, carries off shop-till and shifts counter into position as desk. MAYOR enters. Puts revolver on table, sits. ILL enters, left.*)

ILL: I want to talk to you, Mister Mayor.
MAYOR: Take a seat. 1195
ILL: As man to man. As your successor.
MAYOR: By all means.
(ILL *stays standing, watches revolver.*)
Mrs Zachanassian's panther has escaped. It's climbing around in
the Cathedral. So it's best to be armed. 1200
ILL: Sure.
MAYOR: I've called up all men owning weapons. We're not letting the
children go to school.
ILL: (*suspiciously*). Somewhat drastic measures.
MAYOR: It's big game hunting. 1205

(*Enter BUTLER.*)
BUTLER: The World Bank President, Madam. Just flown in from New York.
CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: I'm not at home. Tell him to fly away again.

MAYOR: What's on your mind? Go on, feel free, unburden yourself.
ILL: (*suspiciously*). That's a fine brand you're smoking there. 1210
MAYOR: A Pegasus. Virginia.
ILL: Pretty expensive.
MAYOR: Well worth the money.
ILL: Your Worship used to smoke another brand.
MAYOR: Sailor's Mates. 1215
ILL: Cheaper.
MAYOR: Far too strong.
ILL: New tie?
MAYOR: Silk.
ILL: And I suppose you bought a pair of shoes? 1220
MAYOR: I had some made in Kalberstadt. That's funny, how did you
know?
ILL: That's why I've come to see you.
MAYOR: Whatever's the matter with you? You look pale. Are you sick?
ILL: I'm scared. 1225
MAYOR: Scared?
ILL: Living standards are going up.
MAYOR: That's real news to me. I'd be glad if they were.
ILL: I demand official protection.
MAYOR: Eh! Whatever for? 1230
ILL: Your Worship knows very well what for.
MAYOR: Don't you trust us?
ILL: There's a million on my head.
MAYOR: Apply to the police.
ILL: I've been to the police. 1235
MAYOR: And that reassured you.
ILL: When the Police Inspector opened his mouth, I saw a gleaming
new gold tooth.
MAYOR: You're forgetting you're in Guellen. A city of Humanist traditions.
Goethe spent a night here. Brahms composed a quartet here. We
owe allegiance to our lofty heritage. 1240
(MAN THREE *enters, left, carrying typewriter.*)
MAN: The new typewriter, Mister Mayor. A Remington.
MAYOR: It's to go in the office.
(MAN *exits, right.*) 1245
We've not deserved your ingratitude. If you're unable to place any
trust in our community, I regret it for your sake. I didn't expect

- such a nihilistic attitude from you. After all, we live under the rule of law.
- ILL: Then arrest that woman. 1250
- MAYOR: Peculiar. Highly peculiar.
- ILL: The Police Inspector said that too.
- MAYOR: God knows, the lady isn't acting so unreasonably. You did bribe two kids to commit perjury and fling a young girl into the lower depths. 1255
- ILL: None the less there were quite a few millions down in those lower depths, Mister Mayor.
(*Silence.*)
- MAYOR: Let me say a few frank words to you.
- ILL: I wish you would. 1260
- MAYOR: As man to man, the way you wanted. You haven't any moral right to demand the arrest of that lady, and furthermore there's no question of your becoming Mayor. I'm extremely sorry to have to tell you.
- ILL: Officially? 1265
- MAYOR: It's an all-party directive.
- ILL: I understand.
(*Crosses slowly to window, left, turns back on MAYOR and stares out.*)
- MAYOR: The fact that we condemn the lady's proposal does not mean we condone the crime which led to that proposal. The post of Mayor requires certain guarantees of good moral character which you can no longer furnish. You must realize that. We shall continue of course to show you the same friendship and regard as ever. That goes without saying. 1270
- (*Roby and Toby enter, left, with more wreaths and flowers, cross the stage and disappear into the Golden Apostle.*)
- The best thing is to pass over the whole affair in silence. I've also requested the local paper not to let any of it get into print.
(*ILL turns.*) 1280
- ILL: They've already begun adorning my coffin, Mister Mayor. For me, silence is too dangerous.
- MAYOR: But my dear Ill, what makes you think that? You ought to be thankful we're spreading a cloak of forgetfulness over the whole nasty business. 1285
- ILL: You've already condemned me to death.
- MAYOR: Mr Ill!
- ILL: That plan proves it! It proves you have!
- CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: Royalty will be coming.
- HUSBAND VIII: Reporters? 1290
- CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: From all over the world. The Press always attend when I get married. They need me, and I need them.
(*Opens another letter.*)
- From Count Holk.
- HUSBAND VIII: Hopsi, this is our first breakfast together. Must you really spend it reading letters from your former husbands? 1295
- CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: I have to keep them under observation.
- HUSBAND VIII: I have problems too.
(*Rises to his feet, stares down into town.*)
- CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: Something wrong with your Porsche? 1300
- HUSBAND VIII: Small towns like this get me down. I know the lime-tree's rustling, the birds are singing, the fountain's plashing, but they were all

