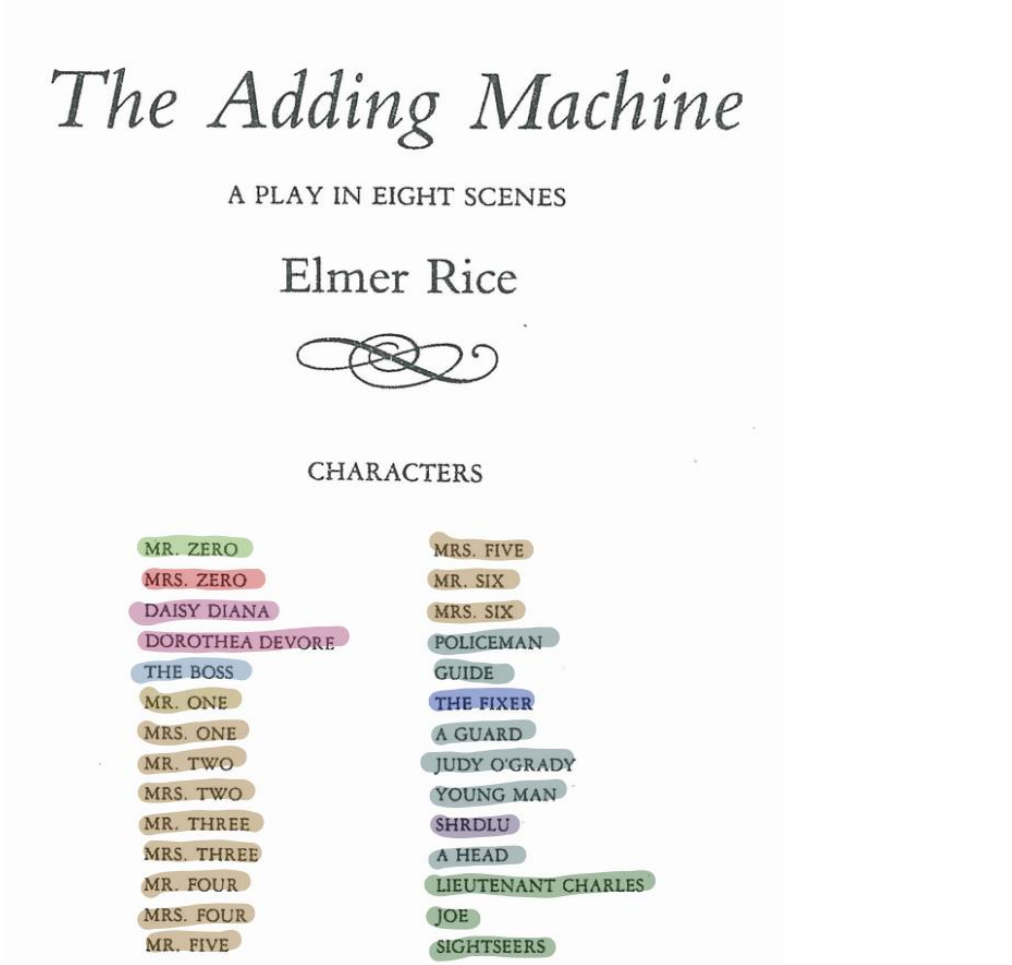
Scenography: Stage Design and Realisation

BETHAN ELSBURY
2004210

The Adding Machine:

Reading the script: First Read

- My initial ideas and thoughts are that it sends a message of appreciating what you have because once it's gone you can't get it back.
- It also refers to beliefs about souls being reincarnated within different bodies which I am interested to look into further.
- A similar theme to a previous script we have explored, *Nights at the Circus,* it looks at beliefs about what happens after you die, and potentially the idea behind judgement and the opportunity to redeem your soul if necessary. Although this script takes a very different approach to a different ideology.



The Adding Machine

A PLAY IN EIGHT SCENES

Elmer Rice

CHARACTERS

MR. ZERO
MRS. ZERO
DAISY DIANA
DOROTHEA DEVORE
THE BOSS
MR. ONE
MRS. ONE
MR. TWO
MRS. TWO
MR. THREE
MRS. THREE
MR. FOUR
MRS. FOUR
MR. FIVE
MRS. FIVE
MR. SIX
MRS. SIX
POLICEMAN
GUIDE
THE FIXER
A GUARD
JUDY O'GRADY
YOUNG MAN
SHRDLU
A HEAD
LIEUTENANT CHARLES
JOE
SIGHTSEERS

Module Learning Outcomes

- Critically analyse a specific text and dramatic genre from a design perspective and understand 'visual communication'.
- Apply design methodologies in the exploration of a given design brief.
- Identify, refine and demonstrate a variety of technical and production processes in the realisation of appropriately complex design ideas.

Characters: Initial Thoughts

Zero:

- Husband of Mrs Zero
- Feels under appreciated
- Doesn't appreciate what he has
- 'The North American Murderer"
- Murdered his boss
- Viewed as a spectacle/animal for his crime
- Does not seem to care much about others
- Even at the end of the story he has not been able to overcome his pride and be happy
- Hints of unfaithfulness

Mrs Zero:

- Wife of Zero
- Feels under appreciated by her husband (Zero)
- Cares for her husband although he does not always make her happy

Guide and Viewers:

- View criminals as spectacles/animals
- Fascinated by Zero for his crime
- Modernised feeling to the characters

Daisy:

- Works with Zero
- Is in love with Zero
- Feels unnoticed and lonely
- Suicidal/Commits suicide
- Craves happiness and love – with the wrong person
- Wastes her life obsessing over Zero

Shrdlu:

- Can't forgive what he's done
- Trapped soul
- Life ruined by an outburst

Boss:

- Boss of Zero and Daisy (at the department store)
- Murdered by Zero
- Typical business owner
- Doesn't notice or care much for anything but his business

The Fixer:

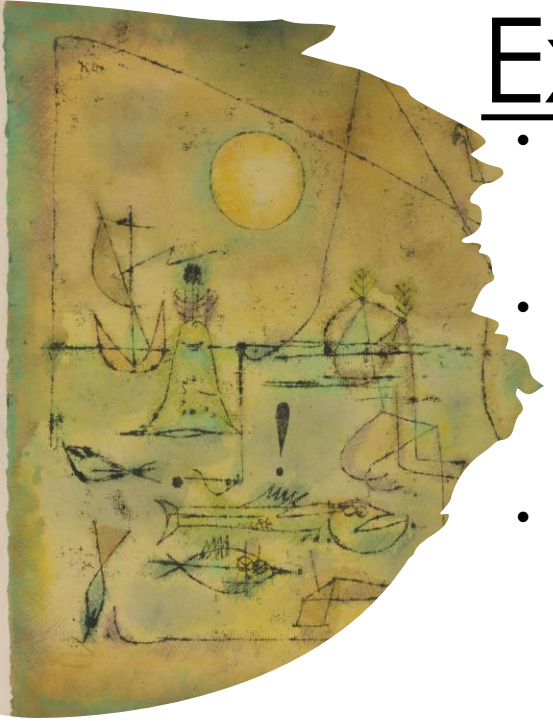
- Potentially called the fixer because he is set the task of trying to fix people before deciding their fate
- Decides who gets another chance or not
- Grim Reaper?

Visitors/Friends:

- The Ones, Twos, Threes, Fours, Fives and Sixes (couples)
- Gossips
- Typical couples' group, of the time
- Traditional couples
- Smartly dressed
- Pretentious

Charles and Joe:

- Charles = God like figure
- Knows all/sees all
- Joe = Assistant



Expressionism:



- "Expressionism refers to art in which the image of reality is distorted in order to make it expressive of the artist's inner feelings or ideas."
- I like that expressionism offers the opportunity to be abstract and really experiment with what can be done for this set idea. There are no guidelines in terms of what can be present or how something might look.
- "In expressionist art, colour in particular can be highly intense and non-naturalistic, brushwork is typically free and paint application tends to be generous and highly textured. Expressionist art tends to be emotional and sometimes mystical."



- Expressionism examples are generally found in "art of the twentieth century", pieces by Vincent Van Gogh among many others, such as Edvard Munch, fauvism and Henri Matisse, Georges Rouault, the Brücke and Blaue Reiter groups, Egon Schiele, Oskar Kokoschka, Paul Klee, Max Beckmann, most of Pablo Picasso, Henry Moore, Graham Sutherland, Francis Bacon, Alberto Giacometti, Jean Dubuffet, Georg Baselitz, Anselm Kiefer and the neo-expressionism of the 1980s.
- As I've come to learn previously, expressionism came around after the First World War and "after World War II an abstract form of expressionism developed in America, known as abstract expressionism."
- Source: The Tate Team (ND) Expressionism https://www.tate.org.uk/art/art-terms/e/expressionism (This is from the current Tate website)

Elysian Fields:

- Also known as Elysium, or the Elysian Plain, in Greek Mythology. Originally it was the "paradise" to which heroes were sent to live with immortality.
- In Homer's writings, "the Elysian Plain was a land of perfect happiness at the end of the earth, on the banks of Oceanus", Oceanus being the "river that flowed around the Earth".
- However, by the time of Hesoid, an early Greek poet, "Elysium was a place for the blessed dead" Natural I find this a link to the obvious factor that wherever it is that Zero and Daisy find themselves after death it is a place for the lingering souls of those who have died. I find Shrdlu to be a lost soul as he wonders this supposedly pleasant place but can not enjoy it because he can not forgive what he has done.
- I think that maybe this place holds a power of being pleasant but only to those who can accept and allow it to be, such as how Daisy wanted to do alongside Zero, however he could not stay because he could not ignore his pride which undoubtedly is one of his biggest issues throughout.
- Previously we have looked into the ideology behind Limbo and Purgatory. I found these very interesting concepts and feel this place could also have some relations to a similar ideology being a place in between life and death where people are offered the opportunity to stay but often those who do not deserve it are unable to enjoy it.
- Following this scene after Zero refuses to stay he has an interaction explaining how he will be sent back to earth to live a life worse than the previous, as he has been doing repeatedly already without knowledge of it. Purgatory has a purpose of redemption for people who do not qualify for heaven but are not sent straight to hell. You could say that this was his opportunity to redeem himself and earn a pleasant afterlife, but he was unable to pass the test set for him and so was sentenced to return to a life even less fortunate than the previous.
- Source: Kuiper. K (2015) Elysium: Greek Mythology https://www.britannica.com/topic/Elysium-Greek-mythology

https://fineartamerica.com/featured/the-elysian-fields-aimee-mouw.html



https://mythologysource.com/elysian-fields/





https://www.crystalinks.com/elysium.html

The Adding Office:

I have found some inspiration pieces of the Adding Machine, thinking about the office space. I like the long paper lists featured in the image to the right, it adds the sense of how long is spent in that room making the list longer and longer.

Using the presence of paper is more accurate than the machines that can be seen used in some examples. As the whole point that Zero is fired is because they get in a machine that anyone could run. His skill of being clever with numbers is no longer needed.



https://pvacentral.ca/adding-machine/



https://www.wsws.org/en/articles/2008/04/add-a12.htm



https://www.chicagotribune.com/entertainment/theater/ct-adding-machine-musical-review-ent-0405-20160404-column.html

The image above is a very standard visual to show what situation you might find Zero and Daisy in for their scene in the office. However, there are more people behind them which is not something I envisioned when reading the script. I pictured them being very excluded in their own room, however I imagine this is how it might've been for the job in the time setting it is from.

The final image is closer to what I originally imagined with the singular secluded table, and this also has the use of the long paper list. This one also features who I would assume to be the boss. I think it has captured the dominance well having him towering over Zero as he is sat clutching his papers.

Project Roles:

The roles are:

- Set Design
- Set Construction
- Set Dressing
- Costume Design
- Sound Design
- Lighting Design
- Scenic Art

My initial instinct is to take on a role that is different from what I have previously experimented with. Therefore, I considered the options of Scenic Art and Set Dressing. I am very interested in the role of Set Designer; however, I have taken on this role previously. I later decided that I would like to learn more about the role of a Set Dresser and chose to look further into this option.

TASK DESCRIPTION

When it comes to keeping audiences entertained, suspension of disbelief is absolutely critical. This suspension is enabled through your role as a set dresser. Every object within a shot must be carefully placed and look as if it is part of a living, breathing world. Your task is to meticulously place each object so that it doesn't look out of place in the context of the scene or the director's artistic vision.

Having selected the scene from The Adding Machine, you are required to produce a set dressing proposal and related props for the characters therein. The set dress or personal prop(s) you design must take on-board Rice's stage directions. It is necessary to produce full scale set dresses at this point, models or samples that clearly indicate the look and feel you want the scene to portray. You are expected to create a minimum of two props that will be handled by the chosen character. Research, experimentation and ambition all contribute to a visual portfolio which must include:

- Annotated Script
- Character Analysis
- Your process workbook
- Visual Research and Mood boards
- Initial Sketches and Design Proposals
- A final set dress design with reference material
- A Final Design for the visual appearance and functionality of any personal prop(s) with reference material.

Expressionism: Notes From First Lesson and Moodle Resources

Expressionism came about around the time of the First World War. It more or less began with the work of Brecht (1898 – 1956) and Wedekind (1917), both German playwrights. The sense of devastation, coupled with frustration at the traditional values of the past, strengthened the emerging Expressionist movement. As we can all imagine the increase in mental health struggles after the First World War would have been extreme enough to kickstart such a movement where artists were expressing themselves in a new way that has an emotive approach that attracts such strong reactions whether positive or negative.

Here I have found two example pieces of Expressionist art that are each depictions of The First World War:

https://www.sothebys.com/en/articles/german-expressionist-ludwig-meidners-prophetic-vision-of-a-world-at-war



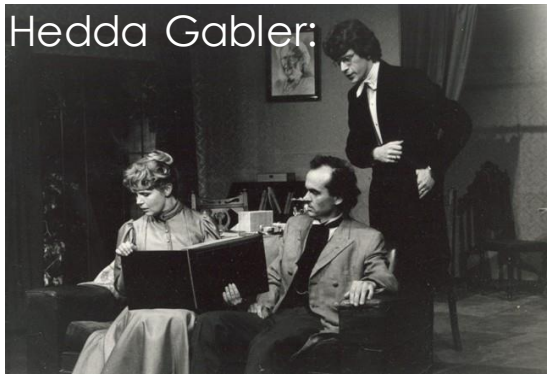


https://www.moma.org/learn/moma_learning/themes/expressionism/expressionist-depictions-of-war/

It was said that the impulse of Expressionism was " the need for a new start". They used the word **"*aufbruch*"** which in German translates to **departure**.

In terms of theatre Expressionism aimed to demolish the typical three-act play. Examples that represent the complete opposite of what Expressionists wanted to achieve are *A Doll's House* or *Hedda Gabler,* as they both have three acts and small-scale stories.

Hedda Gabler:



https://www.benchtheatre.org.uk/plays80s/heddagabler.php

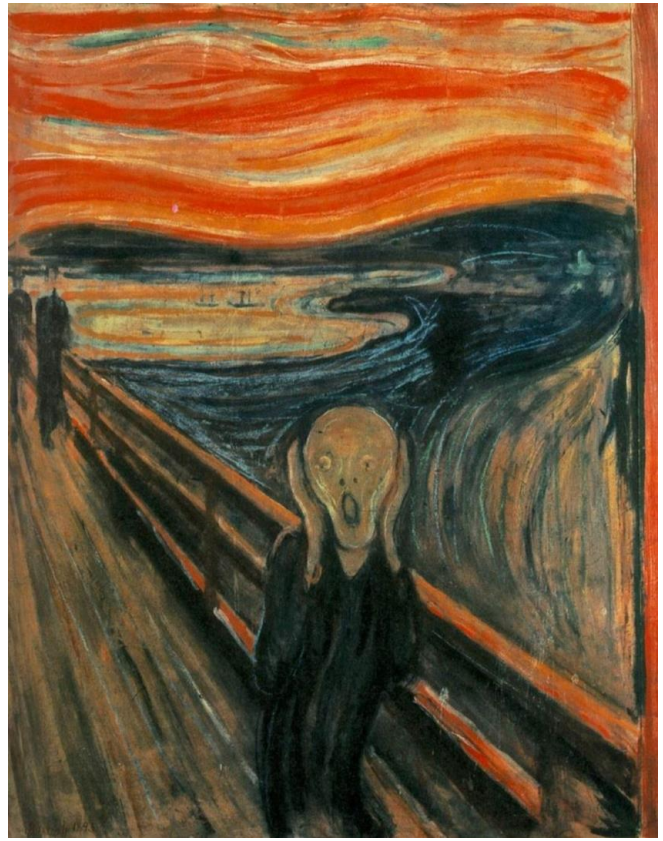
https://www.ncstage.org/uncategorized/a-dolls-house-the-original-production/

A Doll's House:



Expressionism: Notes From First Lesson and Moodle Resources

The Scream by the Norwegian artist Edvard Munch was a painting that had an influence on the Expressionist Movement.
A quote of his:
'..my whole life has been spent walking by the side of a bottomless chasm, jumping from stone to stone. Sometimes I try to leave my narrow path and join the swirling mainstream of Life, but always I find myself drawn inexorably back towards the chasm's edge, and there I shall walk until the day I finally fall into the abyss. For as long as I can remember I have suffered from a deep feeling of anxiety which I have tried to express in my art. Without anxiety and illness, I should have been like a ship without a rudder.' - Munch. E



We discussed about how this particular painting deliberately goes against traditional compositions. Which is the general idea behind Expressionism. As well as the portrayal of emotions, such as Munch with his expression of anxiety as he explains in the quote. The bold complimentary colours of the background are emotive and have an intensity about them. You can also notice the leading lines directing you out of the painting with the central positioning of the focus point which has a fearful presence. The positionings and directional guides of the detailing goes against everything that is advised for standard compositions as previously mentioned, being typically advised to lead the eye further into or through the image, and positioning focus points or details within the rule of thirds guidelines.

BAUHAUS - Paul Klee and Wassily Kandinsky:





I have learnt previously about the type of creativity that is encouraged at BAUHAUS, being very fitting alongside the theme of Expressionism. An artist mentioned in lesson was Paul Klee, as shown to the left, he uses bold colour and simple shapes/forms. Another artist from BAUHAUS was Wassily Kandinsky and I have taken interest to his work previously, these two pieces I particularly enjoy and the one displayed above I think is very suitable in terms of visualisation for certain scenes within the script where there is a busy collection of feelings, thoughts and emotions. Chaos is a word that I am taking inspiration by for my initial experimentation stages, hoping to achieve busy situations with loud colour, shape and forms.





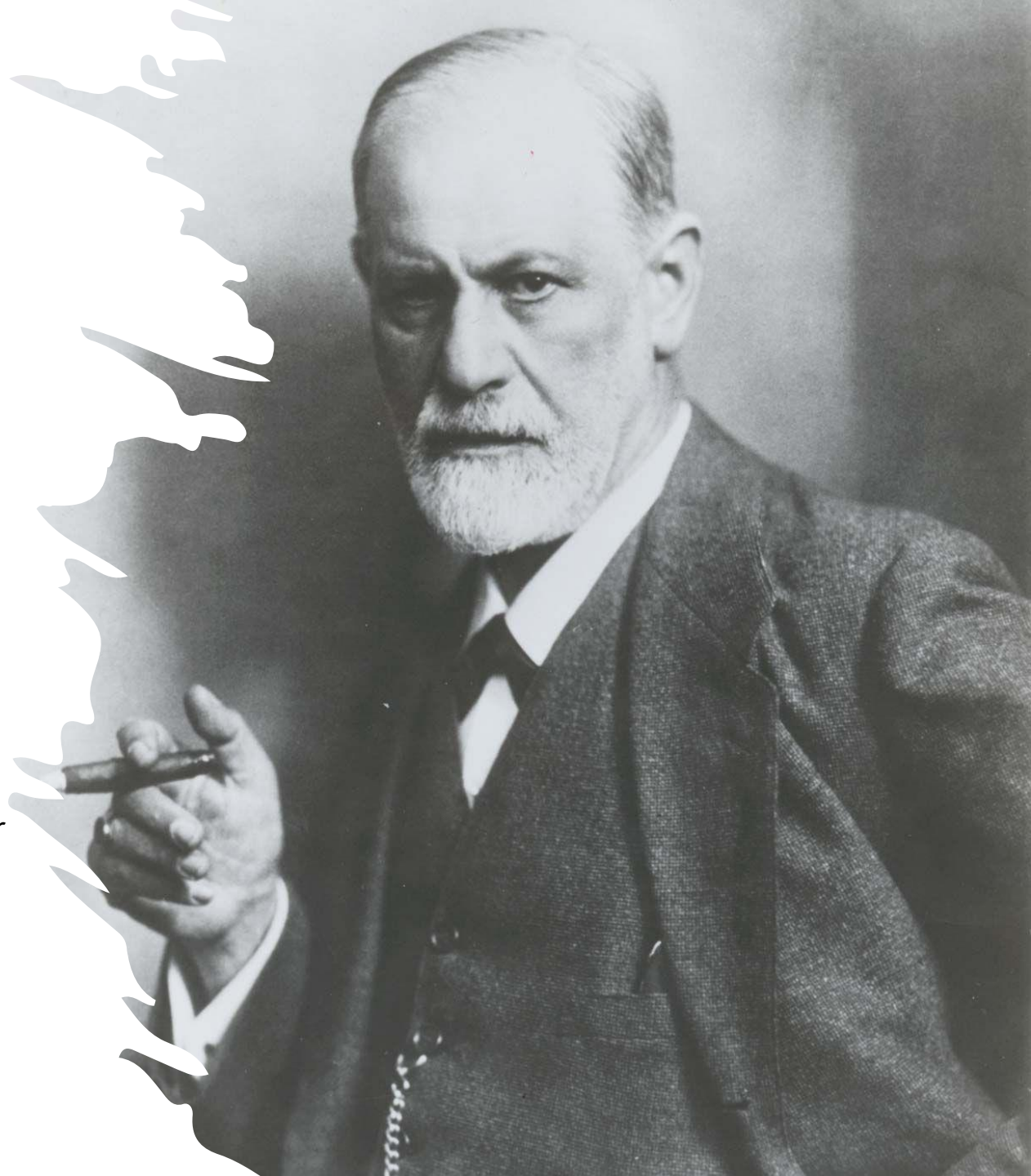
Psycho Analysis and Freud:

Sigmund Freud is an Austrian Neurologist and is the founder of Psychoanalysis. He was around in the late 19th Century and early 20th Century which is when expressionism was in circulation.

In relation to the script, I found an article about his theories on Id, Ego and Superego. I felt that it might link to Zero and his actions throughout the script, in the sense that he has an imbalance of the three that work together to influence our personality and behaviour.

It is stated that "an individual with an overly dominant id might become impulsive, uncontrollable, or even criminal." Which I think is a very good insight into why Zero may have acted out in the way he did and continued to believe it was justified, despite his punishment.

It goes on to explain that "Such an individual acts upon their most basic urges with no concern for whether their behaviour is appropriate, acceptable, or legal." Which again makes a lot of sense when looking at Zero's behaviour throughout the entire script.



Sources:

- Cherry. K (2020) Freud's Id, Ego and Superego https://www.verywellmind.com/the-id-ego-and-superego-2795951
- Jay. M. E (2021) Sigmund Freud: Austrian Psychoanalyst https://www.britannica.com/biography/Sigmund-Freud

The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari (1920):











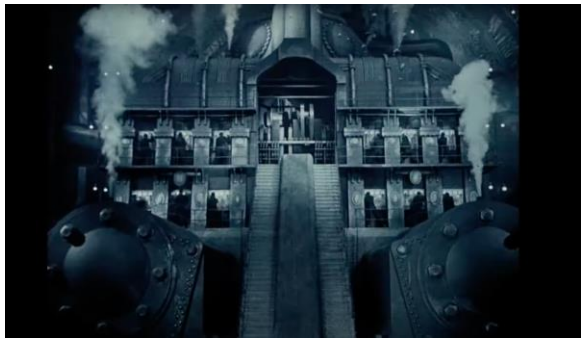


Something I find interesting about this is the change in colour scheme to create different moods. This film is obviously very dated, but it has very interesting expressionist elements with the use of angular furniture and elements of the set. It's a very interesting approach to film and the fact that it is not filmed in colour has worked to their advantage, making it more eerie and dramatic. It has also allowed for the added eeriness that comes from the use of colour for the different scenes.

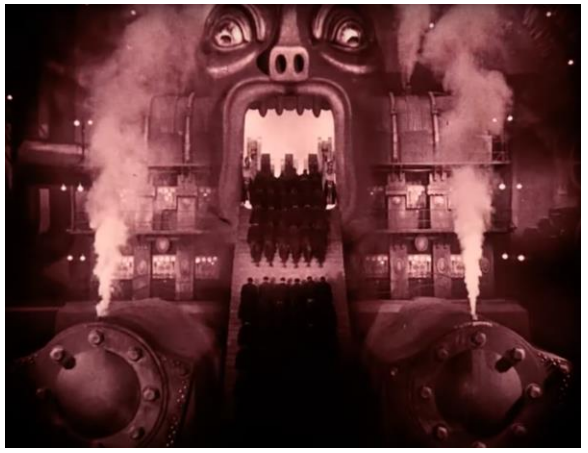
Metropolis (1927):

















This has very useful examples of a dark take on death and life after death. It also uses different time periods and many interesting characters, particularly the grim reaper figure.



Metropolis has a very similar eeriness to The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari, again being tonal, but with colour tin it's depending on the scene and the mood.
It also contains an interesting take on creating a futuristic place, that today might not be far away if not already the present.

Analysis Questions:

1. The story follows a man called Zero who works in a department store adding office, he gets fired resulting in him murdering his boss and getting sentenced to death for his crime.
2. I believe that the message is about appreciating what you have because if you do not it will all be taken from you.
3. It has a very unusual logic behind the storyline, but I think that it makes it more intriguing.
4. Zero has a lot of pride and anger about not getting what he wants. Meanwhile his wife feels neglected by him and Daisy his potential love interest is suicidal.
5. Throughout there is a love interest despite Zero having a wife already, and also Zero gets executed for his crime and finds himself in an afterlife that even then he feels he deserves better.
6. The execution, the forbidden love and Zero's inability to accept what has been offered to him.
7. I feel as though the main question is whether Zero can see what he's done and what he has for what it is instead of always feeling he deserves better.
8. The main action, I would say, is Zeros committing murder.
9. The cause of action is the murder and then following his death sentence.
10. The resulting action is that Zero is seemingly incapable of ignoring his pride.
11. The story ends with Zero being told he is doomed to live many lives that will continue to get worse, but he will always forget as he begins the next life.
12. Zero is the protagonist.
13. Zero would probably feel as though his Boss, The Judge, The Fixer and Lieutenant Charles are the antagonists of his story, however I believe that he is his own antagonist.
14. I think both The Fixer and Lieutenant Charles are the most interesting characters as they both take on roles that may relate to religious figure, but their descriptions make them seem very unusual and nothing like I would've ever imagined them kinds of characters to be represented.

Analysis Questions

1) what is the PLOT? (what is the story about)
2) what is the THEME? (what is the message)
3) what is the LOGIC? (does the story make sense)
4) what is the EXPOSITION? (what are the characters doing/thinking)
5) what is the COMPLICATION? (what is the drama in the story)
6) what creates the TENSION? (what will happen next)
7) what is the MAIN QUESTION? (what problem is to be solved)
8) what is the MAIN ACTION? (what event hooks the audience)
9) what is the CAUSE OF THE ACTION? (what happens to the main character)
10) what is the RESULTING ACTION? (the answer to the main question)
11) what is the CONCLUSION? (how does the story end)
12) who is the PROTAGONIST? (the main character)
13) who is the ANTAGONIST? (could be one or more characters)
14) who is the MOST INTERESTING CHARACTER? (not always the main character)
15) where does the story TAKE PLACE? (location, time period)

15. The time period is said to be set in the 1920's, however I feel that there is a strange variation throughout having hints of things that relate to very different time periods, one in particular is the executioner with an axe, a death penalty method that would have been used much earlier in time for example, and also there is a sense that the sightseers are from an earlier time, having a camera etc.

Scene Breakdowns:

Scene	Who?	Where?	When?	Action?	Visuals
1	➢ Zero ➢ Mrs Zero	Mr and Mrs Zero's Bedroom	1920	As they are getting ready for bed Mrs Zero nags at Zero.	"Instalment Plan" bed, dresser, chairs, naked lamp over bed, small window.
2	➢ Zero ➢ Daisy ➢ Boss	Department Store Office	1920	Zero and Daisy working in the office, sitting opposite each other. They bicker as they work in between their own travelling thoughts. The whistle blows and the shift ends, the Boss enters and informs Zero that he is being let go. Chaos builds.	Wood and glass partitions, two tall desks and stools, eye shades, sleeve covers, pendant electric lamp, paper piles.
3	➢ Mr and Mrs Zero ➢ Mr and Mrs One ➢ Mr and Mrs Two ➢ Mr and Mrs Three ➢ Mr and Mrs Four ➢ Mr and Mrs Five ➢ Mr and Mrs Six ➢ Policeman	Mr and Mrs Zero's Dining Room	1920	Mr Zero comes home from work, late for dinner. Mrs Zero nags at him again before they welcome 12 guests to their home, six men and six women. During their group discussions a Policeman arrives at the door to arrest Zero and Zero announces that he killed his Boss.	12 Chairs, a hat rack, cigars and chocolates.
4	➢ Mr and Mrs Zero ➢ Mr and Mrs One ➢ Mr and Mrs Two ➢ Mr and Mrs Three ➢ Mr and Mrs Four ➢ Mr and Mrs Five ➢ Mr and Mrs Six ➢ An Officer	A Courtroom	1920	Zero announces his detail confession to the courtroom, as if his reasons are justified. He is found guilty.	A jury stand, oak table, law books, three bare white walls, one door.
5	➢ Zero ➢ A Guide ➢ A group of Viewers ➢ Mrs Zero ➢ The Fixer ➢ A guard ➢ An Executioner	A Large Cage	1920 (with hints of other time periods)	Mr Zero is sat at a table in the Cage. The guide comes with the Viewers and exhibit him as an animal/creature. After they have left his wife enters and they argue. After she leaves angrily, The Fixer enters, accompanied by two guards. Finally, a man with a large axe enters.	Stairs up to the wide barred cage, a naked light, table and chairs, eggs and ham, wooden spoon, a parcel = Zero's book, toothpick.

Scene Breakdowns:

Scene	Who?	Where?	When?	Action?	Visuals
6	➢ Judy Grady ➢ Young Man ➢ Zero ➢ Shrdlu ➢ The Head	A Graveyard	1920 (questionable)	Two characters appear in the graveyard, a woman and a young man. The recognise Zero's grave. Zero arises and meets Shrdlu.	Tomb stones and monuments, simple headstones, and an iron fence and gate.
7	➢ Zero ➢ Shrdlu ➢ Daisy	A Pleasant Place (Elysian Fields)	1920 (questionable)	Outdoor space, trees, one larger tree.	Zero and Shrdlu come to this pleasant place. Daisy appears calling for Zero in the distance. When she reaches his they discuss the feelings they have for each other. Zero cannot accept where he is and leaves.
8	➢ Zero ➢ Lieutenant Charles ➢ Joe	An office much like the one from Scene 2	1920 (questionable)	Zero is working way as normal when Charles and Joe arrive and tell him all about how his soul will continue to be reused as it always has been. Each time getting slightly worse.	The office space but mor chaotic = two tall desks and stools, eye shades, sleeve covers, pendant electric lamp, paper piles, an adding machine, lots of paper.

Character Breakdowns:

Name	Location(s)	Traits	Costume	Prop(s)	Role	Interesting Notes
Zero	➢ Bedroom ➢ Office ➢ Kitchen ➢ Courtroom ➢ Cage ➢ Graveyard ➢ Pleasant Place (Elysian Fields) ➢ Afterlife Office	Proud, angry, ungrateful, with a cold and calm demeanour, selfish.	➢ Thin, undersized, and partially bald ➢ Visor, sleeve protectors, collar, suit, derby hat ➢ Black and white striped prisoner suit ➢ Full dress suit of antiquated cut	➢ Pen, paper ➢ Cutlery ➢ Blood-stained collar ➢ Wooden Spoon ➢ His Book	Protagonist.	➢ Good with numbers (life revolves around numbers) ➢ Can't appreciate what he has ➢ Kills his boss

Character Breakdowns:

Name	Location(s)	Traits	Costume	Prop(s)	Role	Interesting Notes
Mrs Zero	➢ Bedroom ➢ Dining room ➢ Courtroom ➢ Cage	Disappointed with her husband, fed up and could be considered a nag. But nonetheless cares for him.	➢ Middle aged, grey streaks in her hair ➢ Long sleeved cotton nightgown and stockings ➢ Apron ➢ Mourning garments	➢ Cutlery ➢ Dishes? ➢ Plate of ham and eggs ➢ Zero's book ➢ Broken crockery	Protagonist's wife.	➢ Wants her husband to respect her but often feels underappreciated
Daisy	➢ Office ➢ Pleasant Place/Elysian Fields	Suicidal, miserable.	➢ Visor, sleeve protectors ➢ Straw hat ➢ Beruffled white muslin dress, fitted and too youthful	➢ Papers	Protagonist's Love interest.	➢ Is in love with Zero ➢ Commits suicide ➢ Doesn't want to live without Zero
The Boss	➢ Office	Businessman, authority figure.	➢ Bald ➢ Well dressed		Protagonist's Victim.	➢ Replaces Zero with Adding Machine ➢ Gets killed by Zero
The Ones, Twos, Threes, Fours, Fives and Sixes	➢ Dining Room	Clones of each other, gossips.	➢ Colour coordinated as husbands and wives ➢ Men dressed identically to Zero ➢ Different coloured wigs	➢ Cigars ➢ Chocolates ➢ Chairs	Mr and Mrs Zeros "Friends"	➢ Care about little but gossip and drama
Policeman	➢ Dining Room	Authority figure, calm.	➢ Police Uniform	➢ Blood-stained collar	Small role.	➢ Arrests Zero
Guide	➢ Cage (outside)	Judgemental.	➢ Bue uniform with peaked cap	➢ Folders about Zero	Part of Zeros punishment. Leads the	➢ Encourages the fascination of criminals ➢ Treats Zero like an

Character Breakdowns:

Name	Location(s)	Traits	Costume	Prop(s)	Role	Interesting Notes
The Sightseers	➢ Cage (outside)	Judgemental.	➢ Men, women and children ➢ Boy = Little Lord Fauntleroy suit)	➢ Youth boy = Camera	Part of Zero's Punishment.	➢ Fascinated by criminals ➢ Treats Zero like an animal/creature
The Fixer	➢ Cage	Straight to the point and casual.	➢ Sky blue padded silk dressing gown with wings ➢ Pink silk union suit ➢ Jaunty panama hat with a red feather ➢ Winged sandals	➢ Gold toothpick ➢ Nail clippers ➢ Horn rimmed spectacles ➢ Folded newspaper	Decider of Zero's final sentence.	➢ Grim reaper type figure ➢ Sends Zero to his death
Executioner	➢ Cage	Silent, authority figure, intimidating	➢ Red flannel undershirt	➢ Bloodstained axe	Accompanying The Fixer.	➢ There to restraint Zero when needed.
Judy O'grady	➢ Graveyard	Bitter.			Small role.	➢ Claims that Zero was the reason she spent some time in jail.
Shrdlu	➢ Graveyard ➢ Pleasant Place/Elysian Fields	Miserable, lost soul.	➢ Shabby and ill-fitting cutaway ➢ Silver – rimmed spectacles	➢ Cigarette	Zero's friend in the afterlife.	➢ Killed his mother ➢ Cannot forgive himself ➢ Feels he deserves all punishment
Lieutenant Charles	➢ Afterlife Office	Authority figure, knows all/sees all, straight to the point.	➢ Middle aged ➢ Barefooted, panama hat, and in bright red tights		God like figure.	➢ Explains to Zero how the world works and how he will live many more lives.
Joe	➢ Afterlife Office	Assistant type.	➢ Youth ➢ Dirty blue overalls and smutty face		Charles' assistant.	➢ Very laid back and finds humour in Zero's misery. ➢ Pushed/bossed around by Charles

Analysing the Script:

Selected Readings

Durham, Frank. *Elmer Rice*. New York: Twayne, 1970.
Hogan, Robert. *The Independence of Elmer Rice*. Carbondale: Southern Illinois University Press, 1965.
Rice, Elmer. *The Living Theatre*. New York: Harper, 1959.
———. *Seven Plays*. New York: Viking; 1959.

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LIEUTENANT CHARLES
JOE
SIGHTSEERS

Simple, basic, bland, ▷ Low lighting

SCENE 1

(A small bedroom containing an "installment plan" bed, dresser, and chairs. An ugly electric-light fixture over the bed with a single glaring, naked lamp. One small window with the shade drawn. The walls are papered with sheets of foolscap covered with columns of figures.

MR. ZERO is lying on the bed, facing the audience, his head and shoulders visible. He is fat, sallow, undersized, and partially bald. MRS. ZERO is standing before the dresser arranging her hair for the night. She is forty-five, sharp-featured, gray streaks in her hair. She is shapeless in her long-sleeved cotton nightgown. She is wearing her shoes, over which sag her ungartered stockings.)

MRS. ZERO (as she takes down her hair): I'm gettin' sick o' them. Westerns. All them cowboys ridin' 'round an' foolin' with them ropes. I don't care nothin' about that. I'm sick of 'em. I don't

Language → Slangy American

Fast paced

see why they don't have more of them stories like *For Love's Sweet Sake*. I like them sweet little love stories. They're nice an' wholesome. Mrs. Twelve was sayin' to me only yesterday, "Mrs. Zero," says she, "what I like is one of them wholesome stories, with just a sweet, simple love story." "You're right, Mrs. Twelve," I says. "That's what I like too." They're showin' too many Westerns at the Rosebud. I'm gettin' sick of them. I think we'll start goin' to the Peter Stuyvesant. They got a good bill there Wednesday night. There's a Chubby Delano comedy called *Sea-Sick*. Mrs. Twelve was tellin' me about it. She says it's a scream. They're havin' a picnic in the country and they sit Chubby next to an old maid with a great big mouth. So he gets sore an' when she ain't lookin' he goes and catches a frog and drops it in her clam chowder. An' when she goes to eat the chowder the frog jumps out of it an' right into her mouth. Talk about laugh! Mrs. Twelve was tellin' me she laughed so she nearly passed out. He sure can pull some funny ones. An' they got that big Grace Darling feature, *A Mother's Tears*. She's sweet. But I don't like her clothes. There's no style to them. Mrs. Nine was tellin' me she read in *Pictureland* that she ain't livin' with her husband. He's her second too. I don't know whether they're divorced or just separated. You wouldn't think it to see her on the screen. She looks so sweet and innocent. Maybe it ain't true. You can't believe all you read. They say some Pittsburgh millionaire is crazy about her and that's why she ain't livin' with her husband. Mrs. Seven was tellin' me her brother-in-law has a friend that used to go to school with Grace Darling. He says her name ain't Grace Darling at all. Her right name is Elizabeth Dugan, he says, an all them stories about her gettin' five thousand a week is the bunk, he says. She's sweet though. Mrs. Eight was tellin' me that *A Mother's Tears* is the best picture she ever made. "Don't miss it, Mrs. Zero," she says. "It's sweet," she says. "Just sweet and wholesome. Cry!" she says, "I nearly cried my eyes out." There's one part in it where this big bum of an Englishman—he's a married man too—an' she's this little simple country girl. An' she nearly falls for him too. But she's sittin' out in the garden, one day, and she looks up and there's her mother lookin' at her, right out of the clouds. So that night she locks the door of her room. An' sure enough, when everybody's in bed, along comes this big bum of an Englishman an' when she won't let him in what does he do but go an' kick open the door. "Don't miss it, Mrs. Zero," Mrs. Eight was tellin' me. It's at the Peter Stuyvesant Wednesday night, so don't be tellin' me you want to go to the Rosebud. The Eights seen it downtown at the Strand. They go downtown all the time. Just like us—nit! I guess by the time it gets to the Peter Stuyvesant all that part about kickin' in the door will be cut out. Just like they cut out that big cabaret scene in *The Price of Virtue*. They sure are pullin' some rough stuff in the pictures nowadays. "It's no place for a young girl," I was tellin' Mrs. Eleven, only the other day. An' by the time they get uptown half of it is cut out. But you wouldn't go downtown—not if wild horses was to drag you. You can wait till they come uptown! Well, I don't want to wait, see? I want to see 'em when everybody else is seein' 'em an' not a month later. Now don't go tellin' me you ain't got the price. You could dig up the price all right, all right, if you wanted to. I notice you always got the price to go to the ball game. But when it comes to me havin' a good time, then it's always: "I ain't got the price. I gotta start savin'." A fat lot you'll ever save! I got all I can do now makin' both ends meet, an' you talkin' about savin'. *(She seats herself on a chair and begins removing her shoes and stockings.)* An' don't go pullin' that stuff about bein' tired. "I been workin' hard all day. Twice a day in the subway's enough for me." Tired! Where do you get that tired stuff, anyhow? What about me? Where do I come in? Scrubbin' floors an' cookin' your meals an' washin' your dirty clothes. An' you sittin' on a chair all day, just addin' figgers an' waitin' for five-thirty. There's no five-thirty for me. I don't wait for no whistle. I don't get no vacations neither. And what's more I don't get no pay envelope every Saturday night neither. I'd like to know where you'd be without me. An' what have I got to show for it?—slavin' my life away to give you a home. What's in it for me, I'd like to know? But it's my own fault, I guess. I was a fool for marryin' you. If I'd 'a' had any sense, I'd 'a' known what you were from the start. I wish I had it to do over again, I hope to tell you. You was goin' to do wonders, you was! You wasn't goin' to be a bookkeeper long—oh, no, not you. Wait till you got started—you was goin' to show 'em. There wasn't no job in the store that was too big for you. Well, I've been waitin'—waitin' for you to get started—see? It's been a good long wait too. Twenty-five years! An' I ain't seen nothin' happen. Twenty-five years in the same job. Twenty-five years tomorrow! You're proud of it, ain't you? Twenty-five years

Additional Visuals throughout? Shadows? Imagery?

in the same job an' never missed a day! That's somethin' to be proud of, ain't it? Sittin' for twenty-five years on the same chair, addin' up figgers. What about bein' store manager? I guess you forgot about that, didn't you? An' me at home here lookin' at the same four walls an' workin' my fingers to the bone to make both ends meet. Seven years since you got a raise! An' if you don't get one tomorrow, I'll bet a nickel you won't have the guts to go an' ask for one. I didn't pick much when I picked you, I'll tell the world. You ain't much to be proud of. *(She rises, goes to the window, and raises the shade. A few lighted windows are visible on the other side of the closed court. Looking out for a moment.)* She ain't walkin' around tonight, you can bet your sweet life on that. An' she won't be walkin' around any more nights neither. Not in this house, anyhow. *(She turns away from the window.)* The dirty bum! The idea of her comin' to live in a house with respectable people. They should 'a' gave her six years, not six months. If I was the judge I'd of gave her life. A bum like that. *(She approaches the bed and stands there a moment.)* I guess you're sorry she's gone. I guess you'd like to sit home every night an' watch her goin's-on. You're somethin' to be proud of, you are! *(She stands on the bed and turns out the light. A thin stream of moonlight filters in from the court. The two figures are dimly visible.* MRS. ZERO *gets into bed.)* You'd better not start nothin' with women, if you know what's good for you. I've put up with a lot, but I won't put up with that. I've been slavin' away for twenty-five years, makin' a home for you an' nothin' to show for it. If you was any kind of a man you'd have a decent job by now an' I'd be gettin' some comfort out of life—instead of bein' just a slave, washin' pots an' standin' over the hot stove. I've stood it for twenty-five years an' I guess I'll have to stand it twenty-five more. But don't you go startin' nothin' with women———

(She goes on talking as the curtain falls.)

Doesn't + trust husband

Stressed position? Deliberately uncomfortable?

SCENE 2

Times? Relative to progress

(An office in a department store. Wood and glass partitions. In the middle of the room two tall desks back to back. At one desk on a high stool is ZERO. *Opposite him at the other desk, also on a high stool, is* DAISY DIANA DOROTHEA DEVORE, *a plain, middle-aged woman. Both wear green eyeshades and paper sleeve-protectors. A pendent electric lamp throws light upon both desks.* DAISY *reads aloud figures from a pile*

Resident = Hanging

Dark

Bare minimum to get job done

of slips which lie before her. As she reads the figures ZERO *enters them upon a large square sheet of ruled paper which lies before him.)*

DAISY *(reading aloud):* Three ninety-eight. Forty-two cents. A dollar fifty. A dollar fifty. A dollar twenty-five. Two dollars. Thirty-nine cents. Twenty-seven fifty.

ZERO *(petulantly):* Speed it up a little, can'tcha?

DAISY: What's the rush? Tomorrer's another day.

