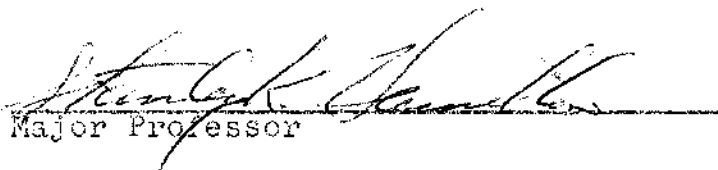
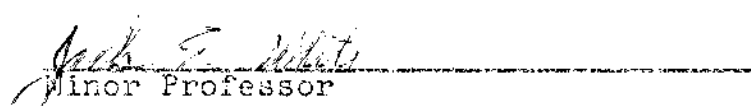
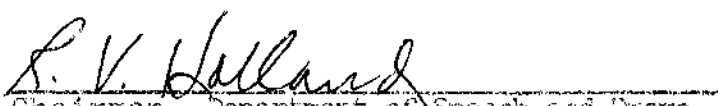



AN ANALYSIS AND PRODUCTION BOOK FOR A  
CONTEMPORARY STAGING OF IRWIN  
SHAW'S BURY THE DEAD

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The problem of this thesis is concerned with the directing and producing of a 1936 peace play, Bury the Dead, by Irwin Shaw. The production attempts to heighten the relevancy of the play to modern audiences. The project experiments with applying contemporary machines and techniques to a dated script containing realistic dialogue, a dualistic point of view, and a surrealistic idea of dead soldiers rising from their graves. The task generates a particular responsibility and challenge in that the use of contemporary machinery must be carefully chosen in such a way that it does not interfere with the message of the play.

The thesis is organized into five chapters. The first chapter is introductory in nature: it reports selected critical commentary on Shaw's play and its original production, the choice of the play, a statement of the problem, and the importance of the play. The second chapter contains an analysis of the play. It presents an analysis in relation to the experimental aspects of the production. It further discusses the director's adaptation in relation to Shaw's purpose and original intent. From this analysis a general concept of production in reference to the style of presentation

is established. The third chapter includes a detailed investigation of the production problems, including changes made to the original script, the stage setting, casting, rehearsal, publicity, contemporary machinery, lighting and sound. The fourth chapter contains the script and the production notes and shows how the play was staged in terms of movement and placement of actors on stage. Chapter V relates the director's evaluation and examines the final results of the production in relation to the problem areas cited in Chapter III.

The study culminated with a two-day performance of Bury the Dead on February 25 and 26, 1971. The production proved to be a successful exercise in practical and technical innovation using contemporary machinery and staging techniques to enhance the relevancy of a 1936 peace play to modern audiences.

AN ANALYSIS AND PRODUCTION BOOK FOR A  
CONTEMPORARY STAGING OF IRWIN  
SHAW'S BURY THE DEAD

THESIS

Presented to the Graduate Council of the  
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By

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## CHAPTER I

### INTRODUCTION

One of the trends in modern theatre seems to be toward the use of contemporary machinery and techniques such as colored light shows, the use of folk-rock music, reflective surfaces and sound effects. In an effort to experiment with these machines and techniques, it became apparent to the director that a play must be chosen which could lend itself well to modern audiences through its style and language and yet be adaptable enough for experimentation. Through searching and reading, Bury the Dead by Irwin Shaw seemed to be such a script. The problem evolved into producing Bury the Dead, [written in 1936,] applying certain contemporary techniques and machines. These techniques and machines are to be discussed in detail in later chapters of this thesis.

#### Choice of the Play

In choosing to produce Bury the Dead using contemporary machinery interesting critical acclaim was uncovered and seemed to establish the work as worthy literature or at least accepted in the setting of 1936 as "doing more to accent the horrors of war than all the other war plays put together."<sup>1</sup>

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Among "all the other war plays put together" were, according to a Literary Digest article, two notable productions of What Price Glory and Paths of Glory. It was said that "None of these plays compared with the work of [Irwin Shaw]."<sup>2</sup>

The play had a curious beginning. In March of 1936, it was presented for two tryout performances under the supervision of the radical New Theatre League in Manhattan. Those two performances, seen by certainly not more than thirty-six hundred persons, suddenly became the fevered talk of a city of six million persons.<sup>3</sup> Presented again under the production manager, Alex Yokel, the play was performed on April 18, 1936, in the Ethel Barrymore Theatre by the Actors' Repertory Company. After seeing the play that April evening, Robert Garland, New York World-Telegram recorded:

Other men, other plays, have told of war's futility and horror and venality of cause. But no play, in my memory, has spoken with such well-directed vehemence.<sup>4</sup>

Irwin Shaw and Bury the Dead did not, however, escape the inevitable jaws of sharp criticism. Among the more obvious was a review, written in retrospect, published in Time magazine in 1948, "The sad news is that he had failed . . . depressing evidence of how hard it is for a writer to

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

<sup>3</sup> "New Play In Manhattan," Time, XXVII (April, 1936), 56.

<sup>4</sup> "Savage Sputterings Against War," Literary Digest, CXXI (May 2, 1936), 19.



slough off youthful habits."<sup>5</sup> Another review in the same magazine in 1942 stated that "Irwin Shaw's material is fresh-- up to a point. Then he lays it on too thick or too pat."<sup>6</sup>

Concerning the quality of the writing, Newsweek reacted this way, summarizing the previously mentioned reviews:

Bury the Dead is no masterpiece of writing: the style runs closer to radio technique than pure drama. But the simplicity and honesty of Shaw's approach make it a forceful pacifist cry as well as effective theatre.<sup>7</sup>

While choosing the play, it was discovered that Irwin Shaw's Bury the Dead was a rewrite of Austrian Hans Chlumberg's Miracle at Verdun, produced by the Theatre Guild in 1931. There are some basic differences, however, as pointed out in the Time magazine report:

Playwright Shaw never penetrates as high as the nation's statesmen, as deep as the nation's populace. He is willing to concentrate on the Generals who run the war in such a way that men get killed.<sup>8</sup>

Another important departure of Mr. Shaw's Bury the Dead from Mr. Chlumberg's Miracle at Verdun is in Shaw's refusal to lead his corpses back to the grave as the Austrian playwright did. On the contrary, the hopeful dead obtain their freedom

<sup>5</sup> "Broadway Blinkers," Time, LII (October 11, 1948), 114.

<sup>6</sup> "Medium Rare," Time, XXXIX (February 16, 1942), 92.

<sup>7</sup> "The Dead Who Won't Be Buried," Newsweek, VII (April 25, 1936), 29.

<sup>8</sup> "New Play in Manhattan," Time, XXVII (April, 1936), 56.

by marching off the battlefield.<sup>9</sup> After a survey of such critical acclaim and after careful reading of the script, then, it became apparent that a universality was inherent within Bury the Dead. It was ascertained that Bury the Dead would lend itself well to include all wars, including the conflict in Vietnam. Not only did Bury the Dead achieve relevancy for a 1936 audience, but contemporary techniques could be employed to make the play more relevant and effective for modern audiences. From conception to production date, however, some efforts to enhance the relevancy of the play by highly contemporized media were one by one discarded. The play itself, in the end, was sufficiently universal and versatile to appeal to modern theatre audiences and the problem became not how much contemporary machinery, but how little could be used to give a hint of contemporary appeal and still allow the primary effect of the show to come from the actor and the play, using only the essential contemporary machinery and techniques.

#### Statement of the Problem

The basic problem of this thesis, then, was to produce a 1936 peace play, Bury the Dead, using contemporary staging techniques in an attempt to heighten the relevancy of the play.

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<sup>9</sup> Ibid.

### Importance of the Study

A study of this nature is designed to provide the student an opportunity to experiment and select valid, creative aspects or techniques and discard the remainder. Details of this experiment are recorded in Chapter III of this thesis. It is also hoped that this thesis will provide for future students a creditable source and reference for experiments of this nature.

### Organization of the Thesis

This thesis is organized into five chapters. The first chapter is introductory in nature; it presents the basic problems, the importance of the study, the choice of the play and the organization of the thesis. The second chapter will analyze the play, its structure and point of view in relation to what is to be done with the experimental production. Chapter three will cover the problems of production in relation to chapter two. It will discuss all of the elements pertaining to any production including script changes, casting, rehearsal, publicity, setting, the contemporary machinery, lighting, sound, and an analysis of the results of the contemporary media justifying the use of and discarding of certain techniques. The fourth chapter contains the script and all the production notes of this study. It contains also blocking keys, blocking notes, sound cues, and photographs of the finished production. Chapter five concludes the thesis, summarizing the final results of the production in relation to the overall purpose and problems.

## CHAPTER II

### ANALYSIS OF THE PLAY

Bury the Dead begins in a mood of authoritarianism and ends in savage protest. The episodic scenes which comprise the play shift in setting from the battlefield to an officer's quarters, to a newspaper office in a metropolitan area, to a meeting hall for the dead soldiers' wives, and back again to the battlefield. The force of authoritarianism, accepting the unexplained orders of a dictator regardless of its inherent value or worth, is most strongly depicted early in the play by the Sergeant's vigorously shouting orders:

What the hell do you think you'd smell like, after you'd been lyin' out for two days--Keep diggin' . . . Lift dirt, soldier. Come on! This ain't no vacation . . . Come on wise guy, Tell it to the President. Keep diggin'!<sup>1</sup>

- > As the play progresses through the soldiers' awareness of the corpses' rising from their graves, to the officers' awareness of a decadence of traditional authority, and finally to the gradual physical and spiritual break-down of the First General, the sense of authoritarianism is lessened and savage anti-war moods grow.

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<sup>1</sup> Irwin Shaw, Bury the Dead, (New York, 1936), p. 1-2.

To convey the protest against the brutality of war, Shaw projects the surrealist idea of six soldiers arising from their deaths in protest in a primarily realistic-naturalistic play. In the resurrection of the soldiers, a myth is created, a veritable fable is established. As Oedipus with his blinded eyes shocks and catches our imagination by the sheer sight of him, so do the six dead men rising from their graves, refusing to be buried. In a trench-grave stand six American soldiers. They have been dead for two days. They refuse to be buried. They feel themselves too young to be shut away from the world under six feet of hurriedly shoveled mud. Soldiers, on a burial squad detail, plea with the corpses to submit to the grave. Their officers plead with them. Finally, in a desperate resort, their wives and sweethearts are sent for. The women exhort them to accept burial. They refuse all pleas and even ignore direct orders.

The vehicle for the conveyance of Irwin Shaw's episodic play is a single act. As a Literary Digest criticism remarked, "Shrewdly calculating that the three-act form would make his play too tenuous, he disciplined himself and held it down to one long act. It is exactly enough."<sup>2</sup>

The episodic technique by which the plot development of Bury the Dead is written, the myth created within the story,

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<sup>2</sup> "Savage Shattering Analysis War B. Literary Digest Criticism

and the one-act play form culminate in a style of realism which later develops into surrealism when the corpses rise from their graves. The play opens with the digging of a trench-grave, and one can almost feel the griminess as one soldier remarks:

Dig and scratch! What a War! When you're not diggin' trenches you're diggin' graves.<sup>3</sup>

Adding to the hard physical labor and dirt, another soldier remarks about the fleas:

When you're not diggin' graves you're scratchin' at fleas. By God, they're more fleas in this army than . . .<sup>4</sup>

References to the late night, the stench, and rats eating the dead remains of soldiers heighten the effectiveness of the realism of the script:

Say Sergeant, they stink . . . Let's bury them in a hurry.

Did you ever see such a fat rat in your whole life? I bet he ate like a horse--this one. There's something about the smell of dead ones that gives me the willies. . . . They ain't got no right to keep us up all night. We got work to do tomorrow.<sup>5</sup>

The realism of the style, coupled with the shock of the myth created, and the resurrection of dead soldiers, clearly

<sup>3</sup> Shaw, Bury the Dead, p. 1.

<sup>4</sup> Ibid.

<sup>5</sup> Ibid., p. 7-8

portray the central theme as anti-war propaganda. Bury the Dead has been lauded as doing "more to accent the horrors of war than all the war plays put together."<sup>6</sup> In reinforcement of this, Robert Garland records:

Other men, other plays, have told of war's futility and horror and venality of cause. But no play in my memory has spoken with such well-directed vehemence.<sup>7</sup>

One might assume, then, that Bury the Dead is, as Stark Young, critic for New Republic, says, "obviously an anti-war play."<sup>8</sup> It may in fact also be called a propaganda play. In the theme, however, the playwright deals with directing his propaganda through art. There can be no objection basically to art that is propaganda, but "ultimately there is every objection to propaganda that is not art."<sup>9</sup>

The first soldier, upon showing his Sergeant a dead rat, clearly reveals the detailed propagandistic anti-war theme:

Ah, Sergeant, I'm disappointed. This rat's a fine pedigreed animal fed only on the choicest young men the United States turned out in the last twenty years.<sup>10</sup>

<sup>6</sup> "Savage Sputtering Against War," Literary Digest, CXXI (May, 1936), 19.

<sup>7</sup> Ibid.

<sup>8</sup> Stark Young, "The Great Doom's Image," The New Republic, (May, 1936), p. 21.

<sup>9</sup> Ibid.

<sup>10</sup> Shaw, Bury the Dead, p. 3.

A young boy killed by "a colored pin on a General's map . . ." further exclaims in protest:

I was only twenty, mom. I hadn't done anything. I haven't seen anything. I never even had a girl. I spent twenty years practicing to be a man and they killed me. . . . They made a speech and played a trumpet and dressed me in a uniform and then they killed me.<sup>11</sup>

Language, characterization, and realistic attention to detail seem clearly to identify the main theme as a reaction against needless destruction of human lives and freedom to live, developed in an anti-war propagandist script.

Although Bury the Dead is fundamentally an anti-war play, as one critic explains, "What Mr. Shaw really hates is not War but Death."<sup>12</sup> Rather than portraying the usual adapted version of war material, Stark Young notes that Shaw endeavors to "swarm to the stage fear, living variety, nostalgia, pity and freedom."<sup>13</sup> The play seems to cry out for these social concerns, especially for the freedom to breathe and to live. As one of the characters within Bury the Dead expresses, freedom is of primary concern:

<sup>11</sup> Ibid., p. 45.

<sup>12</sup> "New Play in Manhattan," Time, XXVII (April, 1936), 56.

<sup>13</sup> Stark Young, "The Great Doom's Image," The New Republic, (May, 1936), p. 21.



These are the things the earth still owes me.  
 These are the things that mean life and earth to  
 me, the joy and the pain, now when I am only twenty.  
 Joy, pain, freedom--to each man in his own way, a  
 full seventy years to be ended by an unhurried fate,  
 not by a colored pin on a General's map?<sup>14</sup>

Another important social criticism brought out in Shaw's basically anti-war script is that of religious satire. In the scene just prior to the resurrection of the six corpses, Shaw brings in a priest and a rabbi. These two officers have come to pronounce the last rites over the dead men's graves. They instantly argue over the arrival of an Episcopal bishop, who expressed a desire to contribute to the burial service. The priest states that "Perhaps we had better wait . . . Episcopal bishops are very sensitive about order."<sup>15</sup> The Rabbi quickly replies, "He's not coming. He's having his supper."<sup>16</sup> Upon hearing this, one of the soldiers on the burial detail remarks: "What does God do while the bishop is having his supper?"<sup>17</sup> The soldier is severely reprimanded by the authoritarian Sergeant. Shaw seems to be pointing a finger at the mechanization of the priest and rabbi and their concern for a bishop "having his supper" while mere soldiers combat fleas, the smell of dead bodies and fatigue.

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<sup>14</sup> Shaw, Bury the Dead, p. 37.

<sup>15</sup> Ibid., p. 7.

<sup>16</sup> Ibid.

<sup>17</sup> Ibid.

In a later scene where a last a final effort is made to get the corpses to be buried peaceably, another priest is shown explaining:

We are the Church and voice of God. The State has tried its ways, now let the Church use the ways of God. These corpses are possessed by the devil, who plagues the lives of men. The Church will exorcise the devil from these men, according to its ancient rite, and they will lie down in their graves like children to a pleasant sleep, rising no more to trouble the world of living men. The Church which is the Voice of God upon this earth, amen.<sup>18</sup>

Shaw seems to point out here that the problem is more complex than passionate rituals can solve. The corpses gain their freedom from death and deny traditional religious power. As Stark Young notes referring to the priest:

. . . how words are only funny in the light of passionate life and immortal desire.<sup>19</sup>

Examining further commentary on authoritarianism we see that the general's main concern in the dilemma is perhaps keeping it from the civilian:

. . . it must be kept quiet! Remember that! Not a word! Nobody must know! God only knows what would happen if people began to suspect we couldn't even get our dead to lie down and be buried! This is the god-damndest war! They never said anything about this sort of thing at West Point. Remember, not a word, nobody must know, quiet as the grave, mum! sssh!<sup>20</sup>

<sup>18</sup> Ibid., p. 54.

<sup>19</sup> Young, "The Great Doom's Image," p. 21.

<sup>20</sup> Shaw, Bury the Dead, p. 18.

Then a final plea:

We're a civilized race, we bury our dead.  
Lie down! Private Driscoll! Private Schelling!  
Private Morgan! Private Levy! Private Webster!  
Private Dean! Lie down! As Commander-in-Chief  
of the Army as appointed by the President of the  
United States in Accordance with the Constitution  
of the Unites States, and as your superior officer,  
I command you to lie down and allow yourselves to be  
buried.<sup>21</sup>

The corpses, however, walk away unharmed, implacable.

In an effort to convince the officers and to enforce  
Shaw's anti-war theme, the First Corpse remarks:

Men, even the men who die for Pharaoh and  
Caesar and Rome, must, in the end, before all  
hope is gone, discover that a man can die happy  
and be contentedly buried only when he dies for  
himself or for a cause that is his own and not  
Pharaoh's or Caesar's or Rome's . . . <sup>22</sup>

As a last resort the wives and sweethearts are brought  
into the play. Their efforts are fruitless. Shaw portrays  
a particularly exemplary speech in Joan and Levy. Joan is  
bragging about all the Victory loans she has sold and getting  
a " . . . helmet . . . one of their helmets, one with a bullet  
hole in it, for selling eleven thousand dollars worth."<sup>23</sup>  
Her husband quickly perceives: "Out here we get them for  
nothing by the million--bullet holes and all."<sup>24</sup>

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<sup>21</sup> Ibid., p. 23.

<sup>22</sup> Ibid., p. 27.

<sup>23</sup> Ibid., p. 36.

<sup>24</sup> Ibid., p. 34.

Another corpse, a farmer before his induction, explains to his wife that:

My place is on the earth, Bess. My business is with the top of the earth, not the under-side. It was a trap that yanked me down. I'm not smart, Bess, and I'm easy trapped--but I can tell now . . . I got some stories to tell farmers before I'm through--I'm going to tell 'em.<sup>25</sup>

In varying motifs, all with the same basic argument, the six women get nowhere. The dead men will live on in freedom which was never so clear to them as now.

The director's aim in this experiment, then, is to emphasize these life, death, and freedom aspects of Bury the Dead and to use the war scenery to depict a playing ground for commentary on areas of social concern. Hence, the anti-war theme becomes subordinate.

In order for the life, death, freedom aspects to be emphasized, an expressionistic-surrealistic approach is used to convert the battlefield into a dream-like nightmare. The expressionist-surrealistic approach to the production tends to bring out Shaw's ability to capture the essence of a particular character by the revealing statement, gesture or thought. War, then, becomes the catalyst for the freedom point of view. The slow accumulation of awareness on the part of the mechanistic soldiers, the right to refuse to die and be buried, and the slow inevitable deterioration of

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<sup>25</sup> Ibid., p. 34.

authority for its own sake (so vividly seen through the fruitless commands of the General) seem to extend beyond the mere scope of an anti-war play and lend themselves to commentary relevant to modern day. "Life will not pay the cost of war."<sup>26</sup>

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<sup>26</sup> Young, "The Great Doom's Image," p. 21.

## CHAPTER III

### PRODUCTION PROBLEMS

In attempting to dramatize the thematic conflict between life and death and freedom and enslavement (war), the director was faced with a variety of problems, not all of which were easily solved, especially those requiring script changes and realignment of characters. Further, with an insufficient supply of actors, the director was forced to economize in the "chorus" of type characters. Actually, these reductions seemed to intensify the effectiveness of the freedom theme, since they removed some of the clutter and provided for a more stripped and stark kind of presentation, a value sought in the director's effort to transform the play from its predominantly period kind of realism and to emphasize the universal symbolism which might be seen as embracing all wars and dramatizing the ineradicable human desire for life and freedom.

Instead of attempting to group problems and changes of the script in accordance with some analytical scheme of order, it has seemed more appropriate to present them as they occur in the play. Thus, the following pages detail scene by scene the director's major changes in the original script. Reasons

for each change are given and the result is discussed. Although Shaw's play is not formally divided into scenes or episodes, it is separated by shifts in lighting and most terminate in blackouts of stage lighting. For purposes of analysis of production problems the director has numbered the blackouts and the scene to follow each blackout to correspond. Following blackout 1 in the script located in Chapter IV, for example, is Scene 1. The analysis to follow will rely on this guide for clarity.

#### Changes in the Original Script

Changes in the original script can be divided into three main categories: (1) removal of certain groups of characters, (2) technical changes in an effort to bring the script up to date, and (3) the removal or rearrangement of certain scenes and episodes. Some groups of type characters were removed because of a shortage of available actors to play the roles. Scenes 8, 10, 24, 26, and 30 were typical scenes containing groups of characters known only as business men, club women, newsboys, whores, and voices. These scenes seemed to the director unnecessary to the plot in that their removal did not interfere with his interpretation of the play. Scene 5 with two extra characters, Bevins and Charlie, seemed to be easily rearranged to compensate for too few actors. Through a flashback technique, the Bevins-Charlie scene was taken out of the middle of the play and placed in its entirety in

the opening scene. The entire scene was then taped and played in total darkness following the theme song of the play. This was done for three main reasons: (1) too few actors to play the roles live, (2) the voices coming out of darkness in stereo seemed in good contrast to the live action to follow, and (3) the scene seemed particularly to express the point that the director wished to emphasize in the show, that being that Mr. Shaw's chief villain was Death, not War.

Kids shouldn't be dead, Charlie. That's what they musta figured when the dirt started fallin' on 'em . . . Did they want to be standin' there when the lead poured in on 'em? They wanted to be home readin' a book or teachin' their kid c-a-t spells cat or takin' a woman out into the country in an open car with the wind blowin'.<sup>1</sup>

Following the Bevins-Charlie scene, the lights focused in on Scene 1 showing a Sergeant and his men who were digging a trench for the six dead soldiers stretched out in a semi-circle. The trench was far from deep enough, but the diggers complained of the fleas, the late night, and the stench. At last the Sergeant consented to stowing the corpses away. And then one of the dead soldiers moaned and stood up; and after him, the rest rose until all six were standing. They would not be buried. After much communication up through the ranks the doctor is ordered in to examine the case. The scene

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<sup>1</sup> Irwin Shaw, Bury the Dead, (New York, 1936), p. 19.



showing the doctor examining the wounds and bodies of the six dead soldiers, Scene 3, seemed to destroy the pacing of the play somewhat in rehearsal. In this scene, the doctor dictated to a stenographer such statements as "Evisceration of the lower intestine. Dead forty-eight hours."<sup>2</sup> The stenographer then repeated his statement. This was to occur for each of the six bodies, but the process slowed the scene to a deadly pace, and so a change seemed necessary. Scene 3, then, was removed, with the exception of the last examination of the last corpse, which was enforced by the accompaniment of the musical selection, "The Unknown Soldier" by The Doors. The music described what was being seen as the doctor silently examined the soldiers during the musical commentary. (See plate 4 in Chapter IV) The effect of the standing dead men being examined and found dead, then, was not destroyed, but instead was cut short by removing repetitious speeches and reinforcing the meaning with what was hoped to be effective, contemporary musical interlude.