doing all that half an hour ago. And nothing else is happening at all, either to the landscape or to the people, it's all a picture of deep, carefree peace and contentment and cosy comfort. No grandeur, no tragedy. Not a trace of the spiritual dedication of a great age. 1305

(Enter PRIEST, left, with a rifle slung round his shoulder. Over the table formerly occupied by POLICEMAN he spreads a white cloth marked with a black cross. Leans rifle against wall of hotel. SEXTON helps him on with robe. Darkness.) 1310

PRIEST: Come in, Ill, come into the sacristy.
(ILL comes in, left.)

It's dark in here, dark but cool.

ILL: I don't want to bother you, Father.

PRIEST: The doors of the Church are open to all. 1315
(Perceives that ILL's gaze has settled on the rifle.)

Don't be surprised at this weapon. Mrs Zachanassian's black panther is on the prowl. It's just been up in the choir-loft. Now it's in Petersens' Barn.

ILL: I need help. 1320

PRIEST: What kind of help?

ILL: I'm scared.

PRIEST: Scared? Of whom?

ILL: People.

PRIEST: That the people will kill you, Ill? 1325

ILL: They're hunting me as if I were a wild animal.

PRIEST: You should fear not people, but God; not death in the body, but in the soul. Sexton, button the back of my robe.

(The citizens of Guellen materialize round the entire periphery of the stage; POLICEMAN first, then MAYOR, the four men, PAINTER, SCHOOLMASTER, on patrol, rifles at the ready, stalking round.) 1330

ILL: My life's at stake.

PRIEST: Your eternal life.

ILL: There's a rise in the standard of living. 1335

PRIEST: It's the spectre of your conscience rising.

ILL: The people are happy. The young girls are decking themselves out. The boys have put on bright shirts. The town's getting ready to celebrate my murder, and I'm dying of terror.

PRIEST: All they're doing is affirming life, that's all they're doing, affirming life. 1340

ILL: It's Hell.

PRIEST: You are your own Hell. You are older than I am, and you think you know people, but in the end one only knows oneself. Because you once betrayed a young girl for money, many years ago, do you believe the people will betray you now for money? You impute your own nature to others. All too naturally. The cause of our fear and our sin lies in our own hearts. Once you have acknowledged that, you will have conquered your torment and acquired a weapon whereby to master it. 1345

ILL: The Siemethofers have acquired a washing-machine.

PRIEST: Don't let that trouble you.

ILL: On credit.

PRIEST: You should rather be troubled by your soul's immortality.

ILL: And the Stockers, a television set. 1355

PRIEST: Pray to God. Sexton, my bands.

(SEXTON positions bands round PRIEST.)