ZERO: Aw, you make me sick.

DAISY: An' you make me sicker.

ZERO: Go on. Go on. We're losin' time.

DAISY: Then quit bein' so bossy. *(She reads.)* Three dollars. Two sixty-nine. Eighty-one fifty. Forty dollars. Eight seventy-five. Who do you think you are, anyhow?

ZERO: Never mind who I think I am. You tend to your work.

DAISY: Aw, don't be givin' me so many orders. Sixty cents. Twenty-four cents. Seventy-five cents. A dollar fifty. Two fifty. One fifty. One fifty. Two fifty. I don't have to take it from you and what's more I won't.

ZERO: Aw, quit talkin'.

DAISY: I'll talk all I want. Three dollars. Fifty cents. Fifty cents. Seven dollars. Fifty cents. Two fifty. Three fifty. Fifty cents. One fifty. Fifty cents.

(She goes on, bending over the slips and transferring them from one pile to another. ZERO *bends over his desk, busily entering the figures.)*

ZERO *(without looking up):* You make me sick. Always shootin' off your face about somethin'. Talk, talk, talk. Just like all the other women. Women make me sick.

DAISY *(busily fingering the slips):* Who do you think you are, anyhow? Bossin' me around. I don't have to take it from you, and what's more I won't.

(They both attend closely to their work, neither looking up. Throughout, each intones figures during the other's speeches.)

Characterisation

ZERO: Women make me sick. They're all alike. The judge gave her six months. I wonder what they do in the workhouse. Peel potatoes. I'll bet she's sore at me. Maybe she'll try to kill me when she gets out. I better be careful. Hello Girl Slays Betrayer. Jealous Wife Slays Rival. You can't tell what a woman's liable to do. I better be careful.

DAISY: I'm gettin' sick of it. Always pickin'

Analysing the Script:

on me about somethin'. Never a decent word out of you. Not even the time o' day.

ZERO: I guess she wouldn't have the nerve at that. Maybe she don't even know it's me. They didn't even put my name in the paper, the big bums. Maybe she's been in the workhouse before. A bum like that. She didn't have nothin' on that one time—nothin' but a shirt. (*He glances up quickly, then looks over again.*) You make me sick. I'm sick of lookin' at your face.

DAISY: Gee, ain't that whistle ever goin' to blow? You didn't used to be like that. Not even good mornin' or good evenin'. I ain't done nothin' to you. It's the young girls. Goin' around without corsets.

ZERO: Your face is gettin' all yeller. Why don't you put some paint on it? She was puttin' on paint that time. On her cheeks and on her lips. And that blue stuff on her eyes. Just sittin' there in a shimmy puttin' on the paint. An' walkin' around the room with her legs all bare.

DAISY: I wish I was dead.

ZERO: I was a goddam fool to let the wife get on to me. She oughta got six months at that. The dirty bum. Livin' in a house with respectable people. She'd be livin' there yet if the wife hadn't o' got on to me. Damn her!

DAISY: I wish I was dead.

ZERO: Maybe another one'll move in. Gee, that would be great. But the wife's got her eye on me now.

DAISY: I'm scared to do it though.

ZERO: You oughta move into that room. It's cheaper than where you're livin' now. I better tell you about it. I don't mean to be always pickin' on you.

DAISY: Gas. The smell of it makes me sick. (ZERO *looks up and clears his throat.* DAISY *looks up, startled.*) Whadja say?

ZERO: I didn't say nothin'.

DAISY: I thought you did.

ZERO: You thought wrong.

(*They bend over their work again.*)

DAISY: A dollar sixty. A dollar fifty. Two ninety. One sixty-two.

ZERO: Why the hell should I tell you? Fat chance of you forgettin' to pull down the shade!

DAISY: If I asked for carbolic they might get on to me.

ZERO: Your hair's gettin' gray. You don't wear them shirtwaists any more with the low collars. When you'd bend down to pick somethin' up———

DAISY: I wish I knew what to ask for. Girl Takes Mercury After All-Night Party. Woman In Ten-Story Death Leap.

ZERO: I wonder where'll she go when she gets out. Gee, I'd like to make a date with her. Why didn't I go over there the night my wife went to Brooklyn? She never woulda found out.

DAISY: I seen Pauline Frederick do it once. Where could I get a pistol though?

ZERO: I guess I didn't have the nerve.

DAISY: I'll bet you'd be sorry then that you been so mean to me. How do I know though? Maybe you wouldn't.

ZERO: Nerve! I got as much nerve as anybody. I'm on the level, that's all. I'm a married man and I'm on the level.

DAISY: Anyhow, why ain't I got a right to live? I'm as good as anybody else. I'm too refined, I guess. That's the whole trouble.

ZERO: The time the wife had pneumonia I thought she was goin' to pass out. But she didn't. The doctor's bill was eighty-seven dollars. (*Looking up.*) Hey, wait a minute! Didn't you say eighty-seven dollars?

DAISY (*looking up*): What?

ZERO: Was the last you said eighty-seven dollars?

DAISY (*consulting the slip*): Forty-two fifty.

ZERO: Well, I made a mistake. Wait a minute. (*He busies himself with an eraser.*) All right. Shoot.

DAISY: Six dollars. Three fifteen. Two twenty-five. Sixty-five cents. A dollar twenty. You talk to me as if I was dirt.

ZERO: I wonder if I could kill the wife without anybody findin' out. In bed some night. With a pillow.

DAISY: I used to think you was stuck on me.

ZERO: I'd get found out though. They always have ways.

DAISY: We used to be so nice and friendly together when I first came here. You used to talk to me then.

ZERO: Maybe she'll die soon. I noticed she was coughin' this mornin'.

DAISY: You used to tell me all kinds o' things. You were goin' to show them all. Just the same, you're still sittin' here.

ZERO: Then I could do what I damn please. Oh, boy!

DAISY: Maybe it ain't all your fault neither. Maybe if you'd had the right kind o' wife—somebody with a lot of common sense, somebody refined—me!

ZERO: At that, I guess I'd get tired of bummin' around. A feller wants some place to hang his hat.

DAISY: I wish she would die.

ZERO: And when you start goin' with women you're liable to get into trouble. And lose your job maybe.

DAISY: Maybe you'd marry me.

ZERO: Gee, I wish I'd gone over there that night.

DAISY: Then I could quit workin'.

ZERO: Lots o' women would be glad to get me.

DAISY: You could look a long time before you'd find a sensible, refined girl like me.

ZERO: Yes, sir, they could look a long time before they'd find a steady meal ticket like me.

DAISY: I guess I'd be too old to have any kids. They say it ain't safe after thirty-five.

ZERO: Maybe I'd marry you. You might be all right, at that.

DAISY: I wonder—if you don't want kids—whether—if there's any way———

ZERO (*looking up*): Hey! Hey! Can't you slow up? What did you think I am—a machine?

DAISY (*looks at him*): Say, what do you want, anyhow? First it's too slow an' then it's too fast. I guess you don't know what you want.

ZERO: Well, I'm not thinkin' about that. Just slow up.

DAISY: I'm gettin' sick o' this. I'm goin' to ask to be transferred.

ZERO: Go ahead. You can't make me mad.

DAISY: Aw, keep quiet. (*She rustles.*) Two forty-five. A dollar twenty. A dollar fifty. Ninety cents. Sixty-three cents.

ZERO: Marry you! I guess not! You'd be as bad as the one I got.

DAISY: You wouldn't care if I did ask. I got a good mind to ask.

ZERO: I was a fool to get married.

DAISY: Then I'd never see you at all.

ZERO: What chance has a guy got with a woman tied around his neck?

DAISY: That time at the store picnic—the year your wife couldn't come—you were nice to me then.

ZERO: Twenty-five years holdin' down the same job!

DAISY: We were together all day—just sittin' around under the trees.

ZERO: I wonder if the boss remembers about it bein' twenty-five years.

DAISY: And comin' home that night—you sat next to me in the big delivery wagon.

ZERO: I got a hunch there's a big raise comin' to me.

DAISY: I wonder what it feels like to be really kissed. Men—dirty pigs! They want the bold ones.

ZERO: If he don't come across I'm goin' right up to the front office and tell him where he gets off.

DAISY: I wish I was dead.

ZERO: "Boss," I'll say, "I want to have a talk with you." "Sure," he'll say, "sit down. Have a Corona Corona." "No," I'll say, "I don't smoke." "How's that?" he'll say. "Well, boss," I'll say, "it's this way. Every time I feel like smokin' I just take a nickel and put it in the old sock. A penny saved is a penny earned, that's the way I look at it." "Damn sensible," he'll say. "You got a wise head on you, Zero."

DAISY: I can't stand the smell of gas. It makes me sick. You coulda kissed me if you wanted to.

ZERO: "Boss," I'll say, "I ain't quite satisfied. I been on the job twenty-five years now and if I'm gonna stay I gotta see a future ahead of me." "Zero," he'll say, "I'm glad you came in. I've had my eye on you, Zero. Nothin' gets by me." "Oh, I know that, boss," I'll say. That'll hand him a good laugh, that will. "You're a valuable man, Zero," he'll say, "and I want you right up here with me in the front office. You're done addin' figgers. Monday mornin' you move up here."

DAISY: Them kisses in the movies—them long ones—right on the mouth—

ZERO: I'll keep a-goin' right on up after that. I'll show some of them birds where they get off.

DAISY: That one the other night—*The Devil's Alibi*—he put his arms around her—and her head fell back and her eyes closed—like she was in a daze.

ZERO: Just give me about two years and I'll show them birds where they get off.

DAISY: I guess that's what it's like—a kinda daze—when I see them like that, I just seem to forget everything.

ZERO: Then me for a place in Jersey. And maybe a little Buick. No tin Lizzie for mine. Wait till I get started—I'll show 'em.

DAISY: I can see it now when I kinda half close my eyes. The way her head fell back. And his mouth pressed right up against hers. Oh, Gawd! it must be grand!

(*There is a sudden shrill blast from a steam whistle.*)

DAISY *and* ZERO (*together*): The whistle! (*With great agility they get off their stools, remove their eyeshades and sleeve-protectors and put them on the desks. Then each produces from behind the desk a hat—*ZERO, *a dusty derby,* DAISY, *a frowzy straw.* DAISY *puts on her hat and turns toward* ZERO *as though she were about to speak to him. But he is busy cleaning his pen and pays no attention to her. She sighs and goes toward the door at the left.*)

ZERO (*looking up*): G'night, Miss Devore.

(*But she does not hear him and exits.* ZERO *takes up his hat and goes left. The door at the right opens and the* BOSS *enters—middle-aged, stout-ish, bald, well dressed.*)

THE BOSS (*calling*): Oh—er—Mister—er——

(ZERO *turns in surprise, sees who it is, and trembles nervously.*)

ZERO (*obsequiously*): Yes, sir. Do you want me, sir?

BOSS: Yes. Just come here a moment, will you?

ZERO: Yes, sir. Right away, sir. (*He fumbles his hat, picks it up, stumbles, recovers himself, and approaches the* BOSS, *every fiber quivering.*)

BOSS: Mister—er—er———

ZERO: Zero.

BOSS: Yes, Mr. Zero. I wanted to have a little talk with you.

ZERO (*with a nervous grin.*): Yes, sir, I been kinda expectin' it.

BOSS (*staring at him*): Oh, have you?

ZERO: Yes, sir.

BOSS: How long have you been with us, Mister—er—Mister———

ZERO: Zero.

BOSS: Yes, Mr. Zero.

ZERO: Twenty-five years today.

BOSS: Twenty-five years! That's a long time.

ZERO: Never missed a day.

BOSS: And you've been doing the same work all the time?

ZERO: Yes, sir. Right here at this desk.

BOSS: Then, in that case, a change probably won't be unwelcome to you.

ZERO: No sir, it won't. And that's the truth.

BOSS: We've been planning a change in this department for some time.

ZERO: I kinda thought you had your eye on me.

BOSS: You were right. The fact is that my efficiency experts have recommended the installation of adding machines.

ZERO (*staring at him*): Addin' machines?

BOSS: Yes, you've probably seen them. A mechanical device that adds automatically.

ZERO: Sure, I've seen them. Keys—and a handle that you pull. (*He goes through the motions in the air.*)

BOSS: That's it. They do the work in half the time and a high-school girl can operate them. Now, of course, I'm sorry to lose an old and faithful employee———

ZERO: Excuse me, but would you mind sayin' that again?

BOSS: I say I'm sorry to lose an employee who's been with me for so many years———(*Soft music is heard—the sound of the mechanical player of a distant merry-go-round. The part of the floor upon which the desk and stools are standing begins to revolve very slowly.*) But, of course, in an organization like this, efficiency must be the first consideration———(*The music becomes gradually louder and the revolution more rapid.*) You will draw your salary for the full month. And I'll direct my secretary to give you a letter of recommendation———

ZERO: Wait a minute, boss. Let me get this right. You mean I'm canned?

BOSS (*barely making himself heard above the increasing volume of sound*): I'm sorry—no other alternative—greatly regret—old employee—efficiency—economy—business—business—BUSINESS———

(*His voice is drowned by the music. The platform is revolving rapidly now,* ZERO *and the* BOSS *face each other. They are entirely motionless save for the* BOSS'*jaws, which open and close incessantly. But the words are inaudible. The music swells and swells. To it is added every off-stage effect of the theater—the wind, the wave, the galloping horse, the locomotive whistle, the sleigh bell, the automobile siren, the glass-crash, New Year's Eve, Election Night, Armistice Day, and Mardi Gras. The noise is deafening, maddening, unendurable. Suddenly it culminate in a terrific peal of thunder. For an instant there is a flash of red and then everything is plunged into blackness.*)

SCENE 3

(*The* ZERO *dining room. Entrance door at right. Doors to kitchen and bedroom at left. The walls, as in the first scene, are papered with foolscap sheets covered*

with columns of figures. In the middle of the room, upstage, a table set for two. Along each side will seven chairs are ranged in symmetrical rows.

At the rise of the curtain MRS. ZERO *is seen seated at the table looking alternately at the entrance door and a clock on the wall. She wears a bungalow apron over her best dress.*

After a few moments the entrance door opens and ZERO *enters. He hangs his hat on a rack behind the door and, coming over to the table, seats himself at the vacant place. His movements throughout are quiet and abstracted.*)

MRS. ZERO (*breaking the silence*): Well, it was nice of you to come home. You're only an hour late and that ain't very much. The supper don't get very cold in an hour. An' of course the part about our havin' a lot of company tonight don't matter. (*They begin to eat.*)

Ain't you even got sense enough to come home on time? Didn't I tell you we're goin' to have a lot o' company tonight? Didn't you know the Ones are comin'? An' the Twos? An' the Threes? An' the Fours? An' the Fives? And the Sixes? Didn't I tell you to be home on time? I might as well talk to a stone wall. (*They eat for a few moments in silence.*)

I guess you musta had some important business to attend to. Like watchin' the scoreboard. Or was two kids havin' a fight an' you was the referee? You sure do have a lot of business to attend to. It's a wonder you have time to come home at all. You gotta tough life, you have. Walk in, hang up your hat, an' put on the nosebag. An' me in the hot kitchen all day, cookin' your supper an' waitin' for you to get good an' ready to come home! (*Again they eat in silence.*)

Maybe the boss kept you late tonight. Tellin' you what a big noise you are and how the store couldn't 'a' got along if you hadn't been pushin' a pen for twenty-five years. Where's the gold medal he pinned on you? Did some blind old lady take it away from you or did you leave it on the seat of the boss's limousine when he brought you home? (*Again a few moments of silence.*)

I'll bet he gave you a big raise, didn't he? Promoted you from the third floor to the fourth, maybe. Raise? A fat chance you got o' gettin' a raise. All they gotta do is put an ad in the paper. There's ten thousand like you layin' around the streets. You'll be holdin' down the same job at the end of another twenty-five years—if you ain't forgot how to add by that time.

(*A noise is heard offstage, a sharp clicking such as is made by the operation of the keys and levers of an adding machine.* ZERO *raises his head for a moment but lowers it almost instantly.*)

MRS. ZERO: There's the doorbell. The company's here already. And we ain't hardly finished supper. (*She rises.*) But I'm goin' to clear off the table whether you're finished or not. If you want your supper, you got a right to be home on time. Not standin' around lookin' at scoreboards. (*As she piles up the dishes* ZERO *rises and goes toward the entrance door.*) Wait a minute! Don't open the door yet. Do you want the company to see all the mess? An' go an' put on a clean collar. You got red ink all over it. (ZERO *goes toward bedroom door.*) I should 'think after pushin' a pen for twenty-five years, you'd learn how to do it without gettin' ink on your collar. (ZERO *exits to bedroom.* MRS. ZERO *takes dishes to kitchen, talking as she goes.*)

I guess I can stay up all night now washin' dishes. You should worry! That's what a man's got a wife for, ain't it? Don't he buy her her clothes an' let her eat with him at the same table? An' all she's gotta do is cook the meals an' do the washin' an' scrub the floor, an' wash the dishes when the company goes. But, believe me, you're goin' to sling a mean dish towel when the company goes tonight!

(*While she is talking,* ZERO *enters from bedroom. He wears a clean collar and is cramming the soiled one furtively into his pocket.* MRS. ZERO *enters from kitchen. She has removed her apron and carries a table cover which she spreads hastily over the table. The clicking noise is heard again.*)

MRS. ZERO: There's the bell again. Open the door, cancha?

(ZERO *goes to the entrance door and opens it. Six men and six women file into the room in a double column. The men are all shape and size, but their dress is identical with that of* ZERO *in every detail. Each, however, wears a wig of a different color. The women are all dressed alike too, except that the dress of each is of a different color.*)

MRS. ZERO (*taking the first woman's hand*): How de do, Mrs. One.

MRS. ONE: How de do, Mrs. Zero.

MRS. ZERO *repeats this formula with each woman in turn.* ZERO *does the same with the men except that he is silent throughout. The files now separate, each man taking a chair from the right wall and each woman one from the left wall. Each sex forms a circle with the chairs very close together. The men—all except* ZERO—*smoke cigars. The women munch chocolates.*)

Analysing the Script:

FIVE. Some rain we're havin'.
TWO. Never saw the like of it.
FOUR. Worst in fourteen years, paper says.
THREE. Y' can't always go by the papers.
TWO. No, that's right too.
ONE. We're liable to forget from year to year.
SIX. Yeh, come t' think, last year was pretty bad too.
FIVE. An' how about two years ago?
FOUR. Still, this year's pretty bad.
THREE. Yeh, no gettin' away from that.
TWO. Might be a whole lot worse.
SIX. Yeh, it's all the way you look at it. Some rain though.
ONE. SIX. I like them little organdic dresses.
FIVE. Yeh, with a little lace trimmin' on the sleeves.
FOUR. Well, I like 'em plain myself.
THREE. Yeh, what I always say is the plainer the more refined.
ZERO. Well, I don't think a little lace does any harm.
ONE. No, it kinda dresses it up.
ZERO. Well, I always say it's all a matter of taste.
SIX. I saw you at the Rosebud Movie Thursday night, Mr. One.
ONE. Pretty punk show, I'll say.
TWO. They're gettin' worse all the time.
SIX. But who was the charming lady, Mr. One?
ONE. Now don't you go makin' trouble for me. That was my sister.
FIVE. Oho! That's what they all say.
FOUR. Never mind! I'll bet Mrs. One knows what's what, all right.
ONE. Oh, well, he can do what he likes—'slong as he behaves himself.
THREE. You're in luck at that, One. Far chance I got of gettin' away from the frau even with my sister.
THREE. You oughta be glad you got a good wife to look after you.
THE OTHER WOMEN (*in unison*): That's right, Mrs. Three.
TWO. I guess I know who wears the pants in your house, Three.
SIX. Never mind. I saw them holdin' hands at the movie the other night.
THREE. She musta been tryin' to get some money away from me.
SIX. Swell chance anybody'd have of gettin' any money away from you.

(*General laughter.*)

SIX. They sure are a loving couple.
MRS. TWO. Well, I think we oughta change the subject.
MRS. ONE. Yes, let's change the subject.
SIX (*sotto voce*): Did you hear the one about the travelin' salesman?
FIVE. It seems this guy was in a sleeper.
FOUR. Goin' from Albany to San Diego.
THREE. And in the next berth was an old maid.
TWO. With a wooden leg.
ONE. Well, along about midnight———

(*They all put their heads together and whisper.*)

MRS. SIX. (*sotto voce*): Did you hear about the Sevens?
MRS. FIVE. They're gettin' a divorce.
MRS. FOUR. It's the second time for him.
MRS. THREE. They're two of a kind, if you ask me.
MRS. TWO. One's as bad as the other.
MRS. ONE. Worse.
MRS. ZERO. They say that she———

(*They all put their heads together and whisper.*)

SIX. I think this woman suffrage is the bunk.
FIVE. It sure is! Politics is a man's business.
FOUR. Woman's place is in the home.
THREE. That's it! Lookin' after the kids, 'stead of hangin' around the streets.
TWO. You hit the nail on the head that time.
ONE. The trouble is they don't know what they want.
MRS. SIX. Men sure get me tired.
MRS. FIVE. They sure are a lazy lot.
MRS. FOUR. And dirty.
MRS. THREE. Always grumblin' about somethin'.
MRS. TWO. When they're not lyin'!
MRS. ONE. Or messin' up the house.
MRS. ZERO. Well, believe me, I tell mine where he gets off.
SIX. Business conditions are sure bad.
FIVE. Never been worse.
FOUR. I don't know what we're comin' to.
THREE. I look for a big smash-up in about three months.
TWO. Wouldn't surprise me a bit.
ONE. We're sure headin' for trouble.
MRS. SIX. My aunt has gallstones.
MRS. FIVE. My husband has bunions.
MRS. FOUR. My sister expects next month.
MRS. THREE. My cousin's husband has erysipelas.

MRS. TWO. My niece has St. Vitus's dance.
MRS. ONE. My boy has fits.
MRS. ZERO. I never felt better in my life. Knock wood!
SIX. Too damn much agitation, that's at the bottom of it.
FIVE. That's it! Too damn many strikes.
FOUR. Foreign agitators, that's what it is.
THREE. They oughta be run outa the country.
TWO. What the hell do they want anyhow?
ONE. They don't know what they want, if you ask me.
SIX. America for the Americans is what I say!
ALL (*in unison*): That's it! Damn foreigners! Damn dagoes! Damn Catholics! Damn sheenies! Damn niggers! Jail 'em! Shoot 'em! Hang 'em! Lynch 'em! Burn 'em! (*They all rise. Sing in unison.*)

My country 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty!

MRS. TWO. Why so pensive, Mr. Zero?
ZERO (*speaking for the first time*): I'm thinkin'.
MRS. ZERO. Well, be careful not to sprain your mind. (*Laughter.*)
MRS. ZERO. Look at the poor men all by themselves. We ain't very sociable.
ONE. Looks like we're neglectin' the ladies.

(*The women cross the room and join the men, all chattering loudly. The doorbell rings.*)

MRS. ZERO. Sh! The doorbell!

(*The volume of sound slowly diminishes. Again the doorbell.*)

ZERO (*quietly*): I'll go. It's for me.

(*They watch curiously as* ZERO *goes to the door and opens it, admitting a* POLICEMAN. *There is a murmur of surprise and excitement.*)

POLICEMAN. I'm lookin' for Mr. Zero.

(*They all point to* ZERO.)

ZERO. I've been expectin' you.
POLICEMAN. Come along!
ZERO. Just a minute. (*He puts his hand in his pocket.*)
POLICEMAN. What's he tryin' to pull? (*He draws a revolver.*) I got you covered.
ZERO. Sure, that's all right. I just want to give you somethin'. (*He takes the collar from his pocket and gives it to the* POLICEMAN.)
POLICEMAN (*suspiciously*): What's that?
ZERO. The collar I wore.
POLICEMAN. What do I want it for?
ZERO. It's got bloodstains on it.
POLICEMAN (*pocketing it*): All right, come along!
ZERO (*turning to* MRS. ZERO): I gotta go with him. You'll have to dry the dishes yourself.
MRS. ZERO (*rushing forward*): What are they takin' you for?
ZERO (*calmly*): I killed the boss this afternoon. (*The* POLICEMAN *takes him off.*)

SCENE 4

A court of justice. Three bare white walls without doors or windows except for a single door in the right wall. At the right is a jury box in which are seated MESSRS. ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR, FIVE, *and* SIX *and their respective wives. On either side of the jury box stands a uniformed officer. Opposite the jury box is a long, bare oak table piled high with law books. Behind the books* ZERO *is seated, his face hurried in his hands. There is no other furniture in the room. A moment after the rise of the curtain one of the officers rises and, going around the table, taps* ZERO *on the shoulder.* ZERO *rises and accompanies the officer. The officer escorts him to the great empty space in the middle of the courtroom, facing the jury. He motions to* ZERO *to stop, then points to the jury and resumes his place beside the jury box.* ZERO *stands there looking at the jury, bewildered and half afraid. The jurors give no sign of having seen him. Throughout they sit with folded arms, staring solidly before them.*)

ZERO (*beginning to speak, haltingly*): Sure I killed him. I ain't sayin' I didn't, am I? Sure I killed him. Them lawyers! They give me a good stiff pain, that's what they give me. Half the time I don't know what the hell they're talkin' about. Objection sustained. Objection overruled. What's the big idea anyhow? You ain't heard me do any objectin', have you? Sure not! What's the idea of objectin'? You got a right to know. What I say is, if one bird kills another bird, why you got a right to call him for it. That's what I say. I know all about that. I been on the jury too. Them lawyers! Don't let 'em fill you full of bunk. All that bull about it bein' red ink on the bill file. Red ink nothin'! It was blood, see? I want you to get that right—all of you. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve. Twelve of you. Six and six. That makes twelve. I figgered it up often enough. Six and six makes twelve. And five is seventeen. And eight is twenty-five. And three is twenty-eight. Eight and carry two. Aw, cut it out! Them damn figgers! I can't forget 'em. Twenty-five years, see? Eight hours a day, except Sundays. And July and August half-day Saturday. One week's vacation with pay. And another week without pay if you want it. Who the hell wants it? Layin' around the house listenin' to the wife tellin' you where you get off. Nix! An' legal holidays. I nearly forgot them. New Year's, Washington's Birthday, Decoration Day, Fourth o' July, Labor Day, Election Day, Thanksgivin', Christmas. Good Friday if you want it. An' if you're a Jew, Young Kipper an' the other one—I forget what they call it. The dirty sheenies—always gettin' two to the other bird's one. An' when a holiday comes on Sunday, you get Monday off. So that's fair enough. But when the Fourth o' July comes on Saturday, why you're out o' luck on account of Saturday bein' a half-day anyhow. Get me? Twenty-five years—I'll tell you somethin' funny. Decoration Day an' the Fourth o' July are always on the same day o' the week. Twenty-five years. Never missed a day, and never more'n five minutes late. Look at my time card if you don't believe me. Eight twenty-seven, eight thirty, eight twenty-nine, eight twenty-seven, eight thirty-two. Eight an' thirty-two's forty an'—Goddam them figgers! I can't forget 'em. They're funny things, them figgers. They look like people sometimes. The eights, see? Two dots for the eyes and a dot for the nose. An' a line. That's the mouth, see? An' there's others remind you of other things—but I can't talk about them on account of there bein' ladies here. Sure I killed him. Why didn't he shut up? If he'd only shut up! Instead o' talkin' an' talkin' about how sorry he was an' what a good guy I was an' this an' that. I felt like sayin' to him: "For Christ's sake shut up!" But I didn't have the nerve, see? I didn't have the nerve to say that to the boss. An' he went on talkin', sayin' how sorry he was, see? He was standin' right close to me. An' his coat only had two buttons on it. Two an' two makes four an'—aw, can it. An' there was the bill file on the desk. Right where I could touch it. Is ain't right to kill a guy. I know that. When I read all about him in the paper an' about his three kids I felt like a cheapskate, I tell you. They had the kids' pictures in the paper, right next to mine. An' his wife too. Gee, it must be swell to have a wife like that. Some guys sure is lucky. An' he left fifty thousand dollars just for a rest room for the girls in the store. He was a good guy at that. Fifty thousand. That's more'n twice as much as I'd have if I saved every nickel I ever made. Let's see. Twenty-five an' twenty-five an' twenty-five an'—aw, cut it out! An' the ads had a big, black border around 'em; an' all it said was that the store would be closed for three days on account of the boss bein' dead. That nearly handed me a laugh, that did. All them floorwalkers an' buyers an' high-muck-a-mucks havin' me to thank for gettin' three days off. I hadn't oughta killed him. I ain't sayin' nothin' about that. But I thought he was goin' to give me a raise, see? On account of bein' there twenty-five years. He never talked to me before, see? Except one mornin' we happened to come in the store together and I held the door open for him and he said "Thanks." Just like that, see? "Thanks!" That was the only time he ever talked to me. An' when I seen him comin' up to my desk, I didn't know where I got off. A big guy like that comin' up to my desk. I felt like I was chokin' like and all of a sudden I got a kind o' bad taste in my mouth like when you get up in the mornin'. I didn't have no right to kill him. The district attorney is right about that. He read the law to you, right out o' the book. Killin' a bird—that's wrong. But there was that girl, see? Six months they gave her. It was a dirty trick tellin' the cops on her like that. I shouldn't 'a' done that. But what was I gonna do? The wife wouldn't let up on me. I hadda do it. She used to walk around the room, just in her undershirt, see? Nothin' else on. Just her undershirt. An' they gave her six months. That's the last I'll ever see of her. Them birds—how do they get away with it? Just grabbin' women, the way you see 'em do in the pictures. I've seen lots I'd like to grab like that, but I ain't got the nerve—in the subway an' on the street an' in the store buyin' things. Pretty soft for them shoe salesmen, I'll say, lookin' at women's legs all day. Them lawyers! They give me a pain, I tell you—a pain! Sayin' the same thing over an' over again. I never said I didn't kill him. But that ain't the same as bein' a regular murderer. What good did it do me to kill him? I didn't make nothin' out of it. Answer yes or no! Yes or no, me elbow! There's some things you can't answer yes or no. Give me the once-over, you guys. Do I look like a murderer? Do I? I never did no harm to nobody. Ask the wife. She'll tell you. Ask anybody. I never got into trouble. You wouldn't count that one time at the Polo Grounds. That was just fun like. Everybody was yellin', "Kill the empire! Kill the empire!" An' before I knew what I was doin' I fired the pop bottle. It was on account of everybody yellin' like that. Just in fun like, see? The yeller dog! Callin' that one a strike—a mile away from the plate. Anyhow, the bottle didn't hit him. An' when I seen the cop comin' up the aisle, I beat it. That didn't hurt nobody. It was just in fun like, see? An' that time in the subway. I was readin' about a lynchin', see? Down in Georgia. They took the nigger an' they tied him to a tree. An' they poured kerosene on him and lit a big fire under him. The dirty nigger! Boy, I'd of liked to been there, with a gat in each hand, pumpin' him full of lead. I was readin' about it in the subway, see? Right at Times Square where the big crowd gets on. An' all of a sudden this big nigger steps right on my foot. It was lucky for him I didn't have a gun on me. I'd of killed him sure, I guess. I guess he couldn't help it all right on account of the crowd, but a nigger's got no right to step on a white man's foot. I told him where he got off all right. The dirty nigger. But that didn't hurt nobody either. I'm a pretty steady guy, you gotta admit that. Twenty-five years in one job an' I never missed a day. Fifty-two weeks in a year. Fifty-two an' fifty-two an' fifty-two an'—They didn't have t' look for me, did they? I didn't try to run away, did I? Where was I goin' to run to! I wasn't thinkin' about it at all, see? I'll tell you what I was thinkin' about—how I was goin' to break it to the wife about bein' canned. He canned me after twenty-five years, see? Did the lawyers tell you about that? I forget. All that talk gives me a headache. Objection sustained. Objection overruled. Answer yes or no. It gives me a headache. And I can't get the figgers outta my head neither. But that's what I was thinkin' about—how I was goin' t' break it to the wife about bein' canned. An' what Miss Devore would think when she heard about me killin' him. I bet she never thought I had the nerve to do it. I'd of married her if the wife had passed out. I'd be holdin' down my job yet if he hadn't o' canned me. But he kept talkin' an' talkin'. An' there was the bill file right where I could reach it. Do you get me? I'm just a regular guy like anybody else. Like you birds, now. (*For the first time the jurors relax, looking indignantly at each other and whispering.*)

Suppose you was me, now. Maybe you'd 'a' done the same thing. That's the way you oughta look at it, see? Suppose you was me———

JURORS (*rising as one and shouting in unison*): GUILTY!

ZERO *falls back, stunned for a moment by their vociferousness. The* JURORS *right-face in their places and file quickly out of the jury box and toward the door in a double column.*

ZERO (*recovering speech as the* JURORS *pass out at the door*): Wait a minute. Jest a minute. You don't get me right. Jest give me a chance an' I'll tell you how it was. I'm all mixed up, see? On account of them lawyers. And the figgers in my head. But I'm goin' to tell you how it was. I was there twenty-five years, see? An' they gave her six months, see?

(*He goes on haranguing the empty jury box as the curtain falls.*)

SCENE 5*

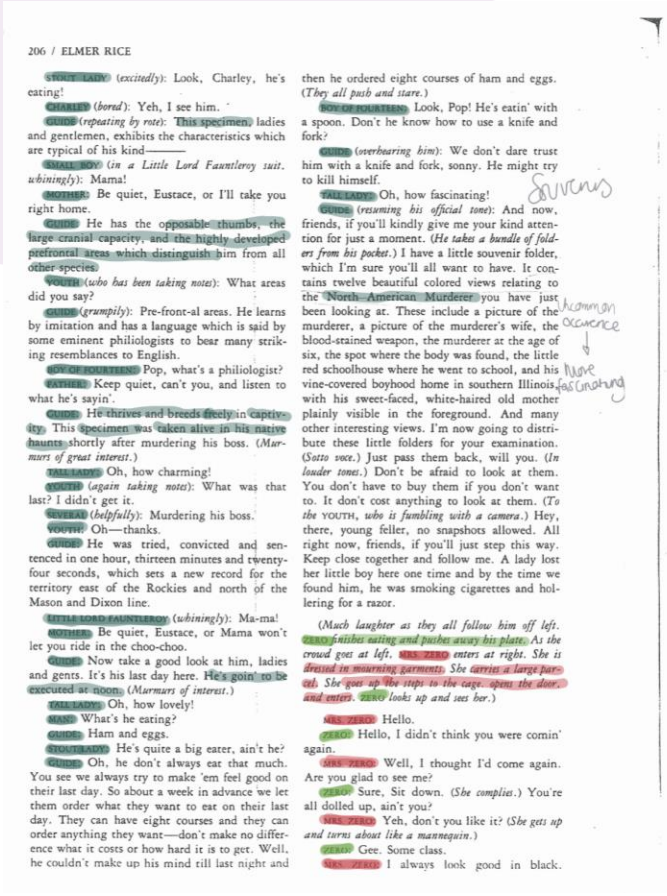
(In the middle of the stage is a large cage with bars on all four sides. The bars are very far apart and the interior of the cage is clearly visible. The floor of the cage is about six feet above the level of the stage. A flight of wooden steps lead up to it on the side facing the audience. ZERO *is discovered in the middle of the cage seated at a table about which is suspended a single naked electric light. Before him is an enormous platter of ham and eggs which he eats voraciously with a large wooden spoon. He wears a uniform of very broad black and white horizontal stripes. A few moments after the rise of the curtain a man enters at left, wearing the blue uniform and peaked cap of a* GUIDE. *He is followed by a miscellaneous crowd of Men, Women, and Children—about a dozen in all.*)

GUIDE (*stopping in front of the cage*): Now ladies and gentlemen, if you'll kindly step right this way! (*The crowd straggles up and forms a loose semi-circle around him.*) Step right up, please. A little closer so's everybody can hear. (*They move up closer.* ZERO *pays no attention whatever to them.*) This, ladies and gentlemen, is a very inter-est-in' specimen; the North American murderer, Genus homo sapiens, Habitat North America. (*A titter of excitement. They all crowd up around the cage.*) Don't push. There's room enough for everybody.

TALL LADY: Oh, how interesting!

* *Note:* This scene was part of the original script. It was omitted, however, when the play was produced, and was performed for the first time (in its present revised form) when the play was revived at the Phoenix Theatre in New York in February, 1956.—ELMER RICE

Analysing the Script:



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STOUT LADY (*excitedly*): Look, Charley, he's eating!

CHARLEY (*bored*): Yeh, I see him.

GUIDE (*repeating by rote*): This specimen, ladies and gentlemen, exhibits the characteristics which are typical of his kind———

SMALL BOY (*in a Little Lord Fauntleroy suit, ubiningly*): Mama!

MOTHER: Be quiet, Eustace, or I'll take you right home.

GUIDE: He has the opposable thumbs, the large cranial capacity, and the highly developed prefrontal areas which distinguish him from all other species.

YOUTH (*who has been taking notes*): What areas did you say?

GUIDE (*grumpily*): Pre-front-al areas. He learns by imitation and has a language which is said by some eminent philiologists to bear many striking resemblances to English.

BOY OF FOURTEEN: Pop, what's a philiologist?

FATHER: Keep quiet, can't you, and listen to what he's sayin'.

GUIDE: He thrives and breeds freely in captivity. This specimen was taken alive in his native haunts shortly after murdering his boss. (*Murmurs of great interest.*)

TALL LADY: Oh, how charming!

YOUTH (*again taking notes*): What was that last? I didn't get it.

SEVERAL (*helpfully*): Murdering his boss.

YOUTH: Oh—thanks.

GUIDE: He was tried, convicted and sentenced in one hour, thirteen minutes and twenty-four seconds, which sets a new record for the territory east of the Rockies and north of the Mason and Dixon line.

LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY (*ubiningly*): Ma-ma!

MOTHER: Be quiet, Eustace, or Mama won't let you ride in the choo-choo.

GUIDE: Now take a good look at him, ladies and gents. It's his last day here. He's goin' to be executed at noon. (*Murmurs of interest.*)

TALL LADY: Oh, how lovely!

MAN: What's he eating?

GUIDE: Ham and eggs.

STOUT LADY: He's quite a big eater, ain't he?

GUIDE: Oh, he don't always eat that much. You see we always try to make 'em feel good on their last day. So about a week in advance we let them order what they want to eat on their last day. They can have eight courses and they can order anything they want—don't make no difference what it costs or how hard it is to get. Well, he couldn't make up his mind till last night and then he ordered eight courses of ham and eggs. (*They all push and stare.*)

BOY OF FOURTEEN: Look, Pop! He's eatin' with a spoon. Don't he know how to use a knife and fork?

GUIDE (*overhearing him*): We don't dare trust him with a knife and fork, sonny. He might try to kill himself.

TALL LADY: Oh, how fascinating!

GUIDE (*resuming his official tone*): And now, friends, if you'll kindly give me your kind attention for just a moment. (*He takes a bundle of folders from his pocket.*) I have a little souvenir folder, which I'm sure you'll all want to have. It contains twelve beautiful colored views relating to the North American Murderer you have just been looking at. These include a picture of the murderer, a picture of the murderer's wife, the blood-stained weapon, the murderer at the age of six, the spot where the body was found, the little red schoolhouse where he went to school, and his vine-covered boyhood home in southern Illinois, with his sweet-faced, white-haired old mother plainly visible in the foreground. And many other interesting views. I'm now going to distribute these little folders for your examination. (*Sotto voce.*) Just pass them back, will you. (*In louder tones.*) Don't be afraid to look at them. You don't have to buy them if you don't want to. It don't cost anything to look at them. (*To the* YOUTH, *who is fumbling with a camera.*) Hey, there, young feller, no snapshots allowed. All right now, friends, if you'll just step this way. Keep close together and follow me. A lady lost her little boy here one time and by the time we found him, he was smoking cigarettes and hollering for a razor.

(*Much laughter as they all follow him off left.* ZERO *finishes eating and pushes away his plate. As the crowd goes at left,* MRS. ZERO *enters at right. She is dressed in mourning garments. She carries a large parcel. She goes up the steps to the cage, opens the door, and enters.* ZERO *looks up and sees her.*)

MRS. ZERO: Hello.

ZERO: Hello, I didn't think you were comin' again.

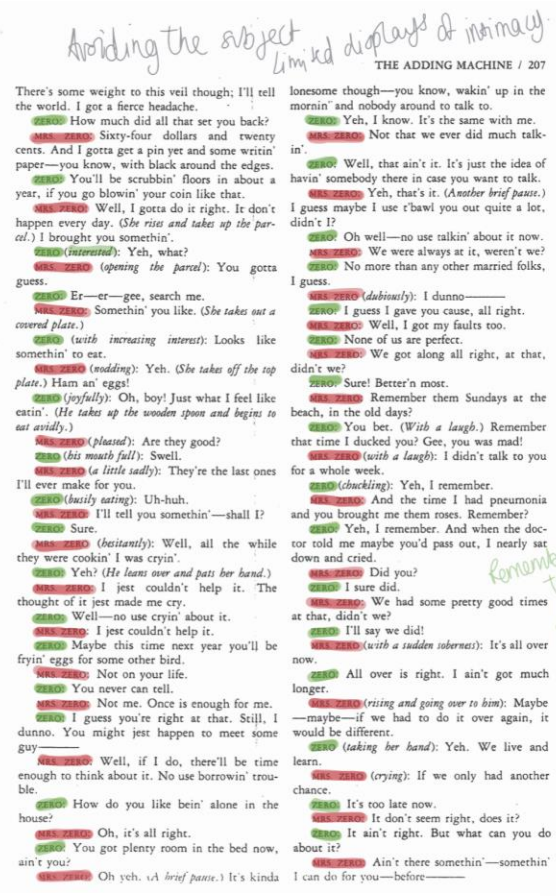
MRS. ZERO: Well, I thought I'd come again. Are you glad to see me?

ZERO: Sure, Sit down. (*She complies.*) You're all dolled up, ain't you?

MRS. ZERO: Yeh, don't you like it? (*She gets up and turns about like a mannequin.*)

ZERO: Gee. Some class.

MRS. ZERO: I always look good in black.



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There's some weight to this veil though; I'll tell the world. I got a fierce headache.

ZERO: How much did all that set you back?

MRS. ZERO: Sixty-four dollars and twenty cents. And I gotta get a pin yet and some writin' paper—you know, with black around the edges.

ZERO: You'll be scrubbin' floors in about a year, if you go blowin' your coin like that.

MRS. ZERO: Well, I gotta do it right. It don't happen every day. (*She rises and takes up the parcel.*) I brought you somethin'.

ZERO (*interested*): Yeh, what?

MRS. ZERO (*opening the parcel*): You gotta guess.

ZERO: Er—er—gee, search me.

MRS. ZERO: Somethin' you like. (*She takes out a covered plate.*)

ZERO (*with increasing interest*): Looks like somethin' to eat.

MRS. ZERO (*nodding*): Yeh. (*She takes off the top plate.*) Ham an' eggs!

ZERO (*joyfully*): Oh, boy! Just what I feel like eatin'. (*He takes up the wooden spoon and begins to eat avidly.*)

MRS. ZERO (*pleased*): Are they good?

ZERO (*his mouth full*): Swell.

MRS. ZERO (*a little sadly*): They're the last ones I'll ever make for you.

ZERO (*busily eating*): Uh-huh.

MRS. ZERO: I'll tell you somethin'—shall I?

ZERO: Sure.

MRS. ZERO (*hesitantly*): Well, all the while they were cookin' I was cryin'.

ZERO: Yeh? (*He leans over and pats her hand.*)

MRS. ZERO: I jest couldn't help it. The thought of it jest made me cry.

ZERO: Well—no use cryin' about it.

MRS. ZERO: I jest couldn't help it.

ZERO: Maybe this time next year you'll be fryin' eggs for some other bird.

MRS. ZERO: Not on your life.

ZERO: You never can tell.

MRS. ZERO: Not me. Once is enough for me.

ZERO: I guess you're right at that. Still, I dunno. You might jest happen to meet some guy———

MRS. ZERO: Well, if I do, there'll be time enough to think about it. No use borrowin' trouble.

ZERO: How do you like bein' alone in the house?

MRS. ZERO: Oh, it's all right.

ZERO: You got plenty room in the bed now, ain't you?

MRS. ZERO: Oh yeh. (*A brief pause.*) It's kinda lonesome though—you know, wakin' up in the mornin' and nobody around to talk to.

ZERO: Yeh, I know. It's the same with me.

MRS. ZERO: Not that we ever did much talkin'.

ZERO: Well, that ain't it. It's just the idea of havin' somebody there in case you want to talk.

MRS. ZERO: Yeh, that's it. (*Another brief pause.*) I guess maybe I use t'bawl you out quite a lot, didn't I?

ZERO: Oh well—no use talkin' about it now.

MRS. ZERO: We were always at it, weren't we?

ZERO: No more than any other married folks, I guess.

MRS. ZERO (*dubiously*): I dunno———

ZERO: I guess I gave you cause, all right.