The doctor reported to the generals, to continue the progression building to the next change in the original script, that the men were dead but would not lie down and be buried. The generals themselves went with the priest, in Scene 7, but their words seemed sardonically opposed to the

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<sup>2</sup> Ibid., p. 14.

dead men's desire for freedom and for life. The idea is then hit upon of bringing their women, their lovers, wives, or mothers, to persuade these obdurate dead to be buried peaceably. And so the women were found. It was at this point that a long scene, Scene 16, in which the general urged the women to convince their husbands of their duty to lie down and be buried was removed. The size of the theatre arena did not afford enough room for this scene with six women and the general's War Department. The entire scene, therefore, was replaced by Scene 15, an announcement via the tape recorder and speaker system which seemed to adequately introduce the women:

We have been asked by the War Department to broadcast an appeal to the women of Privates Driscoll, Schelling, Morgan, Webster, Levy, and Dean, reported dead. The War Department requested that the women of these men present themselves at the War Department Office immediately. It is within their power to do a great service to their country.<sup>3</sup>

In Scenes 17 through 22, between the corpses and their wives, Joan and Levy spoke dated references to victory loans, dances for orphan reliefs, and the giving away of enemy helmets with bullet holes in them for the lady who sold the most victory loans. These references were dated, but yet it was felt that they held significance to any war of any time. A line in Scene 19, however, referring to the birth and death

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<sup>3</sup> Ibid., p. 63.

of Morgan, husband to Julia Morgan, was changed to read, "Walter Morgan, Born 1950, Died 1970." This was changed because it would be an obvious opportunity to make the script more relevant to the audience. References in Scene 22 between Webster and Martha, including names of current athletes were changed to help make the script more relevant for today's audience. On occasion, as has already been cited, anachronistic language was left unchanged. For example, a line referring to the salary of Webster was left unchanged and definitely dated the script somewhat. This decision was made for dramatic effect of the beauty of the language. The line was "Eighteen-fifty a week!"<sup>4</sup> Many different sums were tried and read in context with the rest of the line and were found unsatisfactory when compared to the crispness and biting sound of "Eighteen-fifty." This decision was noticeably inconsistent, however, and should have been changed.

At the end of the scene between the corpses and their wives, it was assumed necessary to get the wives offstage for the falling action of the play, even though originally the wives were to remain for the ending of the play. The wives' exit seemed necessary because the effect of the general's slow deterioration had more emphasis when he alone was left on stage. Actually the scenes preceding the general's deterioration and following Scene 22, the wives' exit,

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<sup>4</sup> Ibid., p. 63

were a continuation of reports from businessmen, a congregation in a church, a priest's voice, and repetitive lines from Scenes 17 through 22. These scenes, Scenes 23 through 28, described above seemed to necessitate the use of non-available talent and were repetitive. They were completely cut, therefore, providing an exit for the women of the soldiers as well as providing swifter pacing to the climactic scene, the general's death.

The only other major structural handicap of the play seemed to be the final scene, Scene 32. In this scene the general asked for someone to fire the machine gun at the corpses as they stand in their graves. The other soldiers refuse to fire the gun, saying, "We don't hire out to be no butcher of dead men. Do your own chopping."<sup>5</sup> The general, then, is forced to fire his own gun as the dead men march away unharmed. The mental and spiritual breakdown of the general is then interrupted by extra voices from offstage and by repetitious lines from earlier speeches of characters such as newsboys, radio announcers, and reporters. Due to a lack of available actors and to the fact that the removal of the above characters and voices would not deter the purpose of the director and playwright, the play ends, instead, with the visible decay of the general as the corpses walk past him to freedom. In an attempt to heighten the scene,

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<sup>5</sup> Ibid., p. 104

Scene 32A, the use of the song "White Bird"<sup>6</sup> from the record album A Beautiful Day was inserted to symbolize quickly and in contemporary language the movement of the soldiers from their bondage of war and death to that of life and freedom.

### The Setting

Early in the preplanning of Bury the Dead, several ideas were decided upon by the director in collaboration with the scene designer, Chuck Moore. The director established early that the setting would exemplify a dream-like nightmare battlefield. In order to have a reality from which to derive an expressionistic-surrealistic approach after the original conception was finalized and rehearsals were begun, the cast was moved to an outdoor construction site similar to a battlefield scarred with craters, rocks, dirt, and debris. This encounter with natural earth created new ideas about the shape, size, and function of the grave, backdrop, and major playing area of the battlefield to be placed on stage. A working drawing was made and developed into a functional four unit setting as shown in the appendix of this chapter.

The first unit was to be the grave site built with 1" x 4" white pine lumber stock covered with muslin, stretched completely around the grave unit to denote a large pile of dirt, seemingly removed from a waist-deep hole ten feet by

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<sup>6</sup> It's A Beautiful Day, "White bird," It's A Beautiful Day, Serial 9768 (New York: Columbia).

six feet in area. Two large, raked platforms were mounted onto the sides of the grave to provide an entrance and exit for the corpses and soldiers. The entire unit was painted with wheat paste and dark green paint and then dirt was plastered to the wet paste and paint.

A design of the setting illustrating the desired effect is included in the Appendix of this thesis, and a viewing of this sketch will illustrate the colors and form employed.

A study of the play indicated the necessity of certain playing areas other than the grave site. One important area was the main floor of the theatre surrounded on three sides by the audience. The main floor was covered with dirt and selectively placed rocks to create playing levels and variety of emphasis for soldiers and their wives. Another acting area was the General's office, which was denoted by a platform jutting into the audience from the main floor. The platform rose five feet above the stage floor, utilizing space staging and space lighting techniques. Still another basic playing area was the Reporter and Editor's office denoted by another platform located on the opposite side of the theatre from the General's office. Sound effects denoting office machinery, lighting, and space staging made these rapid sequences.

The backdrop for the set included twenty-foot beams surrounded and entwined with rusty barbed wire.

### Casting

A definite procedure for casting was established prior to tryouts. A casting list was drawn up and numbered. The list was passed around prior to tryouts, divided between men and women. After the list had been completed with forty-five names, the director held formal tryouts. He gave a brief resume of himself and past experience which influenced the selection of this particular play. The experimental nature of the production was noted. The cast was informed that certain facial and physical changes were to be evident in the production, and the rehearsal schedule was established for 4:00 to 6:00 Monday through Friday.

At this first tryout meeting names were called arbitrarily and candidates were asked to read without having seen a copy of the script prior to tryouts. This procedure was an attempt to determine the inherent ability of the actor to interpret the written word and to follow a director's interpretive prompting. An actor who is capable of this skill should be able to change quickly in rehearsal, having demonstrated flexibility in the interpretation of character.

A problem arose early in auditions as there were not enough men reading for parts to cast the entire production. It became apparent that not only would several male characters have to be eliminated, but double casting would have to be

employed in at least two parts. This procedure was exercised and the Priest and Rabbi, who only appear once during an early scene, appeared later also as the Editor and Reporter.

For some unexplainable reason almost all of the forty-five people who came to the audition were women. No problems arose in casting the women in the show. The need for talented men, however, did create some anxiety made evident in the auditions. Through many long hours of exercises and rehearsals outside the regular established rehearsal times, much satisfaction was obtained from several of the younger, inexperienced actors. Every male with only one exception that read for the show was cast.

Notes were taken on each student who auditioned and after much deliberation a cast was established and posted at midnight the day of tryouts. The awarding of the parts was based upon displayed ability and physical appearance. Also considered were a compatibility of emotional, intellectual, and spiritual traits. Given the talent available and lack of rehearsal time, much satisfaction was derived from working with the chosen cast. Each carried his responsibility to the fullest of his ability and the feeling was contagious throughout the production of Bury the Dead.

#### Rehearsals

Since a limited time was allowed for the preparation of Bury the Dead, care was exercised in the planning of the



schedule. A major Shakespearean show was already in rehearsal when Bury the Dead was cast; therefore all rehearsals had to be scheduled at times when the Shakespearean show was not in rehearsal, due to the casting of several actors in both plays. It was stressed early in production that there would be no excuses granted for missing a rehearsal except under an emergency, and either the director or the assistant director would be informed. There were some work schedule and class schedule conflicts, but for a cast as large as 20 people, no unsurmountable problems arose.

Rehearsals were decided, after much deliberation with the cast, to be held at 4:00 each day. Rehearsals began, then, on January 27, and ran through dress rehearsal on February 24. The first three rehearsals were line readings and discussion of the style and production techniques. It was discovered early in production that the learning of lines was necessary to even much of the blocking of the script. The cast was told to have their lines learned for the entire script by February 5.

The blocking procedure was handled in episodes rather than scenes. The show was blocked in one-thirds with the first third completed on February 1, the second third completed on February 2 and 3, and the last third blocked on February 5. This left only the final episode to be blocked and would have to wait until the actor could be released from his employment during the last two weeks of production.

Sound cues were set up to be plotted on February 8. Sound cues were set up to be actually incorporated into the rehearsal on February 15. The man chosen to do sound, however, was asked to give up his position as he didn't have the experience nor the time to become involved in such a demanding aspect of the show. This delayed sound completion until the rehearsal held on February 19.

The set was to be completed on February 16 as was lighting. Costumes were to be added on February 18 leaving a make-up parade and costume parade for February 20 and 21.

Performances were scheduled for February 25, 1971, and February 26, 1971.

The following is the rehearsal schedule:

<u>Day</u>	<u>Agenda</u>
Jan. 27, Wednesday	Discussion of play
28, Thursday	Block first third
29, Friday	Continue blocking first third
Feb. 1, Monday	Complete blocking first third
2, Tuesday	Block second third
3, Wednesday	Finish blocking second third
4, Thursday	Block last third
5, Friday	Finish last third (Lines for entire)
8, Monday	Plot sound cues (Run first show)
9, Tuesday	Plot light cues (Run second third)
10, Wednesday	Run third section
11, Thursday	Run through
12, Friday	Run through
13, Saturday	Props due Run through
14, Sunday	Polish rehearsal
15, Monday	Set completion
16, Tuesday	Begin light rehearsal
17, Wednesday	Finish setting and lights
18, Thursday	Costumes completion (Run through)
19, Friday	Run through and polishing
20, Saturday	Make-up parade
21, Sunday	Costume parade

22, Monday	Run through
23, Tuesday	Dress rehearsal
24, Wednesday	Dress rehearsal
25, Thursday	Performance
26, Friday	Final Performance

### Publicity

The next production problem to be considered was publicity. Necessary to the success of any production, publicity should occupy a position of prime importance in the schedule of activities to be completed. Several avenues were available to the publicity crew. These aspects included newspaper articles, radio and television advertisements, posters, fliers, and announcements within the class time of each classroom on campus.

Every effort was made to get to know personally the reporter for the arts section of the campus newspaper. This proved to be an invaluable asset to the success of the publicity for the show. The campus newspaper was to be contacted early and informed of the availability of current stories.

Initially, an article was written concerning the tryouts and then one on each of the following aspects of production: the results of the casting including classification and home towns of the individual actors, and production progress reports to include pictures of rehearsals.

It was decided early that due to convenience and valuable contacts through the increasingly popular school FM radio station, an extensive publicity program would be taped in an

unusual form and produced over the air both live and taped. This procedure seemed highly effective and was done in an unusually creative manner by the Radio-TV students of North Texas State University.

Typical of the radio coverage was current anti-war and freedom musical material being played every thirty minutes over the air followed by a short one-liner or a short statement concerning the message of the show including time and place. Many people reported to the director that they heard about this production and even became interested due to the coverage on the radio station KNTU located within the same building as the theatre.

The cast and all concerned were gratified at the results of the publicity efforts. Bury the Dead performed twice to over-filled houses and even turned twenty people away due to lack of seats or standing room during the two performances.

Again, much of this success can be attributed directly to KNTU, the campus radio station.

#### Lighting

Lighting techniques employed for Bury the Dead were slightly different from the norm, but yet simple. From the planning stages of the production, it was obvious that there were simply not enough instruments in use in the Studio Theatre to adequately light a show of this nature. Work

began immediately to locate other instruments and to devise ways to get around the handicapped lighting system.

Lighting for Bury the Dead was produced in eleven separate but overlapping areas. Three special lighting instruments were used to emphasize certain moods and feelings. One special was hung directly over the grave in order to accent surrealistic rising of the corpses from their grave. Another special was employed for the symbolic death of the General in the last scene of the show. A third special was used as house lights. These included two strip lights done in red, white, and blue along with a large flood light gelled with red, white, and blue flags, crosses, stripes, and stars. This was used as house lights and pre-show in an attempt to establish a patriotic comment on freedom. The image of the flags were reflected on all four walls surrounding the audience and even the audience members themselves.

Thirty instruments were finally decided upon for adequately lighting the production, gelled basically with blues and ambers in order to produce a dingy, depressing atmosphere. The general lighting intensity level of the show was low, and dense which helped create the desperate atmosphere of a battle ground.

The technique used for lighting the show was space lighting with each area patched to a different dimmer so that mood and transition of one place to another could easily be accomplished.

Due to the dramatic intensity of the production, the number of light cues, and the definite need for the operator to "feel" the mood and adjust light intensities, diligence was a necessity to achieve the desired perfection.

### Contemporary Machinery

To heighten the emphasis of freedom aspects of the play, a supply of gadgetry such as prism balls, reflective surfaces, musically synchronized light shows, psychedelic music, and realistic war explosions were experimented with during rehearsals. It was ascertained, however, that not only did many of these machines present obstacles to the pacing of the show, the actors, and the message of the script, but much of this machinery was discarded and replaced with an extensive sound system and a carefully utilized lighting system.

A more complete analysis of what machines were tried and experimented with and which ones were removed from the production will be discussed in the final chapter of this thesis.

### Sound

Sound played a vital role in Bury the Dead.

Through sound, the director and his crew were able to create change of moods, accent or highlight certain scenes or phrases, and generally heighten the effectiveness of the overall production.

Sound fell into three different functions for the production of Bury the Dead. One function was to utilize taped voices in stereo to supplement the scenes for which there were no actors available. Another important function was the use of sound effects such as war rumbles to accent transition from a battle to a General's office and back again. Ticker tape noise and office noises were used to denote the locale and typical sounds in scenes involving the Editor and Reporter. A third important function was the use of recorded music to accent, highlight, and make relevant the message of the play. A series of contemporary songs were selected and recorded in complete stereo utilizing a sound system incorporated in the show.

A complete list of songs used and their particular function can now be related.

The first was a song entitled, "Silent Night,"<sup>7</sup> sung and played by Simon and Garfunkle, which smoothly integrated a traditional "Silent Night" with a news cast telling of the chaos and turmoil connected with the war, civil rights, and campus rioting, and numbers of people killed in Vietnam. This was intended to immediately lead the audience into a scene containing two typical soldiers' reaction to the war.

After the taped scene between the above mentioned soldiers, a burst of machine gun fire was heard and one of the

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<sup>7</sup> Simon and Garfunkel, "Silent Night," Parsley, Sage, Rosemary, Thyme, Serial 9363 (New York: Columbia).

soldiers was killed. The other soldier screamed in aid of the dead soldier, as James Hendrix's anti-war song "Machine Gun"<sup>8</sup> was brought into the scene aurally. The purpose of this early use of sound and music was to directly relate the battlefield with contemporary music to interpret the message provided by the setting. It also established early in the show that contemporary comment via music could be expected in the production.

Following the "Machine Gun" music, came the use of high frequency oscillating sounds to produce an eerie but contemporary sound to accent the corpses rising from their graves. Immediately following these eerie sounds, came a burst of rumbles which transported the spectator from the battlefield to the General's headquarters.

The scene between the Doctor and the Corpses, Scene 3, was accented by combining the examination of their wounds with lyrics from "The Unknown Soldier"<sup>9</sup> by The Doors, a musical rock group. This was used to capture the surface horror of being a faceless number, giving your life for your country and yet being completely unidentifiable and even "unknown." A secondary purpose in this musical bridge was to make more relevant the examination scene between the Doctor and the Corpses.

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<sup>8</sup> Jimmie Hendrix, "Machine Gun," Band of Gypsies, Series 472 (Hollywood: Capitol).

<sup>9</sup> The Doors, "Unknown Soldier," Waiting for the Sun.



A series of ticker tape noises and typical office sounds and war rumbles continued to carry the audience back and forth rapidly between the three major playing areas, and that being the battlefield, the General's office and the Editor-Reporter's office.

"John 19:41" and a scene from the Crucifixion contained in the Rock Opera Jesus Christ Superstar<sup>10</sup> was used to accent and make more relevant the scene where the General appeared to convince the soldiers that their duty was to die for their country and be buried peaceably in silence. When they refused, a building laughter being pantomimed by the live actors on stage accompanying recorded sound from the album Jesus Christ Superstar was heard. During the scene the General was brought to humiliation and near defeat, he kneeled to the floor as the audience heard a large mob laughing.

The women of the soldiers were brought on stage on the skirts of a musical commentary by Janis Ian named "Bohemsia."<sup>11</sup> Even though portions of the song dated the script to World War II, "See the bombs of Hiroshema, and flowers scattered on the ground," the overall mood of the song was hope to be effective.

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<sup>10</sup> Original Cast Recording, Jesus Christ Superstar, Series 71503 (Universal City: Decca).

<sup>11</sup> Janis Ian, "Bohemsia," Present Company, Series 683 (Hollywood: Capitol).

After a futile effort to convince the men to be buried and die patriotically, the women departed. During the women's exit the Youngbloods sang "Sunlight,"<sup>12</sup> which contained the following line: "Because that's the way she feels about you."

In order to pick the audience up from the falling action surrounding "Sunlight" and build to the General's complete deterioration of character and spirit, a Priest's voice was heard appealing to the Church, followed by a beautiful, serene Westminster Choir, entitled "The Requiem Mass"<sup>13</sup> by Giuseppe Verdi. This hoped to seduce the audience into tranquility once again, only to be broken by the General's entrance and a scream and song to follow by Pink Floyd called, "Be Careful With That Axe Eugene."<sup>14</sup>

After the horror of the General's final entrance and his fall to the floor, the song giving the final peace and freedom message of the show "White Bird"<sup>15</sup> by Beautiful day, was played symbolizing the death of the General and the freedom of the corpses by comparison to a white bird flying from a golden cage.

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<sup>12</sup> Youngbloods, "Sunlight," Sunlight, Serial 4561 (New York: RCA).

<sup>13</sup> Guiseppe Verdi, "Requiem Mass," Westminister Choir, Serial M2S707 (New York: Columbia).

<sup>14</sup> Pink Floyd, "Careful With That Axe Eugene," Relics, Serial 759 (Hollywood: Capitol).

<sup>15</sup> It's A Beautiful Day, "White Bird," It's a Beautiful Day, Serial 9768 (New York: Columbia).

As one can readily see, in order to make a script such as Bury the Dead contemporary and more relevant to today's audience, sound was intended to play an integral part in this project.

#### Make-Up

Often it may seem that make-up is a slighted art in our theatre today. Make-up for Bury the Dead, however, was a special problem in itself. For many years make-up artists have experimented with using make-up to produce the desired effect without drawing unnecessary attention to itself.

It was determined that a stylized realism would need to be developed for the production in order to carry the message and relevancy of the show.

The first project was to make the live soldiers appear as near-puppets for the Generals and Captains to merely pull their strings and make them answer according to "Regulation 4035A." Clown white on the faces of each of the soldiers with a costume of realism solved this problem. Much powder and shadow technique, however, must be used in order for the face not to reflect certain tones of lighting. A skull cap was experimented with and placed on one of the soldiers in order to cover shoulder length hair normally worn by the actor playing the soldier.

The second major make-up problem was to make the Generals appear as "hawks." Noses were molded and shaped from nose

putty and blended with grease paint, attached by spirit gum to the face of each of the Generals. This seemed effective in giving a war-like hawk image to the Generals.

A third area of concern was to create an illusion of real but stylized battle wounds. To solve this problem, much effort was placed into building a latex base covered with cotton, nose putty, and grease paint, and later followed by an application of false blood. Pictures, of course, of these applications can be observed in the fourth chapter of this thesis.

Such battle wounds as one side of the face being completely blown away by mortar fire, destruction of the low-genitourianary system, and fracture of the skull and avulsion of the cerebellum were typical make-up problems for the make-up crew.

Make-up, then, added much to the gruesome point of view of the overall production and provided stylized realism to an audience who had never seen a man mangled by war and needless killing. Especially important were the visual effects of a twenty year old boy standing in a grave with half his face shattered, as the result of a simple movement of a General's pin on a map.

#### Costuming

Costuming was of no particular problem due to the recency of returning veterans from Viet Nam. Many army

fatigues were utilized. Costuming for the most part was handled as realistically as the time would allow to prepare. Great care and effort was placed into the idea of whether a soldier would be barefooted, wear boots, wear a jacket, what type of jacket, in an effort to accentuate the effectiveness of the production.

## CHAPTER IV

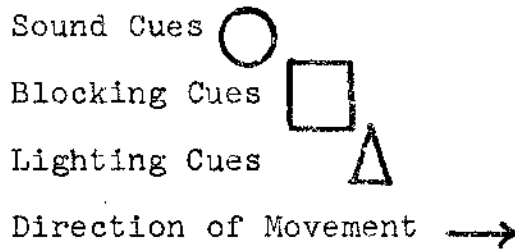
### THE SCRIPT AND PRODUCTION NOTES

Included in this chapter are the script, and the production notes as originated by the director. The script appears on the left side of the book, being entered as it was originally written as well as showing changes made to the placement and removal of certain scenes. This allows the reader to observe the work as it existed prior to the alterations in stage directions, and dialogue. The rationale for these changes and alterations is discussed in a previous chapter of this thesis. On the pages directly opposite the script are the production notes. These notations deal primarily with blocking cues, additions and modifications in stage directions, and explanations of sound and light cues.

In addition, the production notes include diagrams which illustrate the movement of the actors. It should be noted that in the diagrams the names of the characters are abbreviated and the codes for their abbreviations are recorded on the page just prior to the script itself.

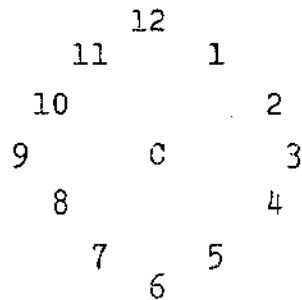
Blocking Key

Production Cues



Stage Directions

All stage directions are given in clock numerals in relation to center stage being the apex of the clock.



Character Identification

- C1 through C6 . . . . . Corpse One, Two, etc.
- S . . . . . Sergeant
- S1, S2, S3 . . . . . Soldier One, Two, Three
- C . . . . . Captain
- G1, G2 . . . . . General One, Two
- P . . . . . Priest
- R . . . . . Rabbi
- X . . . . . Corpse One through Six  
when others are in  
emphasis

1  
2  
3



## BURY THE DEAD

## Scene 1

First Soldier

Say, Sergeant, they stink. . . . Let's bury them in a hurry. 1

Sergeant

What the hell do you think you'd smell like, after you'd been lyin' out for two days--a goddamn lily of the valley? They'll be buried soon enough. Keep digging.

Second Soldier

Dig and scratch! Dig and scratch! What a war! When you're not diggin' trenches you're diggin' graves. . . .

First Soldier

Who's got a cigarette? I'll take opium if nobody's got a cigarette.

Second Soldier

When you're not diggin' graves you're scratchin' at fleas. By God, there're more fleas in this army than . . .

First Soldier

That's what the war's made for--the fleas. Somebody's got to feed 'em. . . .

Second Soldier

I used to take a shower every day. Can you imagine?

Sergeant

All right, Mr. Lifebuoy, we'll put your picture in the Saturday Evening Post--in color! 2

Second Soldier

When you're not scratchin' at fleas, you're bein' killed. That's a helluva life for a grown man.

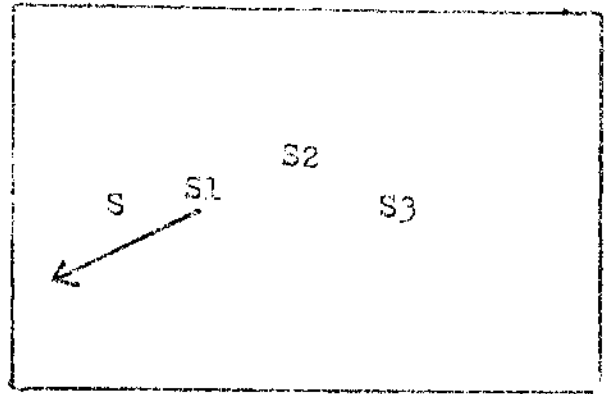
Third Soldier

Who's got a cigarette? I'll trade my rifle--if I can find it--for a cigarette. For Christ's sake, don't they make cigarettes no more? This country's goin' to the dogs for real now. . . . 3

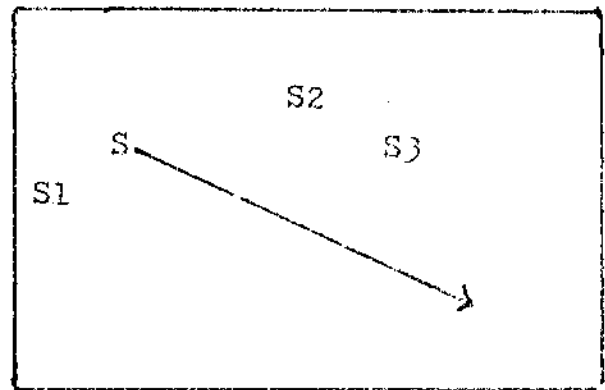


- ① Pre-show music
- ② Theme song "Silent Night Holy Night"
- ③ Taped scene between Charley and Bevins
- ▲ All lights up to 3/4

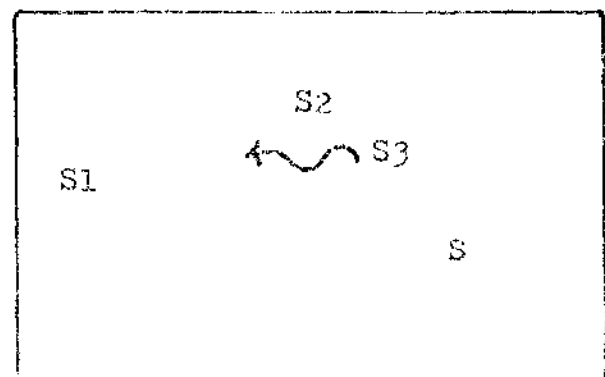
1 Soldier 1 moves to 9 o'clock.