- Examine your conscience. Go the way of repentance, or the world will relight the fires of your terror again and again. It is the only way. No other way is open to us. 1360
(Silence. Men and rifles disappear. Shadows round rim of stage. Fire bell begins clanging.)
- Now I must discharge my office, Ill, I have a baptism. The Bible, Sexton, the Liturgy, the Book of Psalms. When little children begin to cry they must be led to safety, into the only ray of light which illumines the world. 1365
(A second bell begins to sound.)
- ILL: A second bell?
 PRIEST: Hear it? Splendid tone. Rich and powerful. Just affirming life.
 ILL: *(cries out)*. You too, Father! You too! 1370
(PRIEST flings himself on ILL, clings to him.)
- PRIEST: Flee! We are all weak, believers and unbelievers. Flee! The Guellen bells are tolling, tolling for treachery. Flee! Lead us not into temptation with your presence. 1375
(Two shots are fired. ILL sinks to ground, PRIEST kneels beside him.)
 Flee! Flee!
- CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: Bobby. They're shooting.
 BUTLER: Yes, Madam, they are.
 CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: What at? 1380
 BUTLER: The black panther escaped, Madam.
 CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: Did they hit him?
 BUTLER: He's dead, Madam, stretched out in front of Ill's shop.
 CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN: Poor little animal. Roby, play a funeral march.
- (Funeral march on guitar. Balcony disappears. Bell rings. Stage set as for opening of Act One. The station. On wall, however, is a new, untorn time-table and, stuck almost anywhere, a great poster depicting brilliant yellow sun, with the legend 'Travel South'. Further along same wall, another, with the legend 'Visit the Passion Plays in Oberammergau'. Amidst buildings in background, a few cranes and a few new roof-tops. Thunderous pounding din of express train rushing through. STATION-MASTER standing on station salutes. ILL emerges from background, one hand clutching little, old suitcase, and looks around. As if by chance, citizens of Guellen come gradually closing in on him from all sides. ILL moves hesitantly, stops.)* 1385
- MAYOR: Hallo, Ill.
 ALL: Hallo! Hallo!
 ILL: *(hesitant)*. Hallo. 1390
- SCHOOLMASTER: Where are you off to with that suitcase?
 ALL: Where are you off to?
 ILL: To the station.
 MAYOR: We'll take you there.
 ALL: We'll take you there! We'll take you there!
(More Guelleners keep arriving.) 1405
- ILL: You don't need to, you really don't. It's not worth the trouble.
 MAYOR: Going away, Ill?
 ILL: I'm going away.
 POLICEMAN: Where are you going?
 ILL: I don't know. First to Kalberstadt, then a bit further to – 1410
 SCHOOLMASTER: Ah! Then a bit further?

ILL:	To Australia, preferably. I'll get the money somehow or other. (<i>Walks on towards station.</i>)	
ALL:	To Australia! To Australia!	
MAYOR:	But why?	1415
ILL:	(<i>uneasily</i>). You can't live in the same place for ever – year in, year out. (<i>Begins running, reaches station. The others amble over in his wake, surround him.</i>)	
MAYOR:	Emigrating to Australia. But that's ridiculous.	1420
DOCTOR:	The most dangerous thing you could do.	
SCHOOLMASTER:	One of those two little eunuchs emigrated to Australia.	
POLICEMAN:	This is the safest place for you.	
ALL:	The safest place, the safest place. (<i>ILL peers fearfully round like a cornered animal.</i>)	1425
ILL:	I wrote to the Chief Constable in Kaffigen.	
POLICEMAN:	And?	
ILL:	No answer.	
SCHOOLMASTER:	Why are you so suspicious? It's incomprehensible.	
MAYOR:	No one wants to kill you.	1430
ALL:	No one, no one.	
ILL:	The Post Office didn't send the letter.	
PAINTER:	Impossible.	
MAYOR:	The Postmaster is a member of the Town Council.	
SCHOOLMASTER:	An honourable man.	1435
ALL:	An honourable man! An honourable man!	
ILL:	Look at this poster: 'Travel South'.	
DOCTOR:	What about it?	
ILL:	'Visit the Passion Plays in Oberammergau'.	
SCHOOLMASTER:	What about it?	1440
ILL:	They're building!	
MAYOR:	What about it?	
ILL:	And you're all wearing new trousers.	
MAN ONE:	What about it?	
ILL:	You're all getting richer, you all own more!	1445
ALL:	What about it? (<i>Bell rings.</i>)	
SCHOOLMASTER:	But you must see how fond we are of you.	
MAYOR:	The whole town's brought you to the station.	
ALL:	The whole town! The whole town!	1450
ILL:	I didn't ask you to come.	
MAN TWO:	We're surely allowed to come and say goodbye to you.	
MAYOR:	As old friends.	
ALL:	As old friends! As old friends! (<i>Noise of train. STATION-MASTER takes up flag. GUARD appears, left, as after jumping down from train.</i>)	1455
GUARD:	(<i>with long-drawn wail</i>). Guellen!	
MAYOR:	Here's your train.	
ALL:	Your train! Your train!	
MAYOR:	Well, have an enjoyable trip, Ill.	1460
ALL:	An enjoyable trip, an enjoyable trip!	
DOCTOR:	And long life and prosperity to you!	
ALL:	Long life and prosperity! (<i>The citizens of Guellen flock round ILL.</i>)	
MAYOR:	It's time. Get on the Kalberstadt train, and God be with you.	1465
POLICEMAN:	And good luck in Australia!	
ALL:	Good luck, good luck!	