MRS. ZERO: Well, I got my faults too.

ZERO: None of us are perfect.

MRS. ZERO: We got along all right, at that, didn't we?

ZERO: Sure! Better'n most.

MRS. ZERO: Remember them Sundays at the beach, in the old days?

ZERO: You bet. (*With a laugh.*) Remember that time I ducked you? Gee, you was mad!

MRS. ZERO (*with a laugh*): I didn't talk to you for a whole week.

ZERO (*chuckling*): Yeh, I remember.

MRS. ZERO: And the time I had pneumonia and you brought me them roses. Remember?

ZERO: Yeh, I remember. And when the doctor told me maybe you'd pass out, I nearly sat down and cried.

MRS. ZERO: Did you?

ZERO: I sure did.

MRS. ZERO: We had some pretty good times at that, didn't we?

ZERO: I'll say we did!

MRS. ZERO (*with a sudden soberness*): It's all over now.

ZERO: All over is right. I ain't got much longer.

MRS. ZERO (*rising and going over to him*): Maybe —maybe—if we had to do it over again, it would be different.

ZERO (*taking her hand*): Yeh. We live and learn.

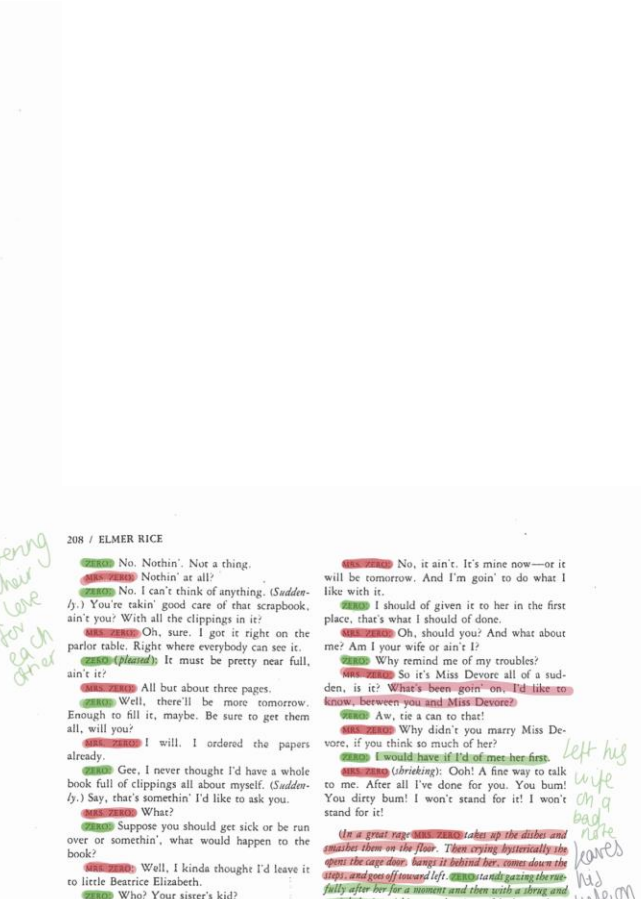
MRS. ZERO (*crying*): If we only had another chance.

ZERO: It's too late now.

MRS. ZERO: It don't seem right, does it?

ZERO: It ain't right. But what can you do about it?

MRS. ZERO: Ain't there somethin'—somethin' I can do for you—before———



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ZERO: No. Nothin'. Not a thing.

MRS. ZERO: Nothin' at all?

ZERO: No. I can't think of anything. (*Suddenly.*) You're takin' good care of that scrapbook, ain't you? With all the clippings in it?

MRS. ZERO: Oh, sure. I got it right on the parlor table. Right where everybody can see it.

ZERO: (*pleased*): It must be pretty near full, ain't it?

MRS. ZERO: All but about three pages.

ZERO: Well, there'll be more tomorrow. Enough to fill it, maybe. Be sure to get them all, will you?

MRS. ZERO: I will. I ordered the papers already.

ZERO: Gee, I never thought I'd have a whole book full of clippings all about myself. (*Suddenly.*) Say, that's somethin' I'd like to ask you.

MRS. ZERO: What?

ZERO: Suppose you should get sick or be run over or somethin', what would happen to the book?

MRS. ZERO: Well, I kinda thought I'd leave it to little Beatrice Elizabeth.

ZERO: Who? Your sister's kid?

MRS. ZERO: Yeh.

ZERO: What would she want with it?

MRS. ZERO: Well, it's nice to have, ain't it? And I wouldn't know who else to give it to.

ZERO: Well, I don't want her to have it. That fresh little kid puttin' her dirty fingers all over it.

MRS. ZERO: She ain't fresh and she ain't dirty. She's a sweet little thing.

ZERO: I don't want her to have it.

MRS. ZERO: Who do you want to have it then?

ZERO: Well, I kinda thought I'd like Miss Devore to have it.

MRS. ZERO: Miss Devore?

ZERO: Yeh. You know. Down at the store.

MRS. ZERO: Why should she have it?

ZERO: She'd take good care of it. And anyhow, I'd like her to have it.

MRS. ZERO: Oh you would, would you?

ZERO: Yes.

MRS. ZERO: Well, she ain't goin' to have it. Miss Devore! Where does she come in, I'd like to know, when I got two sisters and a niece.

ZERO: I don't care nothin' about your sisters and your niece.

MRS. ZERO: Well, I do! And Miss Devore ain't goin' to get it. Now put that in your pipe and smoke it.

ZERO: What have you got to say about it? It's my book, ain't it?

MRS. ZERO: No, it ain't. It's mine now—or it will be tomorrow. And I'm goin' to do what I like with it.

ZERO: I should of given it to her in the first place, that's what I should of done.

MRS. ZERO: Oh, should you? And what about me? Am I your wife or ain't I?

ZERO: Why remind me of my troubles?

MRS. ZERO: So it's Miss Devore all of a sudden, is it? What's been goin' on, I'd like to know, between you and Miss Devore?

ZERO: Aw, tie a can to that!

MRS. ZERO: Why didn't you marry Miss Devore, if you think so much of her?

ZERO: I would have if I'd of met her first.

MRS. ZERO (*shrieking*): Ooh! A fine way to talk to me. After all I've done for you. You bum! You dirty bum! I won't stand for it! I won't stand for it!

(*In a great rage* MRS. ZERO *takes up the dishes and smashes them on the floor. Then crying hysterically she opens the cage door, bangs it behind her, comes down the steps, and goes off toward left.* ZERO *stands gazing thoughtfully after her for a moment and then with a shrug and a sigh begins picking up the pieces of broken crockery.*

As MRS. ZERO *exits at left a door in the back of the cage opens and a* MAN *enters. He is dressed in a sky-blue padded silk dressing gown which is fitted with innumerable pockets. Under this he wears a pink silk union suit. His bare feet are in sandals. He wears a jaunty Panama hat with a red feather stuck in the brim. Wings are fastened to his sandals and to the shoulders of his dressing gown.* ZERO, *who is busy picking up the broken crockery, does not notice him at first. The* MAN *takes a gold toothpick and begins carefully picking his teeth, waiting for* ZERO *to notice him.* ZERO *happens to look up and suddenly sees the* MAN. *He utters a cry of terror and shrinks into a corner of the cage, trembling with fear.*)

ZERO (*hoarsely*): Who are you?

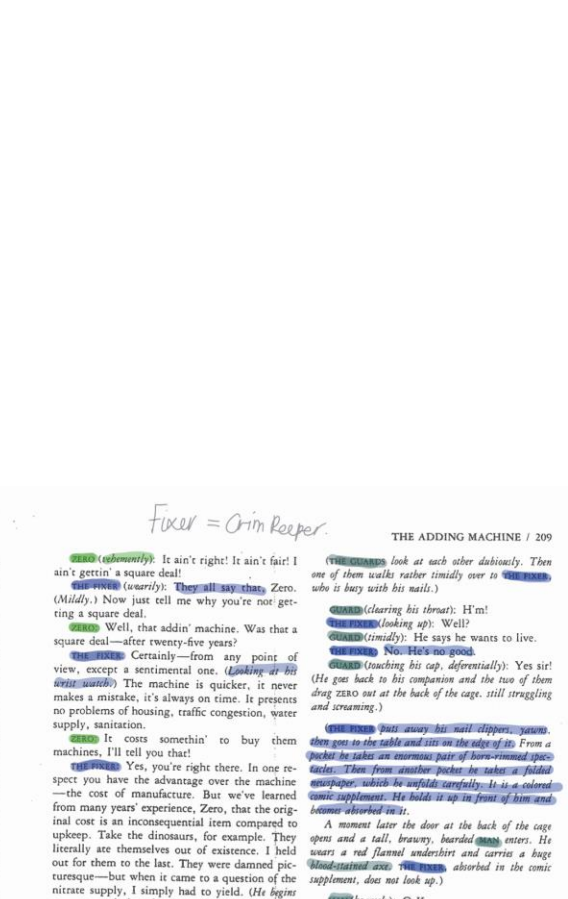
MAN (*calmly, as he pockets his toothpick*): I'm the Fixer—from the Claims Department.

ZERO: Whaddya want?

THE FIXER: It's no use, Zero. There are no miracles.

ZERO: I don't know what you're talkin' about.

THE FIXER: Don't lie, Zero. (*Holding up his hand.*) And now that your course is run—now that the end is already in sight, you still believe that some thunderbolt, some fiery bush, some celestial apparition will intervene between you and extinction. But it's no use, Zero. You're done for.



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ZERO (*vehemently*): It ain't right! It ain't fair! I ain't gettin' a square deal!

THE FIXER (*wearily*): They all say that, Zero. (*Mildly.*) Now just tell me why you're not getting a square deal.

ZERO: Well, that addin' machine. Was that a square deal—after twenty-five years?

THE FIXER: Certainly—from any point of view, except a sentimental one. (*Looking at his wrist watch.*) The machine is quicker, it never makes a mistake, it's always on time. It presents no problems of housing, traffic congestion, water supply, sanitation.

ZERO: It costs somethin' to buy them machines, I'll tell you that!

THE FIXER: Yes, you're right there. In one respect you have the advantage over the machine—the cost of manufacture. But we've learned from many years' experience, Zero, that the original cost is an inconsequential item compared to upkeep. Take the dinosaurs, for example. They literally are themselves out of existence. I held out for them to the last. They were damned picturesque—but when it came to a question of the nitrate supply, I simply had to yield. (*He begins to empty and clean his pipe.*) And so with you, Zero. It costs a lot to keep up all that delicate mechanism of eye and ear and hand and brain which you've never put to any use. We can't afford to maintain it in idleness—and so you've got to go. (*He puts the pipe in one of his pockets.*)

ZERO (*falling to his knees, supplicatingly*): Gimme a chance, gimme another chance!

THE FIXER: What would you do if I gave you another chance?

ZERO: Well—first thing I'd go out and look for a job.

THE FIXER: Adding figures?

ZERO: Well, I ain't young enough to take up somethin' new.

THE FIXER (*takes out a police whistle and blows shrilly. Instantly two guards enter.*)

THE FIXER: Put the skids under him, boys, and make it snappy. (*He strolls away to the other side of the cage, and taking a nail clipper from a pocket, begins to clip his nails as the* GUARDS *seize* ZERO.)

ZERO (*struggling and shrieking*): No! No! Don't take me away! Don't kill me! Gimme a chance! Gimme another chance!

GUARD (*soothingly*): Ah, come on! Be a good fellow! It'll all be over in a minute!

ZERO: I don't want to die! I don't want to die! I want to live!

GUARDS *look at each other dubiously. Then one of them walks rather timidly over to* THE FIXER, *who is busy with his nails.*)

GUARD (*clearing his throat*): H'm!

THE FIXER (*looking up*): Well?

GUARD (*timidly*): He says he wants to live.

THE FIXER: No. He's no good.

GUARD (*touching his cap, deferentially*): Yes sir! (*He goes back to his companion and the two of them drag* ZERO *out at the back of the cage, still struggling and screaming.*)

(THE FIXER *puts away his nail clippers, scissors, then goes to the table and sits on the edge of it. From a pocket he takes an enormous pair of horn-rimmed spectacles. Then from another pocket he takes a folded newspaper, which he unfolds carefully. It is a colored comic supplement. He holds it up in front of him and becomes absorbed in it.*

A moment later the door at the back of the cage opens and a tall, brawny, bearded MAN *enters. He wears a red flannel undershirt and carries a huge bloodstained axe.* THE FIXER, *absorbed in the comic supplement, does not look up.*)

MAN (*hoarsely*): O.K.

THE FIXER (*looking up*): What?

MAN: O.K.

THE FIXER (*nodding*): Oh, all right. (*The* MAN *bows deferentially and goes out at the back.* THE FIXER *puts away his spectacles and folds the comic supplement carefully. As he folds the paper.*) That makes a total of 2,137 black eyes for Jeff.

(*He puts away the paper, turns out the electric light over his head, and leaves the cage by the front door. Then he takes a padlock from a pocket, attaches it to the door, and saunters off.*)

SCENE 6

(*A graveyard in full moonlight. It is a second-rate graveyard—no elaborate tombstones or monuments, just simple headstones and here and there a cross. At the back is an iron fence with a gate in the middle. At first no one is visible, but there are occasional sounds throughout the hooting of an owl, the whistle of a distant whippoorwill, the croaking of a bullfrog, and the yowling of a serenading cat. After a few moments two figures appear outside the gate—a man and a woman. She pushes the gate and it opens with a rusty creak. The couple enter. They are now fully visible in the moonlight.*—JUDY O'GRADY *and a* YOUNG MAN.)

JUDY (*advancing*): Come on, this is the place.

Analysing the Script:

YOUNG MAN (*hanging back*): This! Why this here is a cemetery.

JUDY: Aw, quit yer kiddin'!

YOUNG MAN: You don't mean to say———

JUDY: What's the matter with this place?

YOUNG MAN: A cemetery!

JUDY: Sure. What of it?

YOUNG MAN: You must be crazy.

JUDY: This place is all right, I tell you. I been here lots o' times.

YOUNG MAN: Nix on this place for me!

JUDY: Ain't this place as good as another? Whaddya afraid of? They're all dead ones here! They don't bother you. (*With sudden interest.*) Oh, look, here's a new one.

YOUNG MAN: Come on out of here.

JUDY: Wait a minute. Let's see what it says. (*She kneels on a grave in the foreground and putting her face close to the headstone spells out the inscription.*) Z-E-R-O. Z-e-r-o. Zero! Say, that's the guy——

YOUNG MAN: Zero? He's the guy killed his boss, ain't he?

JUDY: Yeh, that's him, all right. But what I'm thinkin' of is that I went to the hoosegow on account of him.

YOUNG MAN: What for?

JUDY: You know, same old stuff. Tenement House Law. (*Mincingly.*) Section blaa-blaa of the Penal Code. Third offense. Six months.

YOUNG MAN: And this bird———

JUDY (*contemptuously*): Him? He was mama's white-haired boy. We lived in the same house. Across the airshaft, see? I used to see him lookin' in my window. I guess his wife musta seen him too. Anyhow, they went and turned the bulls on me. And now I'm out and he's in. (*Suddenly.*) Say——say———(*She bursts into a peal of laughter.*)

YOUNG MAN (*nervously*): What's so funny?

JUDY (*rocking with laughter*): Say, wouldn't it be funny—if—if———(*She explodes again.*) That would be a good joke on him, all right. He can't do nothin' about it now, can he?

YOUNG MAN: Come on out of here. I don't like this place.

JUDY: Aw, you're a bum sport. What do you want to spoil my joke for?

(*A cat yammers multifluously.*)

YOUNG MAN (*half hysterically*): What's that?

JUDY: It's only the cats. They seem to like it here all right. But come on if you're afraid. (*They go toward the gate. As they go out.*) You nervous men sure are the limit.

(*They go out through the gate. As they disappear* ZERO's *grave opens suddenly and his head appears.*)

ZERO (*looking about*): That's funny! I thought I heard her talkin' and laughin'. But I don't see nobody. Anyhow, what would she be doin' here? I guess I must 'a' been dreamin'. But how could I be dreamin' when I ain't been asleep? (*He looks about again.*) Well, no use goin' back. I can't sleep anyhow. I might as well walk around a little. (*He rises out of the ground, very rigidly. He wears a full-dress suit of very antiquated cut and his hands are folded stiffly across his breast. Walking woodenly.*) Gee! I'm stiff! (*He slowly walks a few steps, then stops.*) Gee, it's lonesome here! (*He shivers and walks on aimlessly.*) I should 'a' stayed where I was. But I thought I heard her laughin'. (*A loud sneeze is heard.* ZERO *stands motionless, quaking with terror. The sneeze is repeated.* ZERO *says hoarsely.*) What's that?

A SHRILL VOICE: It's all right. Nothing to be afraid of.

(*From behind a headstone* SHRDLU *appears. He is dressed in a shabby and ill-fitting cutaway. He wears silver-rimmed spectacles and is smoking a cigarette.*)

SHRDLU: I hope I didn't frighten you.

ZERO (*still badly shaken*): No-o. It's all right. You see, I wasn't expectin' to see anybody.

SHRDLU: You're a newcomer, aren't you?

ZERO: Yeh, this is my first night. I couldn't seem to get to sleep.

SHRDLU: I can't sleep either. Suppose we keep each other company, shall we?

ZERO (*eagerly*): Yeh, that would be great. I been feelin' awful lonesome.

SHRDLU (*nodding*): I know. Let's make ourselves comfortable.

(*He seats himself easily on a grave.* ZERO *tries to follow his example but he is stiff in every joint and groans with pain.*)

ZERO: I'm kinda stiff.

SHRDLU: You mustn't mind the stiffness. It wears off in a few days. (*He produces a package of cigarettes.*) Will you have a Camel?

ZERO: No, I don't smoke.

SHRDLU: I find it helps keep the mosquitoes away. (*He lights a cigarette. Suddenly taking the cigarette out of his mouth.*) Do you mind if I smoke, Mr.—Mr.—?

ZERO: No, go right ahead.

SHRDLU (*replacing the cigarette*): Thank you. I didn't catch your name. (ZERO *does not reply.*

Mildly.) I say I didn't catch your name.

ZERO: I heard you the first time. (*Hesitantly.*) I'm scared if I tell you who I am and what I done, you'll be off me.

SHRDLU (*sadly*): No matter what your sins may be, they are as snow compared to mine.

ZERO: You got another guess comin'. (*He pauses dramatically.*) My names's Zero. I'm a murderer.

SHRDLU (*nodding calmly*): Oh, yes, I remember reading about you, Mr. Zero.

ZERO (*a little piqued*): And you still think you're worse than me?

SHRDLU (*throwing away his cigarette*): Oh, a thousand times worse, Mr. Zero—a million times worse.

ZERO: What did you do?

SHRDLU: I, too, am a murderer.

ZERO (*looking at him in amazement*): Go on! You're kiddin' me!

SHRDLU: Every word I speak is the truth, Mr. Zero. I am the foulest, the most sinful of murderers! You only murdered your employer, Mr. Zero. But I—I murdered my mother. (*He covers his face with his hands and sobs.*)

ZERO (*horrified*): The hell yer say!

SHRDLU (*sobbing*): Yes, my mother! My beloved mother!

ZERO (*suddenly*): Say, you don't mean to say you're Mr.———

SHRDLU (*nodding*): Yes. (*He wipes his eyes, still quivering with emotion.*)

ZERO: I remember readin' about you in the papers.

SHRDLU: Yes, my guilt has been proclaimed to all the world. But that would be a trifle if only I could wash the stain of sin from my soul.

ZERO: I never heard of a guy killin' his mother before. What did you do it for?

SHRDLU: Because I have a sinful heart—there is no other reason.

ZERO: Did she always treat you square and all like that?

SHRDLU: She was a saint—a saint, I tell you. She cared for me and watched over me as only a mother can.

ZERO: You mean to say you didn't have a scrap or nothin'?

SHRDLU: Never a harsh or an unkind word. Nothing except loving care and good advice. From my infancy she devoted herself to guiding me on the right path. She taught me to be thrifty, to be devour, to be unselfish, to shun evil companions, and to shut my ears to all the temptations of the flesh—in short, to become a virtuous, respectable, and God-fearing man. (*He groans.*) But it was a hopeless task. At fourteen I began to show evidence of my sinful nature.

ZERO (*breathlessly*): You didn't kill anybody else, did you?

SHRDLU: No, thank God, there is only one murder on my soul. But I ran away from home.

ZERO: You did!

SHRDLU: Yes, A companion lent me a profane book—the only profane book I have ever read, I'm thankful to say. It was called *Treasure Island*. Have you ever read it?

ZERO: No, I never was much on readin' books.

SHRDLU: It is a wicked book—a lurid tale of adventure. But it kindled in my sinful heart a desire to go to sea. And so I ran away from home.

ZERO: What did you do—get a job as a sailor?

SHRDLU: I never saw the sea—not to the day of my death. Luckily my mother's loving intuition warned her of my intention and I was sent back home. She welcomed me with open arms. Not an angry word, not a look of reproach. But I could read the mute suffering in her eyes as we prayed together all through the night.

ZERO (*sympathetically*): Gee, that must 'a' been tough. Gee, the mosquitoes are bad, ain't they? (*He tries awkwardly to slap at them with his stiff hands.*)

SHRDLU (*absorbed in his narrative*): I thought that experience had cured me of evil and I began to think about a career. I wanted to go in foreign missions at first, but we couldn't bear the thought of the separation. So we finally decided that I should become a proofreader.

ZERO: Say, slip me one o' them Camels, will you? I'm gettin' all bit up.

SHRDLU: Certainly. (*He hands* ZERO *cigarettes and matches.*)

ZERO (*lighting up*): Go ahead. I'm listenin'.

SHRDLU: By the time I was twenty I had a good job reading proof for a firm that printed catalogues. After a year they promoted me and let me specialize in shoe catalogues.

ZERO: Yeh? That must 'a' been a good job.

SHRDLU: It was a very good job. I was on the shoe catalogues for thirteen years. I'd been on them yet, if I hadn't———(*He chokes back a sob.*)

ZERO: They oughta put a shoe o' citronella in that embalmin' fluid.

SHRDLU (*sighs*): We were so happy together. I

had my steady job. And Sundays we would go to morning, afternoon, and evening service. It was an honest and moral mode of life.

ZERO: It sure was.

SHRDLU: Then came that fatal Sunday. Dr. Amaranth, our minister, was having dinner with us—one of the few pure spirits on earth. When he had finished saying grace, we had our soup. Everything was going along as usual—we were eating our soup and discussing the sermon, just like every other Sunday I could remember. Then came the leg of lamb———(*He breaks off, then resumes in a choking voice.*) I see the whole scene before me so plainly—it never leaves me—Dr. Amaranth at my right, my mother at my left, the leg of lamb on the table in front of me, and the cuckoo clock on the little shelf between the windows. (*He stops and wipes his eyes.*)

ZERO: Yeh, but what happened?

SHRDLU: Well, as I started to carve the lamb ———Did you ever carve a leg of lamb?

ZERO: No, corned beef was our speed.

SHRDLU: It's very difficult on account of the bone. And when there's gravy in the dish there's danger of spilling it. So Mother always used to hold the dish for me. She leaned forward, just as she always did, and I could see the gold locket around her neck. It had my picture in it and one of my baby curls. Well, I raised my knife to carve the leg of lamb—and instead I cut my mother's throat! (*He sobs.*)

ZERO: You must 'a' been crazy!

SHRDLU (*raising his head, vehemently*): No! Don't try to justify me. I wasn't crazy. They tried to prove at the trial that I was crazy. But Dr. Amaranth saw the truth! He saw it from the first! He knew that it was my sinful nature——and he told me what was in store for me.

ZERO (*trying to be comforting*): Well, your troubles are over now.

SHRDLU (*his voice rising*): Over! Do you think this is the end?

ZERO: Sure. What more can they do to us?

SHRDLU (*his tones growing shriller and shriller*): Do you think there can ever be any peace for such as we are—murderers, sinners? Don't you know what awaits us—flames, eternal flames!

ZERO (*nervously*): Keep your shirt on, buddy—they wouldn't do that to us.

SHRDLU: There's no escape—no escape for us, I tell you. We're doomed! We're doomed to suffer unspeakable torments through all eternity. (*His voice rises higher and higher.*)

(*A grave opens suddenly and a head appears.*)

THE HEAD: Hey, you birds! Can't you shut up and let a guy sleep?

(ZERO *scrambles painfully to his feet.*)

ZERO (*to* SHRDLU): Hey, put on the soft pedal.

SHRDLU (*too wrought up to attend*): It won't be long now! We'll receive our summons soon.

THE HEAD: Are you goin' to beat it or not? (*He calls into the grave.*) Hey, Bill, lend me your head a minute. (*A moment later his arm appears holding a skull.*)

ZERO (*warningly*): Look out! (*He seizes* SHRDLU *and drags him away just as* THE HEAD *throws the skull.*)

THE HEAD (*disgustedly*): Missed 'em. Damn old tabby cats! I'll get 'em next time. (*A prodigious yawn.*) Ho-hum! Me for the worms!

(THE HEAD *disappears as the curtain falls.*)

SCENE 7

(*A pleasant place. A scene of pastoral loveliness. A meadow dotted with fine old trees and carpeted with rich grass and field flowers. In the background are seen a number of tents fashioned of gay-striped silks, and beyond gleams a meandering river. Clear air and a flawless sky. Sweet distant music throughout.*

As the rise of the curtain SHRDLU *is seen seated under a tree in the foreground in an attitude of deep dejection. His knees are drawn up and his head is buried in his arms. He is dressed as in the preceding scene.*

A few minutes later ZERO *enters at right. He walks slowly and looks about him with an air of half-suspicious curiosity. He too is dressed as in the preceding scene. Suddenly he sees* SHRDLU *seated under the tree. He stands still and looks at him half fearfully. Then, seeing something familiar in him, goes closer.* SHRDLU *is unaware of his presence. At last* ZERO *recognizes him and grins in pleased surprise.*)

ZERO: Well, if it ain't———! (*He claps* SHRDLU *on the shoulder.*) Hello, buddy!

SHRDLU (*looks up slowly, then, recognizing* ZERO, *he rises gravely and extends his hand courteously.*)

SHRDLU: How do you do, Mr. Zero? I'm very glad to see you again.

ZERO: Same here. I wasn't expectin' to see you either. (*Looking about.*) This is a kinda nice

place. I wouldn't mind restin' here a while.

SHRDLU: You may if you wish.

ZERO: I'm kinda tired. I ain't used to bein' outdoors. I ain't walked so much in years.

SHRDLU: Sit down here, under the tree.

ZERO: Do they let you sit on the grass?

SHRDLU: Oh, yes.

ZERO (*seating himself*): Boy, this feels good. I'll tell the world my feet are sore. I ain't used to so much walkin'. Say, I wonder would it be all right if I took my shoes off; my feet are tired.

SHRDLU: Yes. Some of the people here go barefoot.

ZERO: Yeh? They sure must be nuts. But I'm goin' t' leave 'em off for a while. So long as it's all right. The grass feels nice and cool. (*He stretches out comfortably.*) Say, this is the life of Riley all right, all right. This sure is a nice place. What do they call this place, anyhow?

SHRDLU: The Elysian Fields.

ZERO: The which?

SHRDLU: The Elysian Fields.

ZERO (*dubiously*): Oh! Well, it's a nice place all right.

SHRDLU: They say that this is the most desirable of all places. Only the most favored remain here.

ZERO: Yeh? Well, that lets me out, I guess. (*Suddenly.*) But what are you doin' here? I thought you'd be burned by now.

SHRDLU (*sadly*): Mr. Zero, I am the most unhappy of men.

ZERO (*in mild astonishment*): Why, because you ain't bein' roasted alive?

SHRDLU (*nodding*): Nothing is turning out as I expected. I saw everything so clearly—the flames, the tortures, an eternity of suffering as the just punishment for my unspeakable crime. And it has all turned out so differently.

ZERO: Well, that's pretty soft for you, ain't it?

SHRDLU (*wailingly*): No, no, no! It's right and just that I should be punished. I could have endured it stoically. All through those endless ages of indescribable torment I should have exulted in the magnificence of divine justice. But this—this is maddening! What becomes of justice? What becomes of morality? What becomes of right and wrong? It's maddening—simply maddening! Oh, if Dr. Amaranth were only here to advise me! (*He buries his face and groans.*)

ZERO (*trying to puzzle it out*): You mean to say they ain't called you for cuttin' your mother's throat?

SHRDLU: No! It's terrible—terrible! I was prepared for anything—anything but this.

ZERO: Well, what did they say to you?

SHRDLU (*looking up*): Only that I was to come here and remain until I understood.

ZERO: I don't get it. What do they want you to understand?

SHRDLU (*despairingly*): I don't know—I don't know! If I only had an inkling of what they meant———(*Interrupting himself.*) Just listen quietly for a moment: do you hear anything? (*They are both silent, straining their ears.*)

ZERO (*at last*): Nope.

SHRDLU: You don't hear any music? Do you?

ZERO: Music? No, I don't hear nothin'.

SHRDLU: The people here say that the music never stops.

ZERO: They're kiddin' you.

SHRDLU: Do you think so?

ZERO: Sure thing. There ain't a sound.

SHRDLU: Perhaps. They're capable of anything. But I haven't told you of the bitterest of my disappointments.

ZERO: Well, spill it. I'm gettin' used to hearin' bad news.

SHRDLU: When I came to this place my first thought was to find my dear mother. I wanted to ask her forgiveness. And I wanted her to help me to understand.

ZERO: An' she couldn't do it?

SHRDLU (*with a dull groan*): She's not here, Mr. Zero! Here where only the most favored dwell, that wisest and purest of spirits is nowhere to be found. I don't understand it.

A WOMAN'S VOICE (*in the distance*): Mr. Zero! Oh, Mr. Zero! (ZERO *raises his head and listens attentively.*)

SHRDLU (*going on, unheedingly*): If you were to see some of the people here—the things they do———

ZERO (*interrupting*): Wait a minute, will you? I think somebody's callin' me.

VOICE (*somewhat nearer*): Mr. Ze-ro! Oh! Mr. Ze-ro!

ZERO: Who the hell's that now? I wonder if the wife's on my trail already. That would be swell, wouldn't it? An' I figgered on her bein' good for another twenty years anyhow.

VOICE (*nearer*): Mr. Ze-ro! Yoo-hoo!

ZERO: No. That ain't her voice. (*Calling savagely.*) Yoo-hoo. (*To* SHRDLU.) Ain't that always the way? Just when a guy is takin' life easy an' havin' a good time! (*He rises and looks off left.*) Here she comes, whoever she is. (*In sudden amaze-*

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ment.) Well, I'll be—! Well, what do you know about that!

(*He stands looking in wonderment at* DAISY DIANA DOROTHEA DEVORE *enters. She wears a much-beruffled white muslin dress which is a size too small and fifteen years too youthful for her. She is red-faced and breathless.*)

DAISY (*panting*): Oh! I thought I'd never catch up to you. I've been followin' you for days—callin' an' callin'. Didn't you hear me?

ZERO: Not till just now. You look kinda winded.

DAISY: I sure am. I can't hardly catch my breath.

ZERO: Well, sit down an' take a load off your feet. (*He leads her to the tree.*)

(DAISY *sees* SHRDLU *for the first time and shrinks back a little.*)

ZERO: It's all right, he's a friend of mine. (*To* SHRDLU.) Buddy, I want you to meet my friend, Miss Devore.

SHRDLU (*rising and extending his hand courteously*): How do you do, Miss Devore?

DAISY (*self-consciously*): How do!

ZERO (*to* DAISY): He's a friend of mine. (*To* SHRDLU.) I guess you don't mind if she sits here a while an' cools off, do you?

SHRDLU: No, no, certainly not.

(*They all seat themselves under the tree.* ZERO *and* DAISY *are a little self-conscious.* SHRDLU *gradually becomes absorbed in his own thoughts.*)

ZERO: I was just takin' a rest myself. I took my shoes off on account of my feet bein' so sore.

DAISY: Yeh, I'm kinda tired too. (*Looking about.*) Say, ain't it pretty here though?

ZERO: Yeh, it is at that.

DAISY: What do they call this place?

ZERO: Why—er—let's see. He was tellin' me just a minute ago. The—er—I don't know. Some kind o' fields. I forget now. (*To* SHRDLU.) Say, buddy, what do they call this place again? (SHRDLU, *absorbed in his thoughts, does not hear him. To* DAISY.) He don't hear me. He's thinkin' again.

DAISY (*sotto voce*): What's the matter with him?

ZERO: Why, he's the guy that murdered his mother—remember?

DAISY (*interested*): Oh, yeh! Is that him?

ZERO: Yeh. An' he had it all figgered out how they was goin' t' roast him or somethin'. And now they ain't goin' to do nothin' to him an' it's kinda got his goat.

DAISY (*sympathetically*): Poor feller!

ZERO: Yeh. He takes it kinda hard.

DAISY: He looks like a nice young feller.

ZERO: Well, you sure are good for sore eyes. I never expected to see you here.

DAISY: I thought maybe you'd be kinda surprised.

ZERO: Surprised is right. I thought you was alive an' kickin'. When did you pass out?

DAISY: Oh, right after you did—a coupla days.

ZERO (*interested*): Yeh? What happened? Get hit by a truck or somethin'?

DAISY: No. (*Hesitantly.*) You see—it's this way. I blew out the gas.

ZERO: (*astonished*): Go on! What was the big idea?

DAISY (*falteringly*): Oh, I don't know. You see, I lost my job.

ZERO: I'll bet you're sorry you did it now, ain't you?

DAISY (*with conviction*): No, I ain't sorry. Not a bit. (*Then hesitantly.*) Say, Mr. Zero, I been thinkin'———(*She stops.*)

ZERO: What?

DAISY: (*plucking up courage*): I been thinkin' it would be kinda nice—if you an' me—if we could kinda talk things over.

ZERO: Yeh. Sure. What do you want to talk about?

DAISY: Well—I don't know—but you and me—we ain't really ever talked things over, have we?

ZERO: No, that's right, we ain't. Well, let's go to it.

DAISY: I was thinkin' if we could be alone—just the two of us, see?

ZERO: Oh, yeh! Yeh, I get you. (*He turns to* SHRDLU *and coughs loudly.* SHRDLU *does not stir.*)

ZERO (*to* DAISY): He's dead to the world. (*He turns to* SHRDLU.) Say, buddy. (*No answer.*) Say, buddy!

SHRDLU (*looking up with a start*): Were you speaking to me?

ZERO: Yeh. How'd you guess it? I was thinkin' that maybe you'd like to walk around a little and look for your mother.

SHRDLU (*shaking his head*): It's no use. I've looked everywhere. (*He relapses into thought again.*)

ZERO: Maybe over there they might know.

SHRDLU: No, no! I've searched everywhere. She's not here.

(ZERO *and* DAISY *look at each other in despair.*)

ZERO: Listen, old shirt, my friend here and me—see?—we used to work in the same store. An' we got some things to talk over—business, see?—kinda confidential. So if it ain't askin' too much———

SHRDLU (*springing to his feet*): Why, certainly! Excuse me! (*He bows politely to* DAISY *and walks off.* DAISY *and* ZERO *watch him until he has disappeared.*)

ZERO (*with a forced laugh*): He's a good guy at that.

(*Now that they are alone, both are very self-conscious, and for a time they sit in silence.*)

DAISY (*breaking the silence*): It sure is pretty here, ain't it?

ZERO: Sure is.

DAISY: Look at the flowers! Ain't they just perfect! Why, you'd think they was artificial, wouldn't you?

ZERO: Yeh, you would.

DAISY: And the smell of them. Like perfume.

ZERO: Yeh.

DAISY: I'm crazy about the country, ain't you?

ZERO: Yeh. It's nice for a change.

DAISY: Them store picnics—remember?

ZERO: You bet. They sure was fun.

DAISY: One time—I guess you don't remember—the two of us—me and you—we sat down on the grass together under a tree—just like we're doin' now.

ZERO: Sure I remember.

DAISY: Go on! I'll bet you don't.

ZERO: I'll bet I do. It was the year the wife didn't go.

DAISY (*her face brightening*): That's right! I didn't think you'd remember.

ZERO: An' comin' home we sat together in the truck.

DAISY (*eagerly, rather shamefacedly*): Yeh! There's somethin' I've always wanted to ask you.

ZERO: Well, why didn't you?

DAISY: I don't know. It didn't seem refined. But I'm goin' to ask you now anyhow.

ZERO: Go ahead. Shoot.

DAISY (*falteringly*): Well—while we was comin' home—you put your arm up on the bench behind me—and I could feel your knee kinda pressin' against mine. (*She stops.*)

ZERO (*becoming more and more interested*): Yeh—well, what about it?

DAISY: What I wanted to ask you was—was it just kinda accidental?

ZERO (*with a laugh*): Sure it was accidental. Accidental on purpose.

DAISY (*eagerly*): Do you mean it?

ZERO: Sure I mean it. You mean to say you didn't know it?

DAISY: No. I've been wantin' to ask you——

ZERO: Then why did you get sore at me?

DAISY: Sore? I wasn't sore! When was I sore?

ZERO: That night. Sure you was sore. If you wasn't sore why did you move away?

DAISY: Just to see if you meant it. I thought if you meant it you'd move up closer. An' then when you took your arm away I was sure you didn't mean it.

ZERO: An' I thought all the time you was sore. That's why I took my arm away. I thought if I moved up you'd holler and then I'd be in a jam, like you read in the paper all the time about guys gettin' pulled in for annoyin' women.

DAISY: An' I was wishin' you'd put your arm around me—just sittin' there wishin' all the way home.

ZERO: What do you know about that? That sure is hard luck, that is. If I'd 'a' only knew! You know what I felt like doin'—only I didn't have the nerve?

DAISY: What?

ZERO: I felt like kissin' you.

DAISY (*fervently*): I wanted you to.

ZERO (*astonished*): You would 'a' let me?

DAISY: I wanted you to! I wanted you to! Oh, why didn't you—why didn't you?

ZERO: I didn't have the nerve. I sure was a dumbbell.

DAISY: I would 'a' let you all you wanted to. I wouldn't 'a' cared. I know it would 'a' been wrong but I wouldn't 'a' cared. I wasn't thinkin' about right an' wrong at all. I didn't care—see? I just wanted you to kiss me.

ZERO (*feelingly*): If I'd only knew. I wanted to do it, I swear I did. But I didn't think you cared nothin' about me.

DAISY (*passionately*): I never cared nothin' about nobody else.

ZERO: Do you mean it—on the level? You ain't kiddin' me, are you?

DAISY: No, I ain't kiddin'. I mean it. I'm tellin' you the truth. I ain't never had the nerve to tell you before—but now I don't care. It don't make no difference now. I mean it—every word of it.

ZERO (*dejectedly*): If I'd only knew it.

DAISY: Listen to me. There's somethin' else I want to tell you. I may as well tell you everything now. It don't make no difference now.

About my blowin' out the gas—see? Do you know why I done it?

ZERO: Yeh, you told me—on account o' bein' canned.

DAISY: I just told you that. That ain't the real reason. The real reason is on account o' you.

ZERO: You mean to say on account o' me passin' out?

DAISY: Yeh. That's it. I didn't want to go on livin'. What for? What did I want to go on livin' for? I didn't have nothin' to live for with you gone. I often thought of doin' it before. But I never had the nerve. An' anyhow I didn't want to leave you.

ZERO: An' me bawlin' you out, about readin' too fast an' readin' too slow.

DAISY (*reproachfully*): Why did you do it?

ZERO: I don't know, I swear I don't. I was always stuck on you. An' while I'd be addin' them figgers, I'd be thinkin' how if the wife died, you an' me could get married.

DAISY: I used to think o' that too.

ZERO: An' then before I knew it I was bawlin' you out.

DAISY: Them was the times I'd think o' blowin' out the gas. But I never did till you was gone. There wasn't nothin' to live for then. But it wasn't so easy to do anyhow. I never could stand the smell o' gas. An' all the while I was gettin' ready, you know, stuffin' up all the cracks, the way you read about in the paper—I was thinkin' of you and hopin' that maybe I'd meet you again. An' I made up my mind if I ever did see you, I'd tell you.

ZERO (*taking her hand*): I'm sure glad you did. I'm sure glad. (*Ruefully.*) But it don't do much good now, does it?

DAISY: No, I guess it don't. (*Summoning courage.*) But there's one thing I'm goin' to ask you.

ZERO: What's that?

DAISY (*in a low voice*): I want you to kiss me.

ZERO: You bet I will! (*He leans over and kisses her cheek.*)

DAISY: Not like that. I don't mean like that. I mean really kiss me. On the mouth. I ain't never been kissed like that.

(ZERO *puts his arms about her and presses his lips to hers. A long embrace. At last they separate and sit side by side in silence.*)

DAISY (*putting her hands to her cheeks*): So that's what it's like. I didn't know it could be like that. I didn't know anythin' could be like th...

ZERO (*fondling her hand*): Your cheeks are red. They're all red. And your eyes are shinin'. I never seen your eyes shinin' like that before.

DAISY (*holding up her hand*): Listen—do you hear it? Do you hear the music?

ZERO: No, I don't hear nothin'!

DAISY: Yeh—music. Listen an' you'll hear it. (*They are both silent for a moment.*)

ZERO (*excitedly*): Yeh! I hear it! He said there was music, but I didn't hear it till just now.

DAISY: Ain't it grand?

ZERO: Swell! Say, do you know what?

DAISY: What?

ZERO: It makes me feel like dancin'.

DAISY: Yeh? Me too.

ZERO (*springing to his feet*): Come on! Let's dance! (*He seizes her hands and tries to pull her up.*)

DAISY (*resisting laughingly*): I can't dance. I ain't danced in twenty years.

ZERO: That's nothin'. I ain't neither. Come on! I feel just like a kid! (*He pulls her to her feet and seizes her about the waist.*)

DAISY: Wait a minute! Wait till I fix my skirt. (*She turns back her skirts and pins them about the ankles.*)

(ZERO *seizes her about the waist. They dance clumsily but with gay abandon.* DAISY*'s hair becomes loosened and tumbles over her shoulders. She lends herself more and more to the spirit of the dance. But* ZERO *soon begins to tire and dances with less and less zest.*)

ZERO (*stopping at last, panting for breath*): Wait a minute! I'm all winded. (*He releases* DAISY *but before he can turn away, she throws her arms about him and presses her lips to his. Freeing himself.*) Wait a minute! Let me get my wind! (*He limps to the tree and seats himself under it, gasping for breath.* DAISY *looks after him, her spirits rather dampened.*) Whew! I sure am winded! I ain't used to dancin'. (*He takes off his collar and tie and opens the neckband of his shirt.* DAISY *sits under the tree near him, looking at him longingly. But he is busy catching his breath.*) Gee, my heart's goin' a mile a minute.

DAISY: Why don't you lay down an' rest? You could put your head on my lap.

ZERO: That ain't a bad idea. (*He stretches out, his head in* DAISY*'s lap.*)

DAISY (*fondling his hair*): It was swell, wasn't it?

ZERO: Yeh. But you gotta be used to it.

DAISY: Just imagine if we could stay here all the time—you an' me together—wouldn't it be swell?

ZERO: Yeh. But there ain't a chance.

DAISY: Won't they let us stay?

ZERO: No. This place is only for the good ones.

DAISY: Well, we ain't so bad, are we?

ZERO: Go on! Me a murderer an' you committin' suicide. Anyway, they wouldn't stand for this—the way we been goin' on.

DAISY: I don't see why.

ZERO: You don't! You know it ain't right. Ain't I got a wife?

DAISY: Not any more you ain't. When you're dead that ends it. Don't they always say "until death do us part"?

ZERO: Well, maybe you're right about that but they wouldn't stand for us here.

DAISY: It would be swell—the two of us together—we could make up for all them years.

ZERO: Yeh, I wish we could.

DAISY: We sure were fools. But I don't care. I've got you now. (*She kisses his forehead and cheeks and mouth.*)

ZERO: I'm sure crazy about you. I never saw you lookin' so pretty before, with your cheeks all red. An' your hair hangin' down. You got swell hair. (*He fondles and kisses her hair.*)

DAISY (*ecstatically*): We got each other now, ain't we?

ZERO: Yeh. I'm crazy about you. Daisy! That's a pretty name. It's a flower, ain't it? Well—that's what you are—just like a flower.

DAISY (*happily*): We can always be together now, can't we?

ZERO: As long as they'll let us. I sure am crazy about you. (*Suddenly he sits upright.*) Watch your step!

DAISY (*alarmed*): What's the matter?

ZERO (*nervously*): He's comin' back.

DAISY: Oh, is that all? Well, what about it?

ZERO: You don't want him to see us layin' around like this, do you?

DAISY: I don't care if he does.

ZERO: Well, you oughta care. You don't want him to think you ain't a refined girl, do you? He's an awful moral bird, he is.

DAISY: I don't care nothin' about him. I don't care nothin' about anybody but you.