2 Sergeant moving off ramp towards 4 o'clock



3 Down into grave



Sergeant 4  
Lift dirt, soldier. Come on! This ain't no vacation.

Third Soldier  
I heard of guys packin' weeds and cowflop into cigarettes in this man's army. They say it has a tang. Got to try it some day. . . .

Sergeant  
Hurry up! I'm freezin' here. I don't want to hang around all night. I can't feel my feet no more. . . .

Second Soldier  
I ain't felt my feet for two weeks. I ain't had my shoes off in two weeks. I wonder if the toes're still connected. I wear a 8A shoe. Aristocratic foot, the salesman always said. Funny--going around not even knowin' whether you still got toes or not. . . . It's not hygienic really. . . .

Sergeant 5  
All right, friend, we'll make sure the next war you're in is run hygienic.

Fourth Soldier  
In the Spanish-American War more men died of fever than . . .

Third Soldier 2  
Get him! Get him! Kill the bastard! 6

Fourth Soldier  
He's coming this way! We got him cornered!

First Soldier  
Bash his brains out!

Second Soldier  
You got him with that one!

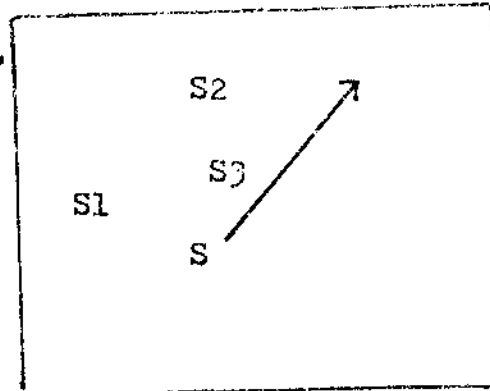
Sergeant  
Come on now, you're wasting time. . . . 7

First Soldier  
There. That fixed him. The god-damn . . .

Second Soldier  
You'd think the rats'd at least wait until the stiff's were underground.

First Soldier 8  
Did you ever see such a fat rat in your whole life? I bet he ate like a horse--this one.

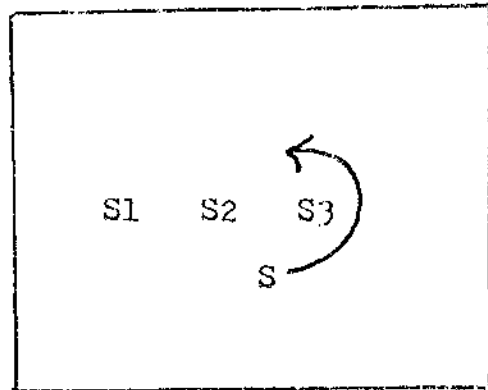
4 Sergeant goes back to 1 o'clock.



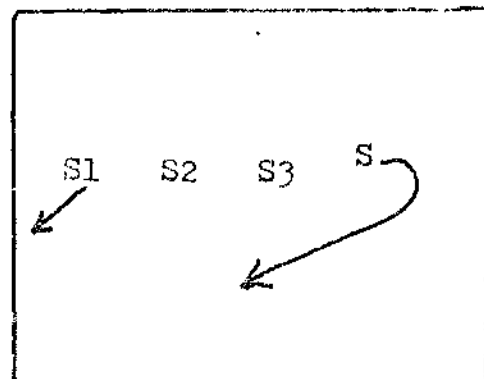
5 Soldier 1 moves into group.

△ Fade lights up full

6 Sergeant moves up on ramp.



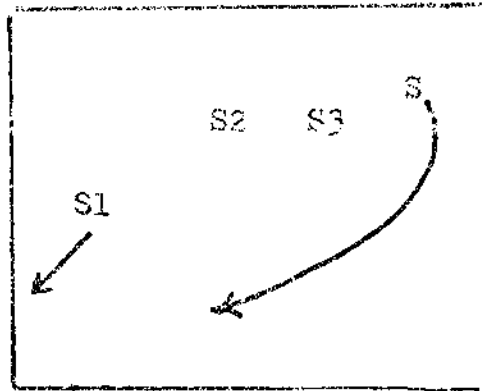
7 Soldier 1 sits on S R ramp w/feet in grave.



8 Moves off ramp to 9 o'clock

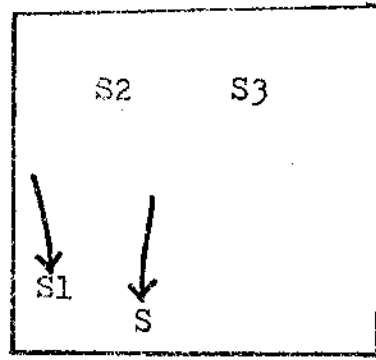


9 Moves out of grave to front of grave



10 Continues to follow S around stage

11 Sergeant and Soldier 1 D F



12 Sergeant to 10 o'clock and sits



Plate 1--First Soldier: Notice the heavy, powerful shoulders to this rat, notice the round belly--bank clerks, mechanics, society leaders, farmers--good feeding--Ah--I'm gettin' awful tired of this. I didn't enlist in this bloody war to be no bloody grave-digger!

Second Soldier

I hope they don't put me too far under when my turn comes. I want to be able to come up and get a smell of air every once in so often.

Sergeant

Stow the gab, you guys! Keep diggin' . . . .

First Soldier

They stink! Bury them!

Sergeant

All right, Fanny. From now on we'll perfume 'em before we ask you to put them away. Will that please you?

First Soldier

I don't like the way they smell, [13] that's all. I don't have to like the way they smell, do I? That ain't in the regulations, is it? A man's got a right to use his nose, ain't he, even though he's in this god-damn army. . . . [14]

Sergeant [15]

Talk respectful when you talk about the army, you!

First Soldier [16]

Oh, the lovely army . . . .

Second Soldier

Oh, the dear army . . . .

Third Soldier

Oh, the sweet army . . . .

First Soldier

Oh, the scummy, stinking, god-damn army . . . .

Sergeant

That's a fine way to talk in the presence of death. . . .

First Soldier [17]

We'd talk in blank verse for you, Sergeant, only we ran out of it our third day in the front line. What do you expect, Sergeant, we're just common soldiers. . . .

Second Soldier

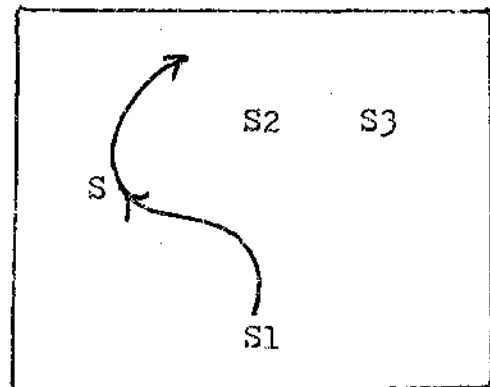
Come on. Let's put 'em away. I'm getting blisters big enough to use for balloons here. What's the difference? They'll just be turned up anyway, the next time the artillery wakes up. . . .

13 Soldier 1 moving to Sergeant  
at 10 o'clock

14 At end of speech Soldier 1  
up on S R ramp

15 Sergeant stands.

16 Soldier 1 inside the grave



17 Arms around fellow soldiers in unison



Sergeant  
 All right! All right! If you're in such a hurry--put 'em in. . . . [18] (The soldiers nearest the right-hand edge of the grave jump out and start carrying the bodies over, one at each corner of the canvas. The other soldiers, still in the trench, take the bodies from them and carry them over to the other side of the trench, where they lay them down, out of the audience.)

Sergeant  
 Put 'em in neat, there . . .

First Soldier  
 File 'em away alphabetically, boys. We may want to refer to them, later. The General might want to look up some past cases.

Second Soldier [19]  
 This one's just a kid. I knew him a little. Nice kid. He used to write dirty poems. Funny as hell. He don't even look dead. . . .

First Soldier  
 Bury him! He stinks!

Sergeant [20]  
 If you think you smell so sweet, yourself, Baby, you oughta wake up. You ain't exactly a perfume-ad, soldier.

Third Soldier  
 Chalk one up for the Sergeant.

First Soldier  
 You ain't a combination of roses and wistaria, either, Sergeant, but I can stand you, especially when you don't talk. At least you're alive. There's something about the smell of dead ones that gives me the willies. . . . Come on, let's pile the dirt in on them. . . .

Sergeant  
 Hold it.

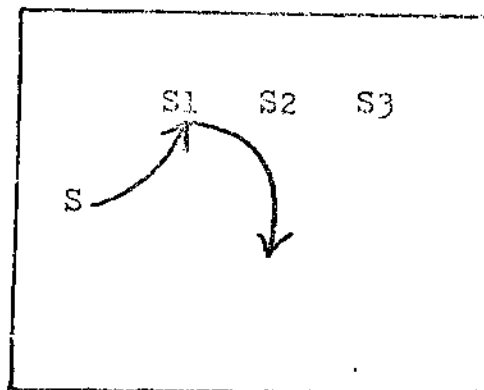
Third Soldier  
 What's the matter now? Do we have to do a dance around them?

Sergeant  
 We have to wait for chaplains. . . . They gotta say some prayers over them.

18 All soldiers jump out and go to bodies and pull them inside the grave.

19 From inside grave, others not yet inside fully

20 Moving to Soldier 1 and then to center



First Soldier

Oh, for Christ's sake, ain't I ever going to get any sleep tonight?

Sergeant 21

Don't begrudge a man his prayers, soldier. You'd want 'em, wouldn't you?

First Soldier

God, no. 22 I want to sleep peaceful when I go. . . . Well, where are they? Why don't they come? Do we have to stand here all night waiting for those guys to come and talk to God about these fellers?

Third Soldier

Who's got a cigarette?

Sergeant

Attention! Here they are! 23

Priest

Is everthing ready?

Sergeant

Yes, Father. . . .

First Soldier

Make it snappy! I'm awful tired.

Rabbi

God must be served slowly, my son. . . .

First Soldier

He's gettin' plenty of service these days--and not so slow, either. He can stand a little rushin'. . . .

Sergeant

Shut up, soldier.

Rabbi 24

Do you want to hold your services first, Father?

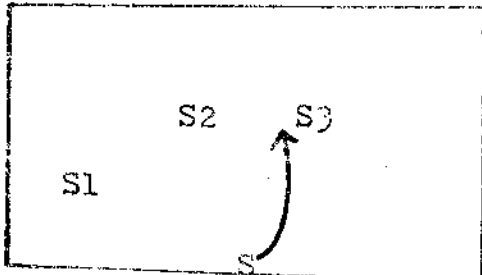
Sergeant

There ain't no Jewish Boys in there. Reverend, I don't think we'll need you.

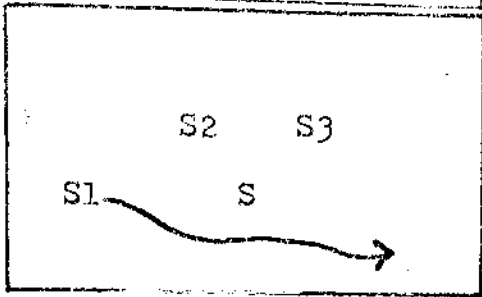
Rabbi 25

I understand one of them is named Levy.

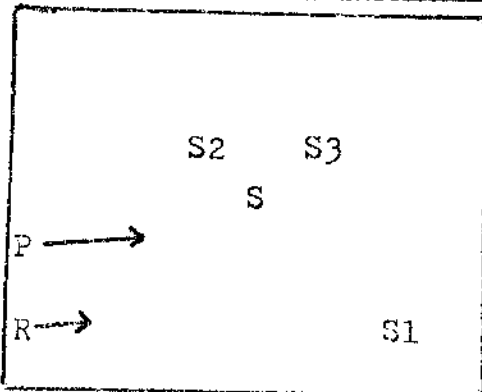
21 Moves back to grave site



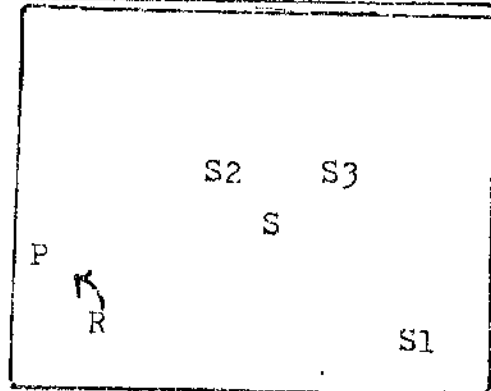
22 Moves to 5 o'clock and sits.



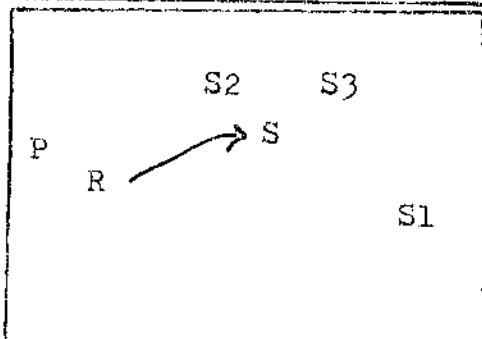
23 Priest and Rabbi enter and move to R center



24 Rabbi moves to 10 o'clock



25 Rabbi moves to Sergeant



Sergeant  
Yes. But he's no Jew.

Rabbi  
With that name we won't take any chances. Father, will you be first?

Priest  
Perhaps we had better wait. There is an Episcopal bishop in this sector. He expressed the desire to conduct a burial service here. He's doing that in all the sectors he is visiting. I think we had better wait for him. Episcopal bishops are rather sensitive about order. . . .

Rabbi  
He's not coming. He's having his supper.

First Soldier  
What does God do while the bishop has his supper?

Sergeant 26  
If you don't keep quiet, I'll bring you up on charges.

First Soldier  
I want to get it over with! Bury them! They stink!

Priest  
Young man, that is not the way to talk about one of God's creatures. . . .

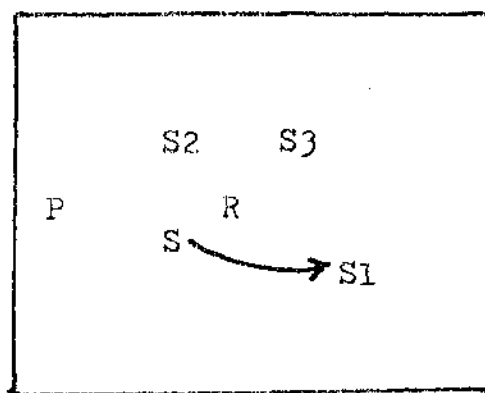
First Soldier 27  
If that's one of God's creatures, all I can say is, He's slippin'. . . .

Priest  
Ah, my son, you seem so bitter.

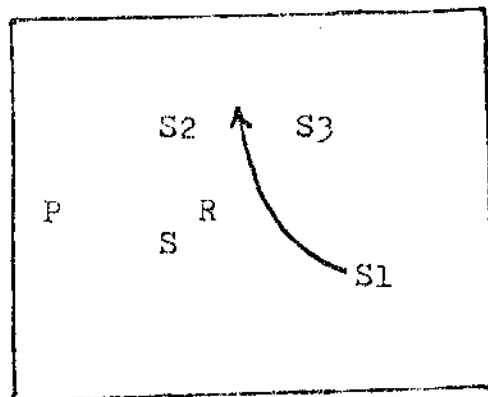
First Soldier  
For God's sake, stop talking and get this over with. I want to throw dirt over them! I can't stand the smell of them! Sergeant, get 'em to do it fast. They ain't got no right to keep us up all night. We got work to do tomorrow. Let 'em say their prayers together! God'll be able to understand. . . .

Priest  
Yes. There is really no need to prolong it. We must think of the living as well as the dead. As he says, Reverend,

- 26 Sergeant moves to 5 o'clock to Soldier 1.



- 27 Soldier 1 moves to grave pointing



God will be able to understand. [28] (He stands at the head of the grave, chants the Latin prayer for the dead. The Rabbi goes around to the other end and recites the Hebrew prayer. In the middle of it, a groan is heard, low, but clear. The chants keep on. Another groan is heard.) (4)

First Soldier

I heard a groan. I heard a groan!

Sergeant

Shut up, soldier!

First Soldier

Stop it! I heard a groan. . . .

Sergeant

What about it? Can you have war without groans? Keep quiet! (The prayers go on undisturbed. Another groan. The First Soldier jumps into the grave.)

First Soldier

It's from here! Hold it! Hold it! Stop those god-damned parrots! Hold it! Somebody down here groaned. . . . (A head appears slowly above the trench rim at the left end, a man stands up, slowly facing the rear. All the men sigh-- the service goes on.) [29]

Sergeant

Oh, my God . . . [30]

First Soldier

He's alive. . . .

Sergeant

Why the hell don't they get these things straight? Pull him out!

First Soldier

Stop them! Get them out of here! Live men don't need them. [31]

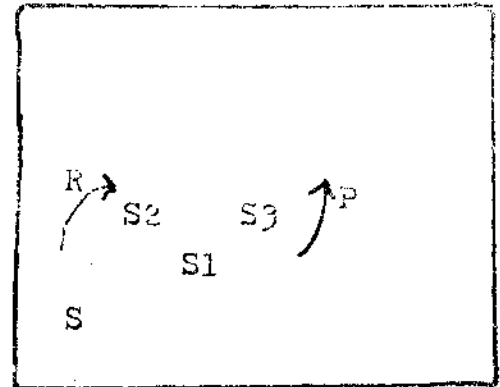
Sergeant

Please, Father, this has nothing to do with you. . . . There's been some mistake. . . .

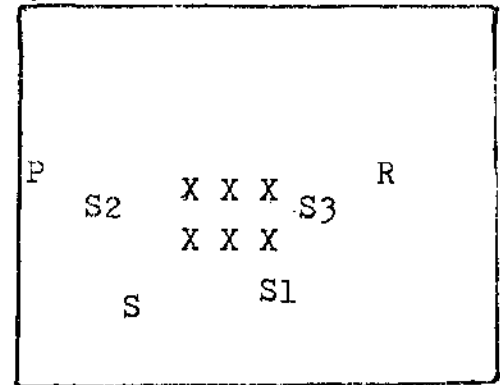
Priest

I see. All right, Sergeant. (He and Rabbi join, hand in hand, and leave. Nobody notices them. All the men are

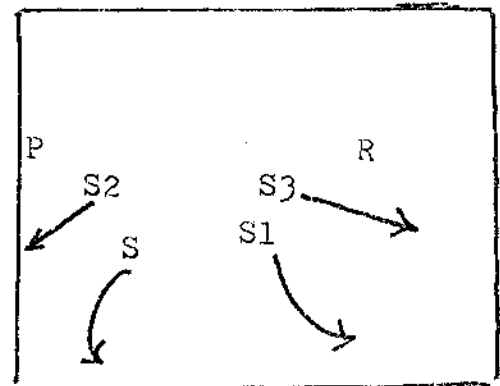
28 Rabbi and Priest move to top of each ramp overlooking grave.



4 Eerie sounds are heard amidst groans.

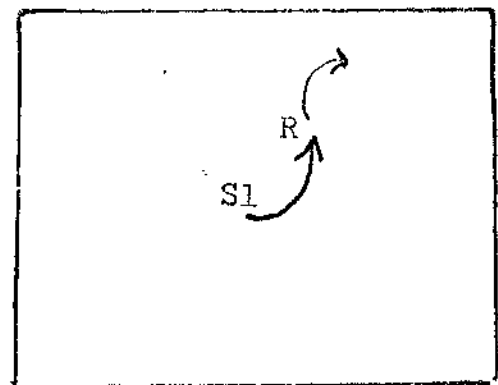


29 Six dead men methodically arise from the grave (they have been there since the start of the show) backs to audience.



30 Soldier 2, Soldier 3 move from grave to 9 o'clock and 3 o'clock

31 Soldier 1 moves up to S L ramp moving Rabbi away.





5

A

32

hypnotically watching the man in the trench, arisen from the dead. The Corpse passes his hand over his eyes. The men sigh--horrible, dry sighs. . . . Another groan is heard from the left side of trench.)

First Soldier

There! It came from there! I heard it! (A head, then shoulders appear over the rim of trench at left side. The Second Corpse stands up, passes his hands over eyes in same gesture which drew sighs from the men before. There is absolute silence as the men watch the arisen corpses. Then, silently, a Corpse rises in the middle of the trench, next to the First Soldier. The First Soldier screams, scrambles out of the trench in rear, and stands, bent over, watching the trench, middle-rear. There is no sound save the very light rumble of the guns. One by one the Corpses arise and stand silently in their places, facing the rear, their backs to the audience. The Soldiers don't move, scarcely breathe, as, one by one, the Corpses appear. They stand there, a frozen tableau. Suddenly, the Sergeant talks.)

Sergeant

What do you want?

First Corpse

Don't bury us.

Third Soldier 33

Let's get the hell out of here!

Sergeant

Stay where you are! I'll shoot the first man that moves!

First Corpse

Don't bury us. We don't want to be buried.

Sergeant 34

Christ! Carry on! Christ! Captain! Captain! Where the hell is the Captain? (His voice fades, terror-stricken. The Soldiers watch the Corpses, then slowly, all together, start to back off.)

Sixth Corpse

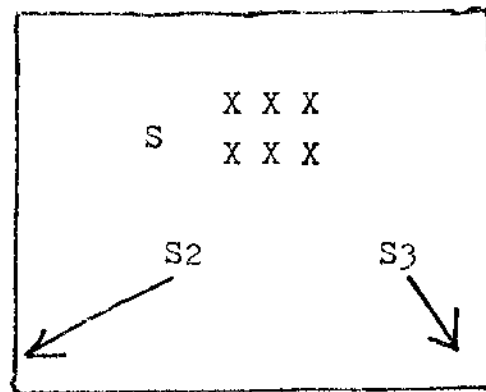
Don't go away.

Second Corpse

Stay with us.

- ⑤ Eerie sounds get louder.  
 ⚠ Lights out except for special over grave.  
 32 Rabbi and Priest exit 7 o'clock.

- 33 Running as far as possible  
 without being off stage



- 34 Exit at 1 o'clock to  
 retrieve the Captain

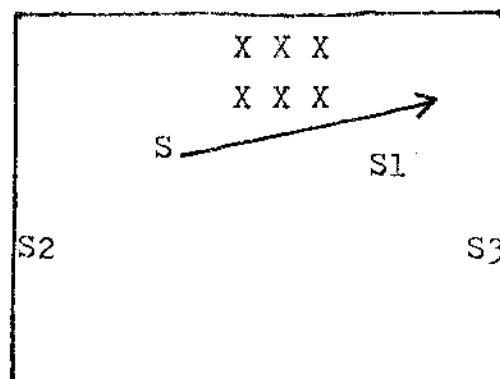




Plate 2--First Soldier: There! It came from there!  
I heard it! "The surrealistic myth"

Third Corpse

We want to hear the sound of men talking.

Sixth Corpse

Don't be afraid of us.

First Corpse

We're not really different from you. We're dead.

Second Corpse

That's all . . . ?

Fourth Corpse

All--all . . .

First Soldier

That's all . . . ?

Third Corpse

Are you afraid of six dead men? You, who've lived with the dead, the so-many dead, and eaten your bread by their side when there was no time to bury them and you were hungry?