ILL:	(ILL <i>stands motionless staring at his compatriots.</i>)	
POLICEMAN:	(<i>softly</i>). Why are you all here?	1470
STATION-MASTER:	Now what do you want?	
ILL:	Take your seats please!	
MAYOR:	Why are you all crowding me?	
ILL:	We're not crowding you at all.	
SCHOOLMASTER:	Let me pass.	1475
ALL:	But we're letting you pass.	
ILL:	We're letting you pass, we're letting you pass.	
POLICEMAN:	Someone'll stop me.	
ILL:	Nonsense. All you need do is get on the train, and you'll see it's nonsense.	
MAYOR:	Get out of the way.	1480
	(<i>No one moves. Several stand where they are, hands in pockets, and stare at him.</i>)	
ILL:	I don't know what you're trying to do. It's up to you to go. Just get on the train.	
SCHOOLMASTER:	Get out of the way!	1485
ILL:	It's simply ridiculous of you to be afraid.	
POLICEMAN:	(ILL <i>falls on knees.</i>)	
ILL:	Why have you all come so close to me!	
POLICEMAN:	The man's gone mad.	
ILL:	You want to stop me going.	1490
MAYOR:	Go on! Get on the train!	
	(<i>Silence.</i>)	
ILL:	(<i>softly</i>). If I get on the train one of you will hold me back.	
ALL:	(<i>emphatically</i>). No we won't! No we won't!	
ILL:	I know you will.	1495
POLICEMAN:	It's nearly time.	
SCHOOLMASTER:	My dear man, will you please get on the train.	
ILL:	I know, I know. Someone will hold me back, someone will hold me back.	
STATION-MASTER:	Stand clear!	1500
	(<i>Waves green flag, blows whistle. GUARD assumes position to jump on train as ILL, surrounded by the citizens of Guellen, his head in his hands, collapses.</i>)	
POLICEMAN:	Look! He's collapsed!	
	(<i>Leaving ILL crumpled in collapse, all walk slowly towards back of stage and disappear.</i>)	1505
ILL:	I am lost!	

Copyright Acknowledgements:

Extract © Friedrich Dürrenmatt; *The Visit*; Jonathan Cape; 1962.

Permission to reproduce items where third-party owned material protected by copyright is included has been sought and cleared where possible. Every reasonable effort has been made by the publisher (UCLES) to trace copyright holders, but if any items requiring clearance have unwittingly been included, the publisher will be pleased to make amends at the earliest possible opportunity.

University of Cambridge International Examinations is part of the Cambridge Assessment Group. Cambridge Assessment is the brand name of University of Cambridge Local Examinations Syndicate (UCLES), which is itself a department of the University of Cambridge.