ZERO: Sure, I know. But we don't want people talkin' about us. You better fix your hair an' pull down your skirts. (DAISY *complies rather sadly. They are both silent as* SHRDLU *enters. With feigned nonchalance.*) Well, you got back all right, didn't you?

SHRDLU: I hope I haven't returned too soon.

ZERO: No, that's all right. We were just havin' a little talk. You know—about business an' things.

DAISY (*boldly*): We were wishin' we could stay here all the time.

SHRDLU: You may if you like.

ZERO *and* DAISY (*in astonishment*): What!

SHRDLU: Yes, Anyone who likes may remain———

ZERO: But I thought you were tellin' me———

SHRDLU: Just as I told you, only the most favored do remain. But anyone may.

ZERO: I don't get it. There's a catch in it somewheres.

DAISY: It don't matter as long as we can stay.

ZERO (*to* SHRDLU): We were thinkin' about gettin' married, see?

SHRDLU: You may or may not, just as you like.

ZERO: You don't mean to say we could stay if we didn't, do you?

SHRDLU: Yes. They don't care.

ZERO: An' there's some here that ain't married?

SHRDLU: Yes.

ZERO (*to* DAISY): I don't know about this place, at that. They must be kind of a mixed crowd.

DAISY: It don't matter, so long as we got each other.

ZERO: Yeh, I know, but you don't want to mix with people that ain't respectable.

DAISY (*to* SHRDLU): Can we get married right away? I guess there must be a lot of ministers here, ain't there?

SHRDLU: Not as many as I had hoped to find. The two who seem most beloved are Dean Swift and the Abbé Rabelais. They are both much admired for some indecent tales which they have written.

ZERO (*shocked*): What! Ministers writin' smutty stories! Say, what kind of a dump is this anyway?

SHRDLU (*deeprairingly*): I don't know, Mr. Zero. All these people here are so strange, so unlike the good people I've known. They seem to think of nothing but enjoyment or of wasting their time in profitless occupations. Some paint pictures from morning until night, or carve blocks of stone. Others write songs or put words together, day in and day out. Still others do nothing but lie under the trees and look at the sky. There are men who spend all their time reading books and women who think only of adorning themselves. And forever they are telling stories and laughing and singing and drinking and dancing. There are drunkards, thieves, vaga-

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bonds, blasphemers, adulterers. There is one

ZERO: That's enough. I heard enough. (*He seats himself and begins putting on his shoes.*)

DAISY: (*anxiously*): What are you goin' to do?

ZERO: I'm goin' to beat it, that's what I'm goin' to do.

DAISY: You said you liked it here.

ZERO: (*looking at her in amazement*): Liked it! Say, you don't mean to say you want to stay here, do you, with a lot of rummies an' loafers an' bums?

DAISY: We don't have to bother with them. We can just sit here together an' look at the flowers an' listen to the music.

SHRDLU: (*eagerly*): Music! Did you hear music?

DAISY: Sure, Don't you hear it?

SHRDLU: No, they say it never stops. But I've never heard it.

ZERO: (*listening*): I thought I heard it before but I don't hear nothin' now. I guess I must 'a' been dreamin'. (*Looking about.*) What's the quickest way out of this place?

DAISY: (*pleadingly*): Won't you stay just a little longer?

ZERO: Didn't yer hear me say I'm goin'? Good-by, Miss Devore. I'm goin' to beat it. (*He limps off at right.* DAISY *follows him slowly.*)

DAISY: (*to* SHRDLU): I won't ever see him again.

SHRDLU: Are you goin' to stay here?

DAISY: It don't make no difference now. Without him I might as well be alive.

(*She goes off right.* SHRDLU *watches her a moment, then sighs and tiptoes himself under the tree, buries his head on his arm.*)

Had the chance to be happy but let his pride get in the way

SCENE 8

Before the curtain rises the clicking of an adding machine is heard. The curtain rises upon an office similar in appearance to that of Scene 2 except that there is a door in the back wall through which can be seen a glimpse of the corridor outside. In the middle of the room ZERO *is seated completely absorbed in the operation of an adding machine. He presses the keys and pulls the lever with mechanical precision. He still wears his full-dress suit but he has added to it sleeve-protectors and a green eyeshade. A strip of white paper-tape flows steadily from the machine as* ZERO *operates. The room is filled with this tape—streamers, festoons, billows of it everywhere. It covers the floor and the furniture, it climbs the walls and chokes the doorways. A few moments later* LIEUTENANT CHARLES *and* JOE

Zero/God figure

enter at the left. LIEUTENANT CHARLES *is middle-aged and inclined to corpulence. He has an air of world-weariness. He is barefooted, wears a Panama hat, and is dressed in bright red tights which are a very bad fit—too tight in some places, badly wrinkled in others.* JOE *is a youth with a smutty face dressed in dirty blue overalls.*)

CHARLES: (*after contemplating* ZERO *for a few moments*): All right, Zero, cease firing.

ZERO: (*looking up, surprised*): Whaddja say?

CHARLES: I say stop punching that machine.

ZERO: (*bewildered*): Stop? (*He goes on working mechanically.*)

CHARLES: (*impatiently*): Yes. Can't you stop? Here, Joe, give me a hand. He can't stop.

JOE *and* CHARLES *each take one of* ZERO'S *arms and with enormous effort detach him from the machine. He resists passively—mere inertia. Finally they succeed and swing him around on his stool.* CHARLES *and* JOE *mop their foreheads.*)

ZERO: (*querulously*): What's the idea? Can't you lemme alone?

CHARLES: (*ignoring the question*): How long have you been here?

ZERO: Jes' twenty-five years. Three hundred months, ninety-one hundred and thirty-one days, one hundred thirty-six thousand—

CHARLES: (*impatiently*): That'll do! That'll do!

ZERO: (*proudly*): I ain't missed a day, not an hour, not a minute. Look at all I got done. (*He points to the maze of paper.*)

CHARLES: It's time to quit.

ZERO: Quit? Whaddya mean quit. I ain't goin' to quit!

CHARLES: You've got to.

ZERO: What for? What do I have to quit for?

CHARLES: It's time for you to go back.

ZERO: Go back where? Whaddya talkin' about?

CHARLES: Back to earth, you dub. Where do you think?

ZERO: Aw, go on, Cap, who are you kiddin'? I'm not kidding anybody. And don't call me Cap. I'm a lieutenant.

ZERO: All right, Lieutenant, all right. But what's this you're tryin' to tell me about goin' back?

CHARLES: Your time's up, I'm telling you. You must be pretty thick. How many times do you want to be told a thing?

ZERO: This is the first time I heard about goin' back. Nobody ever said nothin' to me about it before.

CHARLES: You didn't think you were going to stay here forever, did you?

ZERO: Sure. Why not? I did my bit, didn't I? Forty-five years of it. Twenty-five years in the store. Then the boss canned me and I knocked him cold. I guess you ain't heard about that——

CHARLES (*interrupting*): I know all about that. But what's that got to do with it?

ZERO: Well, I done my bit, didn't I? That oughta let me out.

CHARLES (*jeeringly*): So you think you're all through, do you?

ZERO: Sure, I do. I did the best I could while I was there and then I passed out. And now I'm sittin' pretty here.

CHARLES: You've got a fine idea of the way they run things, you have. Do you think they're going to all of the trouble of making a soul just to use it once?

ZERO: Once is often enough, it seems to me.

CHARLES: It seems to you, does it? Well, who are you? And what do you know about it? Why, man, they use a soul over and over again—over and over until it's worn out.

ZERO: Nobody ever told me.

CHARLES: So you thought you were all through, did you? Well, that's a hot one, that is.

ZERO: (*sullenly*): How was I to know?

CHARLES: Use your brains! Where would we put them all! We're crowded enough as it is. Why, this place is nothing but a kind of repair and service station—a sort of cosmic laundry, you might say. We get the souls in here by the bushelful. Then we get busy and clean them up. And you ought to see some of them. The muck and the slime. Phoo! And as full of holes as a flour sifter. But we fix them up. We disinfect them and give them a kerosene rub and mend the holes and back they go—practically as good as new.

ZERO: You mean to say I've been here before—before the last time, I mean?

CHARLES: Been here before! Why, you poor boob—you've been here thousands of times—fifty thousand at least.

ZERO: (*suspiciously*): How is it I don't remember nothin' about it?

CHARLES: Well—that's partly because you're stupid. But it's mostly because that's the way they fix it. (*Musingly.*) They're funny that way—every now and then they'll do something white like that—when you'd least expect it. I guess economy's at the bottom of it though. They figure that the souls would get worn out quicker if they remembered.

ZERO: And don't any of 'em remember?

CHARLES: Oh, some do. You see there's different types: there's the type that gets a little better each time it goes back—we just give them a wash and send them right through. Then there's another type—the type that gets a little worse each time. That's where you belong!

ZERO (*offended*): Me? You mean to say I'm gettin' worse all the time?

CHARLES (*nodding*): Yes, A little worse each time.

ZERO: Well—what was I when I started? Somethin' big? A king or somethin'?

CHARLES (*laughing derisively*): A king! That's a good one! I'll tell you what you were the first time—if you want to know so much—a monkey.

ZERO (*shocked and offended*): A monkey!

CHARLES (*nodding*): Yes, sit—just a hairy, chattering, long-tailed monkey.

ZERO: That musta been a long time ago.

CHARLES: Oh, not so long. A million years or so. Seems like yesterday to me.

ZERO: Then look here, whaddya mean by sayin' I'm gettin' worse all the time?

CHARLES: Just what I said. You weren't so bad as a monkey. Of course, you did just what all the other monkeys did, but still it kept you out in the open air. And you weren't woman-shy—there was one little red-headed monkey—Well, never mind. Yes, sir, you weren't so bad then. But even in those days there must have been some bigger and brainer monkey that you kowtowed to. The mark of the slave was on you from the start.

ZERO: (*sullenly*): You ain't very particular about what you call people, are you?

CHARLES: You wanted the truth, didn't you? If there ever was a soul in the world that was labeled slave it's yours. Why, all the bosses and kings that there ever were have left their trademarks on your backside.

ZERO: It ain't fair, if you ask me.

CHARLES (*shrugging his shoulders*): Don't tell me about it. I don't make the rules. All I know is, you've been getting worse—worse each time. Why, even six thousand years ago you weren't so bad. That was the time you were hauling stones for one of those big pyramids in a place they call Africa. Ever hear of the pyramids?

ZERO: Them big pointy things?

CHARLES (*nodding*): That's it.

ZERO: I seen a picture of them in the movies.

CHARLES: Well, you helped build them. It

was a long step down from the happy days in the jungle, but it was a good job—even though you didn't know what you were doing and your back was striped by the foreman's whip. But you've been going down, down. Two thousand years ago you were a Roman galley slave. You were on one of the triremes that knocked the Carthaginian fleet for a goal. Again the whip. But you had muscles then—chest muscles, back muscles, biceps. (*He feels* ZERO'S *arm gingerly and turns away in disgust.*) Phoo! A bunch of mush! (*He notices that* JOE *has fallen asleep. Walking over, he kicks him in the shin.*) Wake up, you mutt! Where do you think you are! (*He turns to* ZERO *again.*) And then another thousand years and you were a serf—a lump of clay digging up other lumps of clay. You wore an iron collar then—white ones hadn't been invented yet. Another long step down. But where you dug, potatoes grew, and that helped fatten the pigs. Which was something. And now—well, I don't want to rub it in——

ZERO: Rub it in is right! Seems to me I got a pretty healthy kick comin'. I ain't had a square deal! Hard work! That's all I've ever had!

CHARLES (*callously*): What else were you ever good for?

ZERO: Well, that ain't the point. The point is I'm through! I had enough! Let 'em find somebody else to do the dirty work. I'm sick of bein' the goat! I quit right here and now! (*He glares about defiantly. There is a thunderclap and a bright flash of lightning. Screaming.*) Ooh! What's that? (*He clings to* CHARLES.)

CHARLES: It's all right. Nobody's going to hurt you. It's just their way of telling you that they don't like you to talk that way. Pull yourself together and calm down. You can't change the rules—nobody can—they've got it all fixed. It's a rotten system—but what are you going to do about it?

ZERO: Why can't they stop pickin' on me? I'm satisfied here—doin' my day's work. I don't want to go back.

CHARLES: You've got to, I tell you. There's no way out of it.

ZERO: What chance have I got—at my age? Who'll give me a job?

CHARLES: You big boob, you don't think you're going back the way you are, do you?

ZERO: Sure, how then?

CHARLES: Why, you've got to start all over.

ZERO: All over?

CHARLES (*nodding*): You'll be a baby again—a bald, red-faced little animal, and then you'll go through it all again. There'll be millions of others like you—all with their mouths open, squalling for food. And then when you get a little older you'll begin to learn things—and you'll learn all the wrong things and learn them all in the wrong way. You'll eat the wrong food and wear the wrong clothes, and you'll live in swarming dens where there's no light and no air! You'll learn to be a liar and a bully and a braggart and a coward and a sneak. You'll learn to fear the sunlight and to hate beauty. By that time you'll be ready for school. There they'll tell you the truth about a great many things that you don't give a damn about, and they'll tell you lies about all the things you ought to know—and about all the things you want to know they'll tell you nothing at all. When you get through you'll be equipped for your life work. You'll be ready to take a job.

ZERO (*eagerly*): What'll my job be? Another adding machine?

CHARLES: Yes. But not one of these antiquated adding machines. It will be a superb, super-hyper-adding machine, as far from this old piece of junk as you are from God. It will be something to make you sit up and take notice, that adding machine. It will be an adding machine which will be installed in a coal mine and which will record the individual output of each miner. As each miner down in the lower galleries takes up a shovelful of coal, the impact of his shovel will automatically set in motion a graphite pencil in your gallery. The pencil will make a mark in white upon a blackened, sensitized drum. Then your work comes in. With the great toe of your right foot you release a lever which focuses a violet ray on the drum. The ray, playing upon and through the white mark, falls upon a selenium cell which in turn sets the keys of the adding apparatus in motion. In this way the individual output of each miner is recorded without any human effort except the slight pressure of the great toe of your right foot.

ZERO: (*in breathless, round-eyed wonder*): Say, that'll be some machine, won't it?

CHARLES: Some machine is right. It will be the culmination of human effort—the final triumph of the evolutionary process. For millions of years the nebulous gases swirled in space. For more millions of years the gases cooled and then through inconceivable ages they hardened into rocks. And then came life. Floating green things on the waters that covered the earth. More millions of years and a step upward—an animate organism in the ancient slime. And so on—step by step, down through the ages—a gain here, a

gain there—the mollusk, the fish, the reptile, then mammal, man! And all so that you might sit in the gallery of a coal mine and operate the super-hyper-adding machine with the great toe of your right foot!

ZERO: Well, then—I ain't so bad after all.

CHARLES: You're a failure, Zero, a failure. A waste product. A slave to a contraption of steel and iron. The animal's instinct, but not his strength and skill. The animal's appetites, but not his unashamed indulgence of them. True, you move and eat and digest and excrete and reproduce. But any microscopic organism can do as much. Well—time's up! Back you go—back to your sunless groove—the raw material of slums and wars—the ready prey of the first jingo or demagogue or political adventurer who takes the trouble to play upon your ignorance and credulity and provincialism. You poor, spineless, brainless boob—I'm sorry for you!

ZERO (*falling to his knees*): Then keep me here! Don't send me back! Let me stay!

CHARLES: Get up. Didn't I tell you I can't do anything for you? Come on, time's up!

ZERO: I can't! I can't! I'm afraid to go through it all again.

CHARLES: You've got to, I tell you. Come on, now!

ZERO: What did you tell me so much for? Couldn't you just let me go, thinkin' everythin' was goin' to be all right?

CHARLES: You wanted to know, didn't you?

ZERO: How did I know what you were goin' to tell me? Now I can't stop thinkin' about it! I can't stop thinkin'! I'll be thinkin' about it all the time.

CHARLES: All right! I'll do the best I can for you. I'll send a girl with you to keep you company.

ZERO: A girl? What for? What good will a girl do me?

CHARLES: She'll help make you forget.

ZERO (*eagerly*): She will? Where is she?

CHARLES: Wait a minute, I'll call her. (*He calls in a loud voice.*) Oh! Hope! Yoo-hoo! (*He turns his head aside and speaks in the manner of a ventriloquist imitating a distant feminine voice.*) Ye-es. (*Then in his own voice.*) Come here, will you? There's a fellow who wants you to take him back. (*Ventriloquously again.*) All right. I'll be right over, Charlie dear. (*He turns to* ZERO.) Kind of familiar, isn't she? Charlie dear!

ZERO: What did you say her name is?

CHARLES: Hope. H-o-p-e.

ZERO: Is she good-lookin'?

CHARLES: Is she good-looking! Oh, boy, wait until you see her! She's a blonde with big blue eyes and red lips and little white teeth and—

ZERO: Say, that listens good to me. Will she be long?

CHARLES: She'll be here right away. There she is now! Do you see her?

ZERO: No. Where?

CHARLES: Out in the corridor. No, not there. Over farther. To the right. Don't you see her blue dress? And the sunlight on her hair?

ZERO: Oh, sure! Now I see her! What's the matter with me anyhow? Say, she's some jane! Oh, you baby vamp!

CHARLES: She'll make you forget your troubles.

ZERO: What troubles are you talkin' about?

CHARLES: Nothing. Go on. Don't keep her waiting.

HOPE: You bet I won't! Oh, Hope! Wait for me! I'll be right with you! I'm on my way! (*He stumbles out eagerly.* JOE *bursts into uproarious laughter.*)

CHARLES: (*eying him in surprise and anger*): What in hell's the matter with you?

JOE: (*shaking with laughter*): Did you get that? He thinks he saw somebody and he's following her! (*He rocks with laughter.*)

CHARLES: (*punching him in the jaw*): Shut your face!

JOE: (*nursing his jaw*): What's the idea? Can't I even laugh when I see something funny?

CHARLES: Funny! You keep your mouth shut or I'll show you something funny. Go on, hustle out of here and get something to clean up this mess with. There's another fellow moving in. Hurry now. (*He makes a threatening gesture.* JOE *exits hastily.* CHARLES *goes to chair and seats himself. He looks weary and dispirited. Shaking his head.*) Hell, I'll tell the world this is a lousy job! (*He takes a flask from his pocket, uncorks it, and slowly drains it.*)

CURTAIN

Zero's dialogue has reduced?

Not the typical happy hollywood ending

Project Role:

Although my initial plan was to take on the role of a Set Dresser, when finding more out about the project I felt that it would be a missed opportunity to not take on a Set Design role as it is such a different approach to what I have previously taken on, with the expressionist theme. I then decided to take the approach of a Set Designer whilst also considering the elements of a Set Dressing role throughout.

TASK DESCRIPTION

You are responsible for the creation of the physical space in which the action of your performed scene takes place. Your output contains all the scenery, furniture, props, appearance and overall look of the stage or set. Set design is also known as scenic design, theatre design, theatrical design and stage design. Set design or scenic design have become more popular in current terminology because they can be applied to television as well. A related and more recent term, scenography, encompasses the sound, costume, lighting, and all other technical designs of a theatrical production.

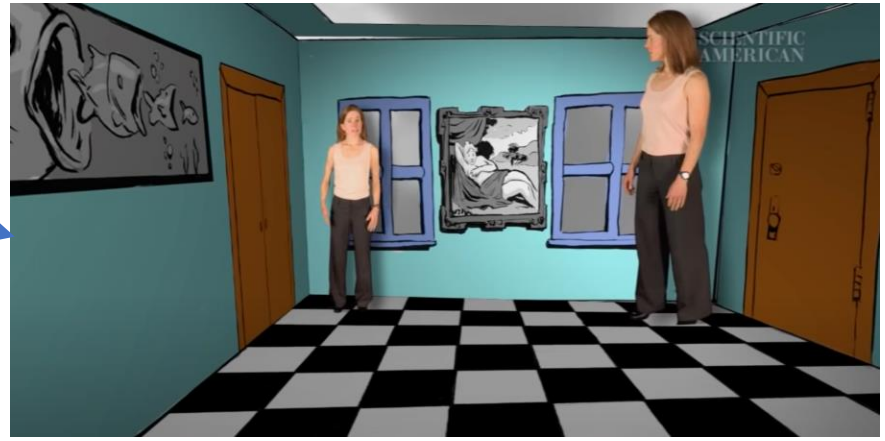
The set/scenery you design should not exceed sixteen square metres in area and a physical height of three metres. Consideration should be given to virtual set extension via greenscreen. You can of course select your own dimensions within these parameters.
It is necessary to produce a full scale set at this point. Sketch models, scale models and samples that clearly indicate the look and feel you want the scene to convey are also required. Research, experimentation and ambition all contribute to a visual portfolio which must include:

- Annotated Script
- Character Analysis
- Your process workbook
- Visual research and mood boards
- Initial sketches, design proposals and sketch models
- A 1:25 Scale Model showing your Final Set Design
- Provision of appropriate ‘build’ information plus instructions for Set Painting/Scenic Art

Ames Rooms:

- In our first lesson we were introduced to the idea behind an Ames Room. I found this to be an extremely interesting concept and am eager to find out more. I would love to have the opportunity to experiment with this illusion concept and think it could be very interesting to incorporate into a set idea.
- Here I came across two YouTube videos that explain how Ames Rooms work and how you can create the illusion.

- Scientific American (2012)*What Is the Ames Illusion? - Instant Egghead #23*, Oct 11 https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gJhyu6nlGt8



- The Royal Institution (2011) *Tales from the Prep Room: The Ames Room*, Dec 21 https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=EOeo8zMBfTA







Visual Ideas and Inspiration:



Franz Marc, "Mandrill," 1913

"The basis of the movement came in stark contrast with other movements that preceded it, which focused on more accurate depictions of reality and nature."

- Invaluable Team (2019) German Expressionism: A Break From Tradition https://www.invaluable.com/blog/german-expressionism/



Músicos By Fabiano Millani

"The word expressionism was first used in 1850, mostly to describe the paintings where an artist's strong emotions were clearly depicted." (More recent but similar feel to previous piece.)

- Motta. C (ND) History of Expressionism https://useum.org/Expressionism/History-of-Expressionism



THE TREE

https://purnimasampat.wordpress.com/2012/01/24/expressionist-trees/



"In Homer's writings the Elysian Plain was a land of perfect happiness at the end of the Earth, on the banks of the Oceanus... Later writers made it a particular part of Hades, as in Virgil, *Aeneid*, Book VI." - The Editors of Britannica (2012) Elysium: Greek Mythology https://www.britannica.com/topic/paradise-religion

- https://greek-myth.fandom.com/wiki/Elysian_Fields

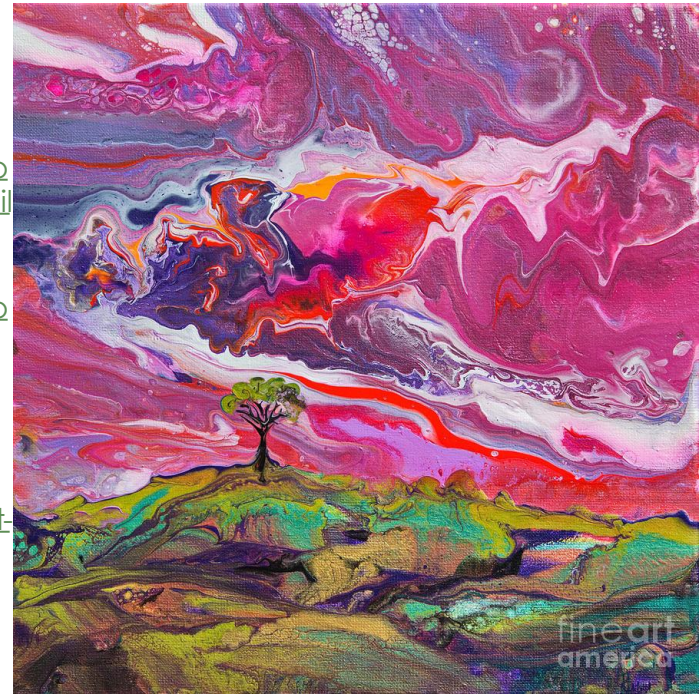


Could this concept be used for an outdoor space? Maybe to create an unusual sense of distance with a distortion that highlights the uncertainty about where they are.

LANDSCAPE By Priscilla Batzell

https://pixels.com/profiles/priscilla-batzell

https://pixels.com/featured/tree-on-a-hill-amazing-sky-7626-priscilla-batzell-expressionist-art-studio-gallery.html



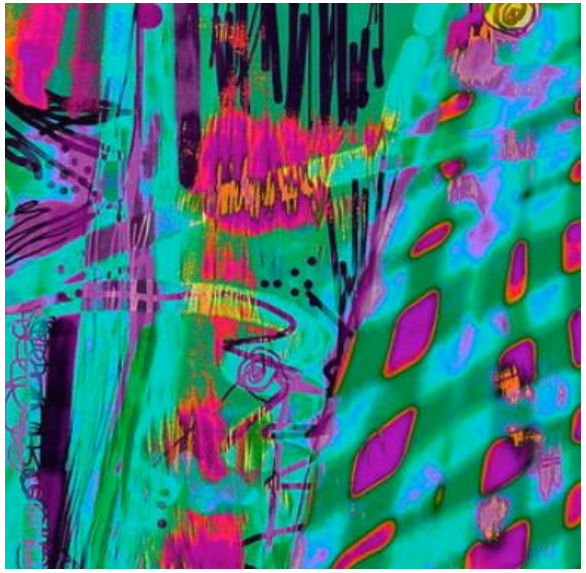
More By Priscilla Bratzell:











Similarly, to how the work of Wassily Kandinsky caught my eye I was intrigued by the work of this artist. I enjoy the chaotic use of colour and busyness. After discovering one of her images that I have previously discussed I looked further and found many more paintings that I find very interesting.
- https://pixels.com/profiles/priscilla-batzell

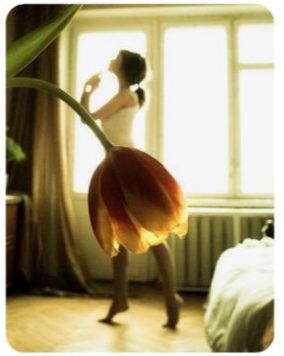
Pinterest Board:

Here I have began gathering inspiration for things such as perspective, expressionism in film, shadow work, the Ames room illusion, areas within the script and then art styles. I also found some example images from the film The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari.
This has helped me to consider ideas and styles for the project.


23 Behind-The-Scenes Facts About Your Favorite...




Cocoa Chocolat


99 Excellent Examples of Forced Perspective...


Why you look different in height and size in the sam...

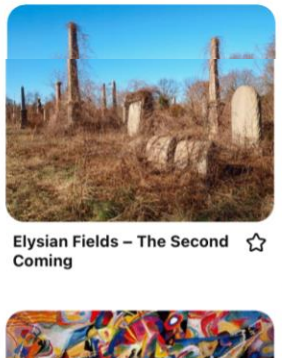

Photographic Print: Scen...
Art.com


The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari
London Horror Society


The Elysian F... the Paradise of the Greek... Paradise of the Greek...


The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari
London Horror Society


This isn't photoshopped - Funny


Elysian Fields – The Second Coming


"The Elysian Field....."


Franz Marc - In the Rain -...
Zazzle


Spring Forest #7780 Yoga


Moonlit 8487d Tapestry for Sale by Priscilla Batzell...


Composition VII by Wassil...
Period Prints
Period Prints

Project Role and Group:

As I began gathering ideas and inspiration pieces, it was brought to my attention that the types of work I was drawn to were looking into Scenic Art elements. Therefore, I wanted to follow this route as it developed.

Group:

We were assigned groups within the class. I was paired with Laurie and George.

Roles:

- **Set Design:** Myself
- **Scenic Art:** Laurie
- **Construction:** George

Although have roles within the group and respecting each others' roles we all blend into each of the roles in some way. Personally, I have noticed this due to my discussions about scenic art with Laurie and then construction with George. As I am also very interested in the scenic art elements of this project and George has shared his thoughts and ideas about the structural design.

TASK DESCRIPTION

Scenic design is plays a critical role in the film or stage viewing experience. While it's perfectly natural to be drawn to the practical making side of theatre or filmmaking, those striking visuals are enhanced by the scenic design and surface treatments.

Having selected the scene from The Adding Machine, you are required to produce a scenic design proposal and look book. Your designs and treatments must take on-board Rice's stage directions. It is necessary to compose full scale scenic treatment at this point; demos and samples that clearly evoke the sensibility of the scene are also expected. You are expected to produce samples and compositions that enhance the qualities of the set and characters therein.

Research, experimentation and ambition all contribute to a visual portfolio which must include:

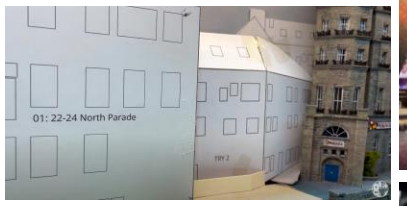
- Annotated Script
- Character Analysis
- Your process workbook
- Visual Research and Mood boards
- Initial Sketches and Scenic Design Proposals
- A final scenic composition with reference materials and look book.
- A Final plan for the scenic design, timings and associations with visual elements and supporting reference material.

Perspective Illusions: Notes From Lesson and Moodle Resources

Forced Perspective:

For Example: Adding the illusion of a road disappearing out of sight by experimenting with angles until it works, there is no science to it besides trail and error. Another technique, which tends to be used in film and for affordability, is using small scale models positioned close to the camera to create the illusion of it being life sized in comparison to a person positioned much further away. (it would require a camera that is able to focus on more than one focus points)

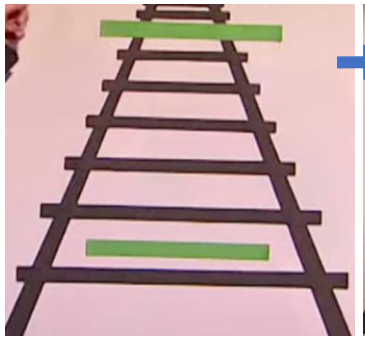
- https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=a3SsBvZI368
- https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Ie3cFE2EGHs
- https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=429b5Ergtzg

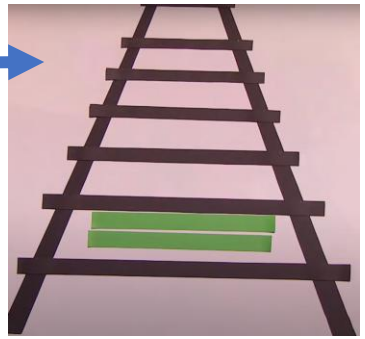












The Ponzo Illusion:

Making the eye follow a perspective to make it believe that the size of other things is smaller or larger.

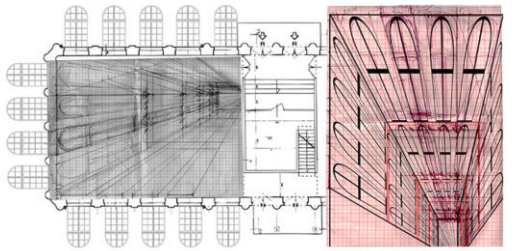
- https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IuY4h3Xh7S8



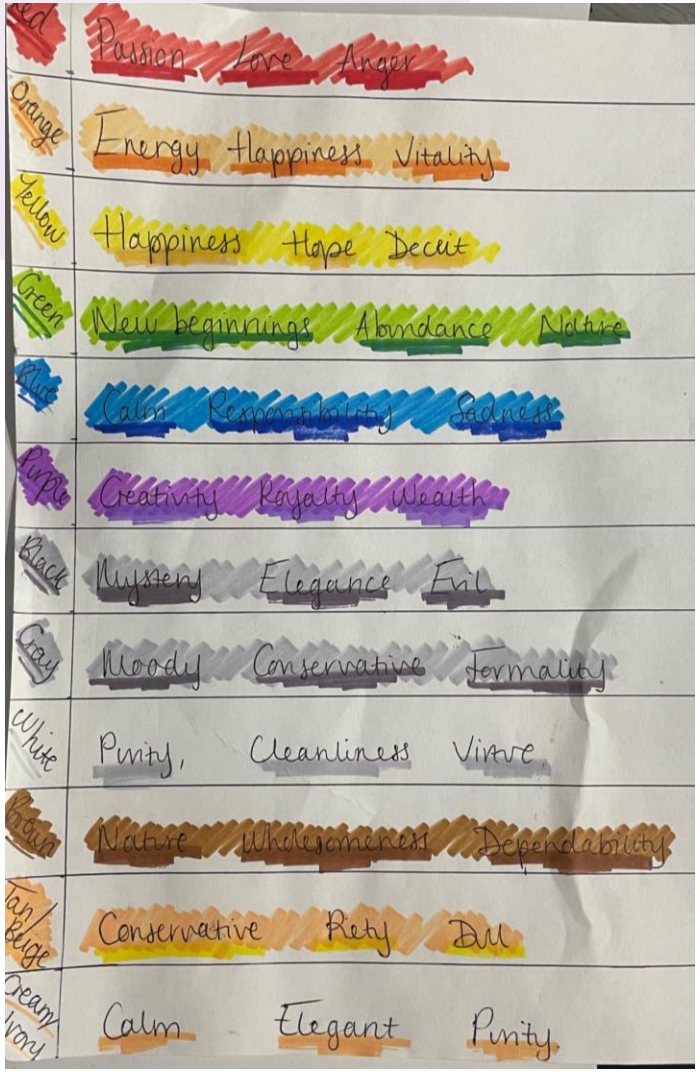
Drop Off Room:

Drawing or painting based on a perspective point that leads the eye to believe that there is no floor and that the space is a large plunging space.

- https://reginasilveira.com/filter/instala%C3%A7%C3%A3o/ABYSSAL



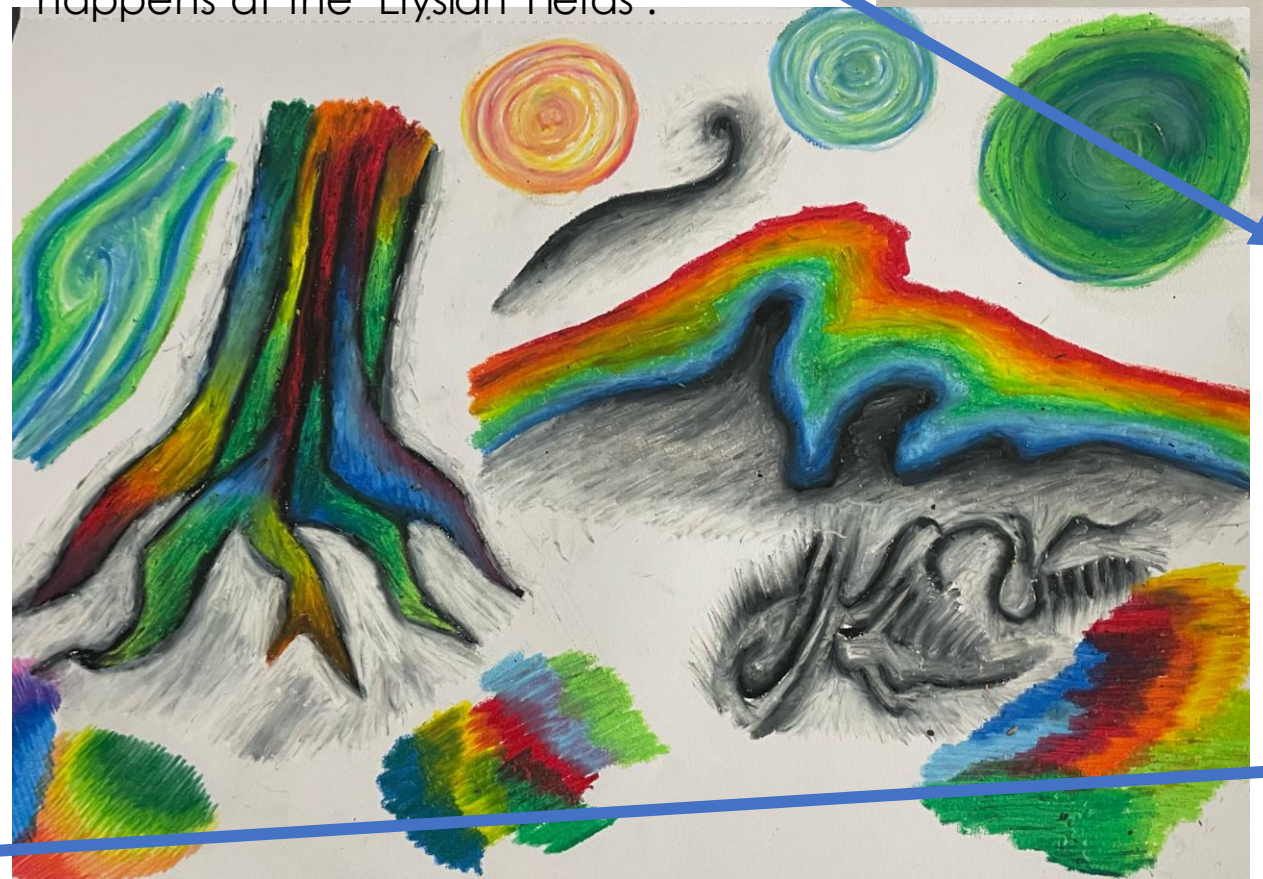
Experimentation:



However, it would be interesting to use my organic influence in a less organic setting to highlight the ideology surrounding Expressionism.

My initial experimentation was led by the use of busy patterns and bold colours. I did a basic overview of the meanings and moods that can be encouraged by different colours and plan to use them symbolically to represent the overload of emotions and feelings that are present throughout the play being very chaotic. The scene I was particularly interested in recreating originally was the scene that happens at the "Elysian Fields".





A feature of the "Elysian Fields" that I am particularly interested in recreating is the tree. I have some interesting visuals where I can imagine it being an array of colour and although not being an average tree still having the very organic aesthetic.

Sections of the Script:


Scene 1


Scene 2


End of Scene 2


Scene 3

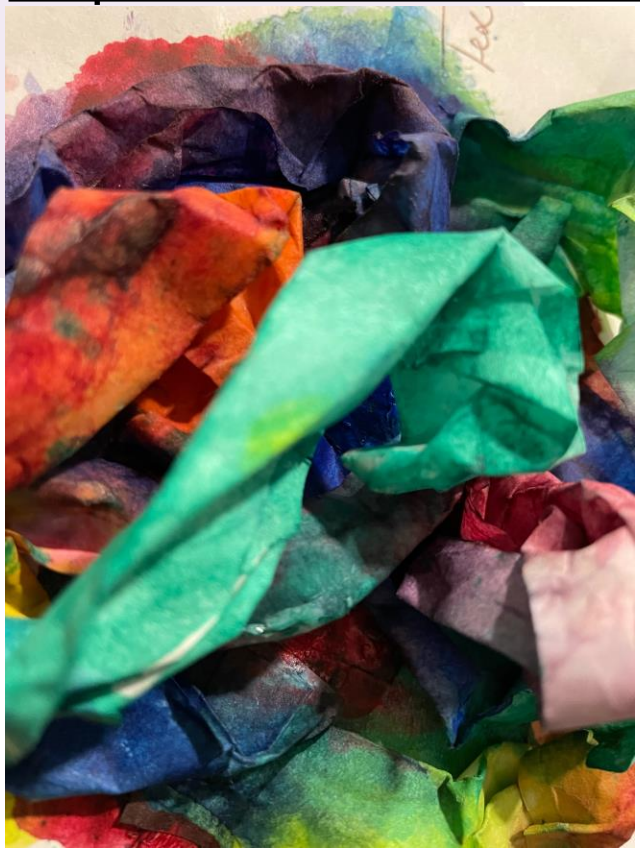
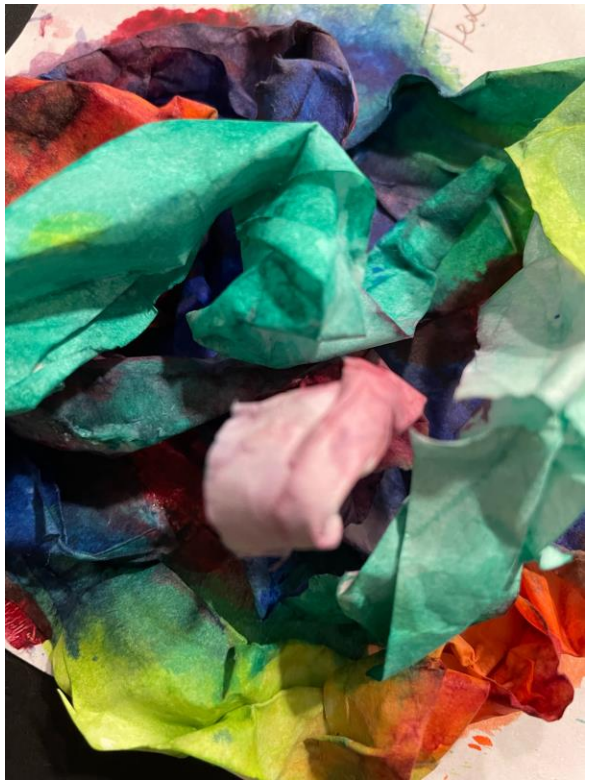
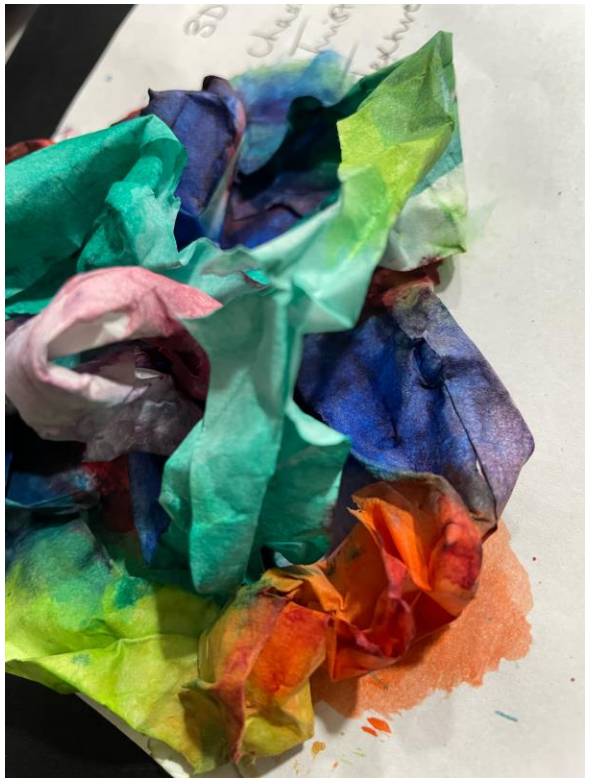
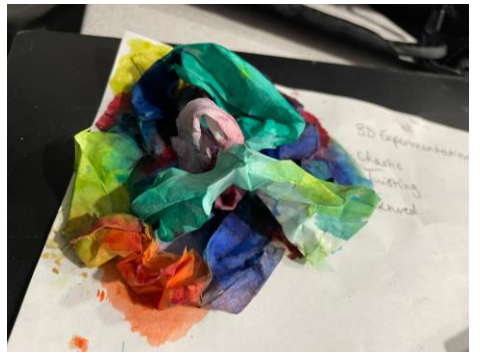

Scene 4


Scene 5

Using oil pastels, as I went through the script, I created imagery thinking about use of colour pattern and shape. A recurring theme is the use of red and blue, red being mostly to represent anger and blue representing both calmness and responsibility. Originally, I would've thought it controversial to use red and blue together being so opposite in moods but for Zero it works as although we know he has an internal depth of anger, being what drives him to kill his boss, I envisioned him throughout the script to appear mostly neutral, with a cold, calm demeanour. This adds to the unsettling psychotic qualities that he must posses to have murdered someone as he did.

Experimentation – Texture, Colour and Tone(3D):

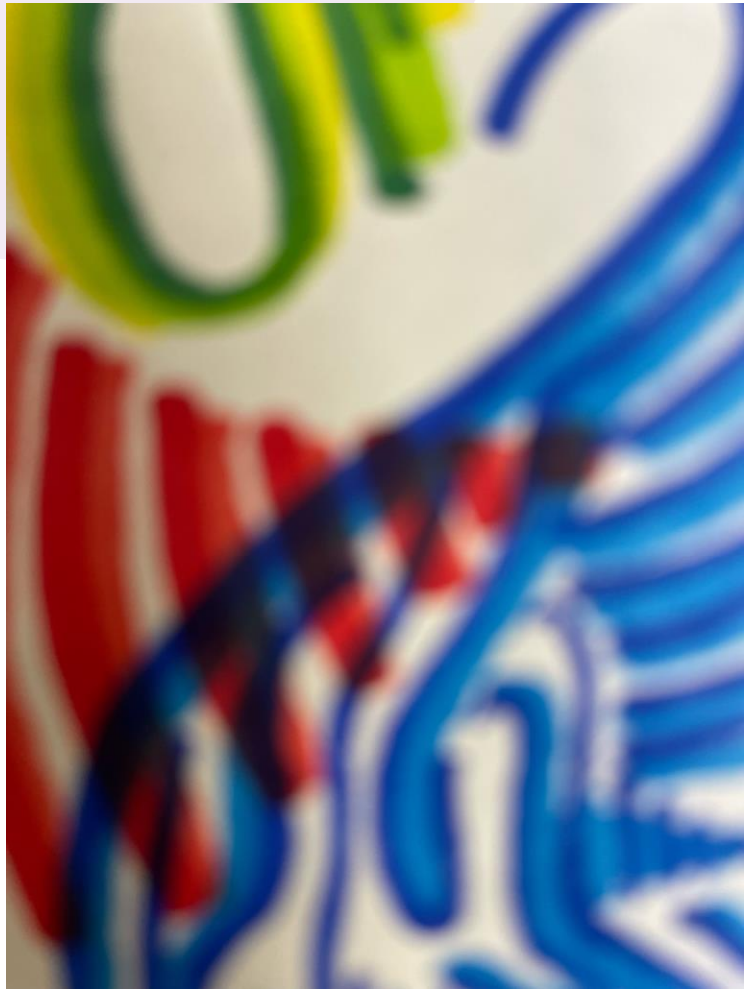
Here I created a 3D experimentation piece that plays around with paper texture and manipulation.
I then used water paints to add tonal colour and more definition to the textural effects.