Second Corpse

Are we different from you? An ounce or so of lead in our hearts, and none in yours. A small difference between us.

Third Corpse

Tomorrow or the next day, the lead will be yours, too. Talk as our equals.

Fourth Soldier

It's the kid--the one who wrote the dirty poems. 35

First Corpse

Say something to us. Forget the grave, as we would forget it. . . .

Third Soldier

Do you--do you want a cigarette? 36

Sergeant 37

I'm not drunk! I'm not crazy, either! They just--got up, all together--and looked at us . . . Look--look for yourself, Captain!

Sergeant

See?

35 Soldier 2 moves to grave slowly.

36 As Soldier 3 moves to 1 o'clock next to grave

37 Sergeant and Captain enter at 1 o'clock, Sergeant upon S L ramp.

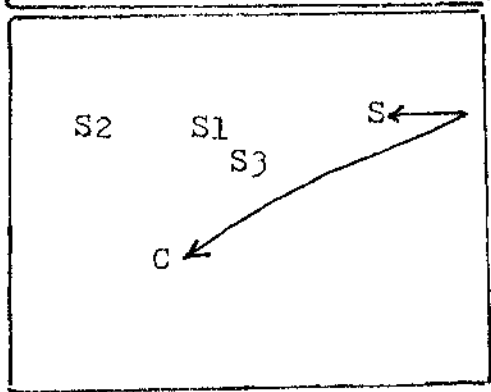
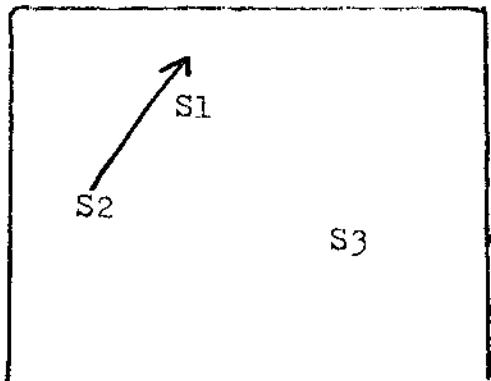




Plate 3--Second Corpse: Are we different from you?  
An ounce or so of lead in our hearts, and none in yours.  
A small difference between us.

Captain 38  
 I see. I was expecting it to happen--some day. So many men each day. It's too bad it had to happen in my company. Gentlemen! At ease! (The men stand at ease. The Captain leaves. The guns roar suddenly. Fadeout. Blackout 2)

⑥ ▲

The spotlight is turned on to the lower stage, right, below the platform on which the action, until now, has taken place. Discovered in its glare are three Generals, around a table. The Captain is standing before them, talking.

Scene 2

Captain 39  
 I'm only telling the Generals what I saw.

First General  
 You're not making this up, Captain?

Captain  
 No, General.

Second General  
 Have you any proof, Captain?

Captain  
 The four men in the burial detail and the Sergeant, Sir.

Third General  
 In time of war, Captain, men see strange things.

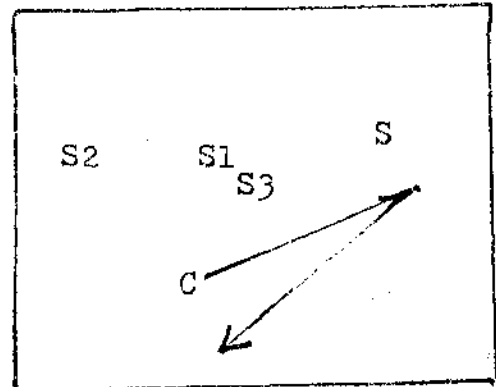
Captain  
 Yes, General.

Second General  
 You've been drinking, Captain.

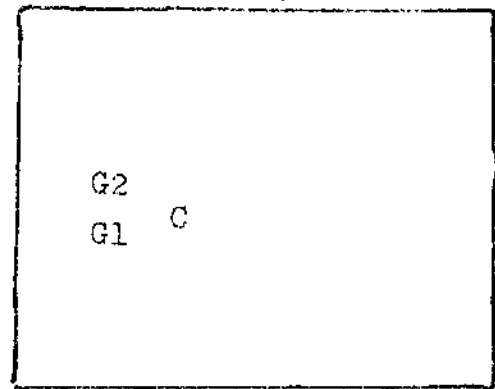
Captain  
 Yes, General.

Second General 40  
 When a man has been drinking, he is not responsible for what he sees.

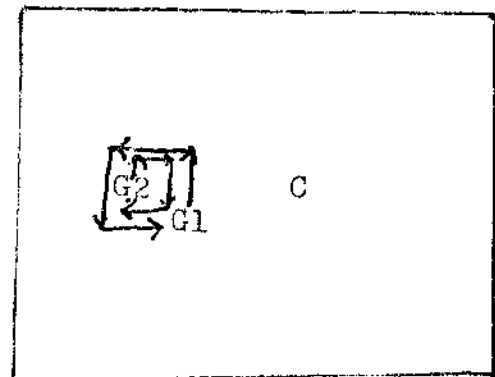
- 38 Captain moves to 3 o'clock then to center.
- 6 War rumbles are heard over stereo.
- ⚠ Blackout except for space stage lighting on General's office



- 39 Captain is seen instantly standing at Generals' office at 7 o'clock.



- 40 Throughout this scene the Generals adjust their picturization to provide variety of staging by moving during a speech clockwise on the Generals' office platform.





Captain

Yes, General. I am not responsible for what I saw. I am glad of that. I would not like to carry that burden, along with all the others. . . .

First General

Come, come, Captain, confess now. You were drinking and you walked out into the cold air over a field just lately won and what with the liquor and the air and the flush of victory . . .

Captain

I told the General what I saw.

Second General

Yes, we heard. We forgive you for it. We don't think any the worse of you for taking a nip. It's only natural. We understand. So take another drink with us now and forget your ghosts. . . .

Captain

They weren't ghosts. They were men--killed two days, standing in their graves and looking at me.

First General

Captain, you're becoming trying . . .

Captain

I'm sorry, Sir. It was a trying sight. I saw them and what are the Generals going to do about it?

Second General

Forget it! A man is taken for dead and put in a grave. He wakes from his coma and stands up. It happens every day--you've got to expect such things in a war. Take him out and send him to a hospital!

Captain

Hospitals aren't for dead men. What are the Generals going to do about them?

Third General

Don't stand there croaking, "What are the Generals going to do about them?" Have 'em examined by a doctor. If they're alive send them to a hospital. If they're dead, bury them! It's very simple.

Captain

But . . .

Third General  
No buts, Sir!

Captain  
Yes, Sir.

Third General  
Take a doctor down with you, Sir, and a stenographer. Have the doctor dictate official reports. Have them witnessed. And let's hear no more of it.

Captain  
Yes, Sir. Very good, Sir.

Second General  
Oh, and Captain . . .

Captain 41  
Yes, Sir.

Second General  
Stay away from the bottle.

Captain  
Yes, Sir. Is that all, Sir?

Second General  
That's all.

Captain  
Yes, Sir. (The light fades from the Generals. It follows the Captain as he walks across stage. The Captain stops, takes out a bottle. Takes two long swigs. Blackout 3)

42 A 7

### Scene 3

The guns rumble, growing louder. They have been almost mute during Generals' scene. The light is thrown on the burial scene again, where the Doctor is seen examining the Corpses in their graves. The Doctor is armed with a stethoscope and is followed by a soldier stenographer, two of the Soldiers, impressed as witnesses, and the Captain. The Doctor is talking, as he passes from the first man.

41 Captain moves off steps onto stage floor then skips.

42 Captain walks onto battlefield.

5 Lights off 7 o'clock to 12 o'clock and battlefield after brief blackout.

7 Brief war rumbles

CUT { Doctor  
 Number one. Evisceration of the lower intestine. Dead  
 forty-eight hours.

Stenographer  
 Number one. Evisceration of the lower intestine. Dead  
 forty-eight hours. Sign here.

Doctor  
 Number two. Bullet penetrated the left ventricle. Dead  
 forty-eight hours.

Stenographer  
 Number two. Bullet penetrated the left ventricle. Dead  
 forty-eight hours. Sign here.

Doctor  
 Number three. Bullets penetrated both lungs. Severe  
 hemorrhages. Dead forty-eight hours.

Stenographer  
 Number three. Bullets penetrated both lungs. Severe  
 hemorrhages. Dead forty-eight hours. Sign here.

Doctor  
 Number four. Fracture of the skull and avulsion of the  
 cerebellum. Dead forty-eight hours.

Stenographer  
 Number four. Fracture of the skull and avulsion of the  
 cerebellum. Dead forty-eight hours. Sign here.

8

Doctor 43 A  
 Number five. Destruction of the genito-urinary system by  
 shell-splinters. Death from hemorrhages. Dead forty-eight  
 hours. Ummm. Hum . . .

Stenographer  
 Number five. Destruction of the genito-urinary system by  
 shell-splinters. Death from hemorrhages. Dead forty-eight  
 hours. Sign here.

Doctor  
 Number six. Destruction of right side of head from supra-  
 orbital ridges through jaw-bone. Hum. You'd be a pretty  
 sight for your mother, you would. Dead forty-eight hours.

⑧ This portion of the script is cut and replaced with music entitled "The Unknown Soldier" from the album by The Doors. See Chapter III under Sound for more specific details.

43 Doctor is shown coming out from 3 o'clock to the march of "The Unknown Soldier" and is escorted to the grave where he examines the corpses in silence and begins speaking at the conclusion of the song.

△ Lighting is only on gravesite at this time.



Plate 4--Doctor: Destruction of right side of head from supra-orbital ridges through jaw bone. Dead forty-eight hours.

Stenographer

Number six. Destruction of right side of head from supra-orbital ridges through jaw-bone. You'd be a pretty sight for your mother, you would. Dead forty-eight hours. Sign here.

Doctor

What are you doing there?

Stenographer

That's what you said, Sir. . . .

Doctor

I know. Leave out--"You'd be a pretty sight for your mother, you would . . ." The Generals wouldn't be interested in that.

Stenographer

Yes, Sir. Sign here.

Doctor

Six, is that all?

Captain

Yes, Doctor. They're all dead?

(The Fourth Corpse offers the Third Soldier a cigarette. The Third Soldier hesitates a second before taking it, then accepts it with a half-grin.)

Third Soldier

Thanks, Buddy. I---I'm awful sorry---I---Thanks.

Doctor

All dead.

Captain

A drink, Doctor?

Doctor

Yes, thank you. (He takes the proffered bottle. Drinks long from it. Holds it, puts stethoscope in pocket with other hand. Stands looking at the Corpses, lined up, facing the rear, nods, then takes another long drink. Silently hands bottle to Captain, who looks around him from one Corpse to another, then takes a long drink. Blackout 4)

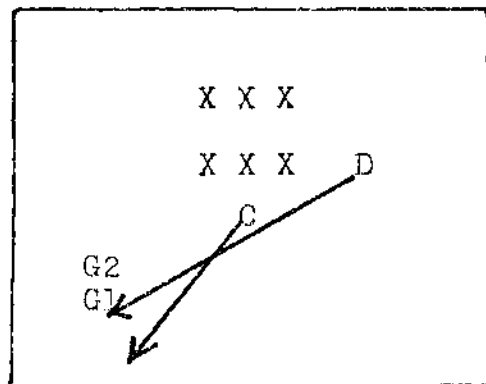
44 9 A

Spotlight on the Generals, facing the Captain and the Doctor. The First General has the Doctor's reports in his hands.

44 Captain and Doctor move  
to 7 o'clock for Generals'  
office scene.

9 War rumbles for transition to  
Generals' office.

△ Again lighting is out on battlefield and up full on  
Generals' office.





## Scene 4

First General  
Doctor!

Doctor  
Yes, Sir.

First General  
In your reports here you say that each of these six men is dead.

Doctor  
Yes, Sir.

First General  
Then I don't see what all the fuss is about, Captain. They're dead--bury them. . . .

Captain  
I am afraid, Sir, that that can't be done. . . . They are standing in their graves. They refuse to be buried.

Third General 45  
Do we have to go into that again? We have the doctor's report. They're dead. Aren't they, Doctor?

Doctor  
Yes, Sir.

Third General  
Then they aren't standing in their graves, refusing to be buried, are they?

Doctor  
Yes, Sir.

Second General  
Doctor, would you know a dead man if you saw one?

Doctor  
The symptoms are easily recognized.

First General  
You've been drinking, too. . . . 46

Doctor  
Yes, Sir.

45 Third General's lines are given to the Second General.  
See Chapter III under Casting.

46 Wheeling around facing the Doctor for the first time in  
this scene

First General

47

The whole damned army is drunk! I want a regulation announced tomorrow morning in all regiments. No more liquor is to be allowed within twenty miles of the front line upon pain of death. Got it?

Second General

Yes, General. But then how'll we get the men to fight?

First General

Damn the fighting! We can't have stories like this springing up. It's bad for the morale! Did you hear me, Doctor, it's bad for the morale and you ought to be ashamed of yourself!

48

Doctor

Yes, Sir.

Second General

This has gone far enough. If it goes any farther, the men will get wind of it. We have witnessed certificates from a registered surgeon that these men are dead. Bury them! Waste no more time on it. Did you hear me, Captain?

Captain

Yes, Sir. I'm afraid, Sir, that I must refuse to bury these men.

Third General

That's insubordination, Sir. . . .

Captain

I'm sorry, Sir. It is not within the line of my military duties to bury men against their will. If the General will only think for a moment he will see that this is impossible.

First General

49

The Captain's right. It might get back to Congress. God only knows what they'd make of it!

Third General

What are we going to do then?

First General

Captain, what do you suggest?

Captain

Stop the war.

47 Moving in circle around the Second General

48 Turning to Doctor

49 Turning in towards 8 o'clock, comes off platform reflectively

Chorus of Generals  
Captain!

First General

Captain, we beg of you to remember the gravity of the situation. It admits of no levity. Is that the best suggestion you can make, Captain?

Captain

Yes. But I have another--If the Generals would come down to the grave themselves and attempt to influence these--ah--corpses--to lie down, perhaps that would prove effective. We're seven miles behind the line now and we could screen the roads to protect your arrival. . . .

First General

Umm-uh--usually, of course, that would be--uh . . . We'll see. In the meantime it must be kept quiet! Remember that! Not a word! Nobody must know! God only knows what would happen if people began to suspect we couldn't even get our dead to lie down and be buried! This is the god-damndest war! They never said anything about this sort of thing at West Point. Remember, not a word, nobody must know, quiet as the grave, mum! Sssh! (All the Generals repeat the ssssh after him.) (Blackout 5)

The light fades--but the hiss of the Generals hushing each other is still heard as the light falls on another part of the stage proper, where two soldiers are on post in the front lines, behind a barricade of sandbags. The sound of guns is very strong. There are flashes of gun-fire.

10

Scene 5

Bevins

Did you hear about those guys that won't let themselves be buried, Charley?

Charley

I heard. You never know what's gonna happen next in this lousy war.

Bevins

What do you think about it, Charley?

Charley

What're they gettin' out of it, that's what I'd like to know. They're just makin' things harder. I heard all about 'em. They stink! Bury 'em. That what I say . . .

TAPED

- ⑩ This entire scene is transcribed on tape and played at the opening of the show just after the theme song is played. See Chapter III, Changes to the Original Script.

Bevins

I don't know, Charley. I kinda can see what they're aimin' at. Christ, I wouldn't like to be put six foot under now, I wouldn't. What the hell for?

Charley

What's the difference?

Bevins

There's a difference, all right. It's kinda good, bein' alive. It's kinda nice, bein' on top of the earth and seein' things and hearin' things and smellin' things.

Charley

Yeah, smellin' stiffs that ain't had time to be buried. That sure is sweet.

Bevins

Yeah, but it's better than havin' the dirt packed onto your face. I guess those guys felt sorta gypped when they started throwin' the dirt in on 'em and they just couldn't stand it, dead or no dead.

Charley

They're dead, ain't they? Nobody's puttin' them under while they're alive.

TAPED

Bevins

It amounts to the same thing, Charley. They should be alive now. What are they--a parcel of kids? Kids shouldn't be dead, Charley. That's what they musta figured when the dirt started fallin' in on 'em. What the hell are they doin' dead? Did they get anything out of it? Did anybody ask them? Did they want to be standin' there when the lead poured in? They're just kids, or guys with wives and young kids of their own. They wanted to be home readin' a book or teachin' their kid c-a-t spells cat or takin' a woman out into the country in a open car with the wind blowin' . . . . That's the way it musta come to them, when the dirt smacked on their faced, dead or no dead. . . .

Charley

Bury them. That's what I say. . . . (There is the chatter of a machine gun off in the night. Bevins is hit. He staggers.)

Bevins

Charley--Charley . . . (His fingers bring down the top sandbag as he falls. The machine gun chatters again and Charley is hit. He staggers.)

Charley  
 TAPEED Oh, my God . . . (The machine gun chatters again. He falls over Bevins. There is quiet for a moment. Then the eternal artillery again. Blackout 6)

A baby spotlight, white, picks out the First General, standing over the prone forms of the two soldiers. He has his fingers to his lips.  
 CUT

## Scene 6

First General  
 Ssssh! Keep it quiet! Nobody must know! Not a word!  
 Ssssh!

⑧

A spotlight picks out another part of the stage--a newspaper office. Editor at his desk, Reporter before him, hat on head.

Reporter ⑪ 50  
 That's the story! It's as straight as a rifle-barrel, so help me God.

Editor  
 This is a freak, all right. I never came across anything like it in all the years I've been putting out a newspaper.

Reporter 51  
 There never was anything like it before. It's somethin' new. Somethin's happening. Somebody's waking up. . . .

Editor  
 It didn't happen.

Reporter  
 So help me God, I got it straight. Those guys just stood up in the grave and said, "The hell with it, you can't bury us!" God's honest truth.

Editor 52  
 Get me Macready at the War Department. . . . It's an awfully funny story. . . .

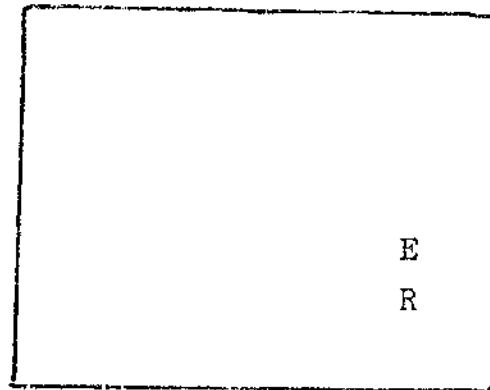
Reporter  
 What about it? It's the story of the year--the story of the century--the biggest story of all time--men gettin' up with bullets in their hearts and refusin' to be buried. . . .



⑧ Space stage lighting crossfade from battle-field to Editor's office.

⑪ Typical office sounds; ticker tape etc.

50 Staging of Editor-Reporter scenes are on a five foot square platform at 5 o'clock.



31 Pacing back and forth throughout the scene

52 Picking up a pantomimed phone

Editor  
Who do they think they are--Jesus Christ?

Reporter  
What's the difference? That's the story! You can't miss it!  
You goin' to put it in? Listen--are you goin' to put it in?

Editor  
Hold it! Macready!

Reporter  
What's he got to do with it?

Editor  
I'll find out. What are you so hot about? . . . Hello!  
Macready? Hansen from the New York . . . Yeah . . . Listen,  
Macready, I got this story about the six guys who refuse to  
be . . . Yeah . . .

Reporter  
What does he say?

Editor  
Okay, Macready. Yeah, if that's the way the Government feels  
about it . . . Yeah . . .

Reporter  
Well?

Editor  
No.

Reporter  
Holy god-damn, you got to. People got a right to know.

Editor  
In time of war, people have a right to know nothing. If we  
put it in, it'd be censored anyway.

Reporter  
Ah, this is a lousy business. . . .

Editor  
Write another human interest story about the boys at the  
front. That'll keep you busy. You know . . . that one about  
how the boys in the front-line sing "I Can't Give You Any-  
thing but Love," before they go over the top. . . .

Reporter  
But I wrote that last week.

Editor

It made a great hit. Write it again.

Reporter

But these guys in the grave, Boss. Lloyds are giving three to one they won't go down. That's a story!

Editor

Save it. You can write a book of memoirs twenty years from now. Make that "I Can't Give You Anything but Love" story a thousand words, and make it snappy. The casualty lists run into two pages today and we got to balance them with something. . . .

(Blackout 7) 12 9

Rumble of guns. The spotlight illuminates the grave on the platform, where the Corpses are still standing, hip-deep, facing the rear. The burial squad is there, and the Captain, and the Generals. 53

#### Scene 7

Captain

There they are. What are the Generals going to do about them?

First General

I see them. Stop saying "What are the Generals going to do about them?"

Second General

Who do they think they are?

Second General

It's against all regulations.

First General 54

Quiet, please, quiet. Let's not have any scenes. . . . This must be handled with authority--but tactfully. I'll talk to them! Men! Listen to me! This is a strange situation in which we find ourselves. I have no doubt but that it is giving you as much embarrassment as it is us . . .

Second General

The wrong note. He's good on artillery, but when it comes to using his head, he's lost . . . He's been that way ever since I knew him.

⑫ War rumbles

△ Light fades from Editor-Reporter's office to battlefield

53 Generals and Captain are  
seen approaching grave  
site from 7 o'clock

X X X  
X X X

C  
G2  
G1

54 General 1 is pacing in front of the grave.

First General

We're all anxious to get this thing over with just as quickly and quietly as possible. I know that you men are with me on this. There's no reason why we can't get together and settle this in jig time. I grant, my friends, that it's unfortunate that you're dead. I'm sure that you'll all listen to reason. Listen, too, to the voice of duty, the voice that sent you here to die bravely for your country. Gentlemen, your country demands of you that you lie down and allow yourselves to be buried. Must our flag fly at half-mast and droop in the wind while you so far forget your duty to the lovely land that born and nurtured you? [55] I love America, gentlemen, its hills and [56] valleys. If you loved America as I do, you would not . . . I find it difficult to go on. I have studied this matter and come to the conclusion that the best thing for all concerned would be for you men to lie down peaceably in your graves and allow yourselves to be buried. [57]

Third General

It didn't work. He's not firm enough. You've got to be firm right from the beginning or you're lost.

First General [58]

Men, perhaps you don't understand. I advise you to allow yourselves to be buried. You're dead, men, don't you realize that? You can't be dead and stand there like that. Here . . . here . . . I'll prove it to you! Look! A doctor's reports. Witnessed! Witnessed by Privates McGurk and Butler. This ought to show you! You're dead, officially, all of you! I won't mince words! You heard! We're a civilized race, we bury our dead. Lie down! Private Driscoll! Private Schelling! Private Morgan! Private Levy! Private Webster! Private Dean! Lie down! As Commander-in-Chief of the Army as appointed by the President of the United States in Accordance with the Constitution of the United States, and as your superior officer, I command you to lie down and allow yourselves to be buried. Tell me--What is it going to get you, staying above the earth? I asked you a question, men. Answer me! What is it going to get you? If I were dead I wouldn't hesitate to be buried. [59] Answer me . . . what do you want? What is it going to get you . . . tell me! Answer me! Why don't you talk? Explain it to me, make me understand. . . .

Second General

He's licked. It was a mistake--moving him off the artillery.

Third General

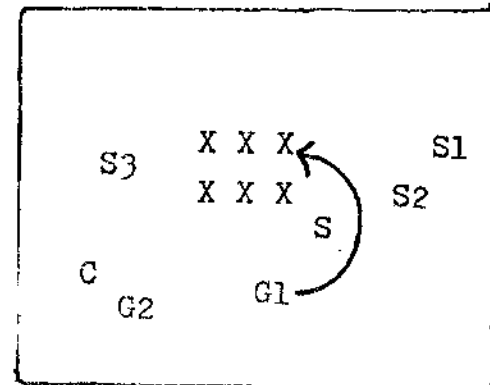
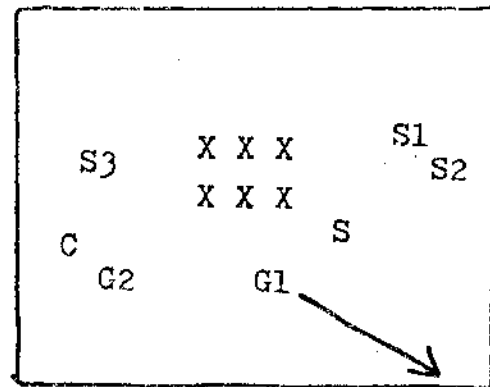
They ought to let me handle them. I'd show 'em. You've got

55 General 1 moves towards 5 o'clock almost as if appealing to the audience directly.

56 Moves to center of grave at 12 o'clock position

57 General 1 moves to S L ramp.

58 General 1 moves up the ramp.



59 Moves back out to center floor

10

First General

Lie down! Oh, God, oh, my God . . .

60

13

△

(Blackout 8)

CUT Spotlight, red, picks out two Whores, dressed in the uniform of their trade, on a street corner.

### Scene 8

First Whore

I'd lay 'em, allright. They oughta call me in. I'd lay 'em. There wouldn't be any doubt in anybody's mind after I got through with 'em. Why don't they call me in instead of those Generals? What do Generals know about such things? Call the War Department, Mabel, tell 'em we'll come to their rescue at the prevailing rates. We're willing to do our part, like the papers say--share the burden! Oh, my Gawd, I ain't laughed so much . . . Say, Johnny, Johnny, what'cha doin' tonight? How'd ya like . . . ? Share the burden--Oh, my Gawd . . . (They laugh and laugh and laugh, clinging to each other . . . Blackout 9. But the laughter goes on.)

The spotlight illuminates the grave--Soldiers of burial detail are sitting around a covered fire. Second Soldier is singing "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot."

### Scene 9

Third Soldier

61

This is a funny war. It's rollin' downhill. Everybody's waitin'. Personally, I think it's those guys there that . . .

Sergeant

Nobody asked you. You're not supposed to talk about it.

First Soldier

62

Regulation 2035a

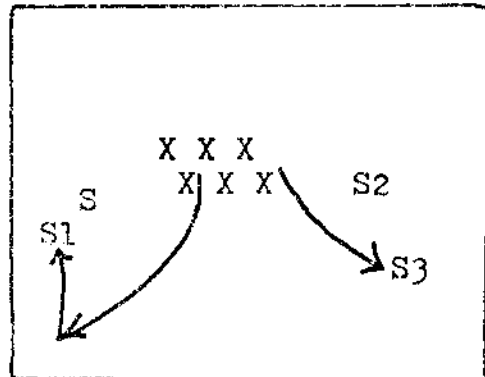
Sergeant

Well, I just told ya. Say, listen, think about those guys there. How do you think they feel with you howlin' like this? They got more important things to think about.

- ⚠ Lights fade to a low intensity except a special on the General and a special over the grave.
- 60 General falls to his knees in agony.
- 13 As section of laughter from corpses build into laughter and music from "Jesus Christ Superstar."
- ⚠ Blackout--then lights come up full after 5 count (General's exit)

61 Soldier 3 seen lying on ramp S L then moves to stump at 5 o'clock

62 Soldier 1 moving to stump at 10 o'clock





Second Soldier  
I won't distract 'em. I got an easy-flowin' voice.

Sergeant  
They don't like it. I can tell.

First Soldier  
Well, I like to hear him sing. An I'll bet they do, too.  
I'm gonna ask 'em. . . . 63

Sergeant  
Now, lissen!

First Soldier  
Say, men, I . . . .

Captain  
Sergeant . . . 64

Sergeant  
Yes, Sir!

Captain  
You know that none of the men is to talk to them . . . .

Sergeant  
Yes, Sir. Only, Sir . . . .

Captain  
All right. Get back there, please.

First Soldier 65  
Yes, Sir!

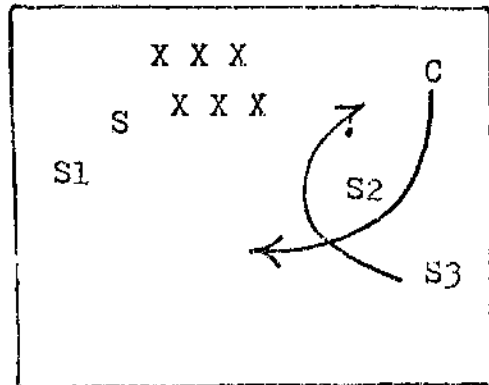
Sergeant  
I warned ya.

First Soldier  
Shut up! I wanna lissen to what's goin' on there!

Captain  
Gentlemen, I have been asked by the Generals to talk to you. My work is not this . . . I am a philosopher, a scientist, my uniform is a pair of eye-glasses, my usual weapons test-tubes and books. At a time like this perhaps we need philosophy, need science. First I must say that your General has ordered you to lie down.

63 Soldier 1 moves back to grave.

64 Captain enters from 1 o'clock. Soldier 3 jumps to attention and moves up left to 2 o'clock.



65 Soldier 1 back to 10 o'clock

66

First Corpse 67  
We used to have a General.

Third Corpse 68  
No more.

Fourth Corpse 69  
They sold us.

Captain  
What do you mean--sold you!

Fifth Corpse  
Sold us for twenty-five yards of bloody mud. 70

Sixth Corpse  
A life for four yards of bloody mud.

Captain 71  
We had to take that hill. General's orders. You're soldiers.  
You understand.

First Corpse  
We understand now. The real estate operations of Generals  
are always carried on at boom prices.

Sixth Corpse  
A life for four yards of bloody mud. Gold is cheaper, and  
rare jewels, pearls and rubies . . .

Third Corpse  
I fell in the first yard. . . .

Second Corpse 72  
I caught on the wire and hung there while the maching gun  
stitched me through the middle to it. . . .

Fourth Corpse  
I was there at the end and thought I had life in my hands for  
another day, but a shell came and my life dripped into the  
mud.

Sixth Corpse  
Ask the General how he'd like to be dead at twenty. Twenty,  
General, Twenty . . . .

66 Final positions of Corpses before exiting and identification grave as Corpse 1 thru Corpse 6.

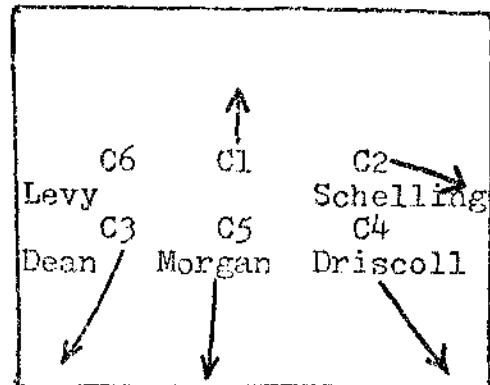
67 Corpse 1 moves to 12 o'clock.

68 Corpse 3 moves out of grave to near 7 o'clock.

69 Corpse 4 moves out of grave towards 4 o'clock

70 Corpse 5 moves to 6 o'clock.

71 Captain takes center stage.



72 Corpse 2 moves out of grave to S L ramp then to 2 o'clock.

Captain  
Other men are dead.

First Corpse  
Too many.

Captain  
Men must die for their country's sake--if not you, then others. This has always been. Men died for Pharaoh and Caesar and Rome two thousand years ago and more, and went into the earth with their wounds. Why not you . . . ?

First Corpse  
Men, even the men who die for Pharaoh and Caesar and Rome, must, in the end, before all hope is gone, discover that a man can die happy and be contentedly buried only when he dies for himself or for a cause that is his own and not Pharaoh's or Caesar's or Rome's . . .

Captain  
Still--what is this world, that you cling to it? A speck of dust, a flaw in the skies, a thumb-print on the margin of a page printed in an incomprehensible language . . .

Second Corpse  
It is our home.

Third Corpse 73  
We have been dispossessed by force, but we are reclaiming our home. It is time that mankind claimed its home--this earth--its home . . .

Captain  
We have no home. We are strangers in the universe and cling, desperate and grimy, to the crust of our world, and if there is a God and this His earth, we must be a terrible sight in His eyes.

Fourth Corpse  
We are not disturbed by the notion of our appearance in the eyes of God . . .

Captain  
The earth is an unpleasant place and when you are rid of it you are well rid of it. Man cheats man here and the only sure things are death and despair. Of what use, then, to remain on it once you have the permission to leave?

73 Moving toward Captain--one of the first direct movements toward the Captain thus far.

Fifth Corpse  
It is the one thing we know.

Sixth Corpse  
We did not ask permission to leave. Nobody asked us whether we wanted it or not. The Generals pushed us out and closed the door on us. Who are the Generals that they are to close doors on us?

Captain  
The earth, I assure you, is a mean place, insignificantly miserable . . .

First Corpse  
We must find out for ourselves. That is our right.

Captain  
Man has no rights . . . 74

First Corpse  
Man can make rights for himself. It requires only determination and the good-will of ordinary men. We have made ourselves the right to walk this earth, seeing it and judging it for ourselves.

Captain  
There is peace in the grave . . .

Third Corpse 75  
Peace and the worms and the roots of grass. There is a deeper peace than that which comes with feeding the roots of the grass.

Captain  
Yes, gentlemen . . .

First Soldier 76  
I . . . I'm glad you . . . you didn't . . . I'm glad. Say, is there anything we can do for you?

Sergeant  
Lissen, soldier!

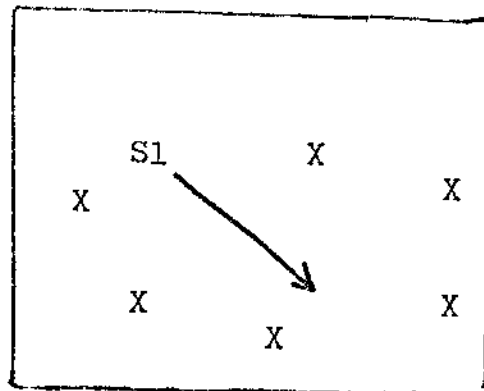
First Soldier  
Shut up, Sergeant! Is there anything we can do for you, Friend?

First Corpse  
Yeah. You can sing . . . (There is a pause in which the First Soldier turns around and looks at the Second Soldier,

74 Captain moves to confront Corpse 4 directly.

75 Moves towards Captain in peaceful indignation

76 Soldier 1 moves from stump at 10 o'clock to center.





then back to the First Corpse. Then the silence is broken by the Second Soldier's voice, raised in song. It goes on for a few moments, then fades as the light dims.)  
(Blackout 10)

77

12

14

Colored spotlights pick out three Business Men on different parts of the stage.

## Scene 10

CUT

First Business Man  
Ssh! Keep it quiet!

Third Business Man  
Sink 'em with lead . . .

Second Business Man  
Bury them! Bury them six feet under!

First Business Man  
What are we going to do?

Second Business Man  
We must keep up the morale

Third Business Man  
Lead! lead! A lot of lead!

Second Business Man  
What do we pay our Generals for?

Chorus of Business Men  
Ssssh!  
(Blackout 11)

Spotlights on the congregation of a church, kneeling, with a Priest praying over them.

## Scene 11

TAPED



Priest  
O Jesus, our God and our Christ, Who has redeemed us with Thy blood on the Cross at Calvary, give us Thy blessing on this holy day, and cause it that our soldiers allow themselves to be buried in peace, and bring victory to our arms, enlisted in Thy Cause and the cause of all righteousness on the field of battle. . . . Amen. . . . (Blackout 12)

- 77 Soldier 1 moves back to S L platform as Soldier 2 begins to sing "Swing Low Sweet Chariot."
- 12 Slow blackout during Soldier 2's song.
- 14 Taped voice of Priest over stereo system in blackout.

## Scene 12

First General

Please, God, keep it quiet . . .

Reporter (15)    
Well? What are you going to do?

Editor

Do I have to do anything?

Reporter

God damn right you do . . . They're still standing up. They're going to stand up from now till Doomsday. They're not going to be able to bury soldiers any more. It's in the stars . . . You got to say something about it . . .

Editor

All right. Put this in. "It is alleged that certain members of an infantry regiment refuse to allow themselves to be buried. . . ."

Reporter

Well?


Editor

That's all.

Reporter

That's all?

Editor

Yes, Christ, isn't that enough? (Blackout 13)  16

Spotlight on a radio-loudspeaker. A voice, mellow and beautiful, comes out of it.

## Scene 13

The Voice

It has been reported that certain American soldiers, killed on the field of battle, have refused to allow themselves to be buried. Whether this is true or not, the Coast-to-Coast Broadcasting System feels that this must give the American public an idea of the indomitable spirit of the American dough-boy in this war. We cannot rest until this war is won--not even our brave dead boys. . . . (Blackout 14)

CUT

- ⑮ Typical office noises
- △ Lights up full on Editor-Reporter's office
- 78 Reporter is pacing in anxiety.

△ 14 Blackout

⑯ 16 War rumbles and then fade into a taped broadcast of an appeal to the women of the soldiers.

## Scene 14

Guns. Spotlight on First General and Captain.

First General

Have you got any suggestions . . . ?

Captain

I think so. Get their women . . .

First General

What good'll their women do?

Captain

Women are always conservative. It's a conservative notion-- this one of lying down and allowing yourself to be buried when you're dead. The women'll fight the General's battle for them--in the best possible way--through their emotions . . . It's the General's best bet. . . .

First General

Women--Of course! You've got it there, Captain! Get out their women! Get them in a hurry! We'll have these boys underground in a jiffy. Women! Boy God, I never thought of it . . . Send out the call . . . Women! (Fadeout.)

(Blackout 15)

A baby spotlight on the loudspeaker. The voice again, just as mellow, just as persuasive.

## Scene 15

16

Voice

TAPED

We have been asked by the War Department to broadcast an appeal to the women of Privates Driscoll, Schelling, Morgan, Webster, Levy, and Dean, reported dead. The War Department requests that the women of these men present themselves at the War Department Office immediately. It is within their power to do a great service to their country. . . . (Blackout 16)

The spotlight illuminates the First General, where he stands, addressing six women.

①6 Taped and played over stereo system.

## Scene 16

First General

Go to your men . . . talk to them . . . make them see the error of their ways, ladies. You women represent what is dearest in our civilization--the sacred foundations of the home. We are fighting this war to protect the foundations of the homes of America! Those foundations will crumble utterly if these men of yours come back from the dead. I shudder to think of the consequences of such an act. Our entire system will be mortally struck. Our banks will close, our building collapse . . . our army will desert the field and leave our fair land open to be overrun by the enemy. Ladies, you are all Gold Star mothers and wives and sweethearts. You want to win this war. I know it. I know the high fire of patriotism that burns in women's breasts. That is why I have called upon you Ladies, let me make this clear to you. If you do not get your men to lie down and allow themselves to be buried, I fear that our cause is lost. The burden of the war is upon your shoulders now. Wars are not fought with guns and powder alone, ladies. Here is your chance to do your part, a glorious part . . . You are fighting for your homes, your children, your sisters' lives, your country's honor. You are fighting for religion, for love, for all decent human life. Wars can be fought and won only when the dead are buried and forgotten. How can we forget the dead who refuse to be buried? And we must forget them! There is no room in this world for dead men. They will lead only to the bitterest unhappiness--for you, for them, for everybody. Go, ladies, do your duty. Your country waits upon you . . . (Blackout 17)

CUT

Spotlight immediately illuminates the place where Private Schelling, Corpse Two, is talking to his wife. Mrs. Schelling is a spare, taciturn woman, a farmer's wife, who might be twenty or forty or anything in between. (17) (18) (79)

## Scene 17

46

Bess Schelling

Did it hurt much, John?

Schelling

How's the kid, Bess?

- ①7 Immediately after the taped announcement the song "Bohemsas" (See Sound, Chapter III.) is played, bringing the wives to the stage floor.

	X	
Joan	Mrs. Webster	
X		X Bess
Mrs. Dean		Katherine
X	X Julia	X

- △15 Lights are faded down low on stage floor and corpses but up to 3/4 on women as taped announcement is heard.

- 79 Positions of wives. All other corpses and wives are seated as Bess and Corpse 2 take their stage.

- △16 Lighting is lowered except for area around Bess and husband.



Bess 30  
He's fine. He talks now. He weighs twenty-eight pounds.  
He'll be a big boy. Did it hurt much, John?

Schelling  
How is the farm? Is it going all right, Bess?

Bess  
It's going. The rye was heavy this year. Did it hurt much,  
John?

Schelling  
Who did the reapin' for you, Bess?

Bess  
Schmidt took care of it--and his boys. Schmidt's too old for  
the war and his boys are too young. Took 'em nearly two  
weeks. The wheat's not bad this year. Schmidt's oldest boy  
expects to be called in a month or two. He practises behind  
the barn with that old shotgun Schmidt uses for duck.

Schelling  
The Schmidts were always fools. When the kid grows up, Bess,  
you make sure you pump some sense into his head. What color's  
his hair?

Bess  
Blonde. Like you . . . What are you going to do, John?

Schelling  
I would like to see the kid--and the farm--and . . .

Bess  
They say you're dead, John . . .

Schelling  
I'm dead, all right.

Bess  
Then how is it . . . ?

Schelling  
I don't know. Maybe there's too many of us under the ground  
now. Maybe the earth can't stand it no more. You got to  
change crops sometime. What are you doing here, Bess?

Bess  
They asked me to get you to let yourself be buried.

80 Bess begins to circle Corpse 2 observing very carefully the horror.

Schelling  
What to you think?

Bess  
You're dead, John . . .

Schelling  
Well . . . ?

Bess  
What's the good . . . ?

Schelling  
I don't know. Only there's something in me, dead or no dead,  
that won't let me be buried.

Bess  
You were a queer man, John. I never did understand what you  
were about. But what's the good . . . ?

Schelling  
Bess, I never talked so that I could get you to understand  
what I wanted while I--while I--before . . . Maybe now . . .  
There're a couple of things, Bess, that I ain't had enough  
of. Easy things, the things you see when you look outa your  
window at night, after supper, or when you wake up in the  
mornin'. Things you smell when you step outside the door  
when summer's on and the sun starts to turn the grass brown.  
Things you hear when you're busy with the horses or pitchin'  
the hay and you don't really notice them and yet they come  
back to you. Things like the fuzz of green over a field in  
spring where you planted wheat and it's started to come out  
overnight. Things like lookin' at rows of corn scrapin' in  
the breeze, tall and green, with the silk flying off the  
ears in the wind. Things like seeing the sweat come out all  
over on your horse's fat flank and seein' it shine like silk  
in front of you, smelling horsey and strong. Things like 81  
seein' the loam turn back all fat and deep brown on both  
sides as the plough turns it over so that it gets to be awful  
hard walkin' behind it. Things like taking a cold drink of  
water outa the well after after you've boiled in the sun all  
afternoon, and feelin' the water go down and down into you  
coolin' you off all through from the inside out . . . Things  
like seein' a blonde kid, all busy and serious, playin' with  
a dog on the shady side of a house . . . There ain't nothin'  
like that down here, Bess . . .

Bess  
Everything has its place, John. Dead men have theirs.

81 Corpse 2 jerks Bess  
around and shakes her  
as he trembles the  
words

X X	X X	3 65
X X	X X	X X

Schelling

My place is on the earth, Bess. My business is with the top of the earth, not the under-side. It was a trap that yanked me down. I'm not smart, Bess, and I'm easy trapped--but I can tell now . . . I got some stories to tell farmers before I'm through--I'm going to tell 'em . . .

Bess

We could bury you home, John, near the creek--it's cool there and quiet and there's always a breeze in the trees . . .

Schelling

Later, Bess, when I've had my fill of lookin' and smellin' and talkin' . . . A man should be able to walk into his grave, not be dragged into it. . . .

Bess

How'll I feel--and the kid--with you walkin' around--like--like that . . . ?

Schelling

I won't bother you . . . I won't come near you. . . .

Bess

Even so. Just knowin'. . . .

Schelling

I can't help it. This is somethin' bigger'n you--bigger'n me. It's somethin' I ain't had nothin' to do with startin' . . . It's somethin' that just grew up outa the earth--like--like a weed--a flower. Cut it down now and it'll jump up in a dozen new places. You can't stop it. The earth's ready for it. . . .

Bess

You were a good husband, John. For the kid--and me--won't you?

Schelling

Go home, Bess. Go Home! (Blackout 18)

The spotlight picks out Corpse Number Five, Private Levy, where he stands in the grave, with his back to the audience. His woman, a pert, attractive young lady, is sitting next to him, above him, facing him, talking to him.

## Scene 18

Joan 17 82  
You loved me best, didn't you, Henry--of all of them--all those women--you loved me the best, didn't you?

Levy (Fifth Corpse)  
What's the difference, now?

Joan  
I want to know it.

Levy  
It's not important.

Joan 83  
It's important to me. I knew about the others, about Doris and that shifty-eyed Janet . . . Henry, you're not a live man, are you, Henry?

Levy  
No, I'm all shot away inside.

Joan  
Must wars always be fought in the mud like this? I never expected it to look like this. It . . . it looks like a dump heap.

Levy  
You've gotten your shoes muddy. They're pretty shoes, Joan.

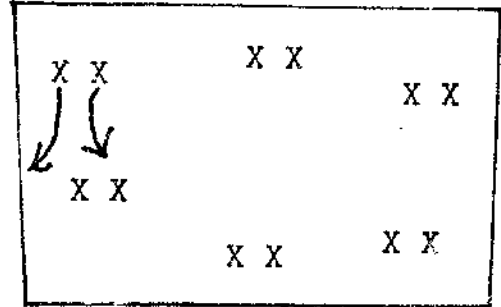
Joan  
Do you think so, Henry? They're lizard. I like them too. It's so hard to get a good pair of shoes nowadays.

Levy  
Do you still dance, Joan?

Joan  
Oh, I'm really much better than I used to be. There are so many dances back home nowadays. Dances for orphan relief and convalescent hospitals and Victory Loans. I'm busy seven nights a week. I sold more Victory Loans than any other girl in the League. I got a helmet . . . one of their helmets . . . one with a bullet-hole in it, for selling eleven thousand dollars' worth.

17 Lights fade down on Corpse 2 and Bess and up full on Joan and Levy.

82 Getting up from a rock and moving toward center stage slightly



83 Levy gets up and moves to 9 o'clock.

Levy

Out here we get them for nothing, by the million--bullet-holes and all.

Joan

That sounds bitter. You shouldn't sound bitter.

Levy

I'm sorry.

Joan

I heard Colonel Elwell the other day. You know Colonel Elwell, old Anthony Elwell who owns the mill. He made a speech at the monthly Red Cross banquet and he said that that was the nice thing about this war, it wasn't being fought bitterly by our boys. He said it was just patriotism that kept us going. He's a wonderful speaker, Colonel Elwell; I cried and cried. . . .

Levy

I remember him.

Joan

Henry, do you think we're going to win the war?

Levy

What's the difference?

Joan

Henry! What a way to talk! I don't know what's come over you. Really, I don't. Why, the papers say that if they win the war, they'll burn our churches and tear down our museums and . . . and rape our women. (Levy laughs) Why are you laughing, Henry?

Levy

I'm dead, Joan.

Joan

Yes. Then why--why don't you let them bury you?

Levy

There are a lot of reasons. There were a lot of things I loved on this earth. . . .

Joan

A dead man can't touch a woman.



Levy

The women, yes--but more than touching them. I got a great joy just from listening to women, hearing them laugh, watching their skirts blow in the wind, noticing the way their breasts bounced up and down inside their dresses when they walked. It had nothing to do with touching them. I liked to hear the sound of their high heels on pavements at night and the tenderness in their voices when they walked past me arm in arm with a young man. You were so lovely, Joan, with your pale hair and long hands.

Joan

You always liked my hair. No woman will walk arm in arm with you, Henry Levy, while you cheat the grave.

Levy

No. But there will be the eyes of women to look at and the bright color of their hair and the soft way they swing their hips when they walk before young men. These are the things that mean life and the earth to me, the joy and the pain. These are the things the earth still owes me, now when I am only thirty. Joy and pain--to each man in his own way, a full seventy years, to be ended by an unhurried fate, not by a colored pin on a General's map. What do I care for the colored pins on a General's map?

Joan

They are not only pins. They mean more . . .

Levy

More? To whom? To the Generals--not to me. To me they are colored pins. It is not a fair bargain--this exchange of my life for a small part of a colored pin. . . .

Joan

Henry, how can you talk like that? You know why this war is being fought.

Levy

No. Do you?

Joan

Of course, everybody knows. We must win! We must be prepared to sacrifice our last drop of blood. Anyway, what can you do?

Levy

Do you remember last summer, Joan? My last leave. We went to Maine. I would like to remember that--the sun and the beach and your soft hands--for a long time.

Joan  
What are you going to do?

Levy  
Walk the world looking at the fine, long-legged girls, seeing in them something deep and true and passionately vital, listening to the sound of their light voices with ears the Generals would have stopped with the grave's solid mud. . . .

Joan  
Henry! Henry! Once you said you loved me. For love of me, Henry, go into the grave. . . .

Levy  
Poor Joan. (Stretches out his hand tenderly as if to touch her.)