Experimentation – Colour and Pattern Photography:

















Here I photographed my 2D colour and pattern experimentation from different angles, focuses and distances.

Experimentation – Angles and Lighting Photography:

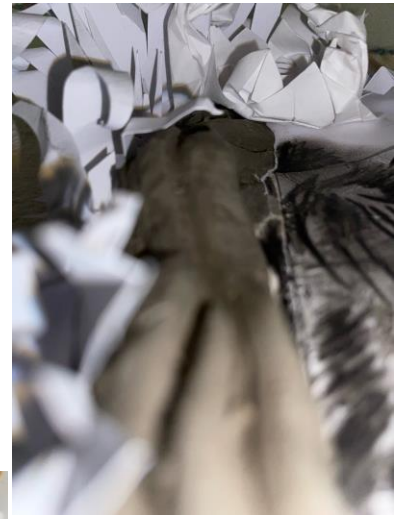

















I began experimenting using paper, card, clay and modelling sticks. The main feature I was envisioning was the tree from the elysian fields. I also considered ideas for creating organic forms that can be used to create inorganic objects.

Experimentation – Tonal Photography:














Here I took more images of my material experimentation and focused on the tonal effects they have.

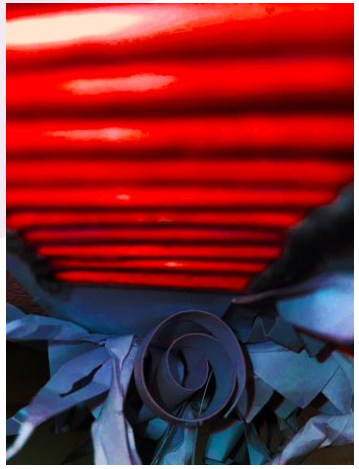
The Adding Machine Film (1969):

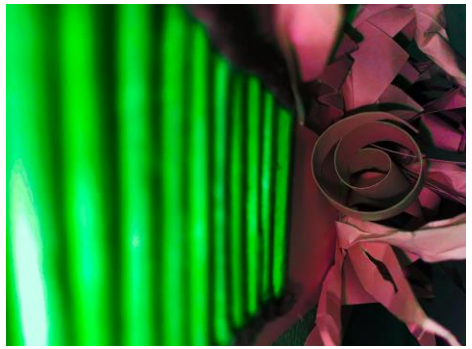
- After watching the film, *The Adding Machine*, I was surprised by the basic run through of scenery that was presented. From the script I felt there was a much stronger sense of unusual scenarios. However, I find that this allows us to completely reimagine a visual run through for ourselves.
- The pleasant place or "*Elysian fields*" was shown as a beach with a sandy hill, there was no tree like stated in the script. Therefore, it was a very different visual from what was expected but offers another vision of what the place could be.
- Again, differing from the script, Zero meets Shrdlu in prison before his death. They meet again on the beach. The film has neutralised many elements of the distorted reality that is presented in the script.
- The court scene in the film was presented as a very desperate plea from Zero with some very intense acting. From the script I imagined a strong example of his cold but calm demeanour, as he explains that yes, he killed his boss, but he believes his actions are justified.



https://www.modcinema.com/categories/1-60-s-films/653-adding-machine-the-1969-dvd

Experimentation:



I chose some images from the many I had collected previously and edited them using photoshop, altering the vibrance and contrast but mostly the hue and saturation. I wanted to see how I could change the images by manipulating the colour and vibrance of them.

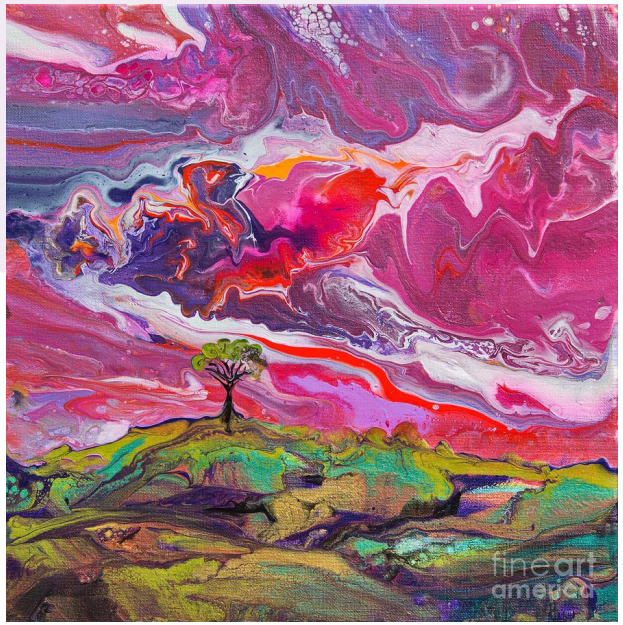







The first image I edited I found effective because without meaning to I had created imagery that works well for the story The Adding Machine. I can see a ladder leading to the chaos which I think can represent the build up of the chaos before Zero's outburst where he kills his boss.
The second image already had the use of bright colours and pattern, so I simply wanted to test out different colours and tones and I think each one is very effective, I also looked at the different images from different angles to see if it could create another effect.

Experimentation – Painting Technique:

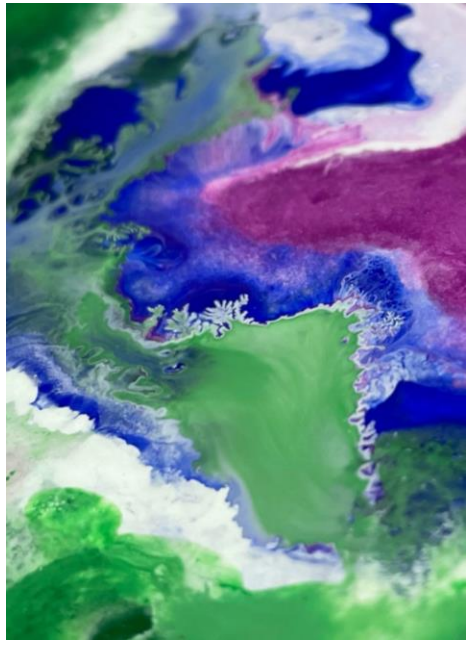


Painting of Inspiration





After coming across this painting and being so drawn to the textural painting technique I wanted to try to play around and see if I could replicate or achieve a similar appearance with the colours. For a first attempt I found that it does create a very interesting effect when the different colours run alongside one another.





I looked closer at some areas that were particularly interesting.

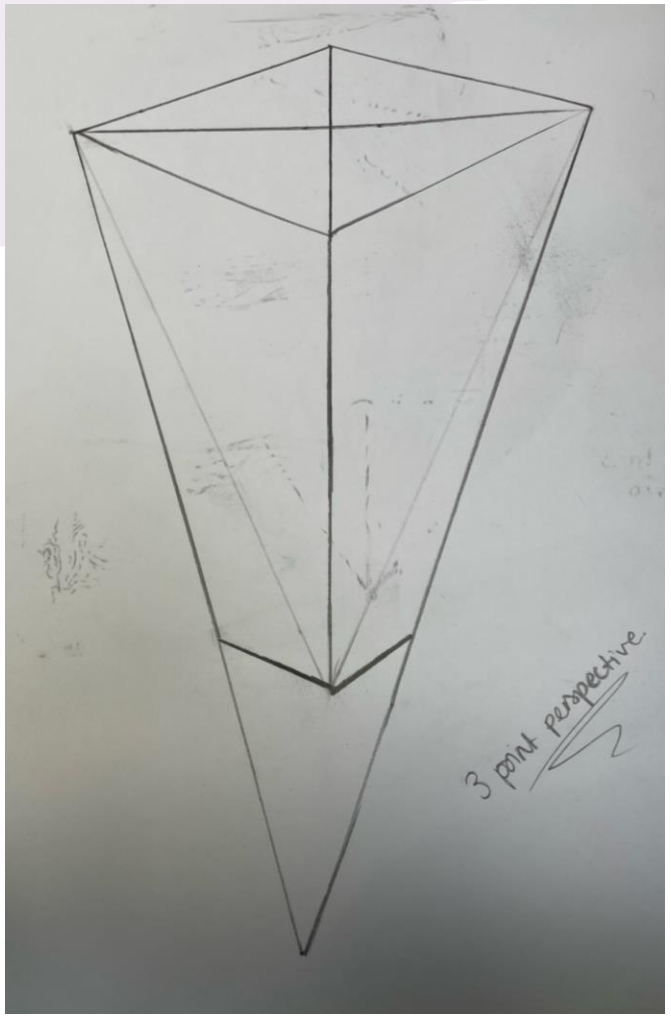


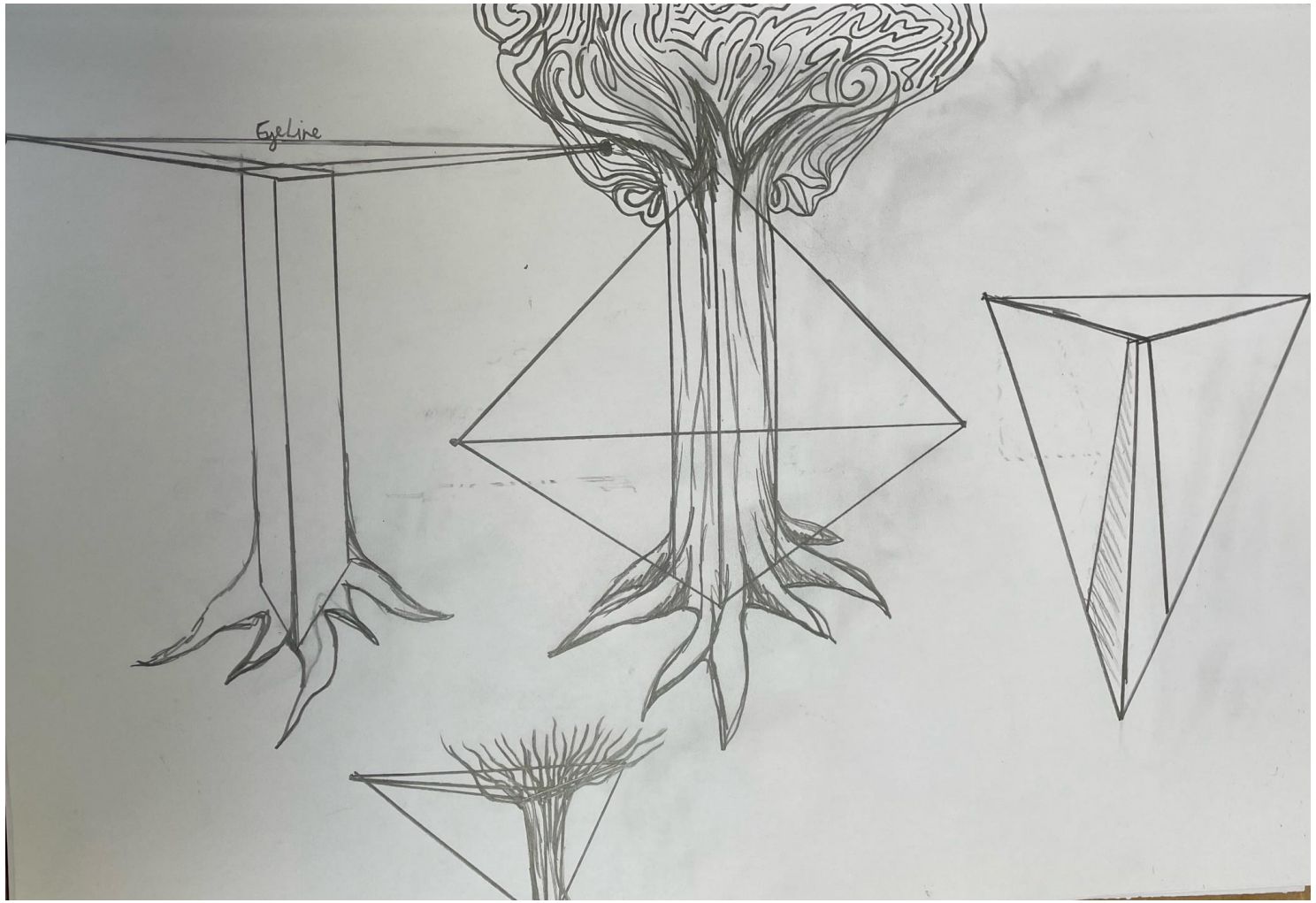


I created this experimental piece using heavily watered-down acrylics and applying the paint with a dabbing motion.



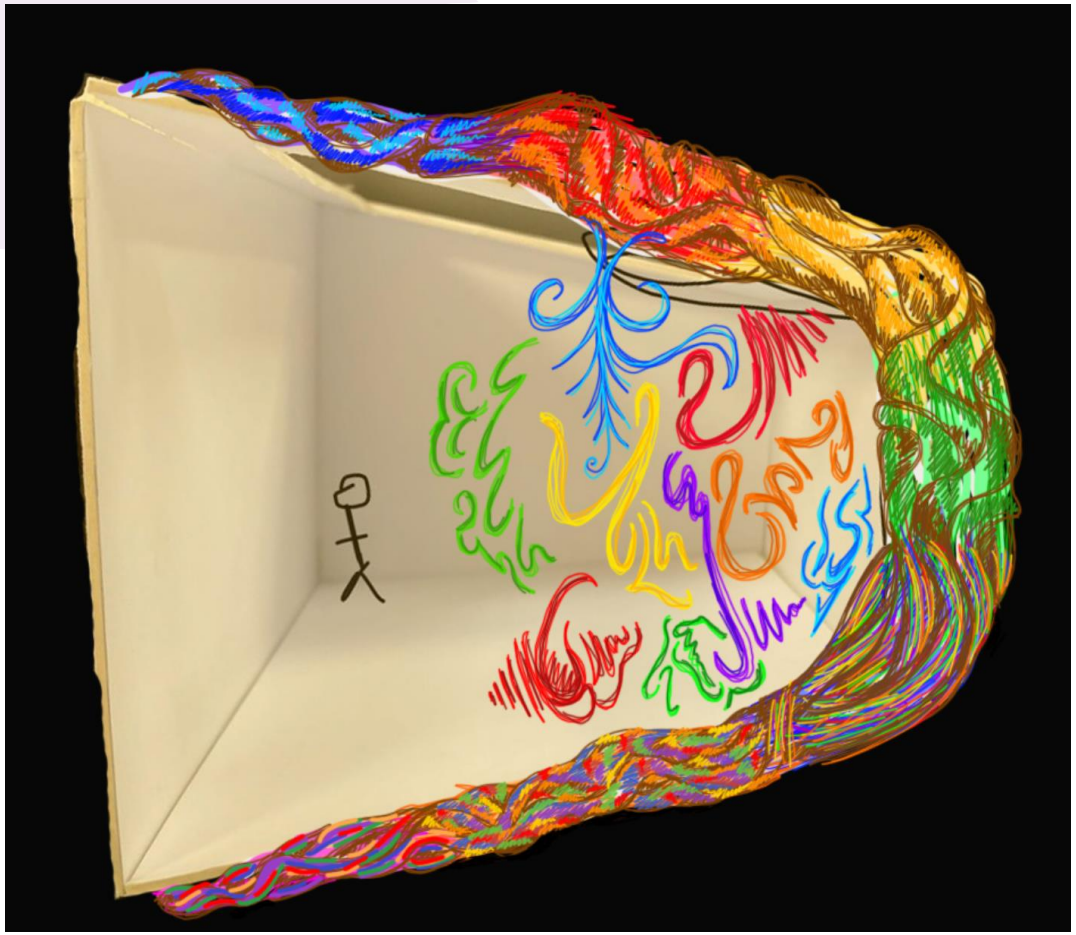
Perspective Manipulation:





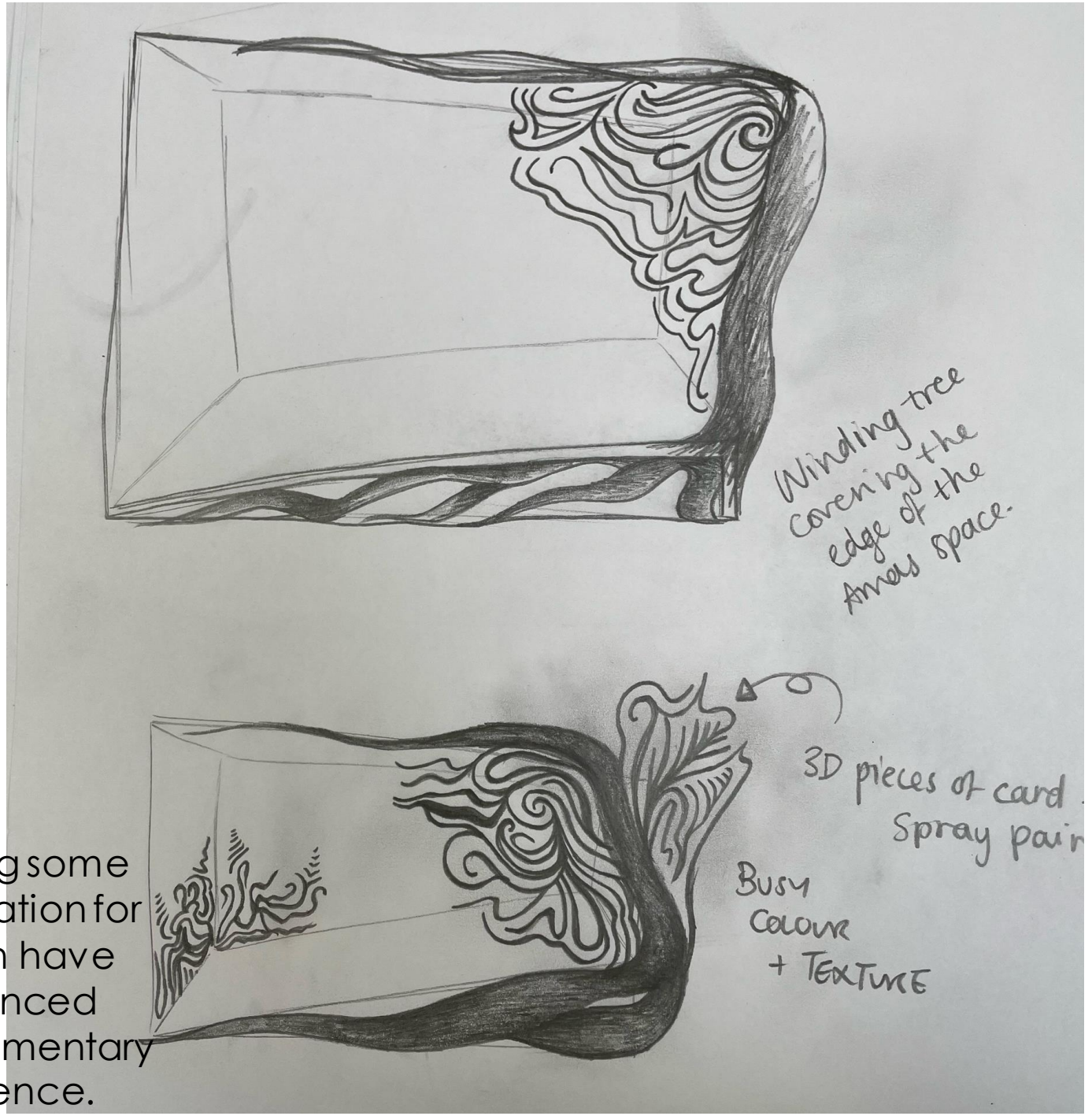
Here I have began to think about perspective and how it might be able to affect an element within the set. I wanted to particularly consider how it might alter the effect an organic shape could have instead of a more standard shape which is something more easily translated into the different perspectives. I chose to consider how the different perspectives might alter an element such as a tree which I am interested to potentially incorporate within the design.

Group Idea:



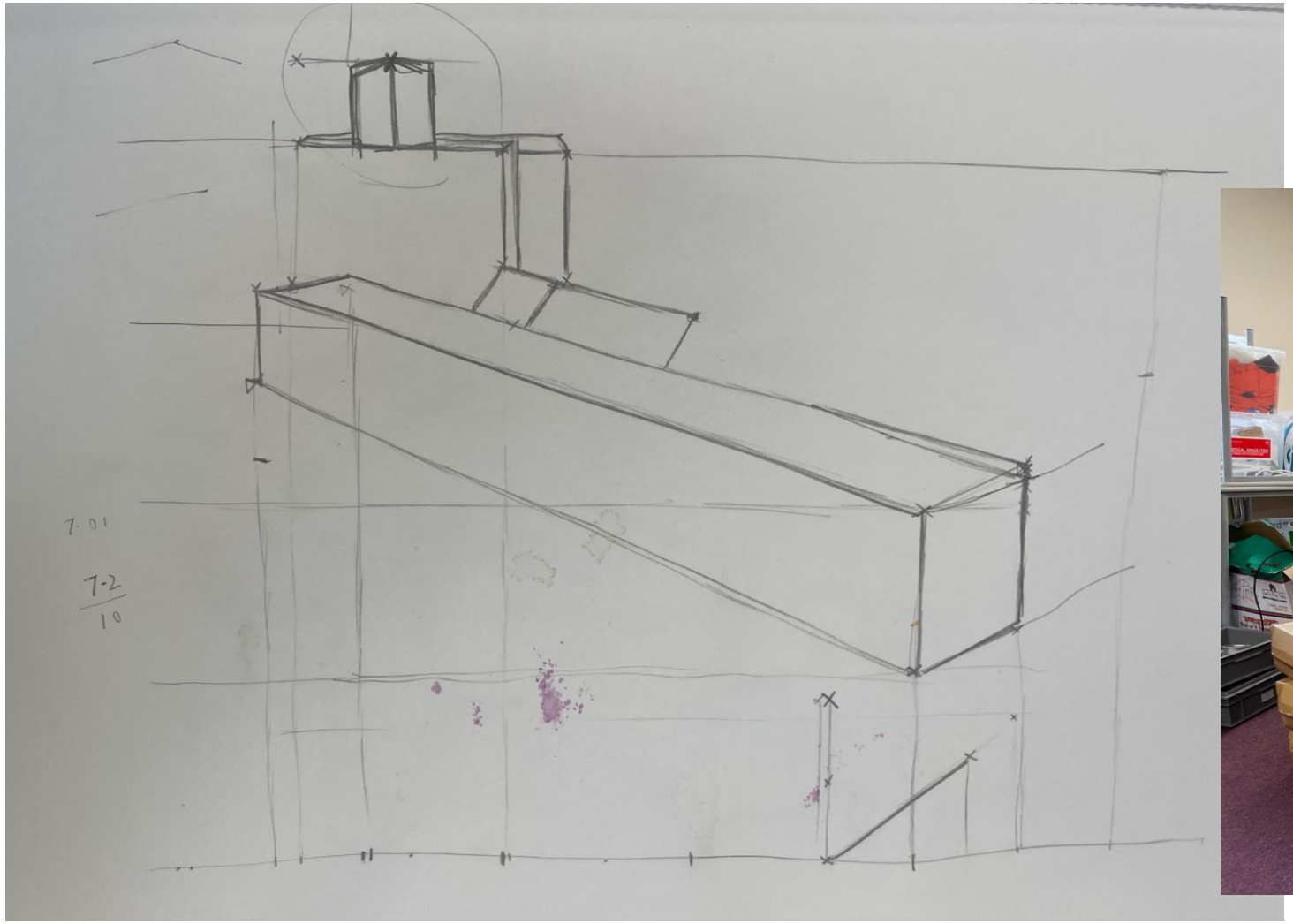


Here I have began sketching some initial plans and experimentation for a. design idea that we each have offered input into and influenced with our differing but complimentary areas of interest and experience.



Drawing Skills:

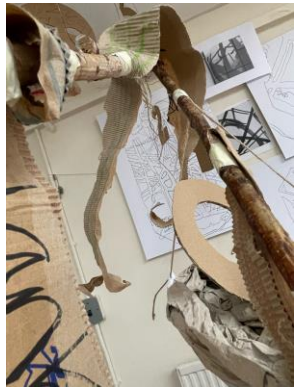
We were reintroduced to a drawing technique that allows us to ensure our observational sketches are accurate. Using nothing more than the pencil you will use to draw with you can find a common points and common lengths to refer to and use them as reference to ensure you are incorporating accurate proportions and positionings within your sketches. With more practice this will offer us the ability to draw anything with accuracy.





Sketching in 3D:

















We have discovered that we work best by gathering elements individually and then finding a way to make the different elements of our individual work come together.

We spent a morning having the opportunity to experiment with different materials such as card, paper, string, paint and sticks. I really enjoyed seeing what we were able to produce as a group. It has helped us to further understand the dynamic that works best for us.

Charcoal Observational Sketches:



Using charcoal, I sketched out shapes and areas of the collaboration piece that we had put together as a group. After photographing from different places and angles in and around the space we had built up I repeated the same process but instead sketched shapes and patterns from within the thing we had created.

I find that the final page looks as chaotic and busy as the work we have originally looked at and been inspired by helping to represent the madness that I can imagine it present within Zero's mind, although remaining so neutral on the outside.

The main element that I would like to encourage into the design for this production is the idea that Zero's mental state is represented in his surroundings, which contrasts with his demeanour.

Sketch Model:











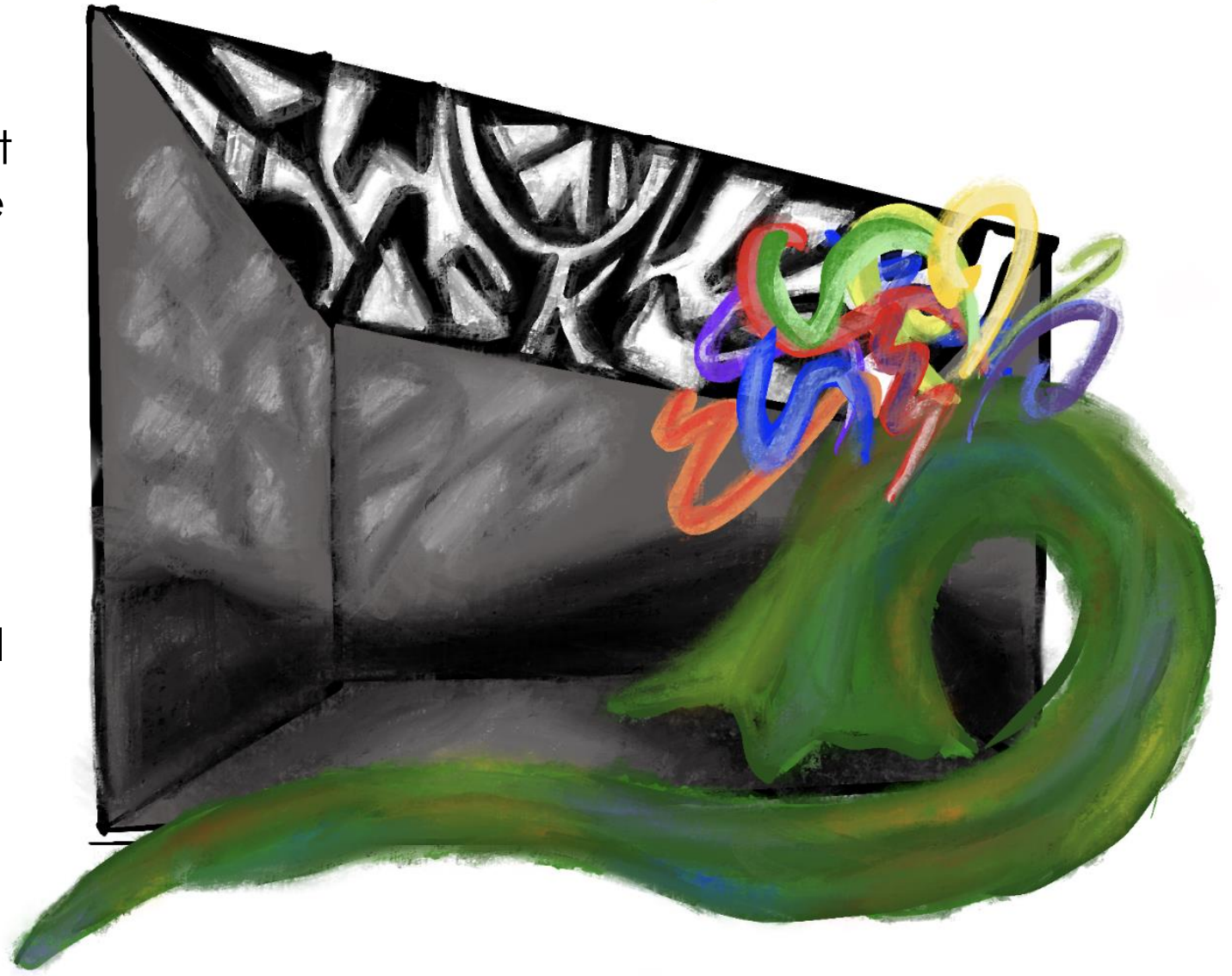


Here I have made a very rough sketch model which allows me to simply play around with the idea that we have been discussing as a group. I wanted to create a 3D sample to better help me imagine what materials would work and the design for the tree feature in particular. Although a tree is already an organic object to work with, I wanted to take it that step further and make it far from the standard trees that exist.

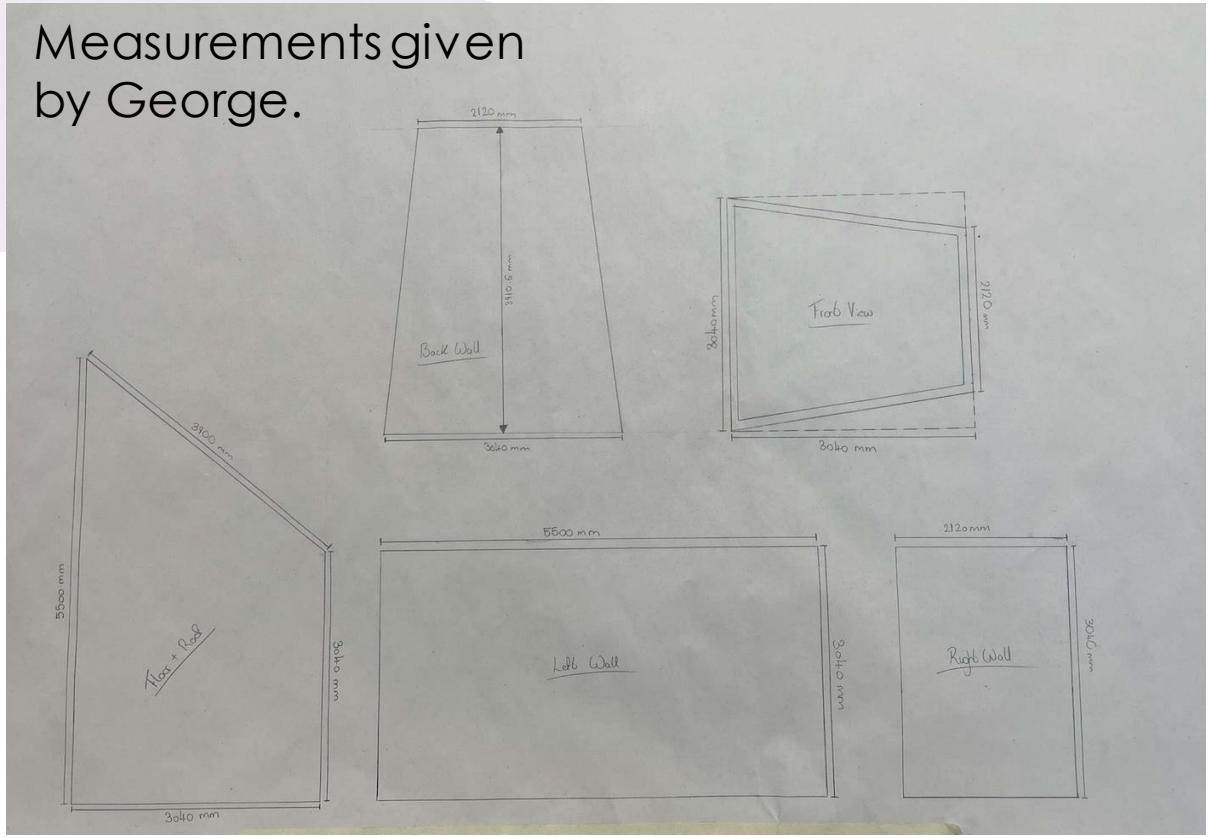
I used the same techniques and materials that I experimented with previously. I find that this has helped me to further gain a better idea of how the tree could fit into the space and test an interest form for the tree feature. I also made a small sample of the tonal texture I considered for the backdrop.

First Set Idea:

I wanted to do a quick drawing of what it is I imagine for a set idea that I will create a model of.
It incorporates my idea of using the tree from the script, George's Ames room and Laurie's cut out roof, as well as further collaboration of design ideas and scenic art elements throughout.
I plan to use clay to make the tree structure with decorative card pieces as I have experimented with before.
I will make the room out of white card and then paint the interior using acrylic and water paints.

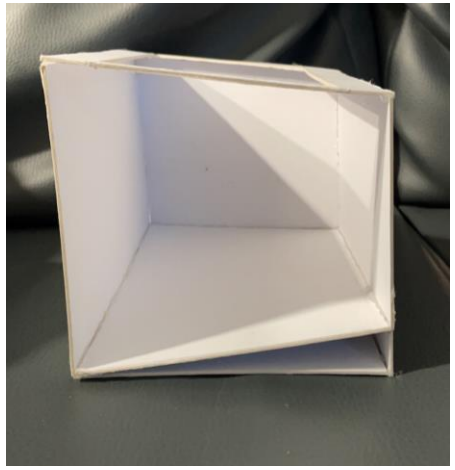


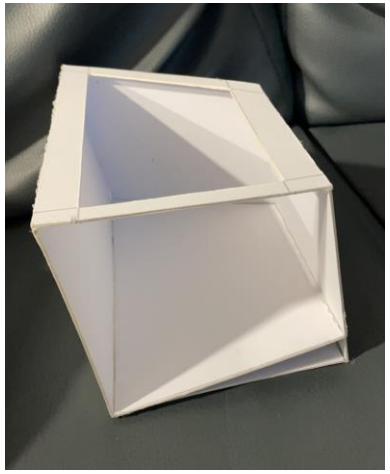
Elysian Fields Model:





For the idea we had produced within our group of three, George set himself the task of discovering the correct dimensions to create a functioning Ames room.
We then were able to confidently incorporate this into our design, knowing that we have the dimensions to do so. From the dimensions he was able to gather I am able to make my own model of the Ames room with the additional elements for our set idea.



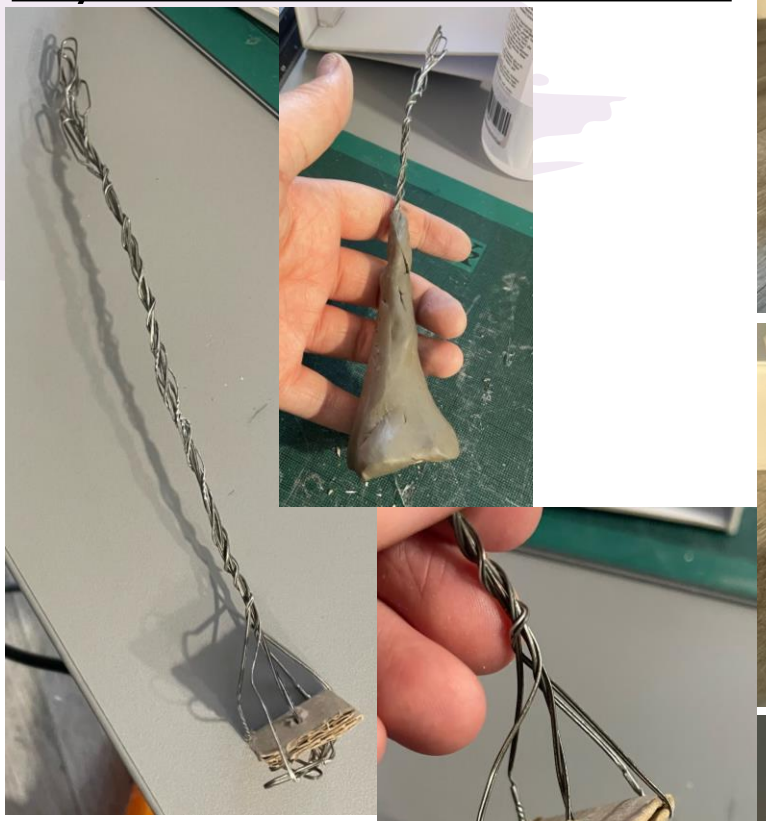




I created this structure using white card, cut with a craft knife at a scale of 1:25. I then stuck the pieces together using a hot glue gun.

ADD STRUCTURAL SKETCHES!!!

Elysian Fields Model:



According to BBC News the average height of a Male in the UK is 5ft 9 and the average women was 5ft 3, therefore I made a simple cut out to give a size at roughly 5ft 7 to give it a basic estimate of an average for all.

Source: BBC News Team, (2010) *Statistics reveal Britain's 'Mr and Mrs Average'* https://www.bbc.co.uk/news/uk-11534042







Finally, I carved into the clay with a curved piece of wire to create the twisted texture.
I have used this technique for previous tree like structures with modelling clay and found it works well therefore wanted to use it again knowing it gave an effective visual.







Here, using a structure of cardboard as a base and a wire central structure, I built up a tree shape with modelling clay. I stuck the base to the right back corner of the room using a hot glue gun and then all-purpose glue to ensure the base that I built up onto the floor of the room would remain intact also. I then proceeded to shape the tree how I wanted and attached the other end onto the front left side using the same all-purpose glue.

Elysian Fields Model:





I added another branch element to the tree as I realised that it would take more to cover the structure beneath the Ames room which we wanted for our design to help with the illusion. Originally, I imagined the tree being even more abstract, however I have used this technique before for past organic nature related designs and it is an effective method and here, I think it works well. I like the smooth shape I am able to create with the clay formed around the wire and I think the proportion works well with the silhouette of an average person in the UK that I have added in for reference.



The next step was to add background and floor colour, so as I considered in a sample for my sketch model, I stuck to tonal water paint. Using my practiced technique on the flooring and just a simple water wash for the backdrop, to suggest mountains in the distance.
Next, I added some thin paper layers over the clay, stuck with watered down PVA. This strengthened some cracked sections of the clay and also offered a very interesting texture for the tree which I first tested onto a scrap piece of card.

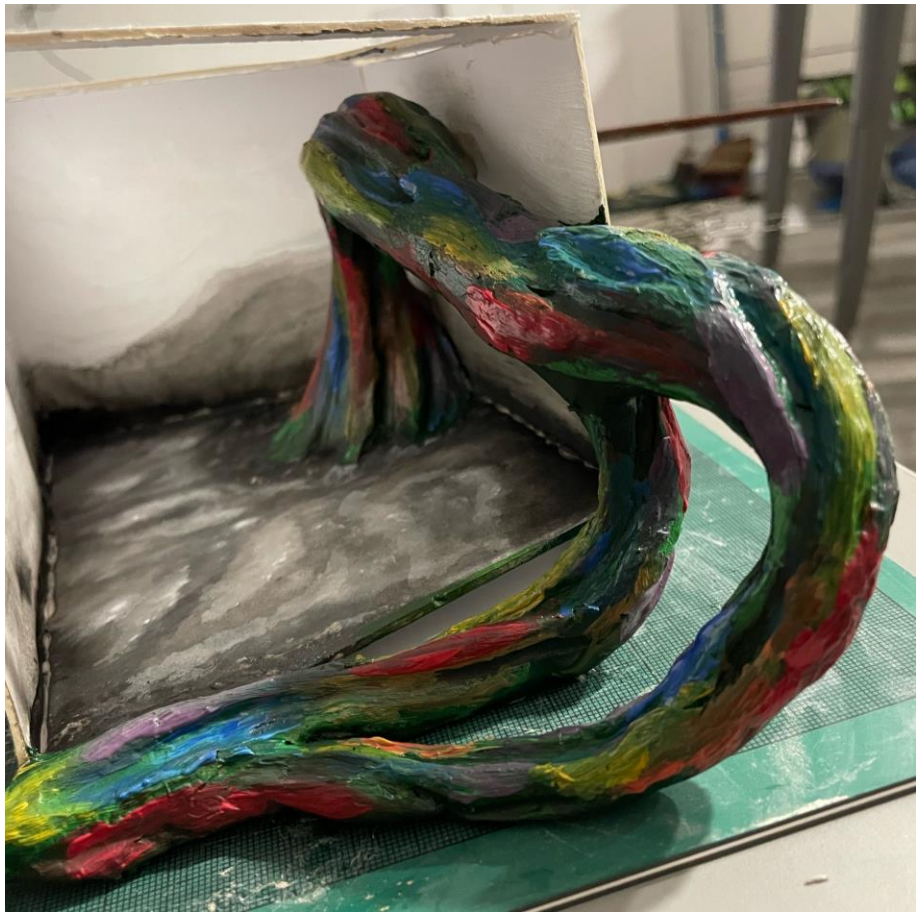


Here I have shown where I tested regular paper, thin paper and tissue paper to see which worked best and chose the thin paper.as I felt it worked the best in terms of texture and mouldability.



Elysian Fields Model:

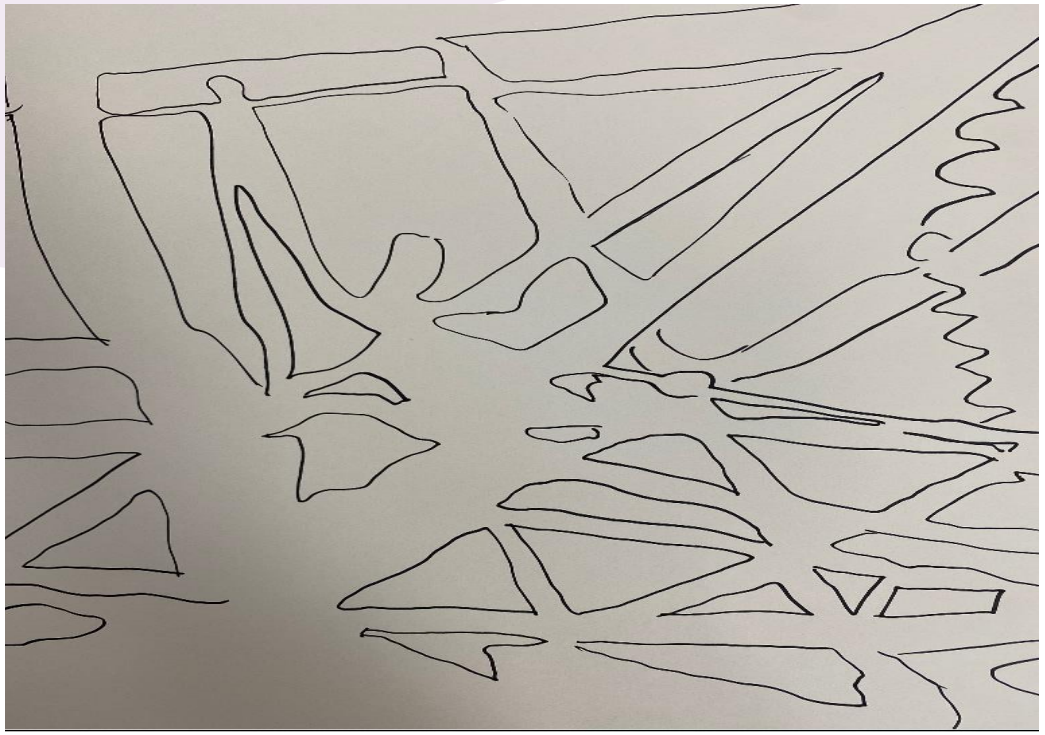






I used acrylic paints to paint the tree structure using a dark green for the base colour and then working onto it with lighter green to add depth. I also proceeded to add more colours over the base colour making sure that red and blue are most obvious of all the colours as they are the two main colours, I find to have the best symbolism and also are each very bold colours. I like the contrast of the tonal background space combined with the mix of bold colours. My goal for the use of colour is to create the presence of chaos, as I feel there is constantly a flood of thoughts and feelings throughout despite his neutral demeanour. I want to take this as an opportunity to experiment with the expression of emotions in the surroundings despite not being obvious form the character.

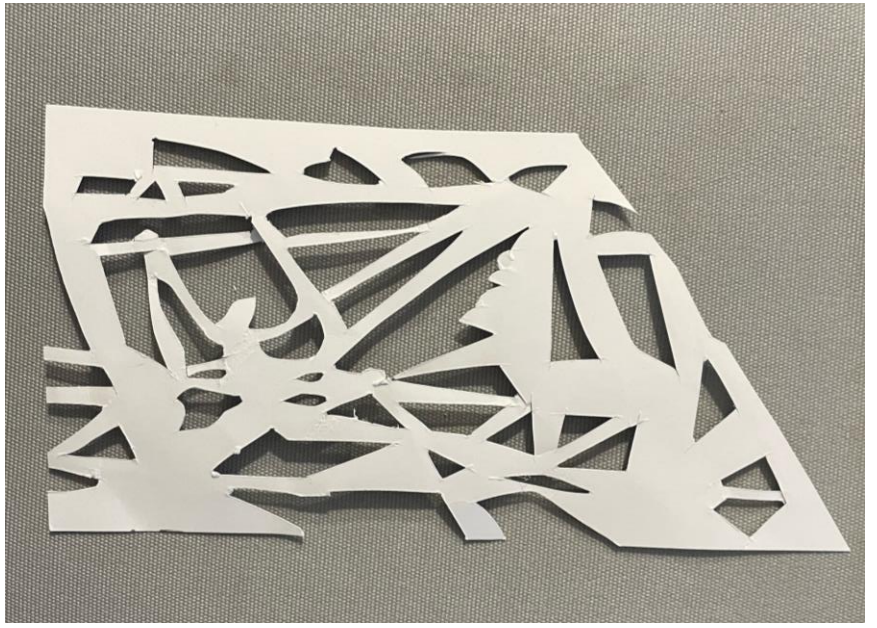
Elysian Fields Model:



This is a closeup of a piece by Laurie who traced shadows she projected onto a page from 3D structures she had put together. I copied some patterns and shapes present in her image, onto some thin card, and cut the shapes out with a craft knife.
This was a feature that we discussed earlier in the design stages. We felt that this could offer an interesting effect for creating textures with the shadows it could create. We fell upon this idea after George had made the open ceiling in order to allow a space so that he could position a feature within the space to test the illusion. Looking at Laurie's interesting imagery we wanted to incorporate it and so it seemed like an effective option.



I cut the piece down to size so that it would sit on the top of the Ames room. I plan to experiment with lighting positioning to see how it works in the space.



Elysian Fields Model:

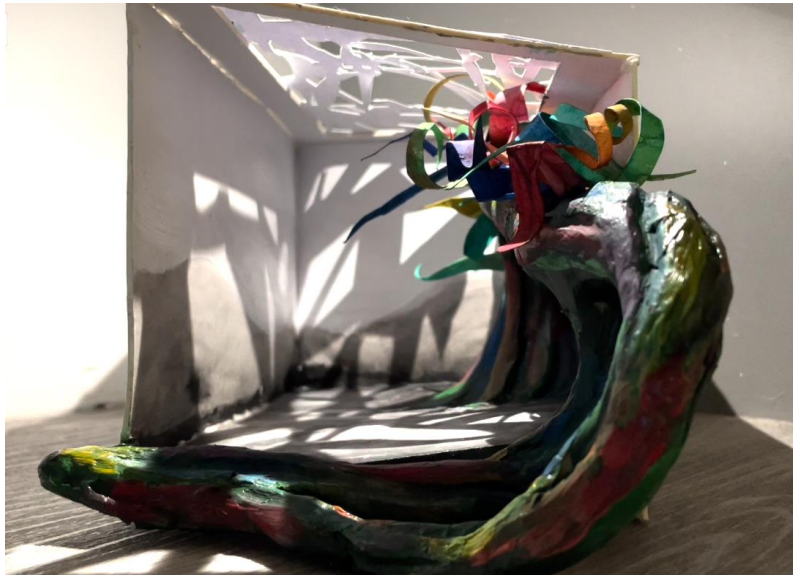


Here is a video I took in a low lit space whilst moving a torch around the outside.





Here I have completed this model by adding decorative card pieces that I previously shaped and painted with water paints. I then used the all-purpose glue to stick them to the tree structure and build up a section of the tree replacing the standard presence of leaves.



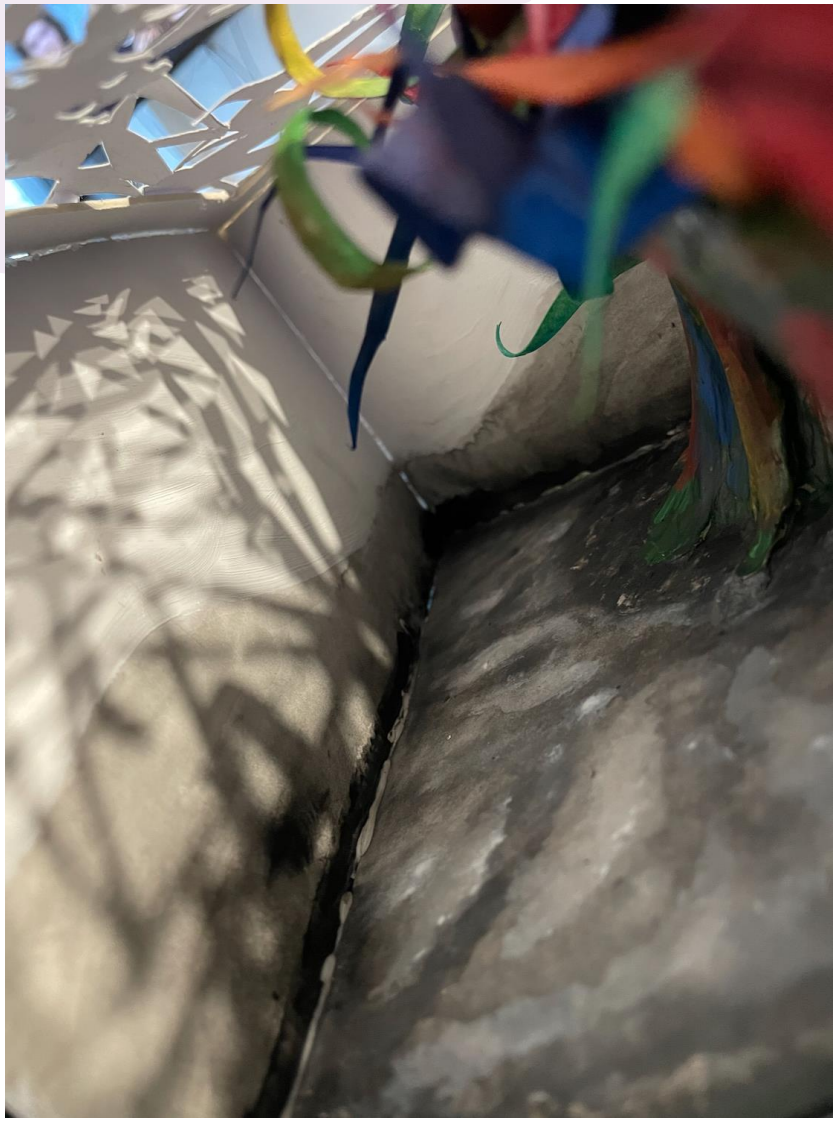


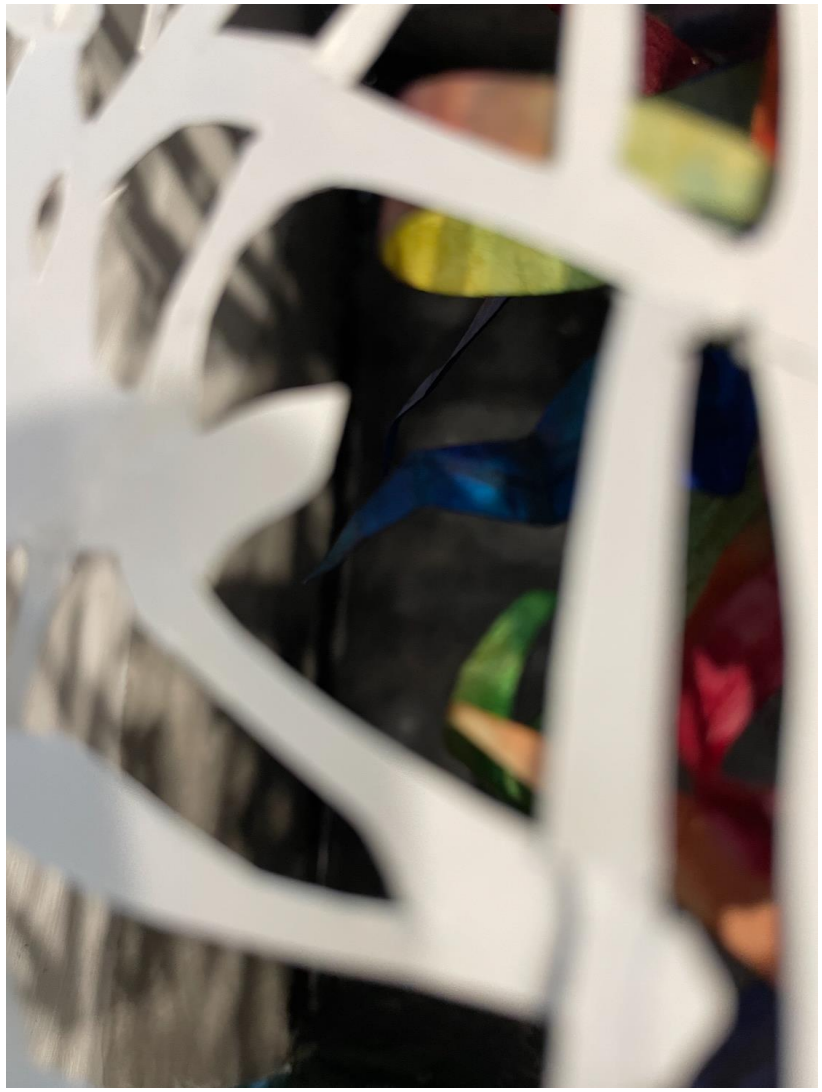


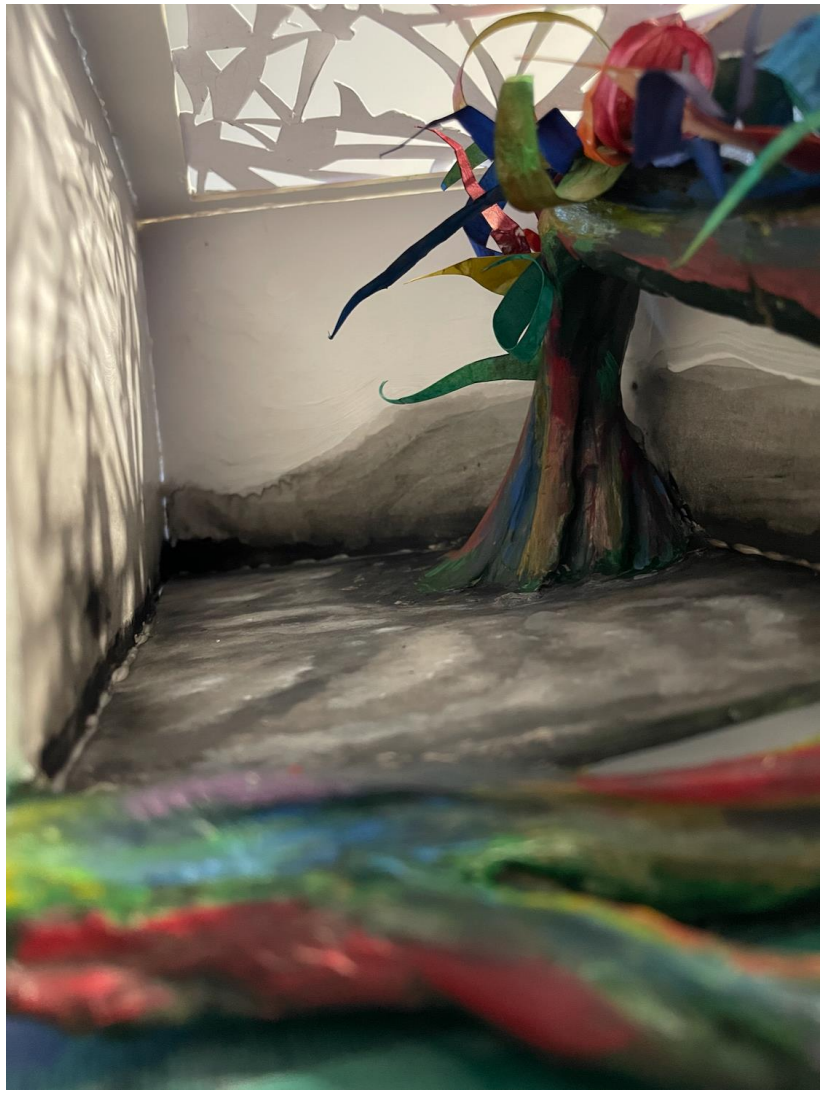


I like the contrast of the sharp shapes that have been created from the cut outs in the ceiling in comparison to the organic form of the tree feature. However, there are also some sharp forms present in the card features as well as spirals and curves.

Elysian Fields Model:





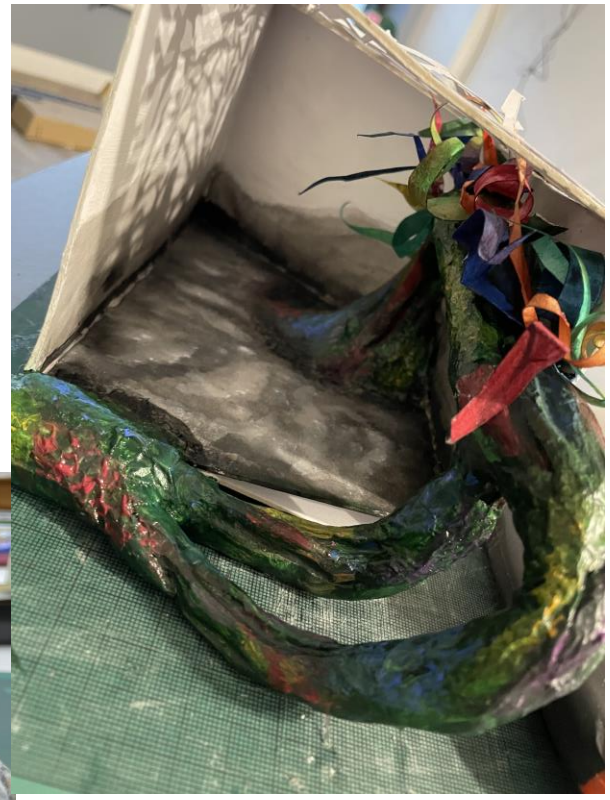


Here are some example photos of close-up internal views within the space. I think the cut-out ceiling offers for some very interesting detailing, specifically with the shadows it creates. Along with the textural surface of the floor being smooth and blended.

Evaluation of model:

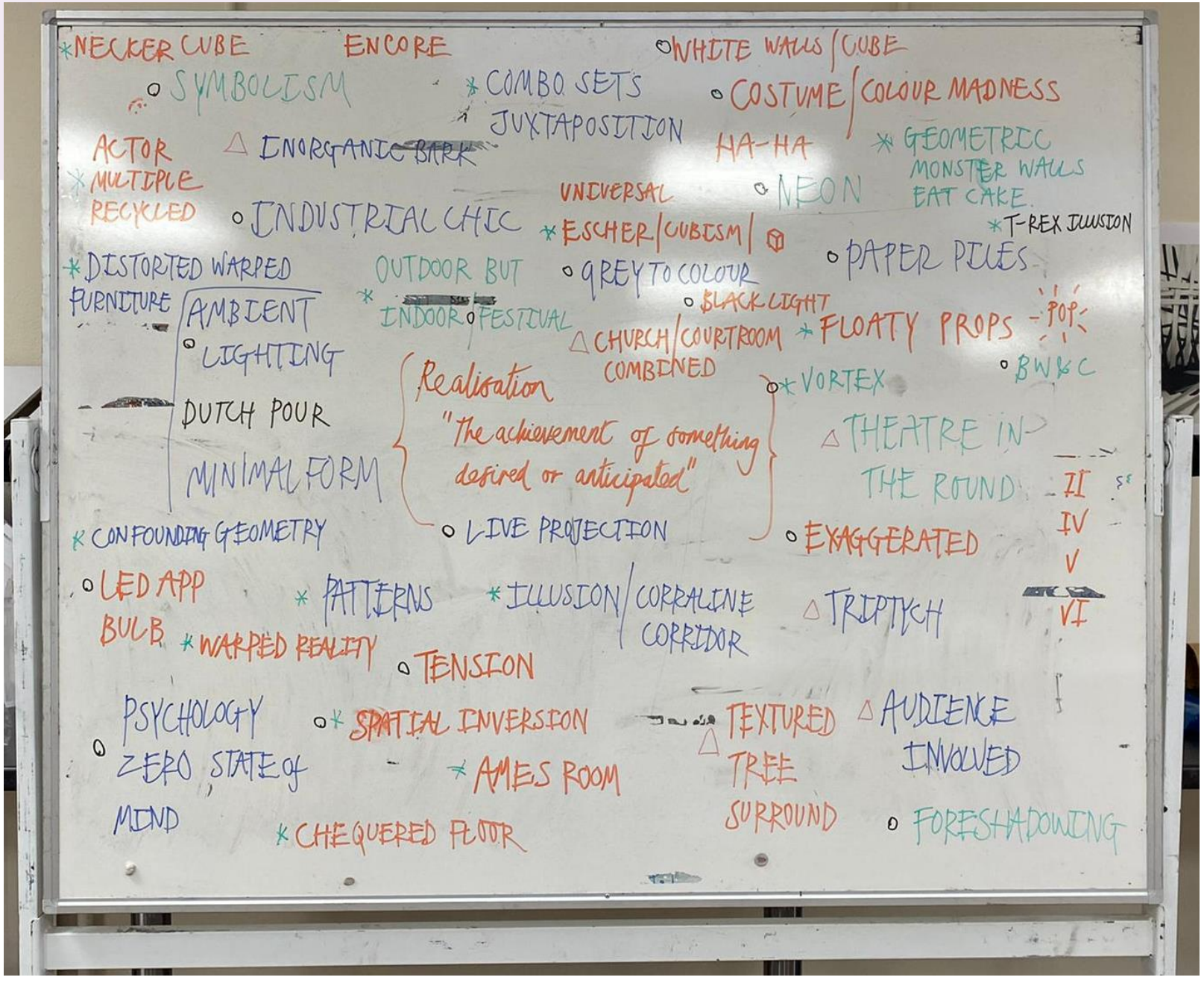






Unfortunately, the clay cracked and broke the following day after finishing this model and required a fixing. I used the same paper mâché technique for textural purposes to patch up the cracks and breaks. The base of the tree also began coming up from the surface and needed to be secured.
I plan to use a different type of clay in future that is less likely to crack and will hold better.
However, the paper mâché worked very well to hold it in place afterwards, I will remember this to use it as a way of making my clay work hold better in future. It is not only useful for texture but also stability.

Gathering ideas as a whole group:



Idea from mindmap →

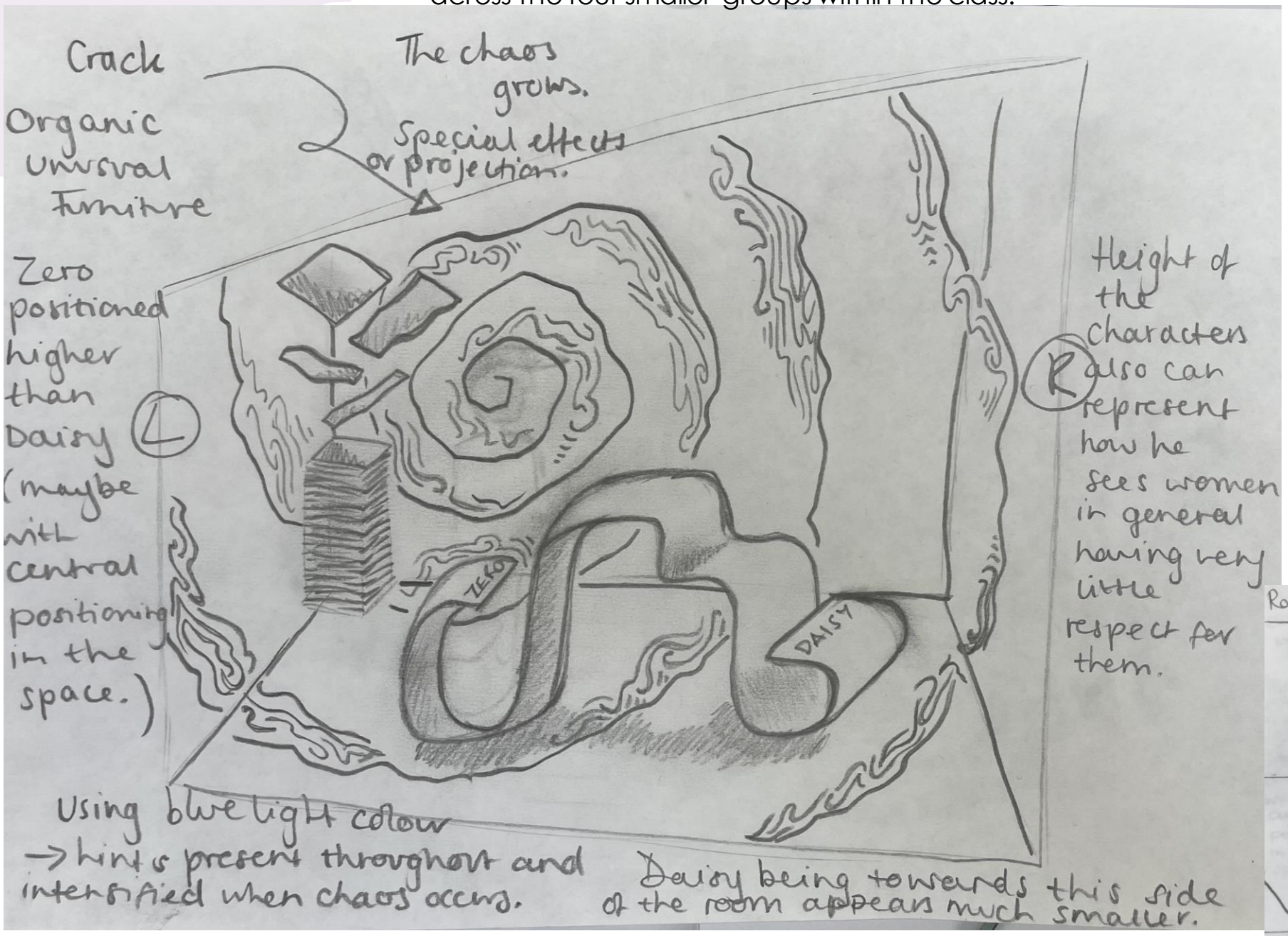
Things that jump out @ me =

- Symbolism
- Distorted/warped furniture.
- Psychology → zero's state of mind.
- Ames Room
- Floating elements.
- Vortex
- Grey to colour.

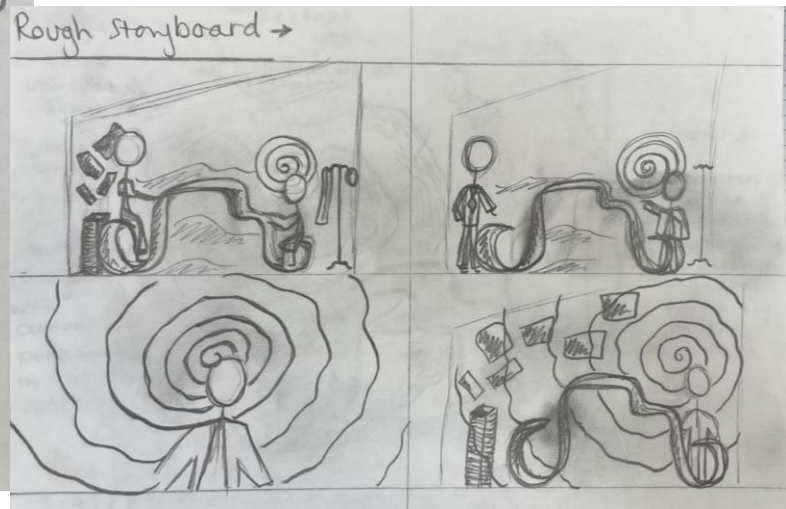
As a class we came together to discuss and pitch the different ideas we had produced as small groups within the class. Afterwards we then created a mind map of all the different elements within the different ideas. This allows us to refer back and pick out aspects that we had not yet considered and allows us to add to our existing ideas or even create new ones.

Another Idea:

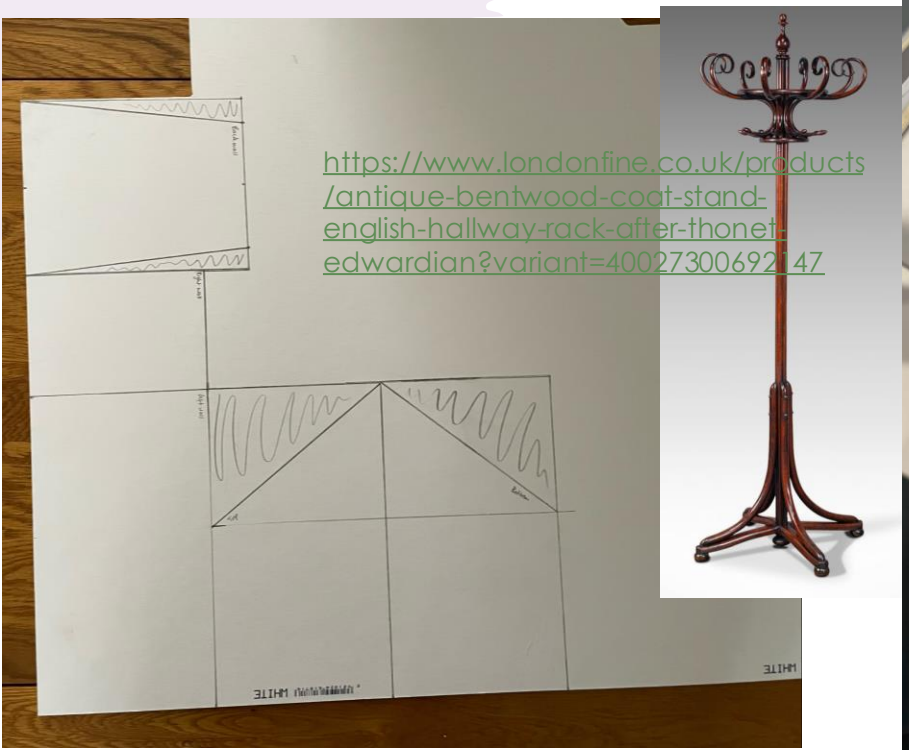
Here I have put together another set idea. Taking inspiration from elements in the mind map of all the different ideas spread across the four smaller groups within the class.



Referring back to the list I had made from the mind map, within this design I have included the use of floating elements, being the sheets of paper and the idea of the vortex spiral that I would like to be presented as a crack growing into the wall as the intensity of the scene grows. I've also included the illusion of an Ames room so that you can assert a visual dominance between the characters allowing one side to appear vulnerable whilst the other towers above, this can be used between Zero and Daisy and then also between Zero and his boss. I would also like to include neon colour, for example you could have a more neutral background that is transformed under blue light revealing strong bursts of intense colour.

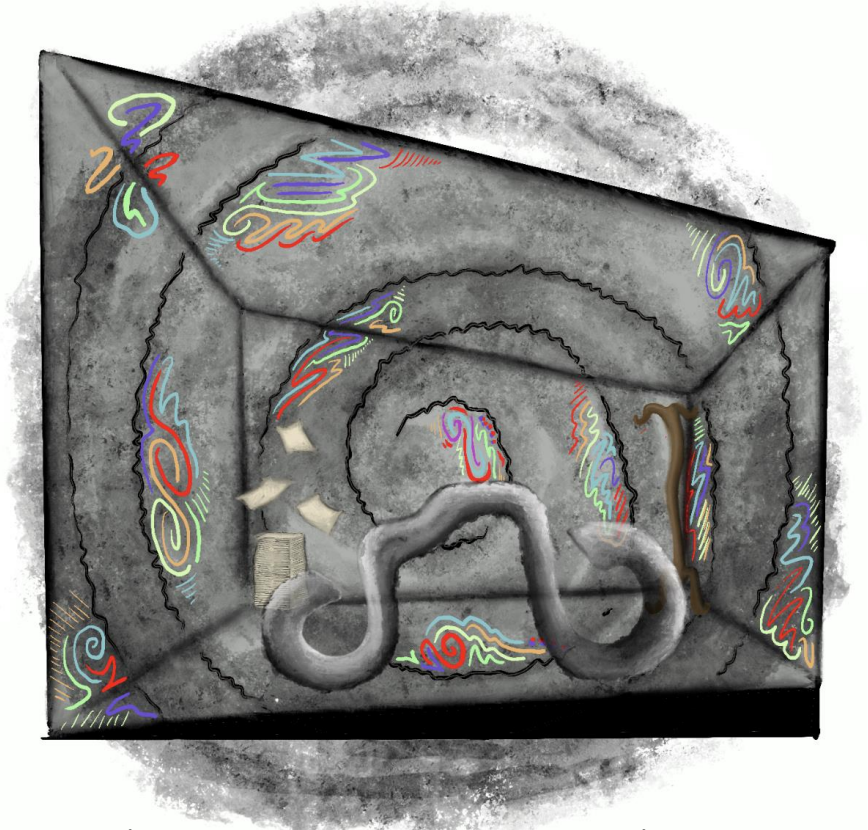


Another Model idea:



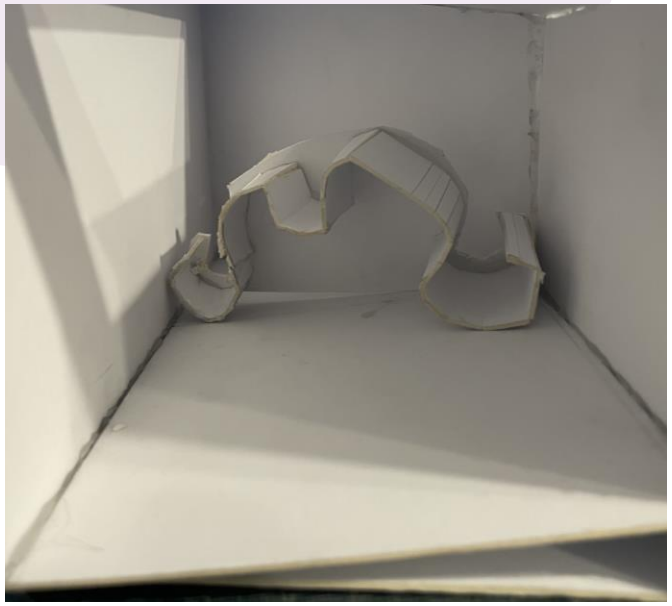
https://www.londonfine.co.uk/products/antique-bentwood-coat-stand-english-hallway-rack-after-thonet-edwardian?variant=40027300692147



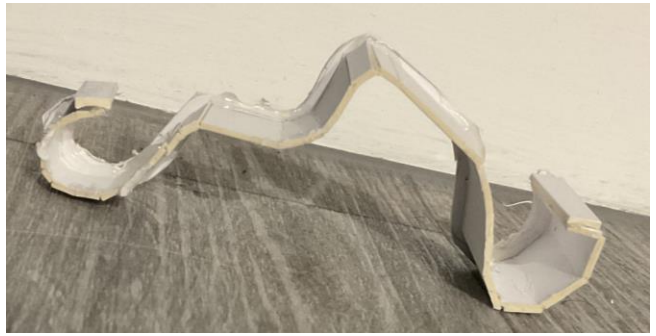


Here I have done a digital drawing of my own personal set idea for Scene 2. This drawing better allows me to display my ideas for the bursts of colour in the scenic art and the colour scheme throughout. My main goal with the furniture was to display something that is inorganic as organic. Therefore, I have designed the desk to be a continuous piece that provides seating and the differentiation in height between the characters to create the sense of dominance and Zero's view on women. I also wanted to include a variation of style being very modern and futuristic, in terms of the desk and then aimed for a very basic example of an antique coat stand, this hints towards the play having some unusual elements throughout that suggest their may be different time periods throughout. The paper stack I have drawn to appear as though some sheets are floating away, this I took from one of the ideas in the large mind map of having elements floating in the room adding to the chaotic atmosphere when the tension builds. I also added a door into the Ames room as in my design plan I imagined that the Boss would enter looking larger with the Ames room illusion whilst Zero is in the far corner getting his coat and hat, looking much smaller, to represent dominance and vulnerability between them.

Making The Model:

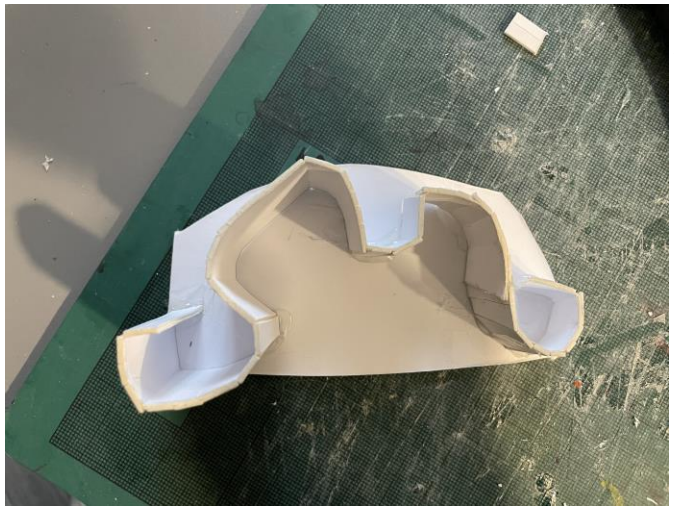








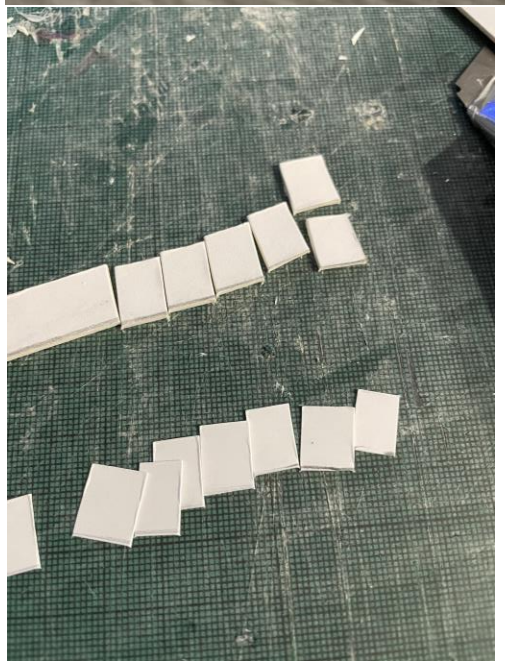




I played around a lot with shaping the white card experimenting with how I can get the shape I wanted or something similar. The first shape I made I was happy with but when I put it into the Ames room it was too big for the space.
I kept playing around until I was able to create a shape that was closer to my original design, and I preferred how it looked, it also fit suitably into the space. I struggled with finding an exact measurement for it before hand as it is such an organically shaped object therefore I wanted to play around with the material and discover what worked along the way which I think I did successfully.
I achieved these shapes by scoring the white card so that I was able to manipulate it into the curves that I wanted.
I also still managed to get the height different of the seats.
Being positioned further back in the Ames room and adding a gradual decrease in width of the furniture piece I am hoping that it will follow the illusion of the Ames room. It is subtle but effective.

Making The Model:



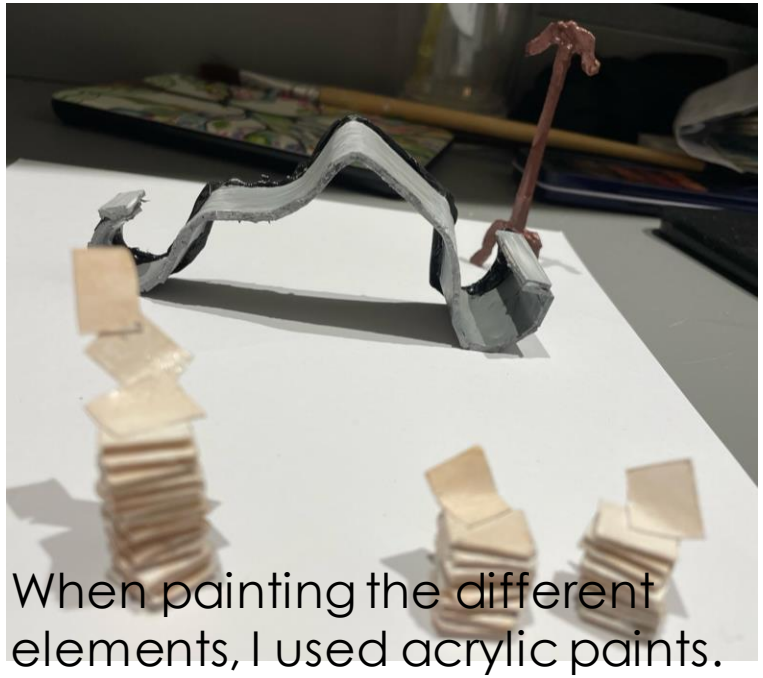






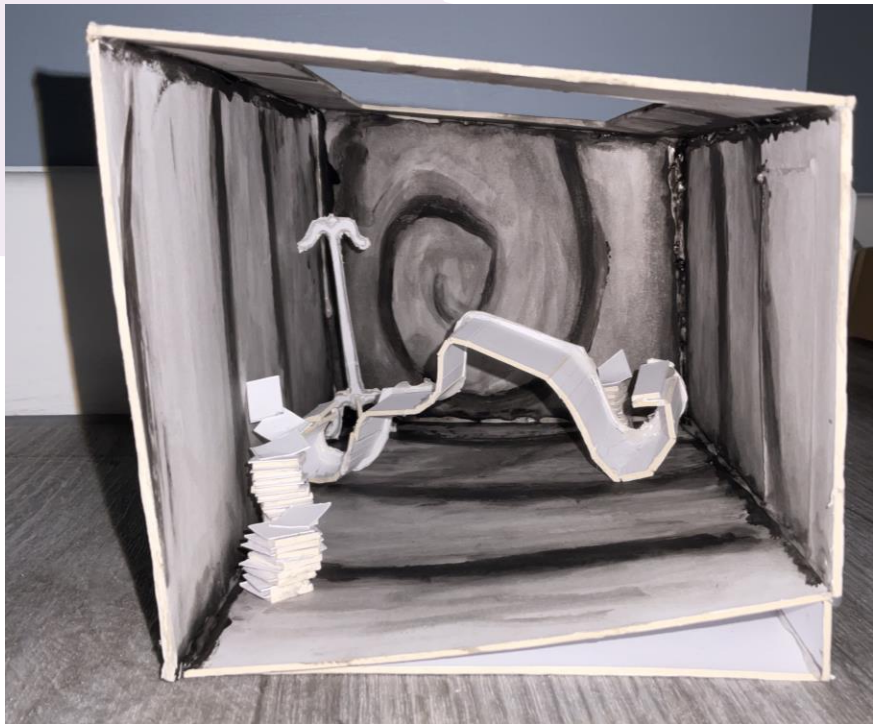


Other elements I cut out for the space were small paper towers and the coat stand. The paper stacks are made from a combination of white card and thin card layered to add thickness with the additional thin ledges of paper coming adding a textural towered appearance. I've also added the thin card at the top to appear as though sime pages are beginning to fly off, as if taking off in a breeze. The coat rack, as previously discussed was taken from a standard antique coat stand but simplified, I cut it from the same white car.
After finishing the structure of the desk piece, I decided to add a layer of thin card using PVA glue to hide the score marks from the surface.

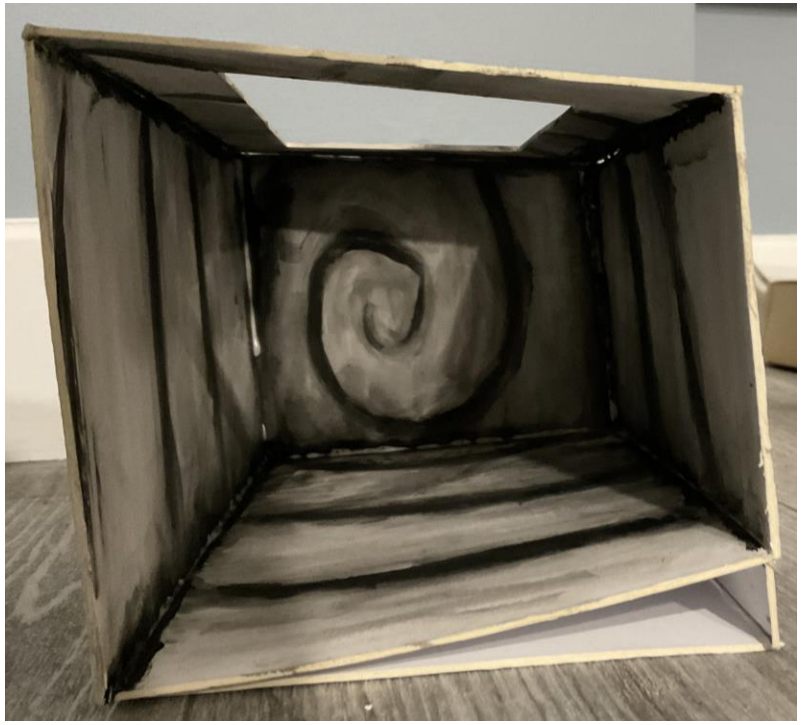


When painting the different elements, I used acrylic paints. I kept in mind the colour scheme from my drawing giving the desk a pale grey colour with tonal effects to enhance the curves. The coat stand was kept at a standard dark brown to represent a dark wood that was popular for a lot of antique furniture, again with some basic tonal effects. The paper stacks I simply made appear off white and aged with watered down acrylic.

Making The Model:







Before painting the different elements, I put them into the space to see how they fit and how they could be arranged. I chose a layout I was happy with and found that it looks interesting with the vortex backdrop that I added to the interior of the Ames room walls. I like the chaos behind it and how it can add a haunting discomfort to the room which I think will work very effectively for the end of scene 2. I kept the spiral to being very tonal using watered down black acrylic paint. I also kept the hole in the ceiling to allow for easier access into the space. Although I like the subtle but sharp shadows it creates within the space, I think it could be interesting for a theatre production with lighting coming from about the ceiling.
Following my design idea, I have continued the layout to create dominance between characters, Zero looking down on Daisy as they work and then followed by Zero being in the far corner to collect his coat as the Boss enters and appears to be towering over him.

Making The Model:



Finally, I added the coloured patterns into the back dop using brightly mixed acrylic paints to represent the neon colour that I would want to transform in the UV light. I've continued the recurring theme I have over patterning I used for my experimentation stages, highlighting the chaotic nature of texture, pattern and colour.

I am pleased with the finished model of a simple but other approach to a different part of the script. I like the opportunity behind what can be done with this scene with the chaotic build up and the intense anger of Zero being unleashed even though we do not yet know what exactly had happened. I feel like it's a good example of how that although Zero's demeanour is so neutral the chaos can be seen happening around him. Something I mention a lot as it is the main goal I have for this project.

A feature I also wasn't expecting but feel is very interesting is the light coming through the crack of the door and spilling into the room.

I have enjoyed seeing my designs grow from 2D to 3D and seeing the different effects that you can achieve whilst experimenting with a 3D space and with different lightings and photo angles.







Larger Groups:

We decided to form large groups with our small groups halving the class so that they were two groups in total instead of four. The groups that joined were decided by which fit best, for example one of the main indicators for us was that two groups are very interested in looking at tonal work whereas another group is very interested in using a lot of colour and so we then had one larger group looking at incorporating colour and combining the ideas of the two groups, whereas the other group did the same but instead focused on tonal elements.

Now in a group of six I am one of three set designers with the additional scenic art designer, construction designer, and lighting designer.

- **Set Designer:** Myself
- **Set Designer:** Freya
- **Set Designer:** Lleucu
- **Scenic Art:** Laurie
- **Construction:** George
- **Lighting:** Cara

Our Nextep was to experiment with the designs we had already created within our previous groups. Fortunately, we each were happy to work in a similar format looking at organic shapes with the strong bursts of colour. We were all also happy to remain with the idea of using an Ames room.