Joan  
Don't touch me. For love of me.

Levy 84  
Go home, Joan! Go home! (Blackout 19)

The spotlight picks out the Third Corpse, Private Morgan, and Julia Blake, he with his back to the audience, standing in the grave, she above and to the right. Julia sobs.

18

Scene 19

Morgan  
Stop crying, Julia. What's the sense in crying?

Julia  
No sense. Only I can't stop crying.

Morgan  
You shouldn't have come.

Julia  
They asked me to come. They said you wouldn't let them bury you--dead and all . . .

Morgan  
Yes.

Julia  
Why don't they kill me too? I'd let them bury me. I'd be glad to be buried--to get away from all this . . . I--I haven't stopped crying for two weeks now. I used to think

84 Sitting finally on a rock as light lowers on "Go home, Joan!"

18 Lighting lowers on Joan and Levy and comes up full on D C on Julia and Morgan.



Plate 5--Julia: They asked me to come. They said you wouldn't let them bury you--dead and all.

I was tough. I never cried. Even when I was a kid. It's a wonder where all the tears can come from. Though I guess there's always room for more tears. I thought I was all cried out when I heard about the way they killed Fred. My kid brother. I used to comb his hair in the morning when he went to school . . . I--I . . . Then they killed you. They did, didn't they? 85

Morgan 86  
Yes.

Julia  
It's hard to know like this. I--I know, though, It--it makes it harder, this way, with you like this. I could forget easier if you . . . But I wasn't going to say that. I was going to listen to you. Oh, my darling, it's been so rotten. I get drunk. I hate it and I get drunk. I sing out loud and everybody laughs. I was going through your things the other day--I'm crazy. . . . I go through all your things three times a week, touch ng your clothes and reading your books. . . . You have the nicest clothes. . . . There was that quatrain you wrote to me that time you were in Boston and . . . First I laughed, then I cried, then . . . It's a lovely poem--you would have been a fine writer. I think you would have been the greatest writer that ever . . . I . . . Did they shoot your hands away, darling?

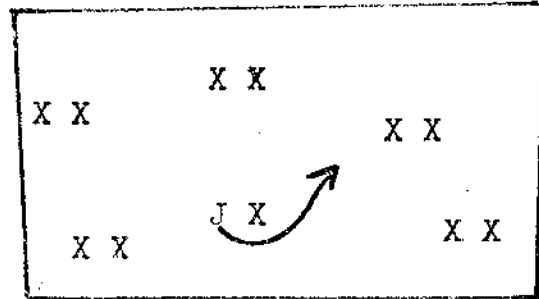
Morgan  
No.

Julia  
That's good. I couldn't bear it if anything happened to your hands. Was it bad, darling?

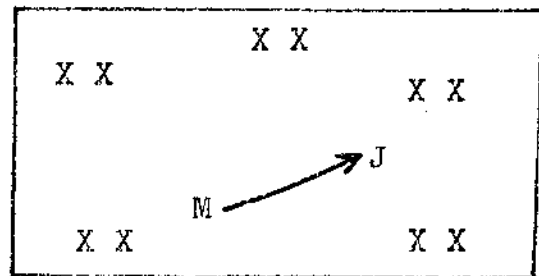
Morgan  
Bad enough. 87

Julia  
But they didn't shoot your hands away. That's something. You learn how to be grateful for the craziest things nowadays. People have to be grateful for something and it's so hard, with the war and all. . . . Oh, darling, I never could thing of you dead. Somehow you didn't seem to be made to be dead. I would feel better if you were buried in a fine green field and there were funny little flowers jumping up around the stone that said, "Walter Morgan, Born 1950, Died 1970." I could stop getting drunk at night and singing out loud so that people laugh at me. The worst thing is looking at all the books you piled up home that you didn't read. They wait

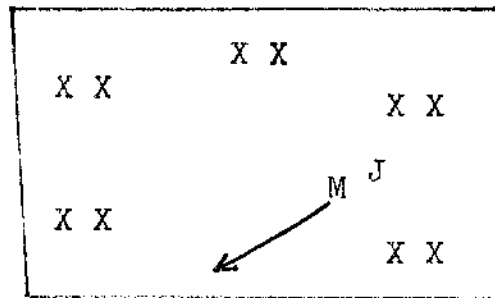
85 Julia crosses Morgan paces toward 3 o'clock.



86 Morgan turns and follows.



87 Morgan turns away and walks to rock at 6 o'clock and sits.



there, waiting for your hands to come and open them and . . .  
 Oh, let them bury you, let them bury you . . . There's  
 nothing left, only crazy people and clothes that'll never  
 be used hanging in the closets . . . Why not?

Morgan

There are too many books I haven't read, too many places I  
 haven't seen, too many memories I haven't kept long enough.  
 I won't be cheated of them. . . .

Julia 88

And me? Darling, me . . . I hate getting drunk. Your name  
 would look so well on a nice simple chunk of marble in a  
 green field. "Walter Morgan, Beloved of Julia Blake . . ."  
 With poppies and daisies and those little purple flowers all  
 around the bottom, and . . . (She is bent over, almost wail-  
 ing. There is the flash of a gun in her hand, and she tot-  
 ters, falls) Now they can put my name on the casualty lists,  
 too . . . What do they call those purple flowers, darling?  
 (Blackout 20)

The spotlight follows Katherine Driscoll as she makes her  
 way from Corpse to Corpse in the grave, looking at their  
 faces. She looks first at Corpse Six, shudders, covers her  
 eyes and moves on. She stops at Corpse Five.

#### Scene 20

19

Katherine

I'm Katherine Driscoll. I--I'm looking for my brother. He's  
 dead. Are you my brother? 89

Fifth Corpse

No. (Katherine goes on to Corpse four, stops, looks, moves  
 on to Corpse Three.)

Katherine

I'm looking for my brother. My name is Katherine Driscoll.  
 His name--

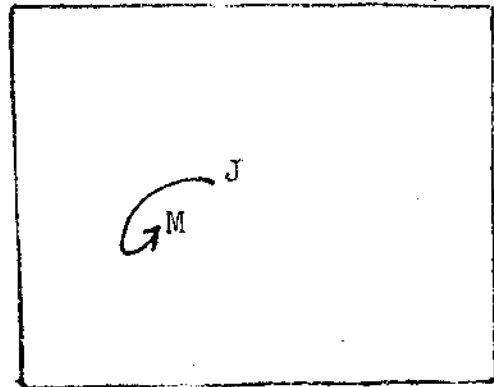
Third Corpse

No. (Katherine goes on, stands irresolutely before Corpse  
 Two.)

Katherine

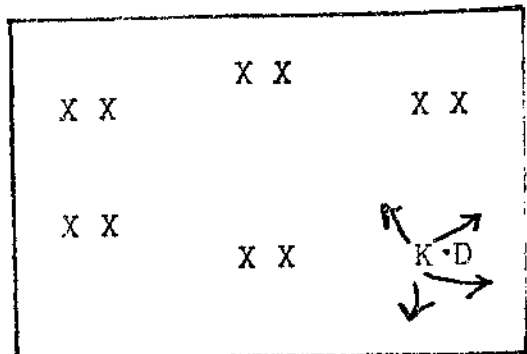
Are you . . . ? (Realizing it isn't her brother. Goes on to  
 Corpse One) I'm looking for my brother. My name is Katherine  
 Driscoll. His name . . .

88 Julia circles to S R side of Morgan pleading on knees as he sits.



19 Lights fade out on Julia and up on Katherine and Driscoll.

89 Pacing around her statue-like brother





Driscoll  
I'm Tom Driscoll.

Katherine  
Hel--Hello. I don't know you. After fifteen years--and . . .

Driscoll  
What do you want, Katherine?

Katherine 90  
You don't know me either, do you?

Driscoll  
No.

Katherine  
It's funny--my coming here to talk to a dead man--to try to get him to do something because once long ago he was my brother. They talked me into it. I don't know how to begin.

Driscoll  
You'll be wasting your words, Katherine. . . .

Katherine  
They should have asked someone nearer to you--someone who loved you--only they couldn't find anybody. I was the nearest, they said. . . .

Driscoll  
That's so. You were the nearest. . . .

Katherine  
And I fifteen years away. Poor Tom . . . It couldn't have been a sweet life you led these fifteen years.

Driscoll  
It wasn't.

Katherine  
You were poor, too?

Driscoll  
Sometimes I begged for meals. I wasn't lucky . . .

Katherine  
And yet you want to go back. Is there no more sense in the dead, Tom, than in the living?

90 Lighting a cigarette daintily as if she were in a New England parlor.

Driscoll

Maybe not. Maybe there's no sense in either living or dying, but we can't believe that. I travelled to a lot of places and I saw a lot of things, always from the black side of them, always workin' hard to keep from starvin' and turnin' my collar up to keep the wind out, and they were mean and rotten and sad, but always I saw that they could be better and some day they were going to be better, and that the guys like me who knew that they were rotten and knew that they could be better had to get out and fight to make it that way.

Katherine

You're dead. Your fight's over.

Driscoll

The fight's never over. I got things to say to people now-- to the people who nurse big machines and the people who swing shovels and the people whose babies die with big bellies and rotten bones. I got things to say to the people who leave their lives behind them and pick up guns to fight in somebody else's war. Important things. Big things. Big enough to lift me out of the grave right back onto the earth into the middle of men just because I got the voice to say them. If God could life Jesus . . .

Katherine

Tom! Have you lost religion, too? 91

Driscoll

I got another religion. I got a religion that wants to take heaven out of the clouds and plant it right here on the earth where most of us can get a slice of it. It isn't as pretty a heaven--there aren't any streets of gold and there aren't any angels, and we'd have to worry about sewerage, and railroad schedules in it, and we don't guarantee everybody'd love it, but it'd be right here, stuck in the mud of this earth, and there wouldn't be any entrance requirement, like dying, to get into it . . . Dead or alive, I see that, and it won't let me rest. I was the first one to get up in this black grave of ours, because that idea wouldn't let me rest. I pulled the others with me--that's my job, pulling the others . . . They only know what they want--I know how they can get it . . .

Katherine

There's still the edge of arrogance on you.

Driscoll

I got heaven in my two hands to give to men. There's reason for arrogance . . .

91 First sign of movement for Driscoll as he wheels around on her and begins to circle her.



Plate 6--Driscoll: I didn't get up from the dead to go back to the dead. I'm going to the living now.

Katherine

I came to ask you to lie down and let them bury you. It seems foolish now. But . . .

Driscoll

It's foolish, Katherine. I didn't get up from the dead to go back to the dead. I'm going to the living now.

Katherine

Fifteen years. It's a good thing your mother isn't alive. How can you say good-bye to a dead brother, Tom?

Driscoll

Wish him an easy grave, Katherine . . .

Katherine

A green and pleasant grave to you, Tom, when, finally . . . finally . . . green and pleasant. (Blackout 21) 20

The spotlight illuminates Private Dean, the Sixth Corpse, where he stands with his back to the audience, listening to his mother, a thin, shabby, red-eyed woman of about forty-five, sitting above and to the right, in the full glare of the spotlight. Dean is in shadow.

#### Scene 21

Mrs. Dean

Let me see your face, son . . . 92

Dean

You don't want to see it, mom . . .

Mrs. Dean

My baby's face. Once, before you . . .

Dean

You don't want to see it, mom. I know. Didn't they tell you what happened to me?

Mrs. Dean

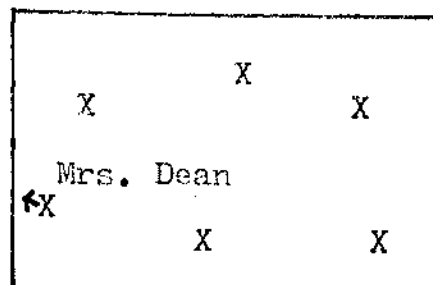
I asked the doctor. He said a piece of shell hit the side of your head--but even so . . .

Dean

Don't ask to see it, mom.

△ Lights fade out on Katherine and comes up full on Mrs. Dean.

92 Dean is standing facing 9 o'clock and avoids showing his shell blasted face to his mother.



Mrs. Dean

How are you, son? (Dean laughs a little--bitterly) Oh, I forgot. I asked you that question so many times while you were growing up, Jimmy. Let me see your face, Jimmy--just once . . .

Dean

How did Alice take it when she heard . . . ?

Mrs. Dean

She put a gold star in her window. She tells everybody you were going to be married. Is that so?

Dean

Maybe. I liked Alice.

Mrs. Dean

She came over on your birthday. That was before this--this happened. She brought flowers. Big chrysanthemums. Yellow. A lot of them. We had to put them in two vases. I baked a cake. I don't know why. It's hard to get eggs and fine flour nowadays. My baby, twenty years old . . . Let me see your face, Jimmy, boy . . .

Dean

Go home, mom . . . It's not doing you any good staying here.

Mrs. Dean

I want you to let them bury you, Baby. It's done now and over. It would be better for you that way . . .

Dean

There's no better to it, mom--and no worse. It happened that way, that's all.

Mrs. Dean

Let me see your face, Jimmy. You had such a fine face. Like a good baby's. It hurt me when you started to shave. Somehow, I almost forget what you looked like, Baby. I remember what you looked like when you were five, when you were ten--you were chubby and fair and your cheeks felt like little silk cushions when I put my hand on them. But I don't remember how you looked when you went away with that uniform on you and that helmet over your face . . . Baby, let me see your face, once . . .

Dean

Don't ask me . . . You don't want to see. You'll feel worse--forever . . . if you see . . .





Plate 7--Dean: I spent twenty years practicing to be a man and then they killed me. They made a speech and played a trumpet and dressed me in a uniform and then they killed me.

Mrs. Dean  
I'm not afraid. I can look at my baby's face. Do you think mothers can be frightened by their children's . . .

Dean  
No, mom . . .

Mrs. Dean  
Baby, listen to me, I'm your mother . . . Let them bury you. There's something peaceful and done about a grave. After a while you forget the death and you remember only the life before it. But this way--you never forget . . . It's a wound walking around forever, without peace. For your sake and mine and your father's . . . Baby . . .

Dean 93  
I was only twenty, mom. I hadn't done anything. I hadn't seen anything. I never even had a girl. I spent twenty years practising to be a man and then they killed me. Being a kid's no good, mom. You try to get over it as soon as you can. You don't really live while you're a kid. You mark time, waiting. I waited, mom--but then I got cheated. They made a speech and played a trumpet and dressed me in a uniform and then they killed me.

Mrs. Dean  
Oh, Baby, Baby, there's no peace this way. Please let them . . .

Dean  
No, mom . . .

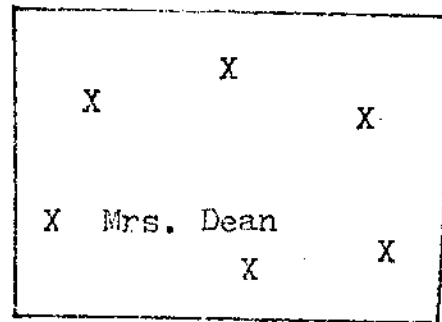
Mrs. Dean  
Then once, now, so that I can remember--let me see your face, my baby's face . . .

Dean  
Mom, the shell hit close to me. You don't want to look at a man when a shell hits close to him. 94

Mrs. Dean  
Let me see your face, Jimmy . . . 95

Dean  
All right, mom . . . look! (He turns his face to her. The audience can't see his face, but immediately a spotlight, white and sharp, shoots down from directly above and hits Dean's head. Mrs. Dean leans forward, staring. Another spotlight shoots down immediately after from the extreme

- 93 Dean moves toward 3 o'clock position face still away from mother.




- 94 Moves toward center stage.
- 95 Walking to Dean.

right, then one from the left, then two more, from above. They hit with the impact of blows and Mrs. Dean shudders a little as they come, as though she were watching her son being beaten. There is absolute silence for a moment. Then Mrs. Dean starts to moan, low, painfully. The lights remain fixed and Mrs. Dean's moans rise to a wail, then to a scream. She leans back, covering her eyes with her hands, screaming. Blackout 22. The scream persists, fading, like a siren fading in the distance, until it is finally stilled.) 96

The spotlight on Corpse Three, Private Webster, and his wife, a dumpy, sad little woman.


Scene 22

Martha Webster   
Say something.

Webster  
What do you want me to say?

Martha  
Something--anything. Only talk. You give me the shivers standing there like that--looking like that . . .

Webster  
Even now--after this--there's nothing that we can talk to each other about.

Martha   
Don't talk like that. You talked like that enough when you were alive--It's not my fault that you're dead. . . .

Webster  
No.

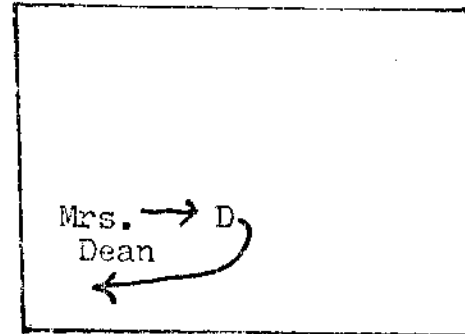
Martha  
It was bad enough when you were alive--and you didn't talk to me and you looked at me as though I was always in your way.

Webster  
Martha, Martha, what's the difference now?

Martha  
I just wanted to let you know. Now I suppose you're going to come back and sit around and ruin my life altogether?

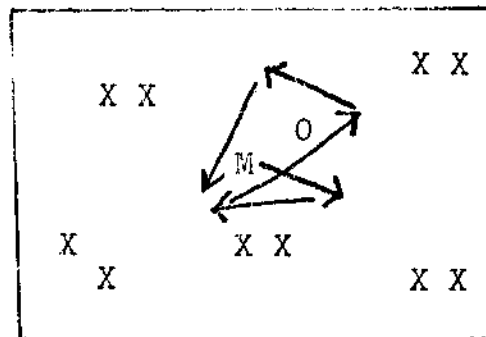
Webster  
No. I'm not going to come back.

96 Dean wheels around and exposes his face to his mother as she gives to 7 o'clock and falls to her knees in anguish.



21 Lights fade out on Mrs. Dean and up on Websters.

97 Martha Webster uses large portion of up center Down, left and right center stage throughout scene.



Martha

Then what . . . ?

Webster

I couldn't explain it to you, Martha . . .

Martha

No! Oh, no--you couldn't explain it to your wife. But you could explain it to that dirty bunch of loafers down at that damned garage of yours and you could explain it to those bums in the saloon on F Street. . . .

Webster

I guess I could. Things seemed to be clearer when I was talking to the boys while I worked over a job. And I managed to talk so people could get to understand what I meant down at the saloon on F Street. It was nice, standing there of a Saturday night, with a beer in front of you and a man or two that understood your own language next to you, talking--oh, about Joe Namath or the new oiling system Ford was putting out or the chances of us gettin' into the war . . .

Martha

It's different if you were rich and had a fine beautiful life you wanted to go back to. Then I could understand. But you were poor . . . you always had dirt under your finger nails, you never ate enough, you hated me, your wife, you couldn't stand being in the same room with me . . . Don't shake your head, I know. Out of your whole life, all you could remember that's good is a beer on Saturday night that you drank in company with a couple of bums. . . .

Webster

That's enough. I didn't think about it then . . . but I guess I was happy those times.

Martha

You were happy those times . . . but you weren't happy in your own home! I know, even if you don't say it! Well, I wasn't happy either! Living in three damned rooms that the sun didn't hit five times a year! Watching the roaches make picnics on the walls! Happy!

Webster

I did my best.

Martha

Eighteen-fifty a week! Your best! Eighteen-fifty, condensed milk, a two-dollar pair of shoes once a year, five hundred dollars' insurance, chopped meat. God, how I hate chopped

meat! Eighteen-fifty, being afraid of everything---of the landlord, the gas company, scared stiff every month that I was goin' to have a baby! Why shouldn't I have a baby! Who says I shouldn't have a baby? Eighteen-fifty, no baby!

98

Webster  
I woulda liked a kid.

Martha  
Would you? You never said anything.

Webster  
It's good to have a kid. A kid's somebody to talk to.

Martha  
At first . . . In the beginning . . . I thought we'd have a kid some day.

Webster  
Yeah, me too. I used to go out on Sundays and watch men wheel their kids through the park.

Martha  
There were so many things you didn't tell me. Why did you keep quiet?

Webster  
I was ashamed to talk to you. I couldn't give you anything.

Martha  
I'm sorry.

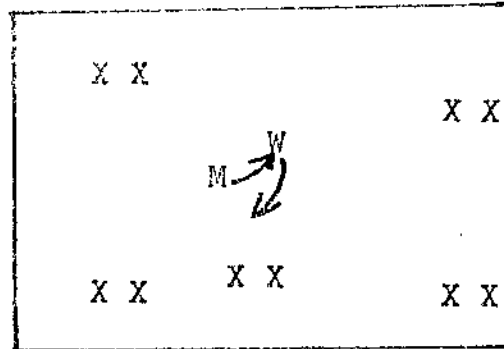
Webster  
In the beginning it looked so fine. I used to smile to myself when I walked beside you in the street and other men looked at you.

Martha  
That was a long time ago.

Webster  
A kid would've helped.

Martha  
No, it wouldn't. Don't fool yourself, Webster. The Clarks downstairs have four and it doesn't help them. Old man Clark comes home drunk every Saturday night and beats 'em with his shaving strap and throws plates at the old lady. Kids don't help the poor. Nothing helps the poor! I'm too smart to have sick, dirty kids on eighteen-fifty . . .

98 Crosses and faces  
 Webster face to face  
 then turns away  
 violently.





Webster  
That's it . . .

Martha  
A house should have a baby. But it should be a clean house with a full icebox. Why shouldn't I have a baby? Other people have babies. Even now, with the war, other people have babies. They don't have to feel their skin curl every time they tear a page off the calendar. They go off to beautiful hospitals in lovely ambulances and have babies between colored sheets! What's there about them that God likes that He makes it so easy for them to have babies?

Webster  
They're not married to mechanics.

Martha  
No! It's not eighteen-fifty for them. And now . . . now it's worse. Your twenty dollars a month. You hire yourself to be killed and I get twenty dollars a month. I wait on line all day to get a loaf of bread. I've forgotten what butter tastes like. I wait on line with the rain soaking through my shoes for a pound of rotten meat once a week. At night I go home. Nobody to talk to, just sitting, watching the bugs, with one little light because the Government's got to save electricity. You had to go off and leave me to that! What's the war to me that I have to sit at night with nobody to talk to? What's the war to you that you had to go off and . . . ?

Webster  
That's why I'm standing up now, Martha.

Martha  
What took you so long, then? Why now? Why not a month ago, a year ago, ten years ago? Why didn't you stand up then? Why wait until you're dead? You live on eighteen-fifty a week with the roaches, not saying a word, and then when they kill you, you stand up! You fool!

Webster  
I didn't see it before.

Martha  
Just like you! Wait until it's too late! There's plenty for live men to stand up for! Allright, stand up! It's about time you talked back. It's about time all you poor miserable eighteen-fifty bastards stood up for themselves and their wives and the children they can't have! Tell 'em all to stand up! Tell 'em! Tell 'em! (She shrieks. Blackout 23)

△ 22    ① 18    □ 99

Spotlight picks out the First General. He has his hands to his lips.

Scene 23

First General

It didn't work. But keep it quiet. For God's sake, keep it quiet . . . (Blackout 24)

A spotlight picks out the newspaper office, the Reporter and the Editor.

Scene 24

Reporter △ 23

It didn't work! Now, you've got to put it in! I knew it wouldn't work! Smear it over the head lines! It didn't work!

Editor

Put it in the headlines . . . They won't be buried! △ 24

Voice

It didn't work! Extra! It didn't work!

Voice (In dark. Hoarse whisper)  
It didn't work! They're still standing . . . Somebody do something . . .

Voice (Spotted, a clubwoman type)  
Somebody do something . . .

CUT { Voice (Newsboy spotted)  
Extra! They're still standing . . .

Voice (Clubwoman)  
Don't let them back into the country . . .

Reporter  
They're standing. From now on they'll always stand! You can't bury soldiers any more . . . (Spotted, a group, owners of the next four voices.)

Voice  
They stink. Bury them!

- △ 22 Fade all lights out except a slow dim on Martha as she weeps and collapses to her knees.
- ① 18 As Martha falls to the floor the other women begin to leave and we hear "Sunlight" by the Youngbloods (See Chapter III, Sound).
- 99 All wives exit slowly taking one last look as lights dim away and as "Sunlight" is heard.

△ 23 Quick flash of light to Editor's office.

△ 24 Blackout.

Voice  
What are we going to do about them?