Larger Group: Combining Ideas





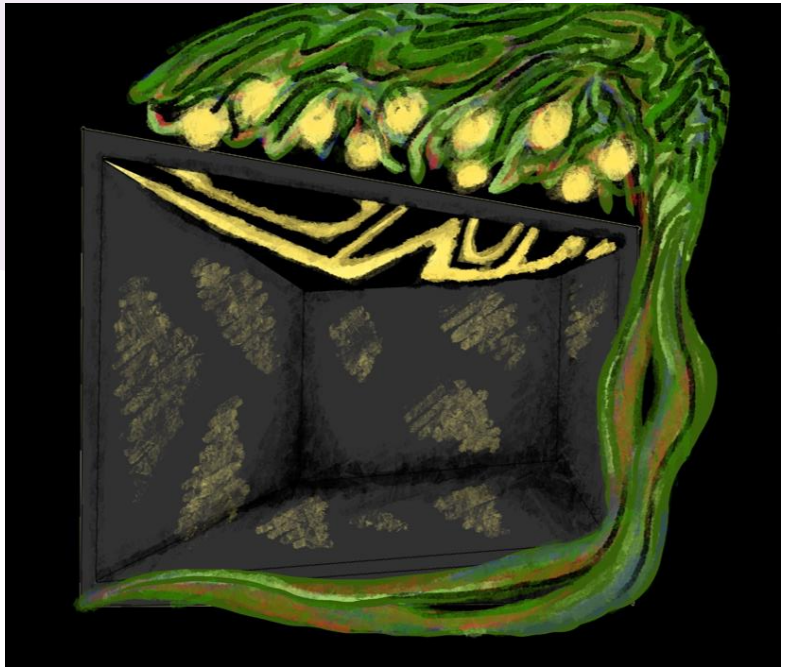


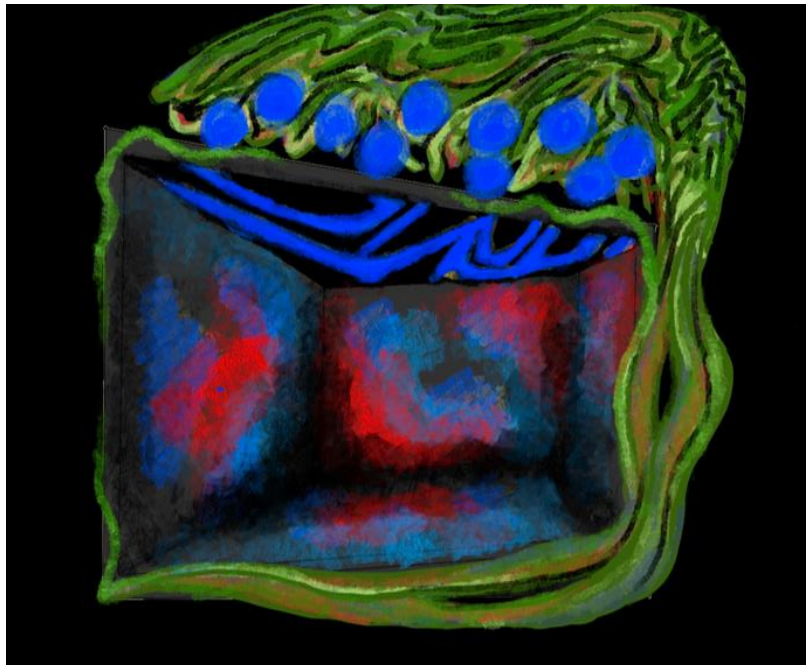




This idea was created by the combination of multiple different pieces from our own idea development in our small group. We began by taking a 3-D printed model of the Ames room that George designed and then surrounding it in different elements that we have gathered along the way and then also scrap material as a suggestion for the tree element that we hope to include around the edges of the Ames room.
We photographed it inside a cardboard box so that we could play around with the lighting.
From this we were able to imagine further how we would like our combined design to look.
Something we pictured afterwards was having the tree come up and around so that it towers over the Ames room, and we can then use it as a way to suspend a lighting source above. We also want to include a cut out layer that will create interesting shadows within the space below. We plan to create our interpretation of the office space inside the Ames room similarly to how I designed it within my previous individual set idea, therefore focusing on Scene II.
Something we want to test out for the backdrop is the use of neon colour which can be revealed with a blue light. From here we plan to all play around with this idea, thinking about colour, texture, pattern and form.

Idea Development:



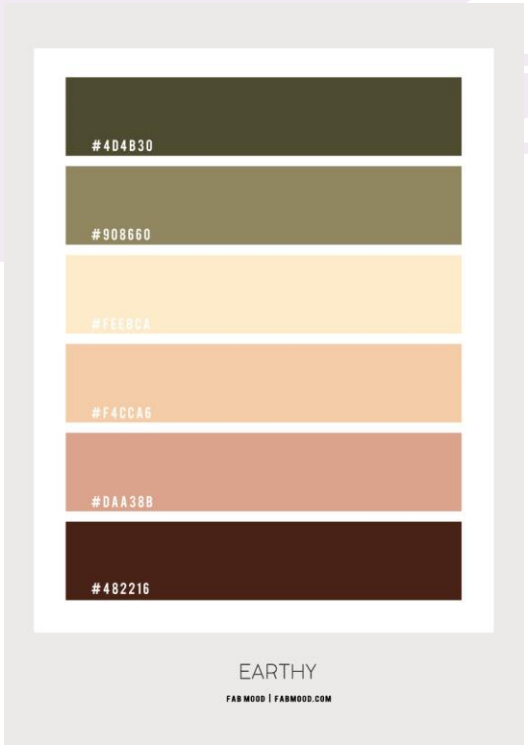


From this drawing I found that I am clear on the shaping of the tree, mostly considering how it will arch over the top of the Ames room and droop down with the lighting. I feel like I would like the structure of the tree to be more textured and entwined than what I have presented here, with the addition of many branches and vines capturing the room as we later discussed as a group.

After our discussions as a larger group, I created some basic sketches thinking about the space and the tree element and how they can work together effectively.
From this I imagined having some small light sources suspended in the tree above the room and then the cut-out ceiling would allow for light to shine through and create interesting shapes on the walls.
I also added hints of colour into the tree whilst keeping it at a more standard colour scheme with the greens. I like that the hints of colour give the tree a mystical effect without it being too much.
I also completed a version where I imagined the blue light would be activated highlighting the neon colours that are hidden in plain lighting.

We all like the symbolism that this can offer being the contrast of life and death, and almost a hint of hope and foreshadowing of the Elysian Fields later in the play. The fact that the tree would be growing around the room offers a sense of age and large lengths of time, as it is being reclaimed. This could reference the long "25 years" that Zero is so proud of.

Colour Schemes:



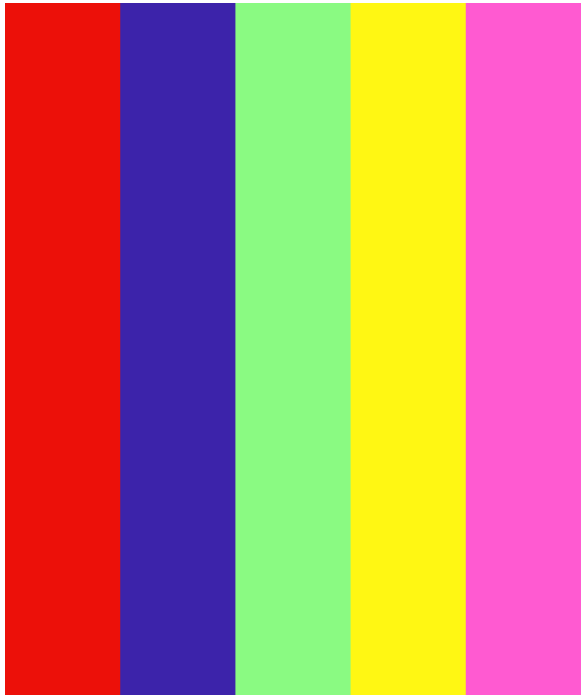
https://www.fabmood.com/olive-sage-warm-earth-tone-colour-scheme-palette/



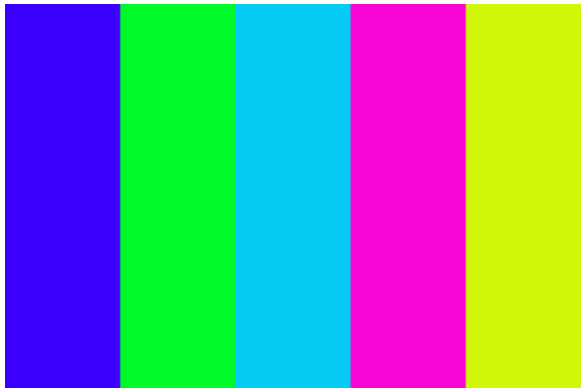
https://www.purewow.com/home/kitchen-color-palettes-for-black-slate-appliances







https://www.pinterest.co.uk/pin/910641987122709588/



https://www.color-hex.com/color-palette/71506

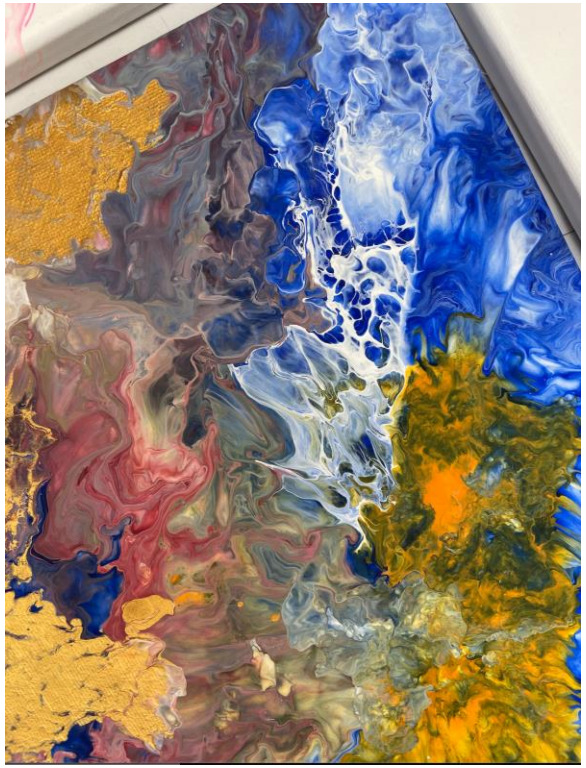
As a group we gathered colour schemes from google looking at ones we felt would work and then created our own tones on procreate altering the colour until we were happy with it.

Our general view is of dull earthy tones for the base of the set but with hints of dark reds, blues and greens that when hit with the blue light all change to become neon and the background colours will simply fade into dark as we hope to remove all lighting apart from the blue light.

Scenic Elements:



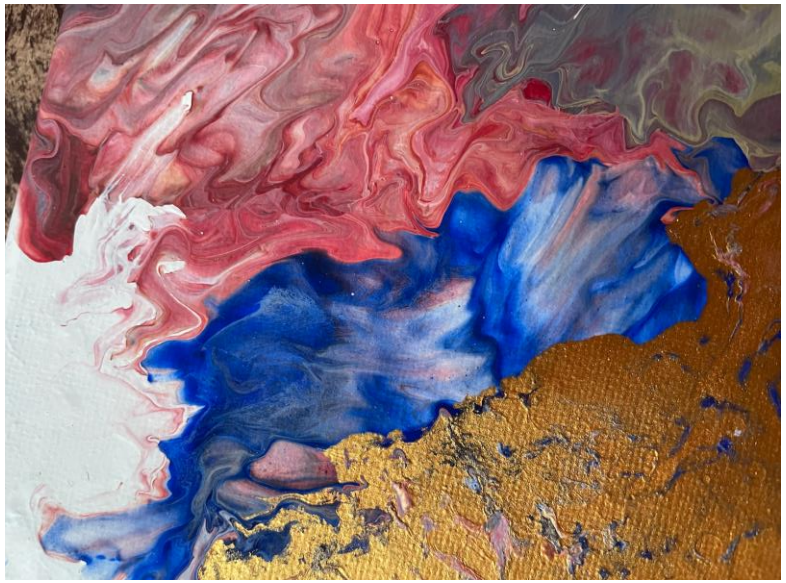






These are Dutch Pour paintings by Laurie the Scenic Artist of the group. We used the darkest painting displayed above as print outs to create the backdrop for the larger group experimentation session. We have each examined the paintings and found sections that we find particularly effective so that Laurie can experiment with recreating some of the textures present. We have also decided on a colour palette that we would like to test with the neon effect.





Neon and UV:



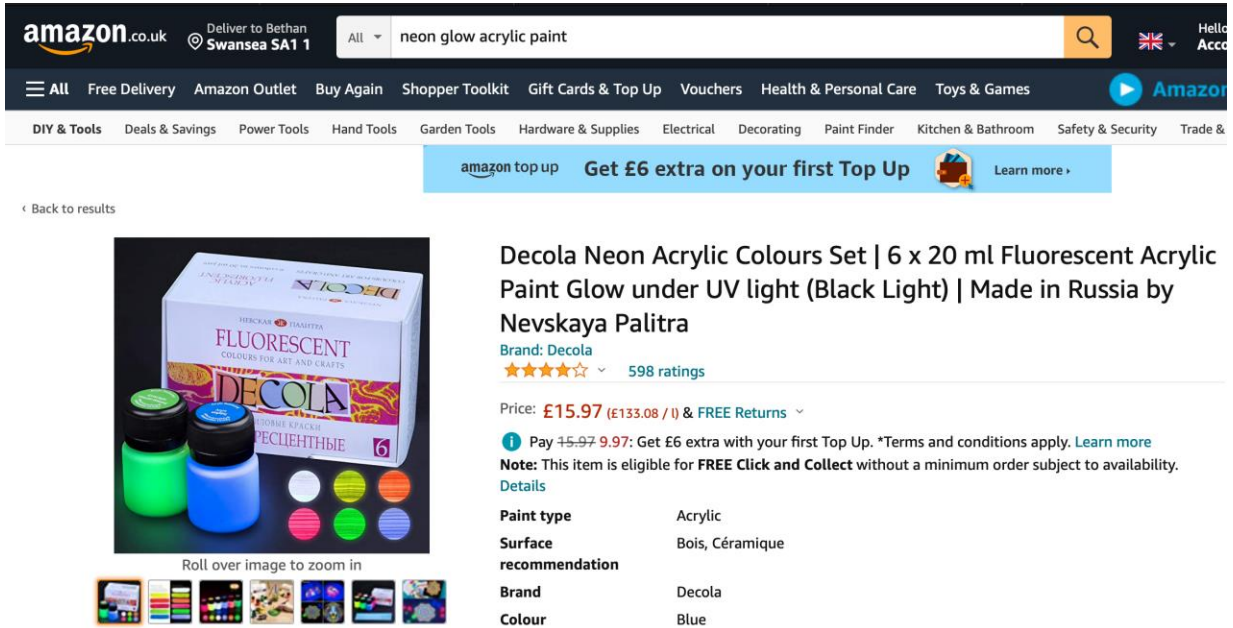


After becoming a larger group, the other smaller groups idea included the use of neon colour and therefore we all looking further into how we could include it into our design idea.

Images from Pinterest



We all looked at Laurie's experimental Dutch Pour paintings which we all found very effective and were very eager to play around more with this idea incorporating neon paint. Laurie also stated that she owned. UV light which meant we could get the best results and with ease from using these types of paints.



We found some examples of Fluorescent Acrylic paints and Laurie was then able to go off and play around more using the colour schemes we discussed and trying to recreate the textures we pointed out of the pieces she had already produced. Although we also like the fact that each pour is unique.

Roles Within Larger Group:

Within the larger group everyone is able to take on their own role as they were previously, however, being three set designers, we decided it would be more efficient to take different elements of the set to focus on.

We decided on these roles:

- Freya – Hanging Elements
- Lleucu – The double-sided desk
- Myself – The tree



We all can now set off to focus on the designing of these elements looking at materials, structure and other elements. When looking at the tree myself and Freya have the opportunity to collaborate. As she is focusing on floating elements, and we are looking at incorporating said elements into the tree. Having them hanging from the tree and coming into the room.

Willow Trees:



https://garden.lovetoknow.com/wiki/Willow



Avatar Tree of Souls - Making the tree glow in some way. Specifically, the drooping branches.

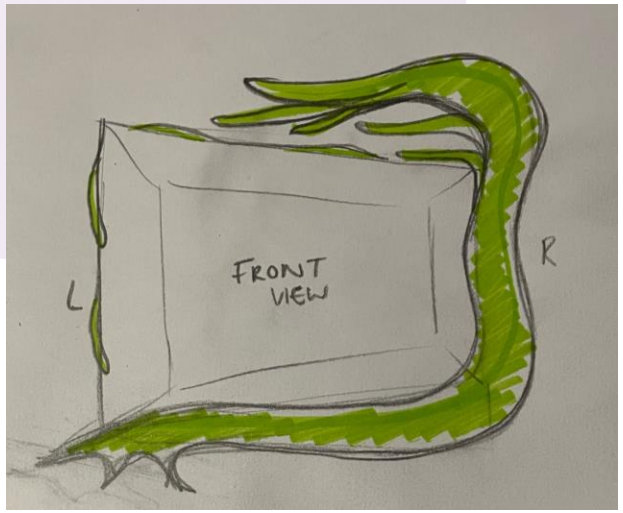
For the tree design I think it would be interesting to take inspiration from a willow tree, imitating the drooping branches and leaves. I think this structure would be effective considering we have hopes to hang lights and potentially other things from the tree. We have also decided that we like the idea of an open top for the space. Originally, we considered using the same technique as our original idea from our small group, having the cut-out ceiling for the light to come through, however we decided against it later. We felt that it could be an interesting source of light to have some of the drooping lights to hang down inside the space with others suspended above.

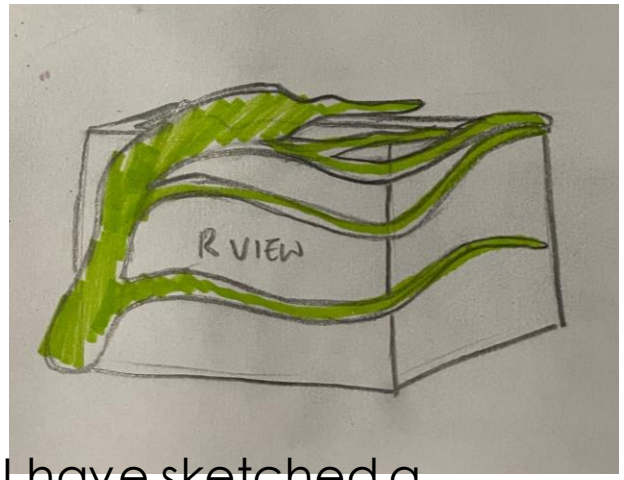


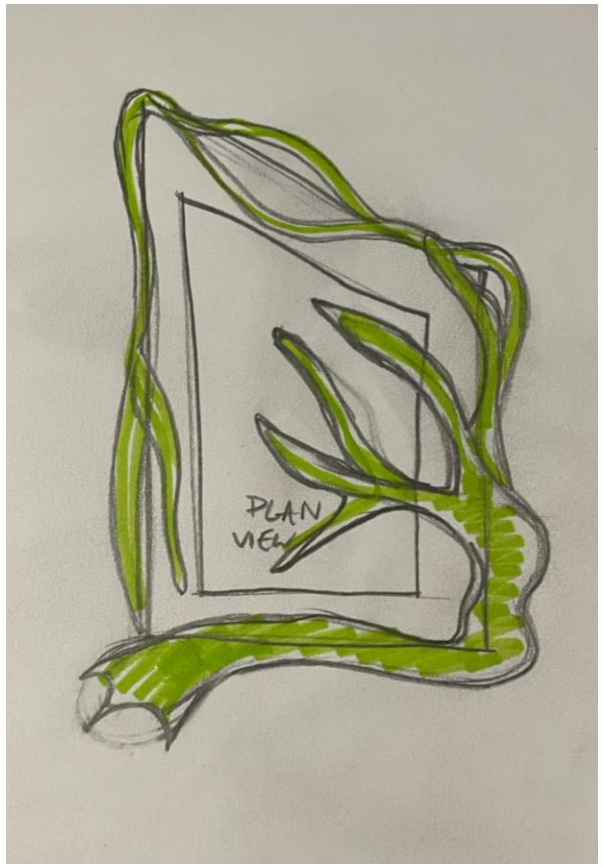
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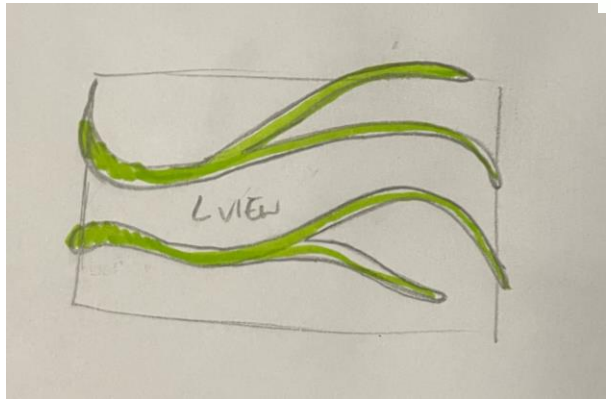
https://soundcloud.com/user-735341123/enchanted-tree-avatar-tree-of-souls

Tree Plan:

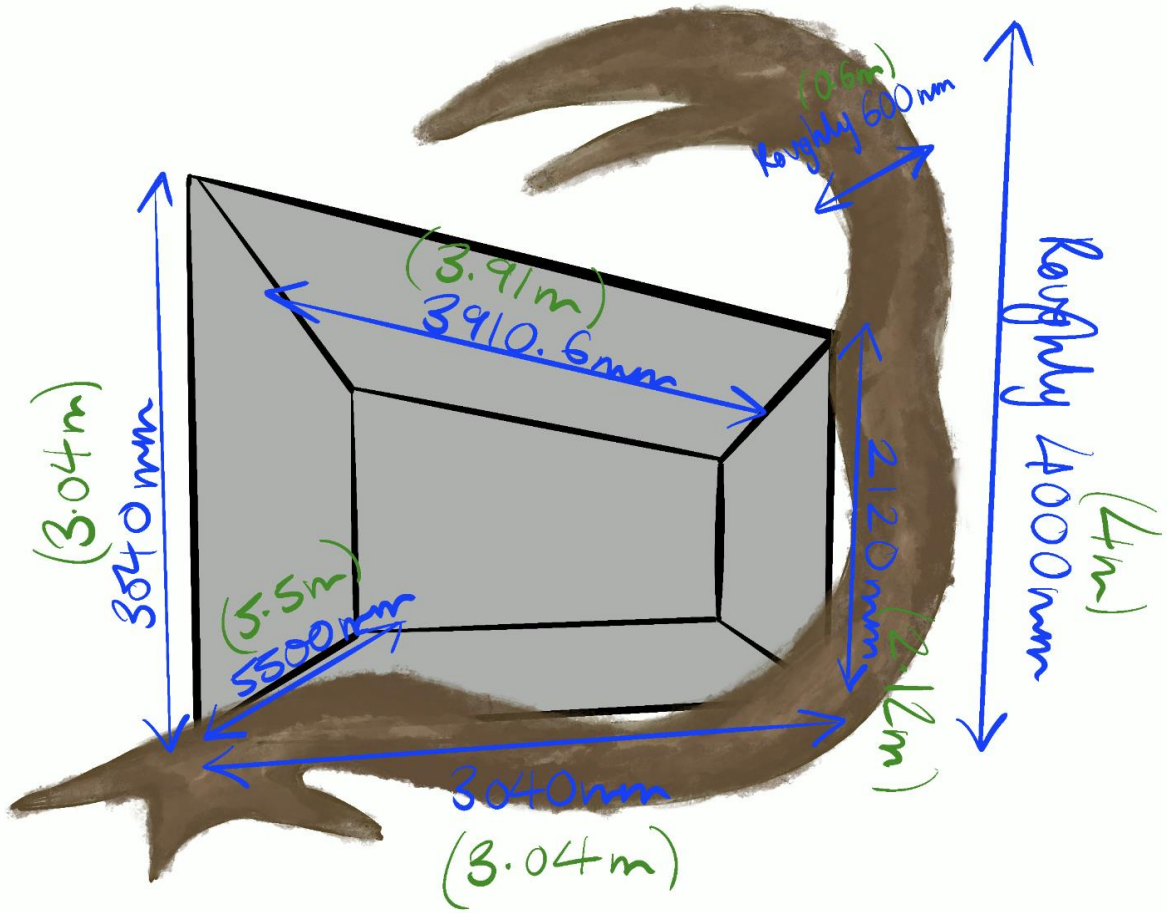






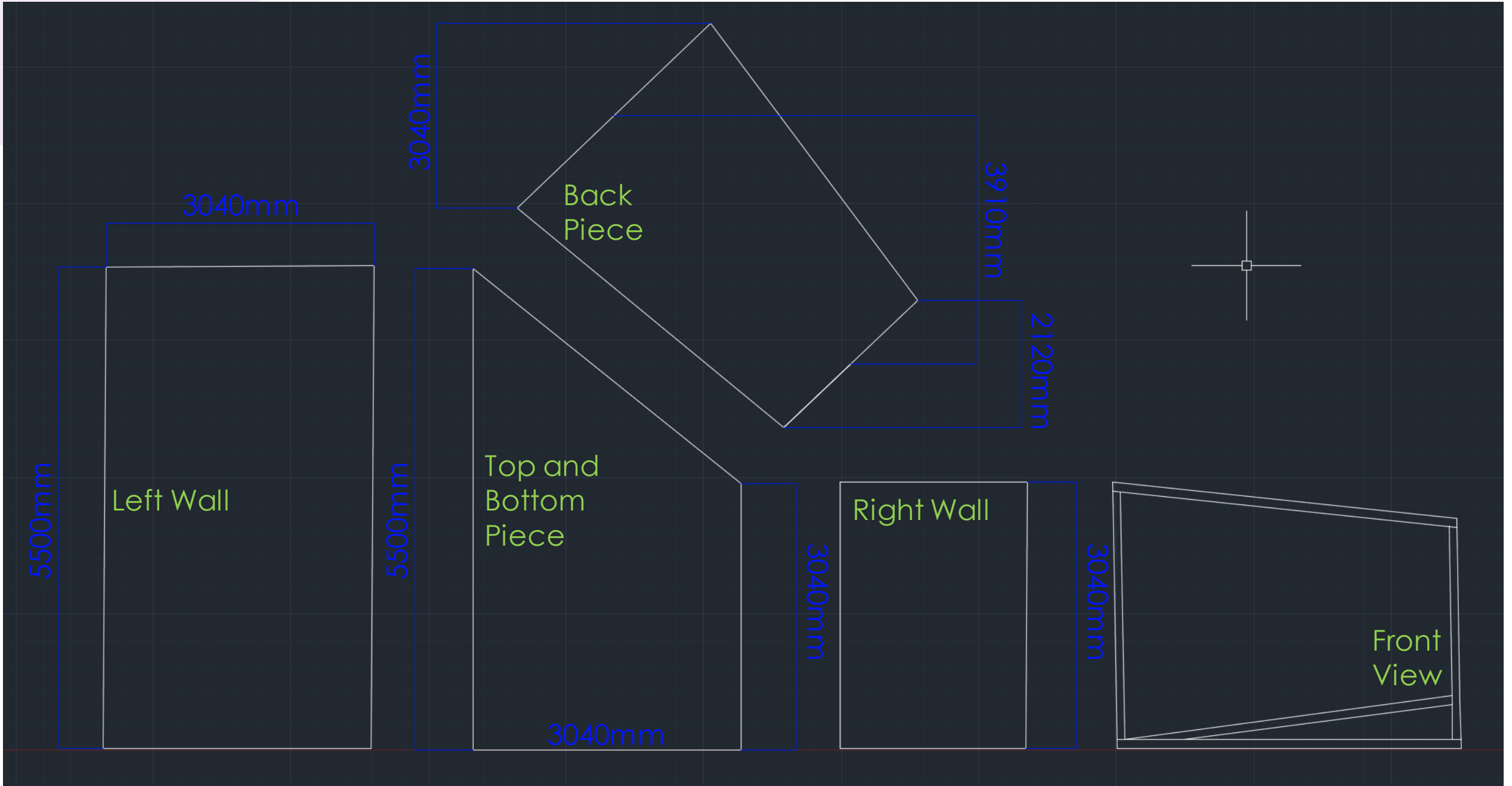


I have sketched a selection of views of an idea for the tree structure for our groups final model, including vines growing form the tree.

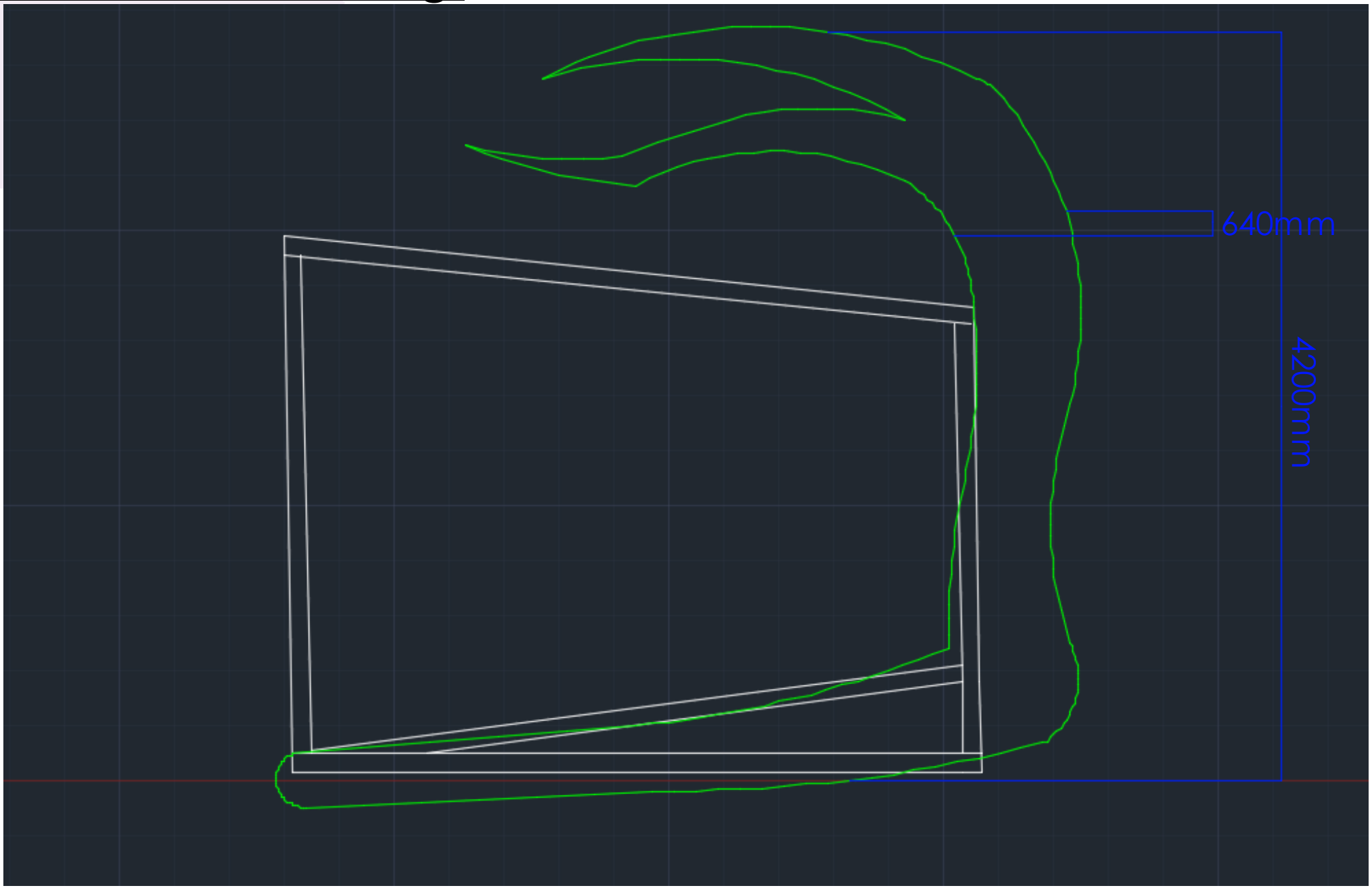


Here I have used George's measurements again to work out the sizing of the tree. I made a rough estimation of what the height could be and will proceed to experiment with it.

Technical Drawing:



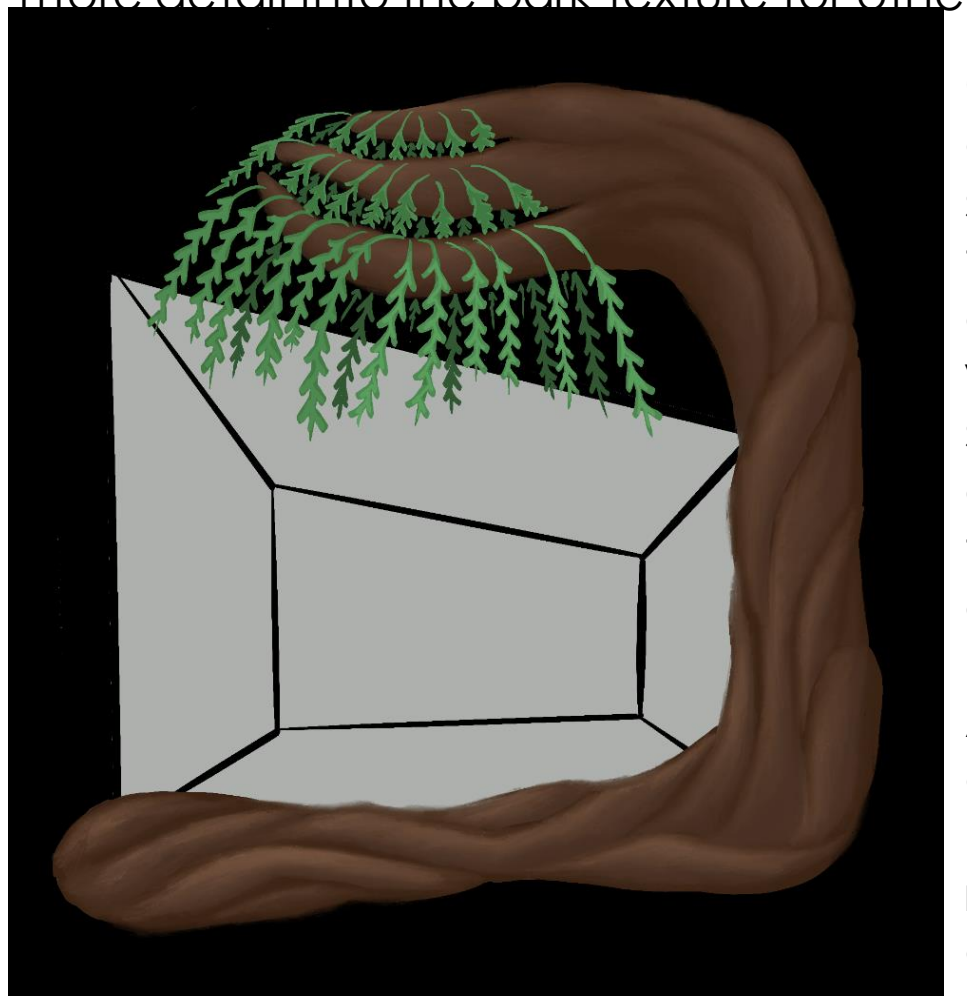
Technical Drawing:

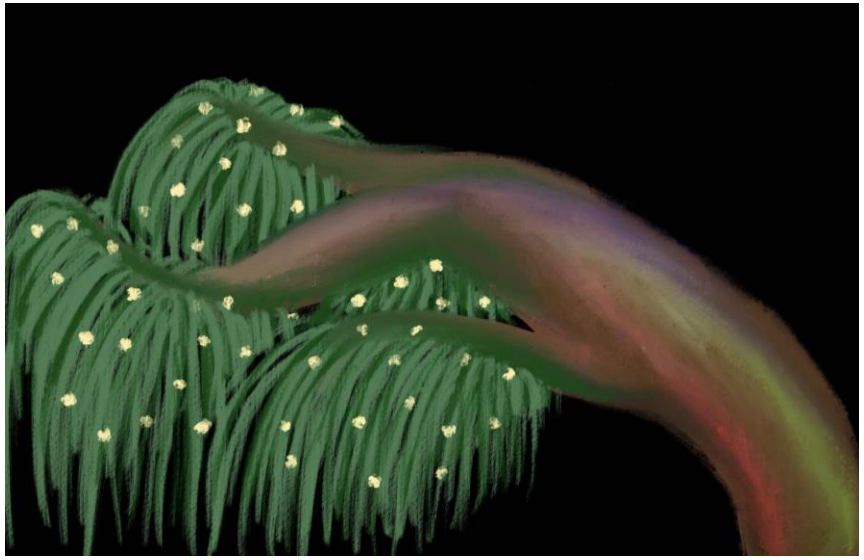


I have completed some CAD drawings to help me understand the dimensions and how the tree will fit with the Ames Room, again using the measurements that I received from George. I had already done a quick estimation previously from a sketch however it was not accurate to scale therefore I felt this would be another useful step to take. Although I did find that my estimations were very close.

Digital Tree Samples and Ideas.:

I completed more digital sketches experimenting with designs for the tree looking at colour, the potential of adding lighting into the tree itself. I first was playing around with just a simple stranded branch without leaves but then began considering having leaves but keeping the same drooping structure of them. I also played around a bit with incorporating colour into the bark and then also taken time to add more detail into the bark texture for other samples.

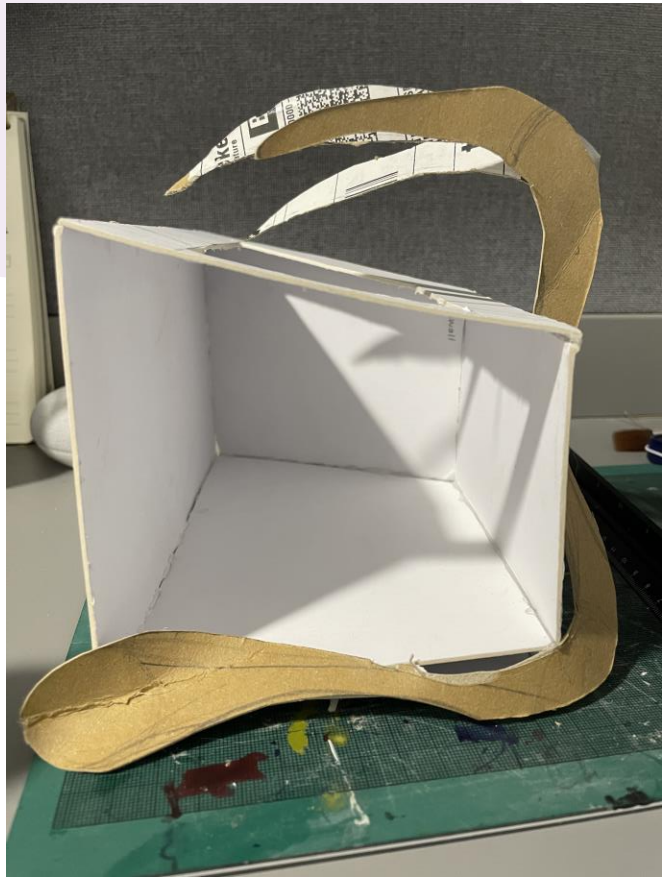


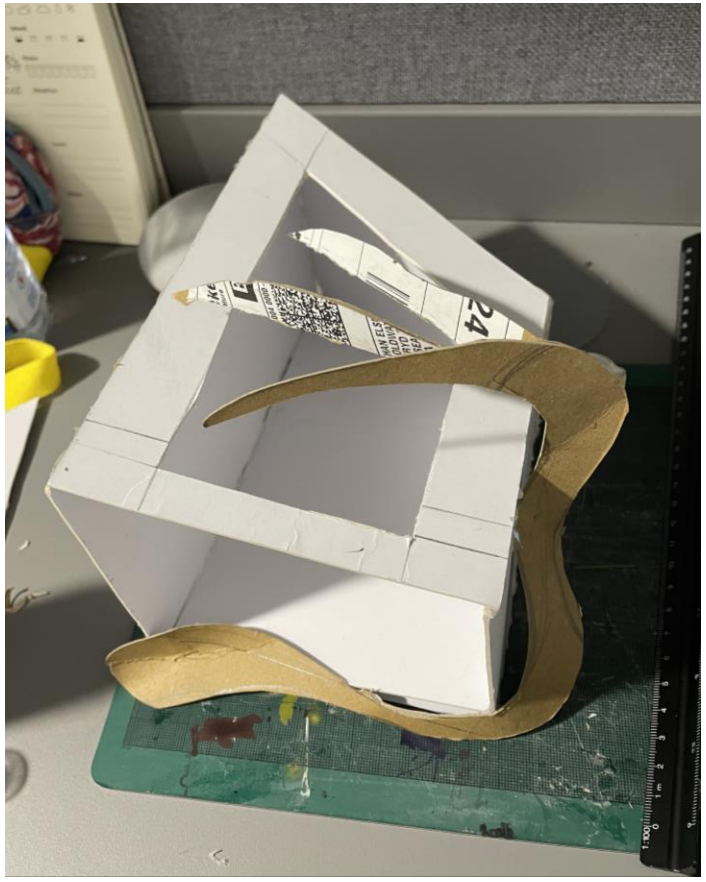


Completing this sketches has also made me consider the shaping of the base of the tree considering a more curved and winding shape with a standard tree trunk shape or having a less obvious trunk for the start of the tree and keeping the overall tree body remaining less curved/arched.
Another thing I have looked at is the depth of which the leaves reach into the Ames room through the open ceiling.



Structural Tree Model:











I used an air-drying modelling clay bought from The Range. It held much better than the previous clay used.



We decided to make a sketch model for our final design as a group, but for this model, as a supporting piece we felt it would be wise to make a 1:25 scale model showing the material we plan to make the tree out of and then use scrap materials to represent the form for the larger sketch model. This Ames room was designed to the measurements of 1:25 and then multiplied by three. We found that this was the only, method that allowed us to get the model to a much larger size to work with.

Structural Tree Model:



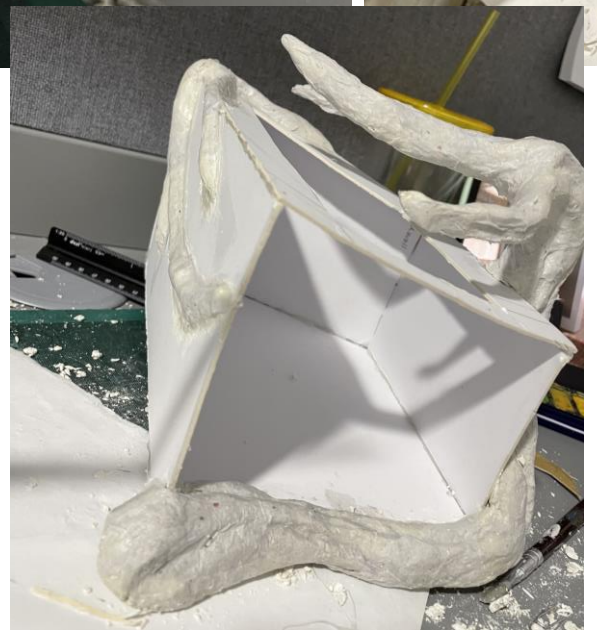




Before applying the clay, I used PVA to ensure it would hold in place and then finally, added a layer of paper mâché to seal the clay and make it more secure in place. The paper mâché layer also adds a more wrinkled surface texture which I think better fits to resemble bark.



After creating the full shape of the tree I went back over the partially dried clay and carved the textural detail into it. I also added the vine structures to the room making it appear as though the tree began to grow around the room.



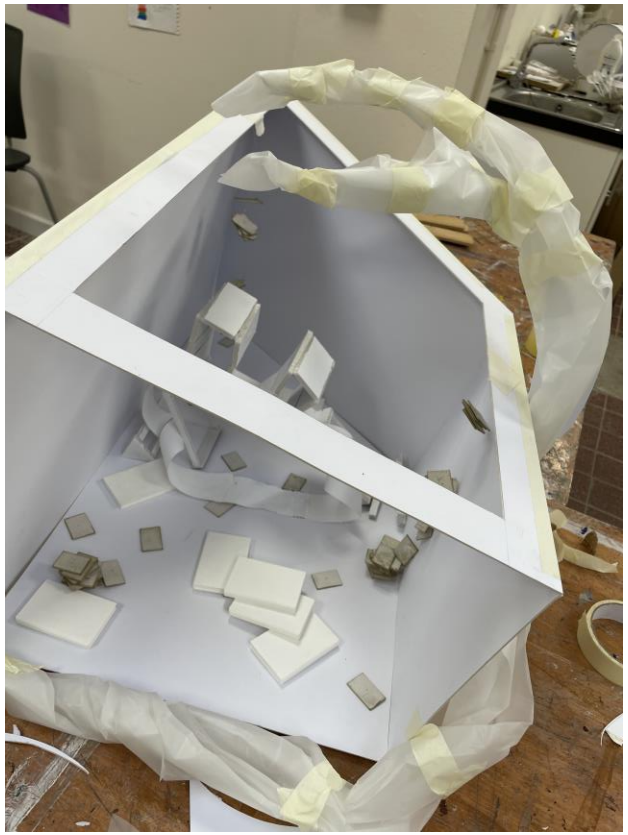
I found that after making the scaled model it came to a height of 4500mm (4.5m) instead of my estimation of 4000mm (4m) but looking at where it sits here, I feel that it should be higher again allowing for more space for the drooping branches and hanging elements.