Voice  
What'll happen to our war? We can't let anything  
happen to our war . . .

CUT { Voice (A priest, facing the three men)  
Pray! Pray! God must help us! Down on your knees,  
all of you and pray with your hearts and your guts and  
the marrow of your bones . . .

Voice (Reporter spotted, facing them all)  
It will take more than prayers. What are prayers to  
a dead man? They're standing! Mankind is standing up  
and climbing out of its grave . . . (Blackout 25)

#### Scene 25

Voice  
Have you heard . . . ? It didn't work . . .

Voice  
Extra! Extra! It didn't work! They're still standing!

(Spotted, Mrs. Dean. Mrs. Schelling, Julia Blake)

Mrs. Dean  
My baby . . .

Mrs. Schelling  
My husband . . .

CUT { Julia Blake  
My lover . . . (Blackout 26)

#### Scene 26

Voice  
Bury them! They stink! (The next set of characters  
walks through a stationary spotlight.)

Voice (A Farmer)  
Plant a new crop! The old crop has worn out the earth.  
Plant something besides lives in the old and weary earth.

Voice ( A newsboy, running)  
Extra! It didn't work!

Voice ( A Banker, frantic)  
Somebody do something! Dupont's passed a dividend!

Voice ( A Priest)  
The Day of Judgment is at hand . . .

Voice (The First Whore)  
Where is Christ? (Blackout 27)

Scene 27

Voice  
File 'em away in alphabetical order . . .

(Spotlight on a man in academic robes, reading aloud  
from behind a table, after he adjusts his glasses.)

CUT

Voice  
We don't believe it. It is against the dictates of  
science. (Blackout 28)

Spotlight on Second General.

Scene 28

Second General  
Keep it quiet!  
(Mrs. Schelling walks in front of him. The others  
follow.)

Bess Schelling  
My husband . . .

Julia Blake  
My lover . . .

Mrs. Dean  
My baby . . . (Blackout 29)

Scene 29

Voice (A Child)  
What have they done with my father?

Spotlight on Banker at telephone.

Banker

Somebody do something. Call up the War Department!  
Call up Congress! Call up the Roman Catholic Church!  
Somebody do something!

Voice

We've got to put them down!

Reporter

Never! Never! Never! You can't put them down. Put  
one down and ten will spring up like weeds in an old  
garden . . . (Spots at various parts of the stage.)

Voice (The Third General)

Use lead on them, lead! Lead put 'em down once, lead'll  
do it again! Lead!

Voice

Put down the sword and hang the armor on the wall to  
rust with the years. The killed have arisen.

CUT

Boice

Bury them! Bury the dead!

Voice

The old demons have come back to possess the earth.  
We are lost . . .

Voice

The dead have arisen, now let the living rise, singing.

Voice

Do something, for the love of God, do something . . .

Voice

Extra! They're still standing.

Voice

Do something!

Voice

We will do something . . .

Voice

Who are you?

TAPED

Voice (Priest in spot) (19)  
 We are the Church and the voice of God. The State has tried its ways, now let the Church use the ways of God. These corpses are possessed by the devil, who plagues the lives of men. The Church will exorcise the devil from these men, according to its ancient rite, and they will lie down in their graves like children to a pleasant sleep, rising no more to trouble the world of living men. The Church which is the Voice of God upon this earth, amen . . .  
 (Blackout 30)

25      100      101

Scene 30

Chorus of Voices (20)  
 Alleluia, alleluia, sing . . . (The scream of the bereft mother fades in, reaches its height, then dies off as the holy procession of priests moves solemnly on with bell, book and candle. A Priest sprinkles the Corpses with holy water, makes the sign of the cross over them and begins in the solemn Latin of the service. At the end he goes into English--his voice rising in ritualistic passion.)

102      21      103      26      104      27

Priest  
 I exorcise thee, unclean spirit, in the name of Jesus Christ; tremble, O Satan, thou enemy of the faith, thou foe of mankind, who hast brought death into the world, who hast deprived men of life, and hast rebelled against justice, thou seducer of mankind, thou root of evil, thou source of avarice, discord, and envy.  
 (Silence. Then the Corpses begin to laugh, lightly, horribly. There is a sign from the living men present, and the priestly procession goes off, its bell tinkling. The laughter goes on. Blackout 31. The Voices call again . . . )

CUT

Scene 31

Voice  
 No . . .  
 Voice  
 NO!  
 Voice  
 It didn't work . . .

①9 In a blackout we hear the taped voice of the Priest echoing the traditional dogma of the church.

△25 The lights come up slowly on the Corpses and the General.

100 The Corpses rise in silhouette.

101 General 1 enters pleading with each Corpse wordlessly.

②0 As the Priest's voice fades out, we hear the Guiseppe Verdi Chorus. As the chorus fades out we hear the music "Be Careful with that Axe Eugene" by Pink Floyd as the General enters the stage from 7 o'clock in desperation.

102 The Corpses leave one by one, leaving the pleading General.

②1 Corpses leave as "White Bird" by Beautiful Day is playing.

103 The General falls at 2 o'clock.

△26 All lights fade out except a special on the General.

104 Schelling places dirt in the General's hand.

△27 Slow blackout.



Voice  
We are deserted by God for our evil ways. It is the  
new flood, without rain . . .

Newsboy  
They're licked.

Voice  
This isn't 1918! This is today!

Voice  
See what happens tomorrow!

Voice  
Anything can happen now! Anything!

Voice  
They're coming. We must stop them!

Voice  
We must find ways, find means!

Voice (The Reporter, exulting)  
They're coming! There will be no ways, no means!

CUT } Semi-Chorus  
What are you going to do?

Chorus  
What are you going to do? (They laugh sardonically.)

### Scene 32

Third General  
Let me have a machine gun! Sergeant! A machine gun!  
(A bolt of light comes down to a machine gun set to  
the left of the grave, mid-way between the edge of the  
grave and the wings. The Generals are clustered around  
it.)

Third General  
I'll show them! This is what they've needed!

First General  
All right, all right. Get it over with! Hurry! But  
keep it quiet!

Third General

I want a crew to man this gun. (Pointing to First Soldier) You! Come over here! And you! You know what to do. I'll give the command to fire . . .

First Soldier

Not to me, you won't . . . This is over me. I won't touch that gun. None of us will! We didn't hire out to be no butcher of dead men. Do your own chopping.

Third General

You'll be court-martialed! You'll be dead by tomorrow morning . . .

First Soldier

Be careful, General! I may take a notion to come up like these guys. That's the smartest thing I've seen in this army. I like it . . . (To Driscoll) What d'ye say, Buddy?

Driscoll

It's about time . . . (The Third General draws his gun, but the other Generals hold his arm.)

First General

CUT { Stop it! It's bad enough as it is! Let him alone! Do it yourself! Go ahead, do it!

Third General

Oh, my God . . . (He looks down at gun, then slowly gets down on one knee behind it. The other Generals slide out behind him. The Corpses come together in the middle of the grave, all facing the gun. Third General fumbles with the gun. Voices call.)

Reporter

Never, never, never!

Julia

Walter Morgan, Beloved of Julia Blake, Born 1950, Died 1970.

Mrs. Dean

Let me see your face, Baby?

Martha Webster

All you remember is a glass of beer with a couple of bums on Saturday night.

Katherine Driscoll  
A green and pleasant grave . . .

Bess Schelling  
Did it hurt much, John? His hair is blonde and he  
weighs twenty-eight pounds.

Joan  
You loved me best, didn't you, Henry? . . . best . . .

Voice  
Four yards of bloody mud . . .

CUT

Voice  
I understand how they feel, Charlie. I wouldn't like  
to be underground . . . now . . .

Reporter  
Never, never!

Voice  
Never!

Martha Webster  
Tell 'em all to stand up! Tell 'em! Tell 'em!

## Scene 32A

(The Corpses begin to walk toward the left end of the grave, not marching, but walking together, silently. The Third General stiffens, then starts to laugh hysterically. As the Corpses reach the edge of the grave and take their first step out, he starts firing, laughing wildly, the gun shaking his shoulders violently. Calmly, in the face of the chattering gun, the Corpses gather on the brink of the grave, then walk soberly, in a little bunch, toward the Third General. For a moment they obscure him as they pass him. In that moment the gun stops. There is absolute silence. The Corpses pass on, going off the stage, like men who have leisurely business that must be attended to in the not too pressing future. As they pass the gun, they reveal the Third General, slumped forward, still, over the still gun. There is no movement on the stage for a fraction of a second. Then, slowly, the Four Soldiers of the burial detail break ranks. Slowly they walk, exactly as the Corpses have walked, off toward the left, past the Third General. The last

SEE

102

103

104

SEE

102

103

104

Soldier, as he passes the Third General, deliberately, but without malice, flicks a cigarette butt at him, then follows the other Soldiers off the stage. The Third General is the last thing we see, huddled over his quiet gun, pointed at the empty grave, as the light dims--in the silence.)

Curtain.



Plate 8--"White Bird must fly or she will die."  
Peace, life, and freedom triumphant.

## CHAPTER V

### SUMMARY AND FINAL RESULTS

In Bury the Dead, from script to completed production, it was thought that a bombarding of a wide assortment of contemporary machines would enhance the relevancy of the play and its message for the theatre goer of today. It was learned, however, by experimentation that these machines can become monsters in the theatre, especially where they interfere with the overall message of the play. They were indeed beautiful sights, but one only saw the particular machine and not the actor. One by one these machines were tried and then discarded.

The prism ball, run by a small motor to provide continuous, patterned motion, was the first machine tried and discarded. It was ascertained that a projection slide carefully carved by an artistic student would serve the same purpose of establishing an exciting, contemporary mood and tempo without the expense of building or renting the machine. It also became apparent that the constant motion of the machine would detract from the more important motion and projection of the actor himself.

A back-drop of reflective surfaces was the next item tried and discarded. A Mylar product, a glass-like product bought in 12 inch squares where mirrors are needed, was

priced and bought in small quantity, but it produced unsatisfactory results for the point of view of the show. It became obvious that this would only distract the spectator from the illusion of the stage to the glitter-like effect on the walls of the theatre.

A psychedelic light show was finally incorporated into the show for transitional purposes. It was hoped that the light show would react to the pulse of the music and provide a bridge from one scene to another. The expensive light machinery was bought and assembled by a student. In addition to the monetary loss, there was a great deal of uncertainty to the consistency of the light show. The bridges from scene to scene, it was learned, could more easily and effectively be handled by carefully selected musical commentary, as was discussed in Chapter III.

Without becoming highly technical about the electronic sound system installed for the production of Bury the Dead, it should suffice to say that it was elaborate and effective. According to comments following the performance, many of the audience had never heard such undistorted, full stereo sound. The equipment was loaned to the director as a personal favor from a prominent rock band located in the area. Two speakers almost five feet in height were placed above the heads of the audience, and were driven by a powerful and variable Kustom amplifier. Through this machinery an Ampex

stereo tape recorder and turntable surrounded the audience with sounds hopefully alluding to freedom, peace, and the contemporary mode and mood.

A few people felt that the sound system was too loud and annoying, but the vast majority was especially moved by the sound system, even though the volume was considered quite high, in keeping with the apparent preferences of young music lovers today.

Generally, those members of the audience who liked the production of Bury the Dead were especially favorable with comments. There seemed to be two extremes of those who were highly favorable in response and those who were highly critical of the entire project.

Some of the constructive comments that were made hinted at a lack of consistency in cutting and adapting the script. Troublesome sections were those containing the "Victory Loans," "War Bonds," "Eighteen-fifty per week," as opposed to an obvious attempt to update other sections of the script. A defense of this was given in the chapter titled, "Production Problems" under "Changes in the Original Script." Other comments were that the purpose of the clown white make-up on the puppet-like soldiers was not understood. Many people, in addition, expressed an obvious concern over the overly grotesque use of realism in the bloody make-up of the dead corpses. Some



felt that it added to the dramatic impact while others felt that it distracted from the scene going on around them.

The scenes containing the ladies' speeches, Scenes 17 through 22, to the dead soldiers received some criticism as being too long. Other members of the audience felt that it was Scenes 17 through 22 which made the production as effective as it was. Especially troublesome to some was Scene 19 where one of the women shot herself and fell dead, then silently arose and walked out with the rest of the women after the scene was concluded. Of course, this was felt necessary due to the dramatic necessity of getting an actress offstage so that the falling action could come smoothly without the delay of having to carry the character's body out.

Weaknesses were pointed out in several character portrayals. Especially criticized were the Second General, Corpse number 1, the Sergeant, and the Doctor. Basically, it was felt that these four characters displayed such noticeably less talent than the others that it took away from the over-all design of the production.

From the beginning, there were several actors, especially the men, who had trouble getting the right degree of feeling for a show as strong as Bury the Dead. The director tried using slide projections of war scenes from World War I, World War II, and the recent conflict in Viet Nam. Especially effective were the pictures found in books of children and

women, innocent victims of a costly murder. Also effective were pictures of young soldiers going off to war, kissing their wives and kids goodbye. These pictures were studied in silence for great lengths. Later in the development of the characters much discussion was devoted to the importance of conveying to the audience the point-of-view of the show. It was felt, through much concentrated work and use of psychology, that the actors improved greatly in the portrayal of major characters in the play. It should be noted that only six of the twenty people involved in the cast had ever been on stage in their lives. Yet they were asked to play characters requiring emotional heights and great dramatic intensity.

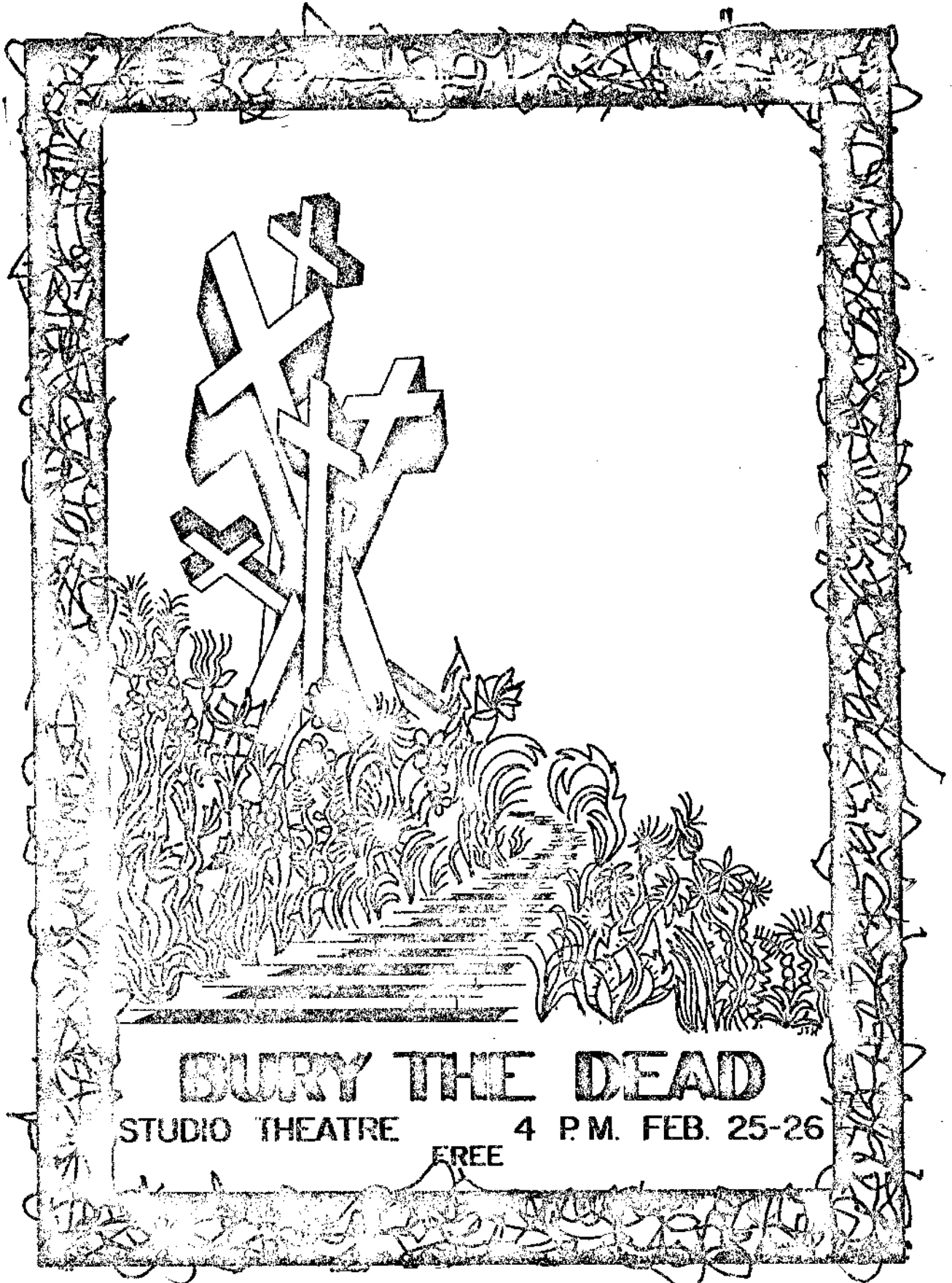
Some of the inexperienced actors had to be made to scream their lines at the top of their lungs in order to get them to speak words with any force at all, not to mention with the proper technique and feeling. This exercise proved effective and successful in some of the actors and in others the final polish never came.

The cast and crew for Bury the Dead formed an unusually close union. The general feeling when rehearsals began was one of distance and strangeness. Slowly a closeness formed among the cast which could be likened to that of a family. In fact when the show was over the cast showed obvious signs of grief in that they would be separated, working on other projects in the coming weeks.

Especially satisfying in directing, Bury the Dead, was being able to work with an actor and seeing him develop and even begin to live the part before your very eyes, and your being able to say to him, "You are now an actor."

## APPENDIX

Included in this section of the thesis are copies of the program, the publicity releases, the set designs, the light plot, traditional telegrams, and a picture of rehearsal.



# BURY THE DEAD

STUDIO THEATRE

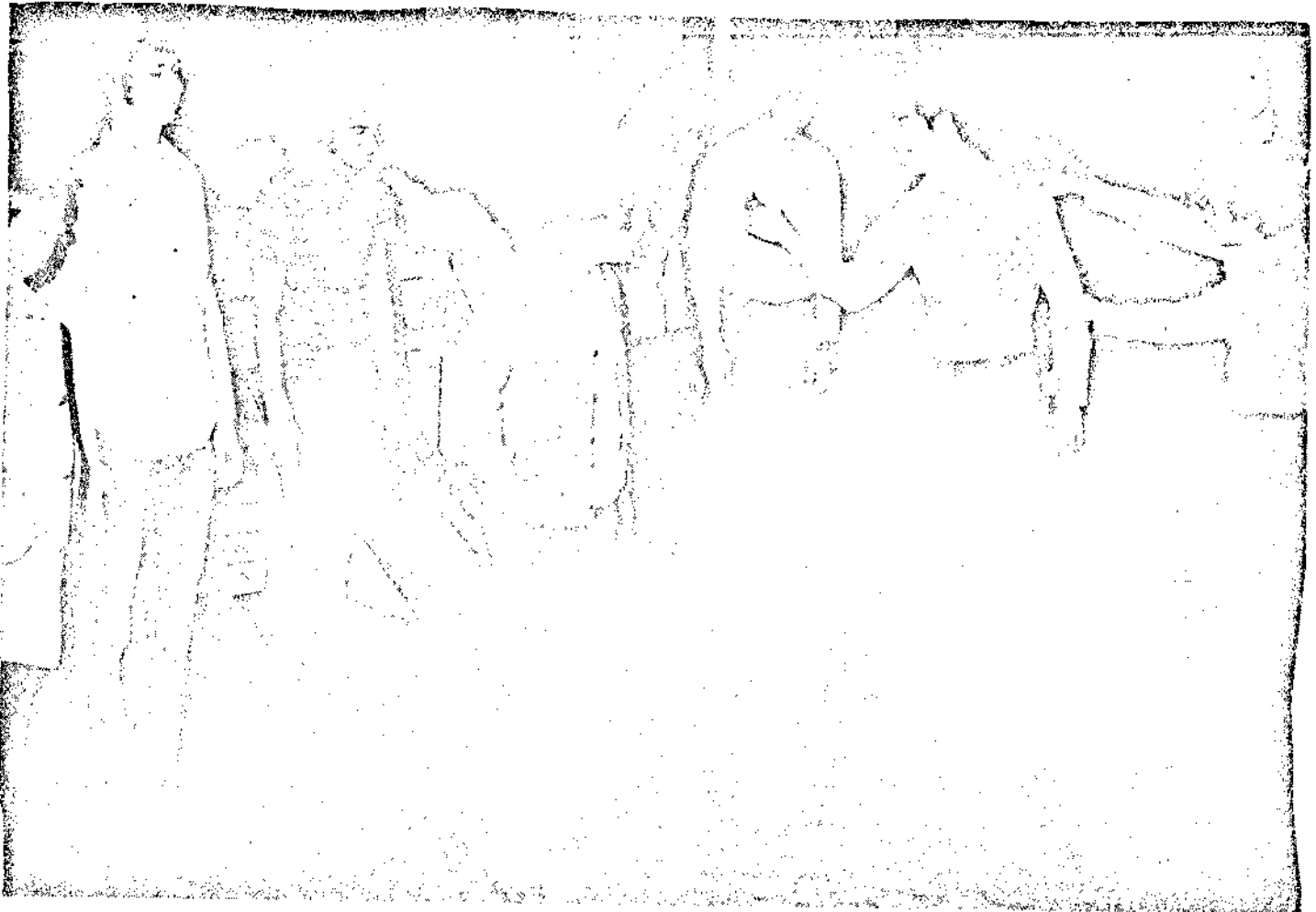
4 P.M. FEB. 25-26

FREE



Program

Bury the Dead



### *Hold It!*

Charles Holland directs several of the actors who will appear in his production of "Bury the Dead." The play will be presented Feb. 25-26 at 4 p.m. in the Studio

Theater. Holland is directing the play as his thesis production.

# Grad Student Directs War Play for Thesis

By JULIAN RODRIQUEZ  
Daily Reporter

To discover what the modern theatergoer wants in a stage play will be the goal of Charles A. Holland, Denison graduate student, when he presents Irwin Shaw's "Bury the Dead" as his thesis production on Feb. 25-26 at 4 p.m. in the Studio Theater.

Holland will also direct the play, a war drama written in 1936. Admission to the show is free.

Everything about the play will be experimental, according to Holland. "We are going to utilize today's psychedelic phenomenon and contemporary gadgetry in order to enhance the relevancy of the play in the modern theater," he said. "We're going to try to make it appealing to the modern theater audience.

"WE'RE GOING to use lighting and sound techniques not used before, as far as we know, and even the make-up will be something different," Chuck Moore, Dallas junior and set designer for the play, said.

Holland describes the play as one about freedom. "It covers freedom in all its aspects including the freedom to stand up for what you believe in," he said.

Directing is not new to Holland. In his undergraduate years, he directed "Thurber Carnival," "The Little Foxes," "The Leader" and "The Sandbox," the latter for the Denton Athletic Club. As a graduate student he also directed "Pecos Bill and the Indians."

**CAST MEMBERS** and their roles are: Catherine Johnson, San Francisco, Calif., junior, as Mrs. Dean; Kay Watson, Fort Worth freshman, Julia; Michelle Flood, Hurst junior, Martha; Jane Freidman, Dallas senior, Katherine; De Ann Smith, Dallas freshman, Bess; and Sharon Simmons, Beaumont freshman, Joan.

Others include: Larry Leonard, San Antonio junior, Corporal 1; Robert Lin-

coln, Dallas sophomore, Corporal 2; Ron White, Mesquite freshman, Corporal 3; Gordon Wolam, San Benito freshman, Corporal 4; and Robert Lincoln, Dallas sophomore, Corporal 5.

Also performing are: Jim McLane, Cranford, N.J., freshman, Soldier 1; James Althaus, Temple junior, Soldier 2; and David Lusk, Dallas freshman, Soldier 3.

The North Texas Daily

February 24, 1971



<p>W H H          TELETYPE UNIT</p>	<p>NSA007 SSB434</p>	<p>NS DJA053 JP NL PDC=DENTON TEX 25=</p>	<p>:CHARLES A HOLLAND, DLY 75=</p>	<p>1824 RUDELL, APT 206 DENTON TEX:</p>	<p>=BURY THE DEAD- MORE THAN WORDS. IMPACT=</p>	<p>KAREN.</p>	<p>1971 FEB 25 AM 8 16</p>
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WU 1201 (R 5-65)

[Karen Crout, a friend who followed production from casting to performance]

WU  
WESTERN UNION

Telegram

NSA020 SSD105

(914).