Group Sketch Model:





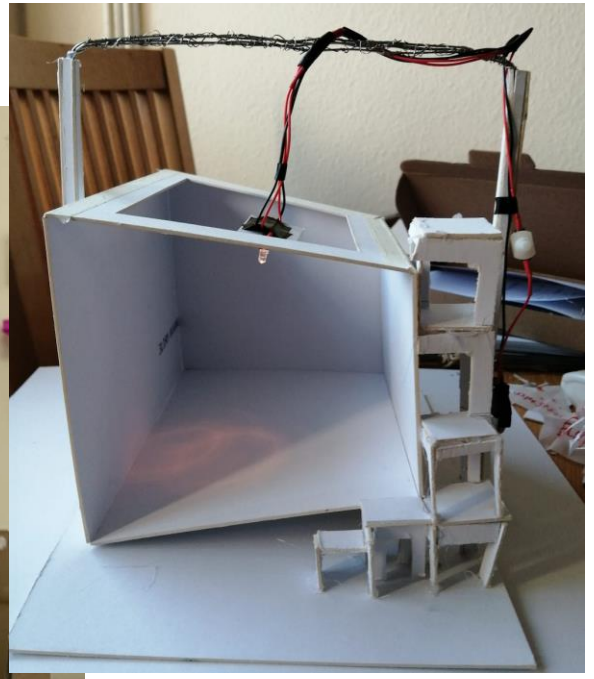




This is the group sketch model that each set designer contributed to, it is a very basic and fast visual representation of the design we have in mind. I created the tree structure using a thin card structure and then attaching scrunched paper with masking tape to show the shape and rough size along with the example of other elements included. I also included the reconsideration of height for the tree in this structure which I think is more suited for what we want to achieve.

Structural Sketch Models:



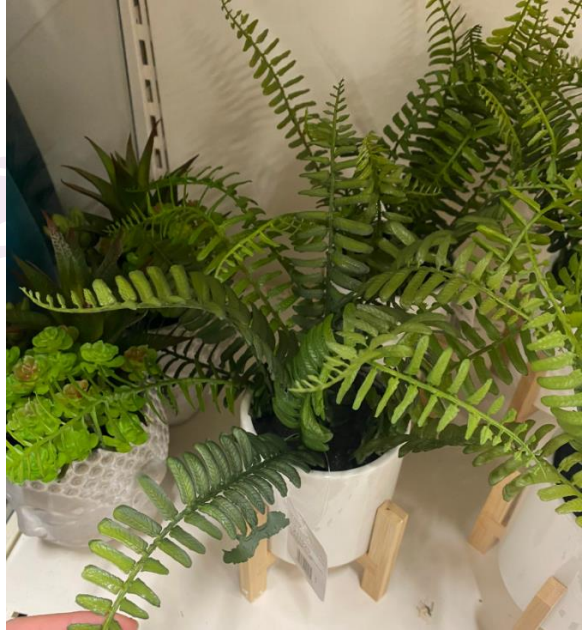


The large sketch model we created was measured to a scale of 1:25 and then multiplied by 3, however we discovered that this would not be used in the industry and therefore decided that a scale of 1:10 was the most suitable scale to use going forward.

Here I have Shown the three structural models displaying the general aspects that will be included in our final piece.
I think, all together they create a very well-informed idea of the plans we have for our final piece. It is a combination of a large sketch model by Myself, Freya and Lleucu, the three Set Designers, and an additional lighting model by Cara the Lighting Designer.

Branches:



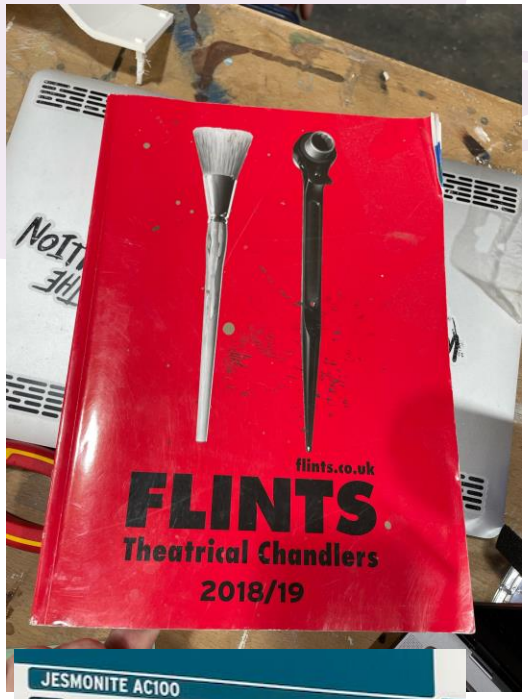


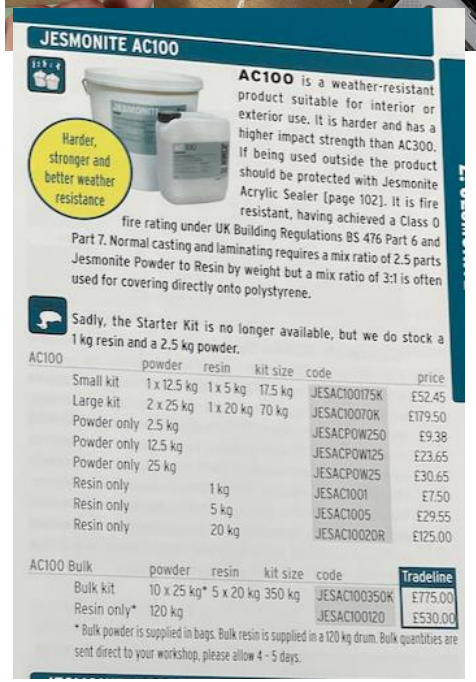


Freya came across some fake plants in Wilkos and sent photos to our group chat for the project. We all decided that the small fern plants would be fitting for the drooping branches, and we have hopes to dip them into neon paint so that they will glow in the UV lighting.

This may not create the willow tree effect I had initially in mind for the tree design however so think it will work well and give a realistic appearance whilst also having something out of the ordinary about it.

Jesmonite:





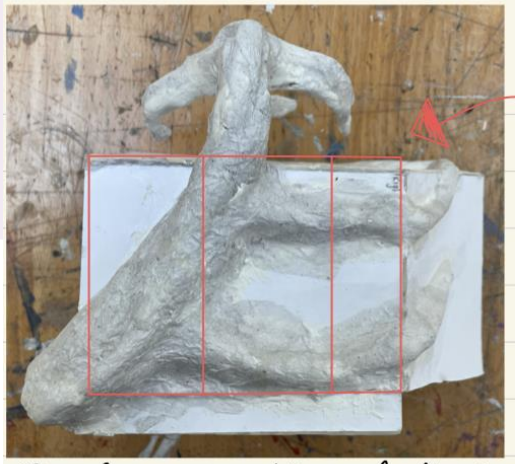
According to the Flints catalogue (2018/2019), Jesmonite has no harmful solvents and can be applied directly to polystyrene which is ideal for what I have in mind for the tree. It also states that it can be moulded and last "virtually indefinitely". Here is an example of a mould that has been used previously on another project in the university, for a tree. It has a very interesting bark like texture which I think could be very effective. It is supplied as a liquid and powder which should be mixed at 1000rpm for 45 seconds. This mix can then be poured into a mould or used as a laminate. It can also be stiffened for vertical surfaces using a Thixotrope or Retarder. Fortunately, it is of low hazard but still comes with recommendations of using goggles, dust respirators and gloves.

I think the Jesmonite AC100 would fit perfectly for what I want it to achieve for the tree coating, with the Thixotrope, if being applied straight onto the vertical structure would be very useful. It is also the more affordable option as apposed to Jesmonite AC300 being over £20 more for a small kit.

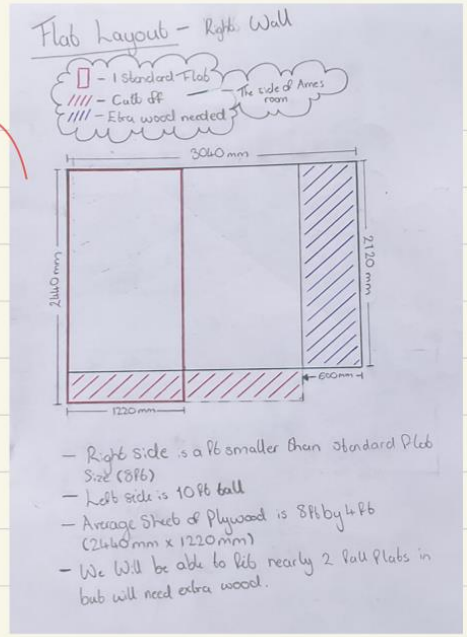


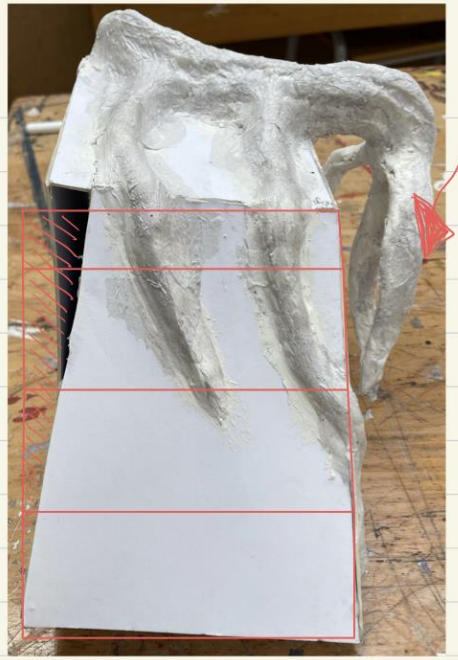


Construction Plan: Flat Consideration

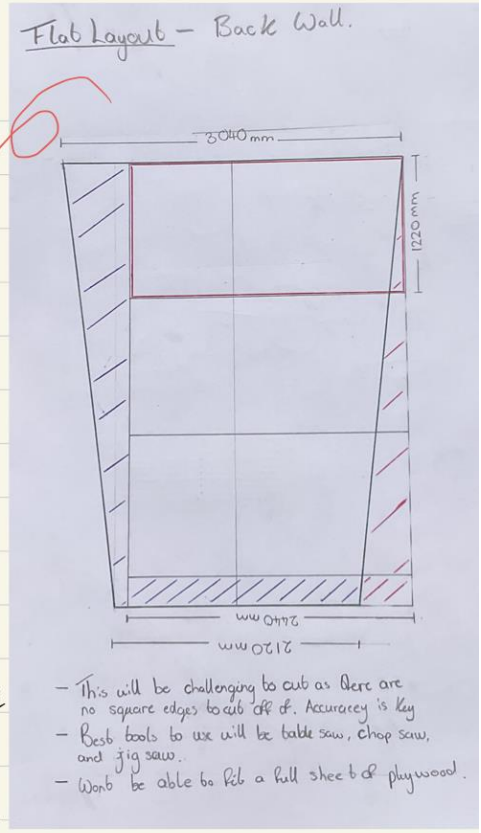


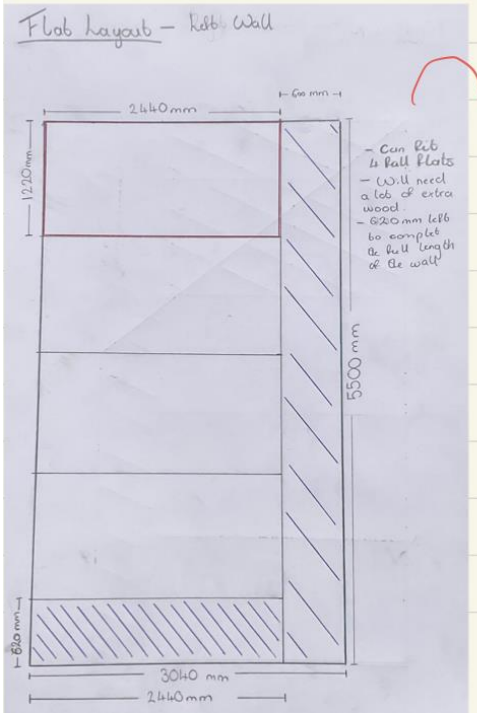
Rough estimation of flat positioning.

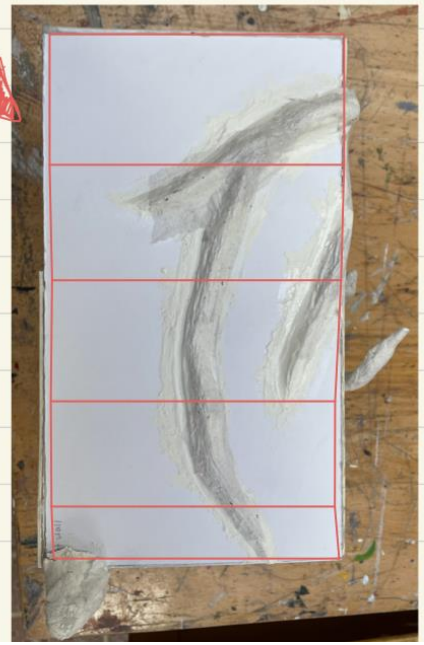




Here, I have marked out where the flats would be positioned roughly so that I can think about how the tree can be made to fit the flats and then be taken apart and put back together again. Therefore, making it more suitable for a theatre production.

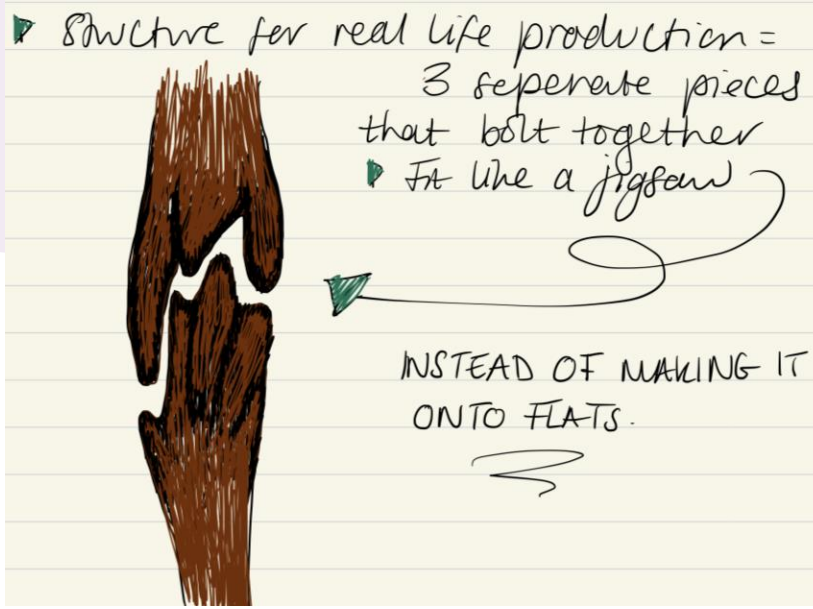






As I plan to build the tree on to the room, I felt it suitable to consider how that might work as a life-sized structure, looking at the number of flats that would make up the walls. As we are looking at a theatre production, we have to consider how it could be transferred from place to place. Therefore, this technique would allow us to put it together like a puzzle, so as the walls are being put up, the tree and vines will come together to create one continuous structure.

Construction Plans:

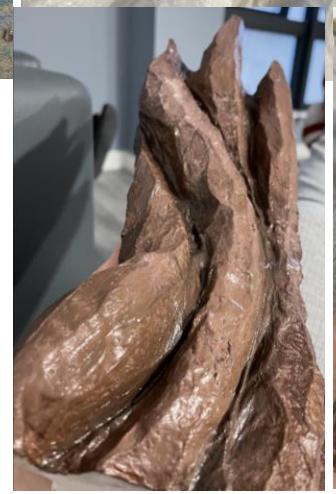


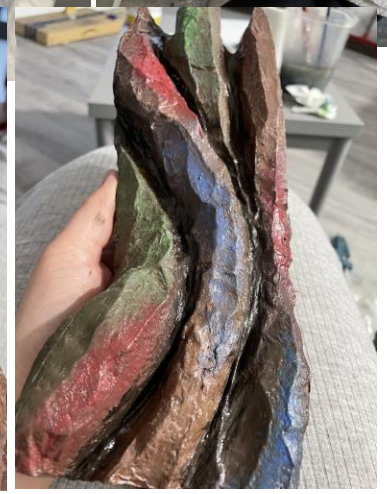
I have re-thought the construction plan for the tree and how it will come together for a full sized set. I think that making the tree into 3 separate larger parts that will be bolted together and positioned to the flats later is a more realistic approach, as it could cause difficulty adding such a big structure to the flats for when it is to be erected and dismantled. However, I think that Having the vines made onto the flats would still be suitable.









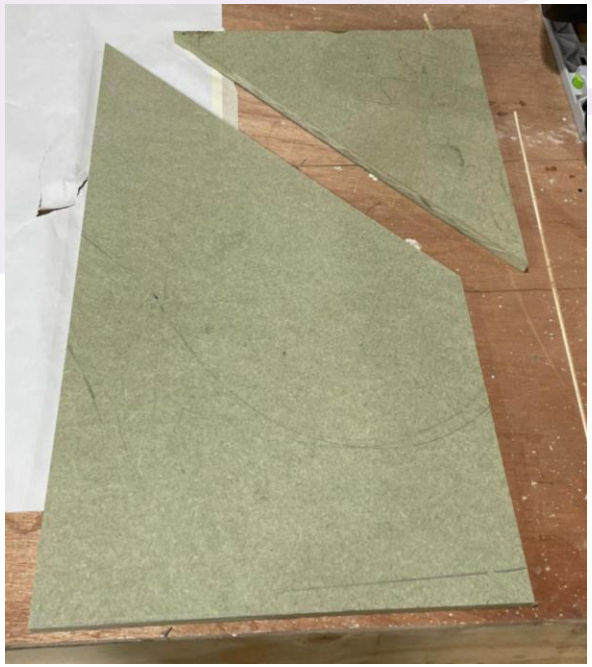




When making the tree for a full sized set I would make a wooden structure to make up for the internal strength, and then layer and sculpt the shape out of polystyrene using a wire cutter. I would then add a layer of Jesmonite to seal the shape and add a more organic surface texture. I ace used a paper mâchè layer to replicate this effect for the model.

I also have shown how I plan to blend the brighter colours into the brown bark of the tree texture.

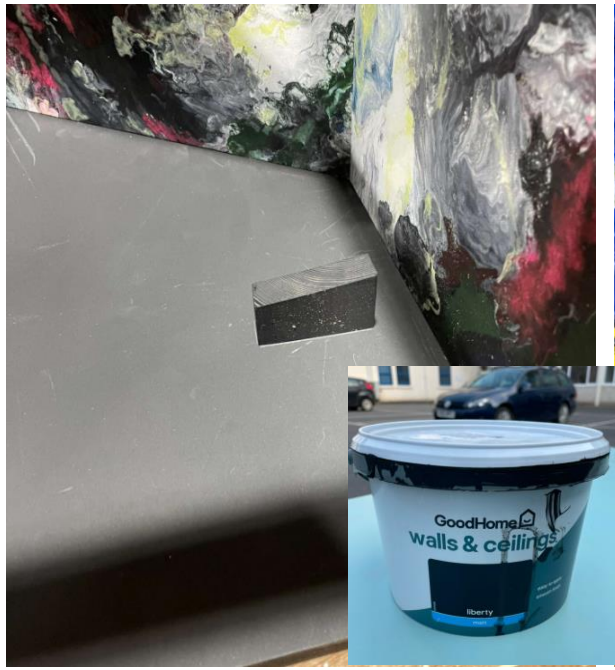
Making The Final Model: The Ames Room





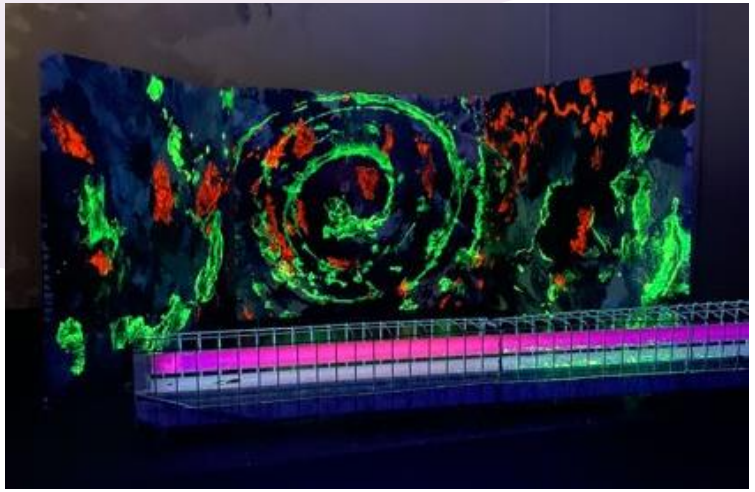
Being the Contruction member of our group, George was given the task of building the Ames room. Therefore, he measured and cut the pieces at the scale 1:10 out of MDF. The individual pieces were then painted black with *GoodHome* wall and ceiling paint. The top and floor pieces were cut and painted afterwards as we decided that adding in the backdrops by Laurie would be easier to apply before building the structure.

The pieces were attached using PVA and staples. The MDF makes for a strong structure to make up the room. The black paint left a very nice matte finish on the wood, and it made for a very effective surface to work around. We decided that the room would be completely black so that when the room was lit up with the UV light everything, but the neon paint would blend into the background.





Making The Final Model: The Scenic Art



The image of the paint tube below shows the green neon paint that was used the most throughout for the model.







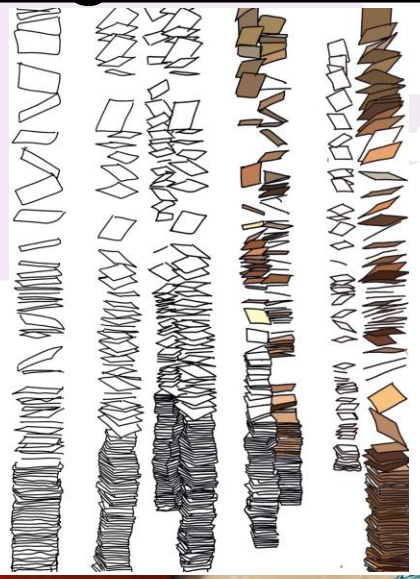
As previously mentioned, Laurie is in possession of a UV light, therefore we were able to test the paints under the UV light during the design process, being able to see what paints work particularly well and what picks up the best in the light. Unfortunately, we were not able to find a blue paint that works effectively with the UV light, however being blue itself the light adds a blue essence to most things that aren't neon. Due to the impressive glow of the green neon paint as displayed and the obvious links with nature we were able to comfortably fit the green into the colour scheme as well as the red and then the surrounding blue glow from the light.

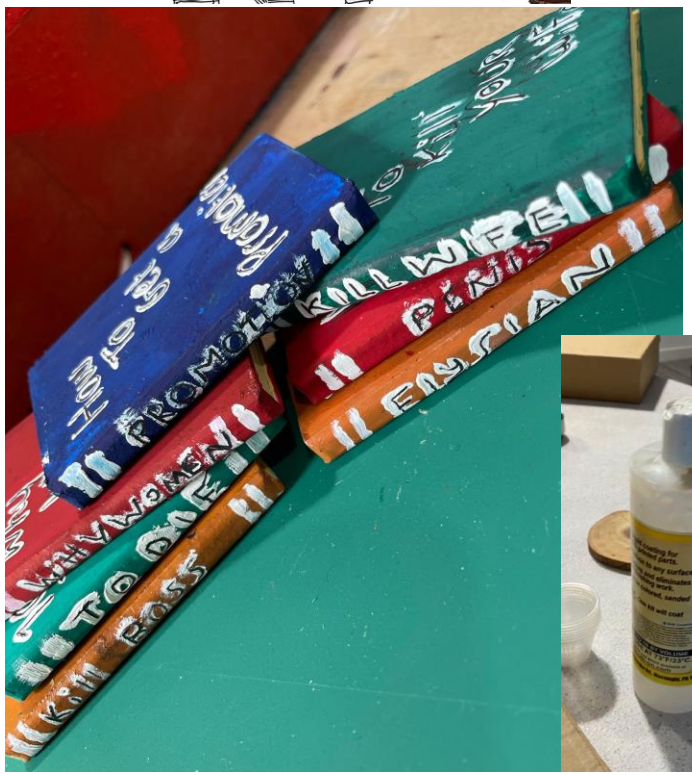


The canvases shown with the UV light to the left were the final pieces we used for the backdrop; Laurie was able to incorporate the spiral vortex into it which we all agreed worked very well.

From those canvases Laurie measured and cut pieces to fit to the walls of the Ames room. They were stuck with contact adhesive to give a firm hold.

Making The Final Model: Papers and Books





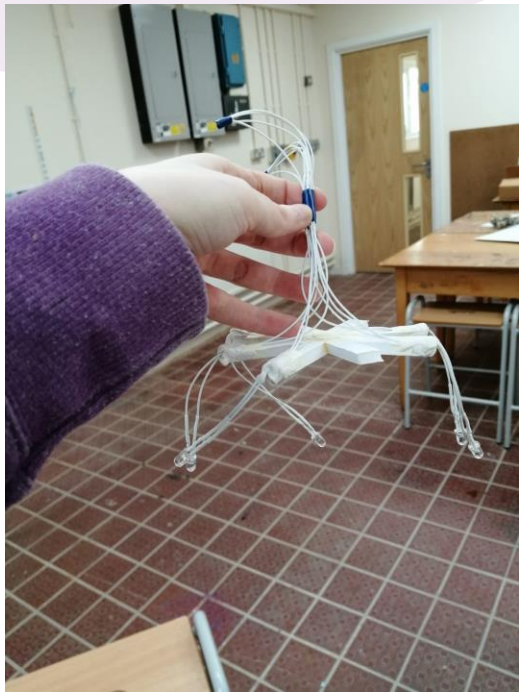
Freya's focus for the final model was on the floating paper stacks and oversized books.

The paper stacks were a recurring part of the design idea from an early stage, they were Freya's suggestion from the beginning of her smaller group idea. They were made from white card cut to scale of the model, representing A4 pieces of paper. They were soaked in coffee to give them an aged effect adding a sense of time and then individually thread onto a piece of invisible string gradually becoming more spaced out to give the visual that they are floating.

The oversized books were scaled to the same size of the sketch model we previously completed being 1:25 multiplied by 3, again not industry standard but we liked the exaggerated look of the books. Effectively enhancing the expressionism present in our design. We were fortunately able to 3D print them. They were painted with acrylic paints after adding a primer to make a better surface to paint on to. I helped Freya to paint the titles which we chose, making them have humorous hints to the script. The titles were:

- *How to get a promotion,*
- *How to kill you wife,*
- *How to kill your boss,*
- *101 ways to die,*
- *Elysian Fields Hotspots,*
- *Why women deserve less,*
- *How to succeed in business with a penis.*

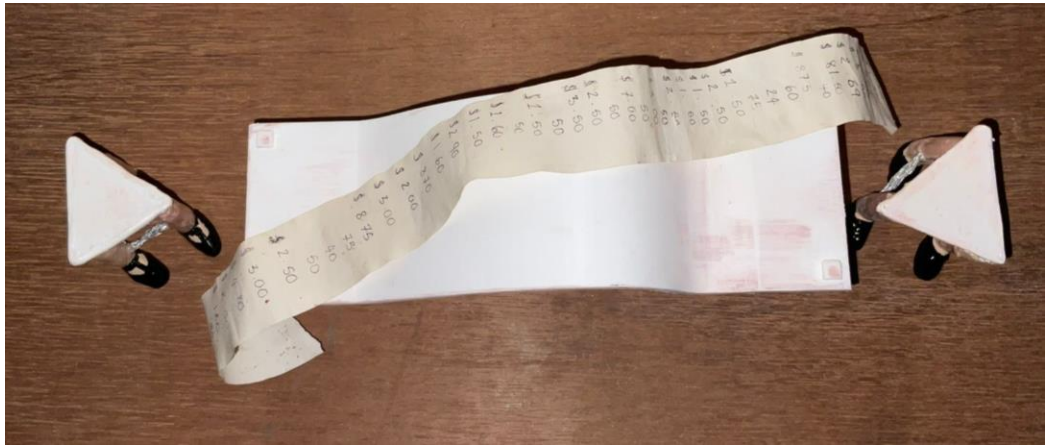
Making The Final Model: Desk, Stools and Light



Cara's focus for this project, as the Lighting Designer was her chandelier design for the model, she was able to rewire some twinkling lights and fit them to a foam board cut out into the shape she wanted. The twinkling of the lights, although I was sceptical at the beginning turned out to be very effective for the design particularly when looking at how it would work for the chaotic build.

Lleucu's focus for the design was creating the desk and stools for the model. She took inspiration from my original organic desk design but also from her own influence looking at the ideas behind furniture that is designed to have an aesthetic that makes people feel uncomfortable which goes against the traditional function of a piece of furniture. She has done this with elements such as the legs for the stools being human legs and the spikes protruding from beneath the table. She also added the chain between the legs to make it appear as though they are trapped.





Like the oversized books the desk was 3D printed, whereas the stools were made from clay, and both were painted and dirtied down with acrylics. She has also added a long scrolling paper between the two sitting areas with a long list of numbers. As well as the small details of making Daisy's side sit lower than Zero's side to keep that visual of physical dominance..

Making The Final Model: Considering the Layout

As all of the different elements were coming together, we were able to put them into the Ames room and play around with the layout. We were already quite set on the desk positioning knowing that it needed to be far enough back for the illusion to work with it but central enough to be a visual focus point.

We also considered where we could have the books positioned as well as some loosely placed pieces of white card that had been soaked in coffee, from Freya's process of making the floating paper stacks. We were happy with the busy, lived-in space that it was beginning to create and how everything was fitting together well.

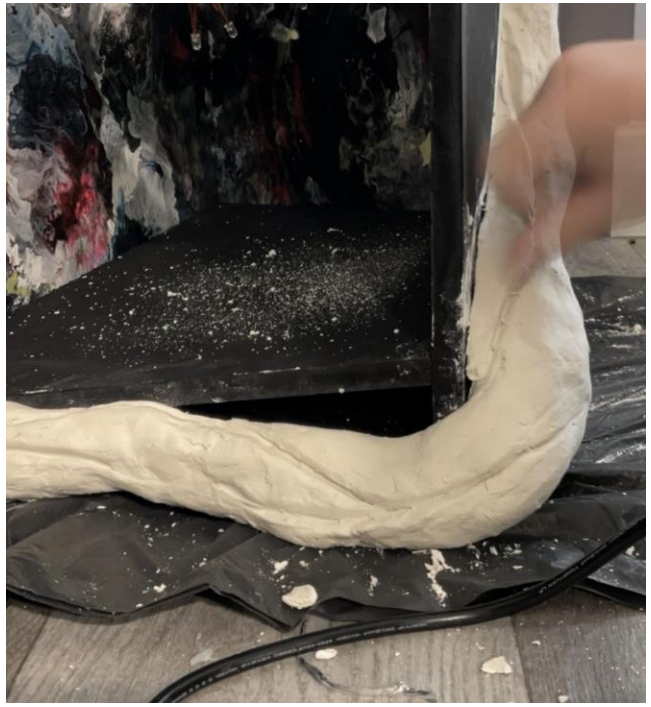
Using Laurie's UV light we were able to see how it was coming along with the neon colours in effect which made us all very excited to proceed and reach the finishing stages and present our work.

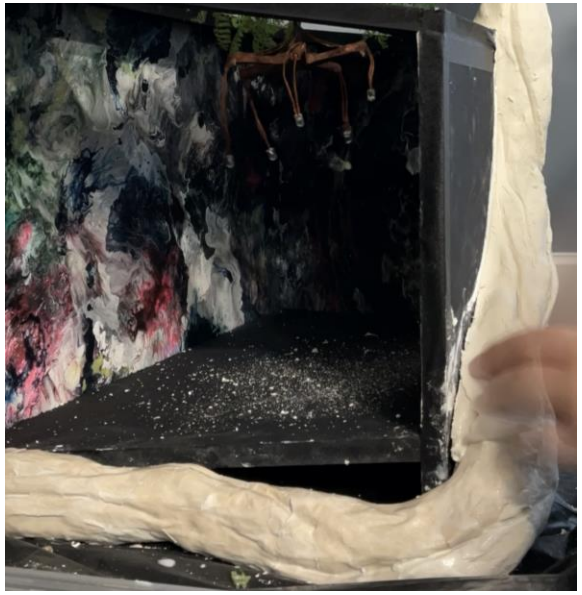


Making The Final Model: The Tree









With the Ames room and backdrops fitted and complete I was able to start my process of building the tree. I began by building a structure to build onto with armature wire and a cut off of white card positioned and stuck with a hot glue gun to the base of the room. After creating the structure, I began building up onto it with the fast-drying sculp clay that I used previously, I built the tree shape up until I was happy with the shape and thickness, making it have curves and arches but not being too wild with it. I found it useful to also hot glue gun the wire to the side of the room so that the wire would remain sturdy, and I could build onto the side of the room with the clay. When it was all built up and I had it positioned how I wanted I went back over the clay carving into it with a small piece of wire and the end of a paint brush, creating the texture throughout of the indents. I did this all over but left the branches. Finally, for the tree structure I added the paper mâché layer to hold the clay and help keep a strong join between the tree and the room and also achieving a more interest texture to paint on to.

I continued afterwards straight onto the outer walls of the Ames room with PVA and then working onto it with the clay creating the vines to maintain the visual of the tree growing around the room, as I did for the 1:25 model. Again, followed by a layer of paper mâché.

Making The Final Model: The Tree Leaves

The next step was attaching the leaves, myself and Freya worked together for this stage. She added a loosely applied coat of the neon paint onto the fake fern leaves and then cut them down. We both then applied them to the branches, after added brown, mixed acrylic paint to the branches. We stuck them on using a hot glue gun with Cara's light already positioned and stuck into place beneath the leaves we had began sticking over the wires. We were very happy with how effective the leaves appeared. They were very realistic and although did not have the drooping effect we originally considered we tried to achieve some drooping strands by gluing on some smaller extensions to some of the leaves already stuck down.





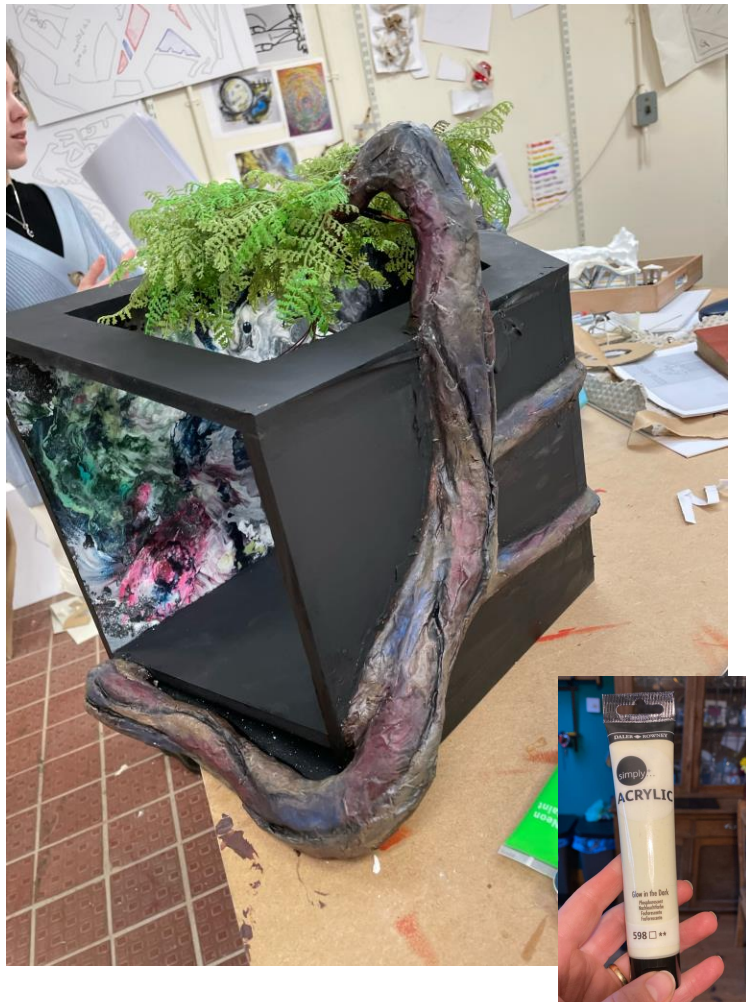


Making The Final Model: Painting The Tree





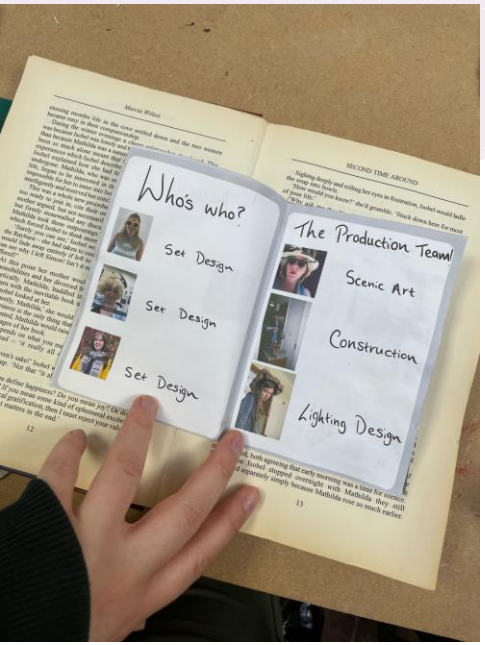
The next and final step for the tree was to paint it. Therefore, I mixed up a dark brown out of my acrylic paints and did a coat covering the entire tree. I then went back over it adding lighter tones onto the raised sections to highlight them and then again going back through adding black into the indents to give the carvings I added more dimension.



After finishing the tonal work, I went through again adding red and blue into the bark and blending it out. This worked very well to keep the continuous colour scheme of the model working well with the backdrop of the walls. The last detail I added was using the neon acrylic, used for the leaves and backdrop previously, and blending it into the bark with my finger. It was barely visible in normal lighting, but you could faintly see how it had picked up in the texture of the dried paper mâché. I continued the same colours and techniques for the vines also, as a continuation of the tree.

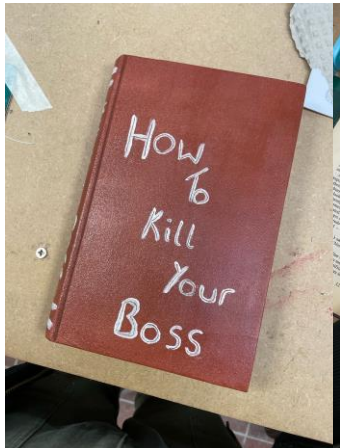
Additional Presentation Features:

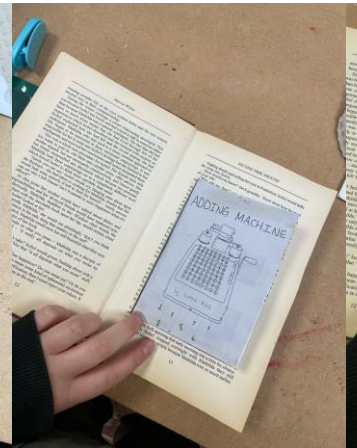
When preparing for our presentation, as a group we were eager to add a sense of fun and intrigue to the exhibition which I think has complimented our work. Therefore, as well as organising to have the model revealed in a separate room which is small and dark and can be set up with the UV light, we wanted to incorporate some smaller interesting elements. In our discussions we had the idea of having a gift shop presented after the life-sized production of our set. Therefore, to represent that in our presentation Freya, George and Lleucu cooperated to produce a Cigarette Girl tray and we each discussed some ideas for trinkets that could be bought, which LLeucu then went of and produced some sketches of ideas. We then went on to arrange a mannequin with the help of Laurie sourcing the mannequins and providing an outfit for our own little character we created for the tray. We also organised the addition of some popcorn and plastic champagne glasses in which we would serve orange and apple juice.
Lastly Lleucu also took the time to print a small example of a program hidden in a book titled *How to kill your boss.*

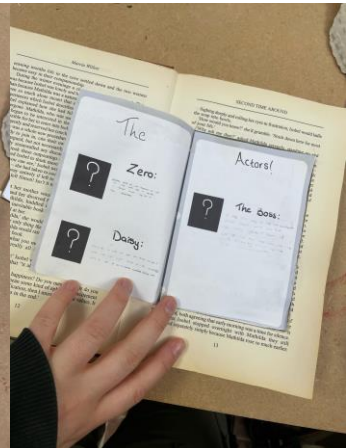




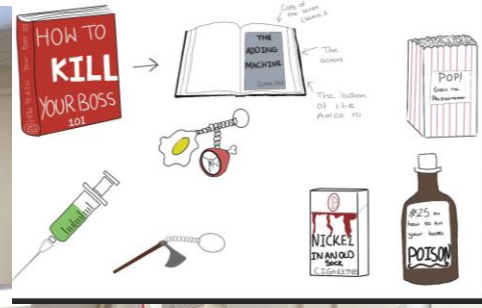


















Additional Presentation Features:

These are images of
our presentation/exhibition set up.







To accompany our Tray Girl (who we decided to name Babara/Babs) we added two male mannequins for the drinks station.





For the reveal of our model in the presentation we split the audience in half so that whilst half were viewing the model in the small room the other half had a video to watch showing the process of us each making our elements for the model.

Evaluation:

For this project I really enjoyed looking at a new approach to the design process, for example, previous projects required lots of factual research before hand and relied on time period accuracy and location accuracy etc. Whereas this project did include that type of research, but I found it relied more on artistic research, discovering different artistic ways to work and how to develop ideas from experimenting with materials, colour and shape or form. I feel that this project has helped me a lot to improve my model making skills and encouraged me to think in 3D more effectively and accurately. I have had little experience working as an abstract artist in the past, however, I found that working as an expressionist incorporates those skills but also allows you to be more literal. Expressionism opens so many doors as a designer as you spend less time on worrying about whether something works exactly as it should and more time experimenting and developing to build on ideas, allowing a greater sense of creativity.

Something I think I could have been more organised with was the original stages of character and scene breakdowns, although I managed to complete them, I think they would've served their purpose best if completed earlier on in the process. I did find that I struggled to adjust at the beginning with understanding how or when certain things were needed for the design process, in hindsight I think I could've taken better initiative and confidence to take it upon myself and spent more time analysing and researching both factually and artistically.



Evaluation:

As previously discussed, I think I could improve in terms of working with initiative and confidence in the earlier stages to build up my research stages. However, I also feel as though, my model making, and 3D design skills have progressed but there is still plenty of room for improvement. I will ensure to take forward my improvement but continue to work on that area in my future projects. Something I would also like to improve on in future is my confidence and experience when working out of my comfort zone, although very inspired by organic forms and natural elements I think it would be useful to experiment more with working inorganically. I felt I did have some experience within this project whilst trying to understand the structure and model making aspects of working with an Ames room, however it is something I am open to gaining more experience with. But despite this I do not want to stifle the fact that I enjoy working organically and a flare for it.

In conclusion, I enjoyed working organically in terms of form and the process itself for this project, I found there was a very interesting fluidity throughout the design process that even made its way into the combining of individuals and smaller to larger groups. There was a very positive sense of trust present in our group for each other and our separate roles. It led to a very efficient work ethic overall for each member. Additionally, we were able to add a sense of fun and enjoyment to the presentation which many of us were feeling anxious about, I think it had a very positive impact on our presentation performance. Individually I have become more effective when working with model making, in terms of its impact on design development and time management for working in 3D. My favourite thing about this design process was seeing how one person's ideas can combine with others to grow and adapt more and more. Lastly, I am feeling more confident about my place as a designer and how I can see myself fitting in to a design team in the industry.

The Final Piece:



As a group we are all very pleased with the final piece we have produced. The neon and UV has allowed for a very effective transformation for the set idea we have designed and created.









I thoroughly enjoyed seeing how each of our contributions has come together to make up the model that we are all very proud of and were able to reveal during our presentation in a way that does it justice.