NS DJA008 AL PD=DENTON TEX 25 904A CST=

CHARLES HOLLAND, DLY. 75=

1971 FEB 25 AM 11 02

NORTH TEXAS STATE UNIVERSITY DEPT SPEECH & DRAMA

DENTON TEX=

CHARLIE CAST AND CREW BREAK A LEG ITVS ALMOST OVER  
CHARLIE ITVS GONNA BE GREAT=

TODD LANE.

WU 1201 (R 5-69)

164

[Todd Lane, Director of Production Thesis toward Master of Arts at N.T.S.U.]

7

# Telegram

WORLD  
WIDE  
WIRELESS

PO DVI. Sep 2.25.71. Denton, Texas,

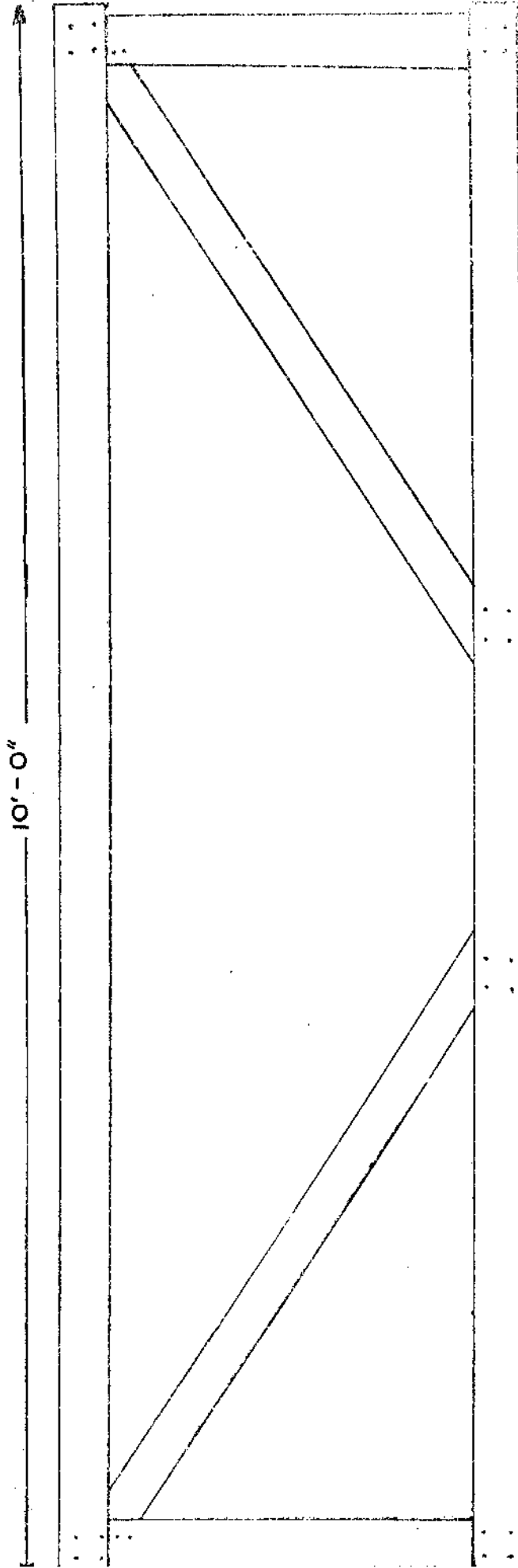
Mr Charles Halland,  
Speech & Drama Dept.  
NTSU, Denton, Texas 76201.

Heard the show was a success. will be there to day. Best wishes for many more successes in the futher.

Your Bud.  
Bob.

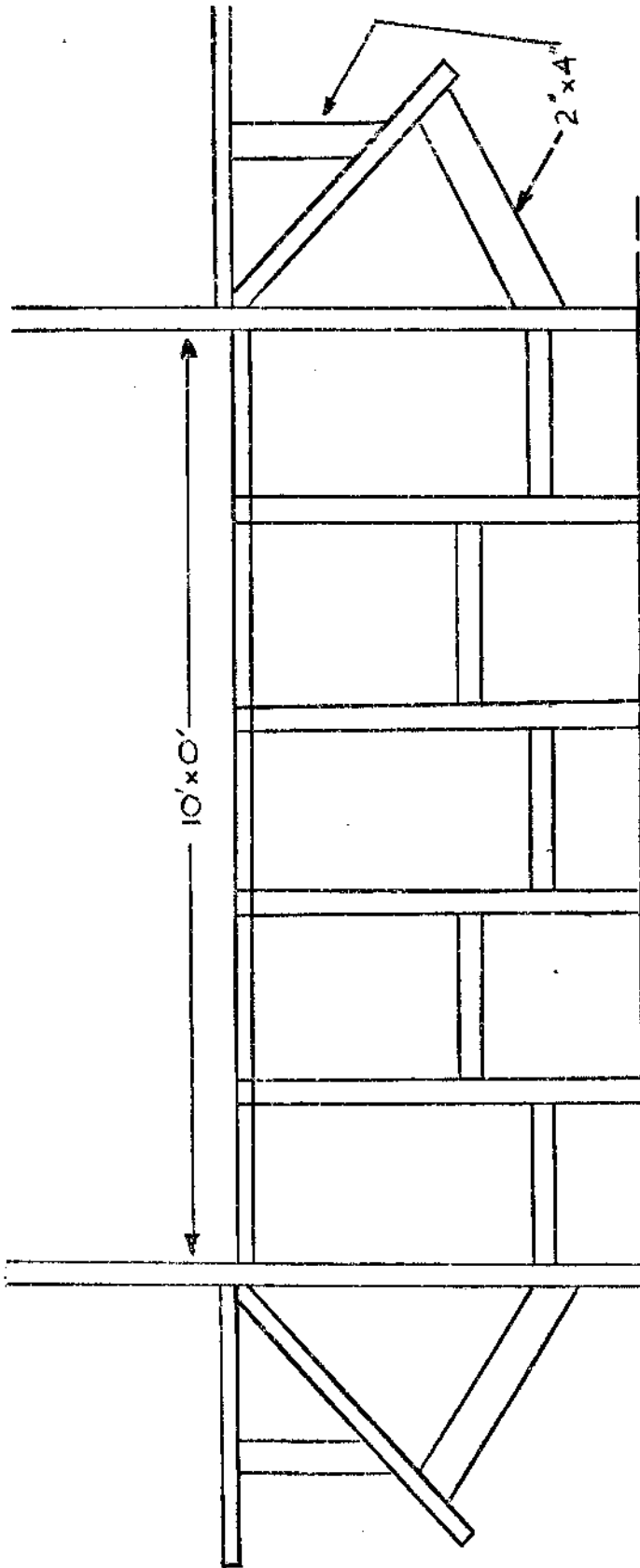
WU 1201 (R 5-69)

[Bob Foard, Director of Production Thesis toward Master of Arts at N.T.S.U.]



**BURY THE DEAD**

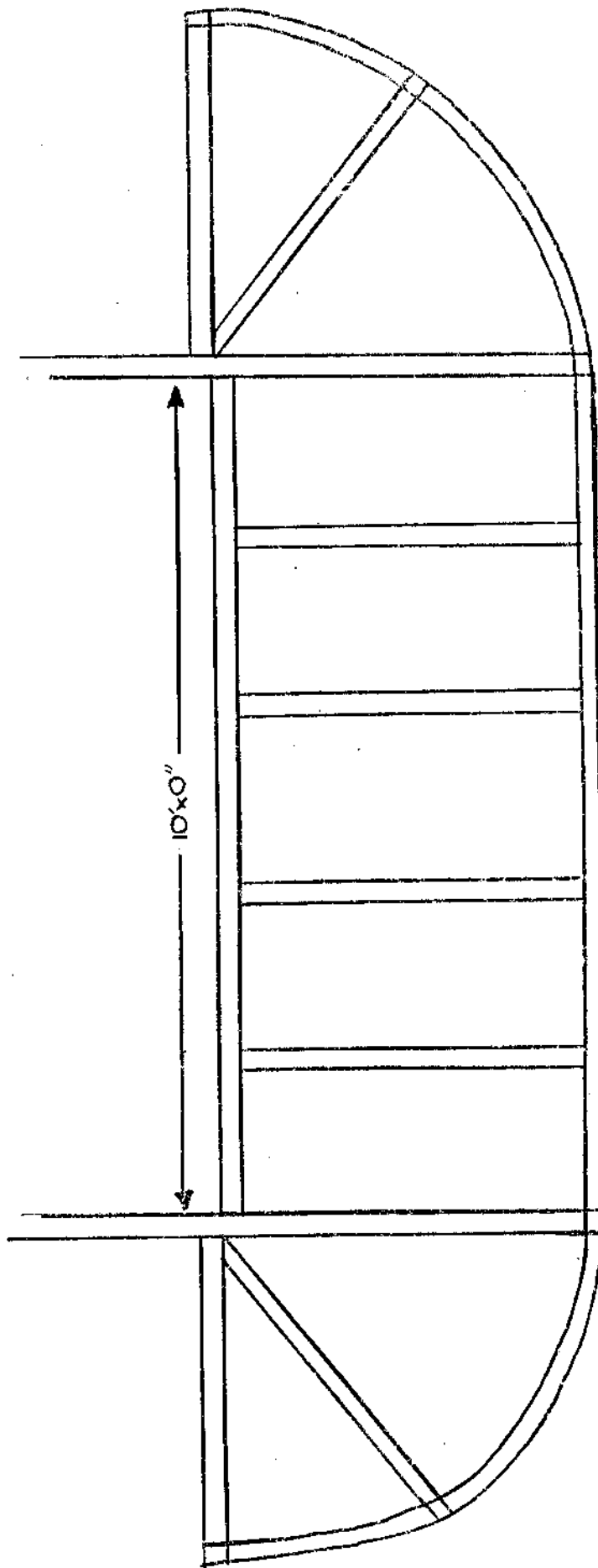
**GRAVE PIT (1x4 lumber)  
(front view) (scale 1" = 1'0")**



BURY THE DEAD

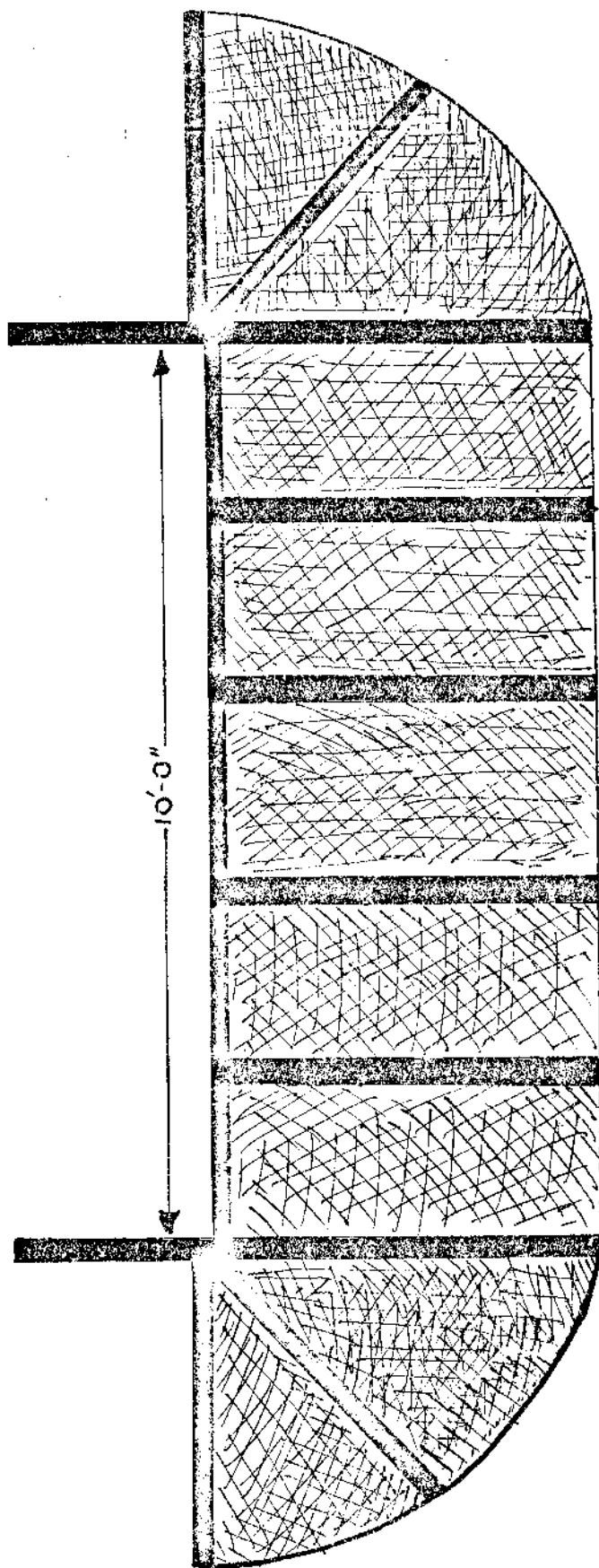
LEG ATTACHMENT TO FRONT OF GRAVE PIT FRAME

(front view) (scale 1/2" = 1'0")



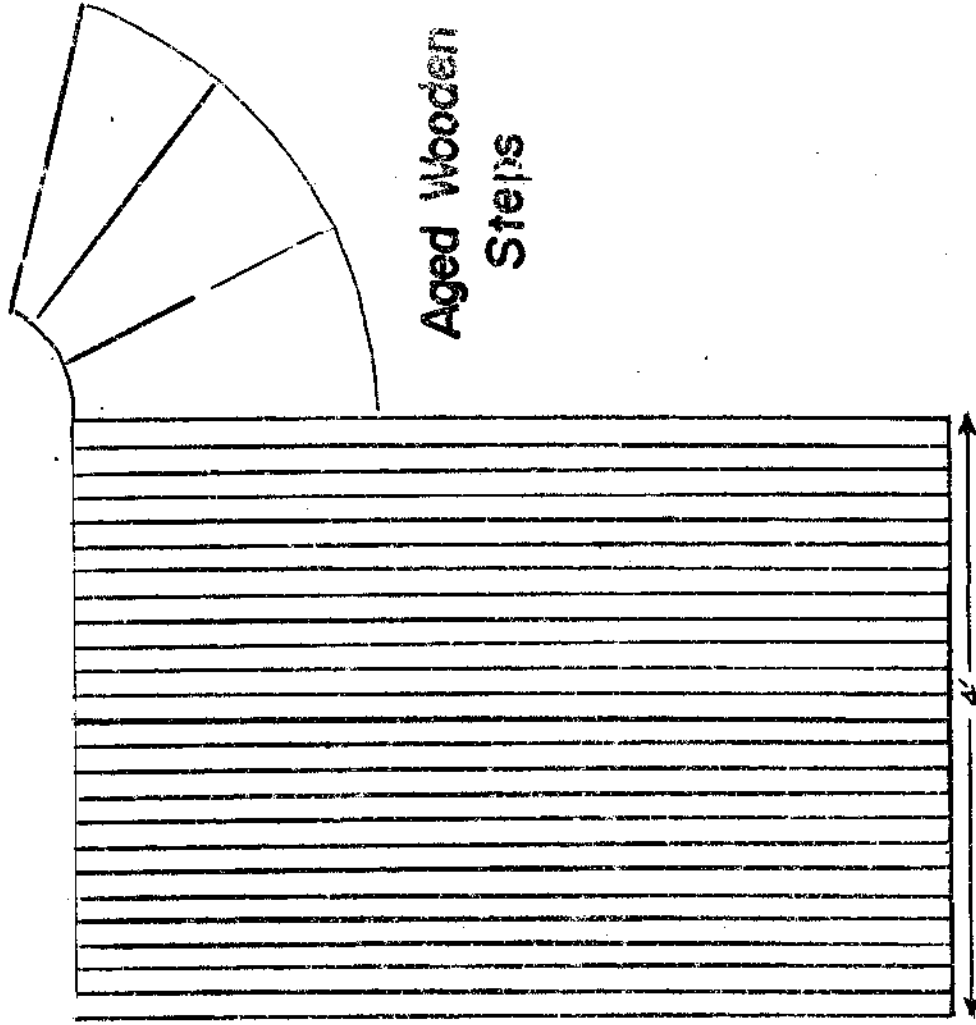
BURY THE DEAD

CANVAS COVERING WIRE  
(overview) (scale 1/2"=1'0")



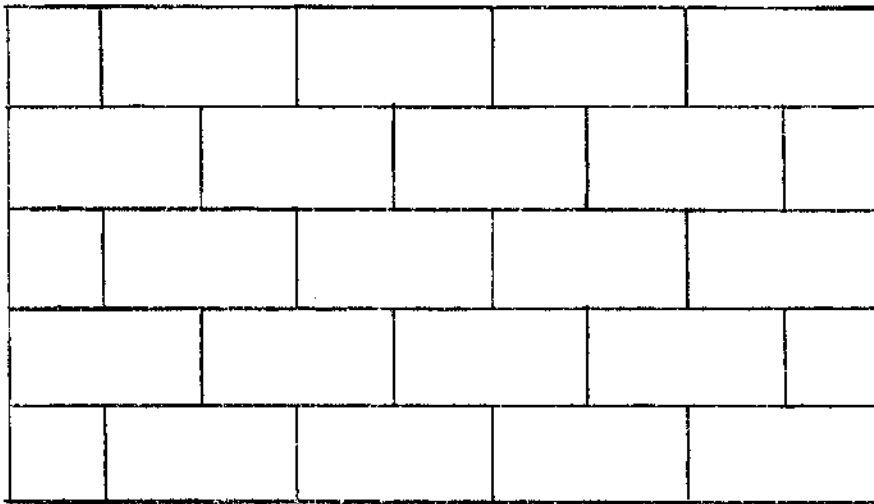
BURY THE DEAD

WIRE COVERING FOR LEGS OF GRAVE MOUND  
(overview) (scale 1/2"=1'0")



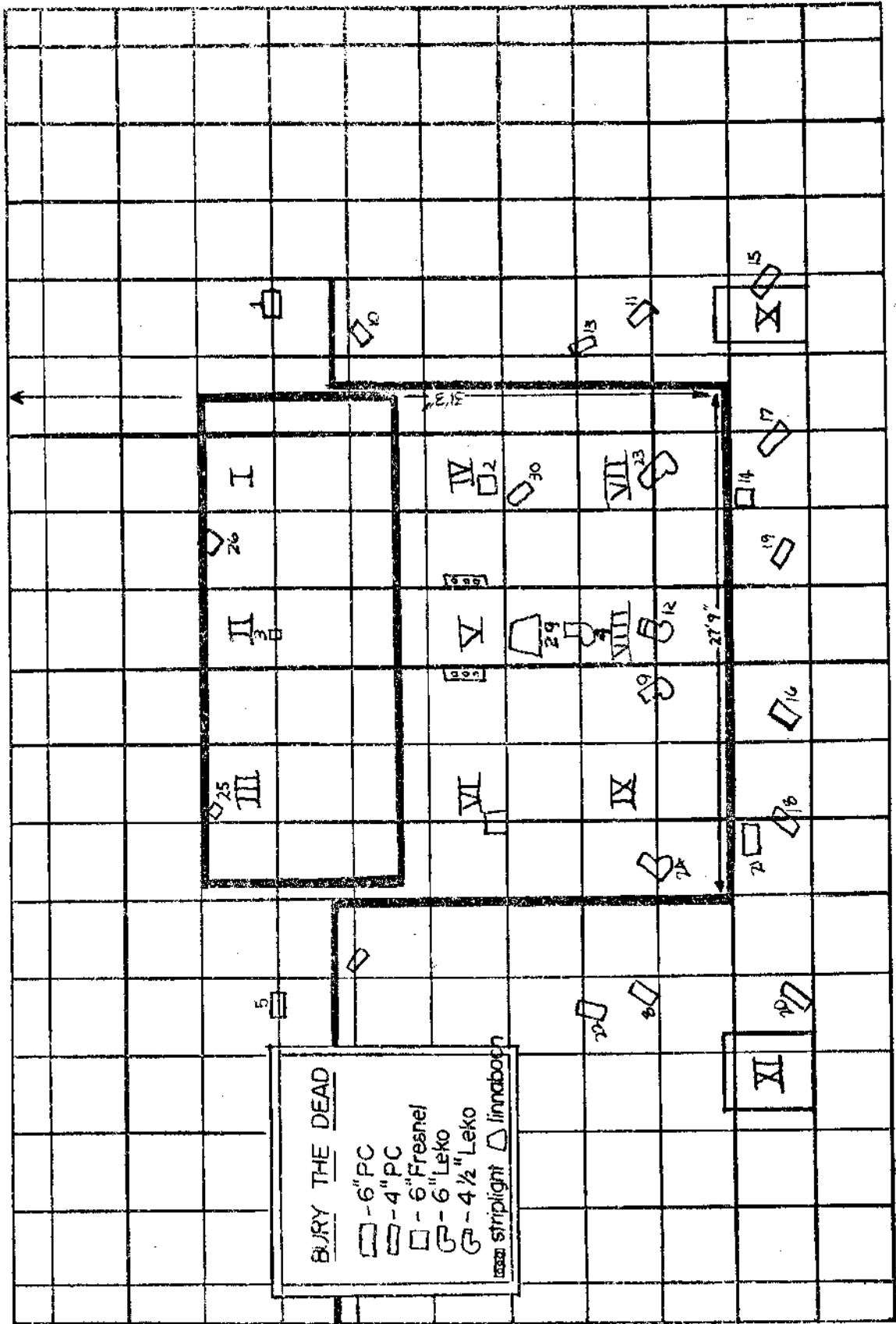
**Aged Wooden Steps**

**Aged Plank for General's Platform and Newspaper Office (overview) (scale 3/4"=1'0")**



**Siding for General's Platform (made from polystyrene plastic and scorched by fire)**





## Bury The Dead--Patch Sheet

Instrument Number	Circuit	Dimmer	Type of Instrument
1	5	1	6" PC
2	5	1	6" PC
3	6	5	4" PC
4	24	3	4 1/2" Leko
5	1	2	6" PC
6	16	2	6" PC
7	14	1	4" PC
8	17	1	4" PC
9	7	1	6" Leko
10	8	2	4" PC
11	11	2	4" PC
12	7	2	4 1/2" Leko
13	9	5	4" PC
14	9	5	6" Fresnel
15	20	3	4" PC
16	20	3	4" PC
17	22	4	4" PC
18	22	4	4" PC
19	19	5	4" PC
20	19	5	4" PC
21	18	6	4" PC
22	18	6	4" PC
23	23	4	6" Leko
24	23	4	6" Leko
25	4	2	6" Fresnel
26	4	2	6" Fresnel
27	13	4	Striplight
28	13	4	Striplight
29	2	6	Floodlight
30	10	3	4" PC

Board	Gel	Use and Area
Ward Leonard	Green Blue	Sidelight Area I
Ward Leonard	Salmen	Frontlight Area I
Superior	Blue Green	Downlight Area II
Ward Leonard	Salmen	Frontlight Area II
Ward Leonard	Light Navy	Sidelight Area III
Ward Leonard	Salmen	Frontlight Area III
Aerial Davis	Light Amber	Backlight Area VI
Aerial Davis	Daylight Blue	Frontlight Area VI
Aerial Davis	Light Amber	Frontlight Area VI
Aerial Davis	Light Amber	Backlight Area IV
Aerial Davis	Daylight Blue	Frontlight Area IV
Aerial Davis	Light Amber	Frontlight Area IV
Ward Leonard	Light Amber	Sidelight Area X
Ward Leonard	Flesh Pink	Frontlight Area X
Aerial Davis	Light Amber	Area VII
Aerial Davis	Daylight Blue	Area VII
Aerial Davis	Light Amber	Area VIII
Aerial Davis	Daylight Blue	Area VIII
Aerial Davis	Light Amber	Area IX
Aerial Davis	Daylight Blue	Area IX
Ward Leonard	Light Amber	Frontlight Area XI
Ward Leonard	Medium Pink	Sidelight Area XI
Ward Leonard	Special Lavender	Area V
Ward Leonard	Special Lavender	Area V
Superior	Light Amber	General Flood Backlight
Superior	Light Amber	General Flood Backlight
Superior	Red, Blue	House Light
Superior	Red, Blue	House Light
Aerial Davis	Red, White, Blue	Backwall Houselight
Superior	Green, & Amber	General's Special

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