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Ref 4212
Hippodrome
Manchester
21/12/14

No. 3112	
LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S OFFICE.	
Name of Play.	<i>Kultur</i>
Theatre.	<i>Hippodrome Manchester</i>
Date of Licence.	<i>Dec 22nd 14</i>

KULTUR

A PROPAGANDA

in

Two Scenes and several

by

LEONARD F. DURELL

A Military Spectacular Aqua Drama

Founded upon actual incidents of the present
Campaign in Flanders.

Dec. 1914.

To be produced Dec. 21st
at the Hippodrome, Manchester,
M.D. Oswald Stett, Esq.

Leonard F. Durell



LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S OFFICE,

ST JAMES'S PALACE, S.W.

12th December 1914.

"KULTUR", play in three acts by Leonard F. Durell, for production at the Hippodrome, Manchester, 21st December 1914.

This is described as a "Propaganda" and also as a "military spectacular aqua drama", it is a more ambitious attempt to represent the condition of Belgium than any we have had so far. Giving the principle of allowing plays about war I find nothing, on careful consideration, to object to as a whole: there are certain passages which require attention which I will mention later. In the first act we have a town in Flanders before its occupation by the Germans, who are already in Brussels. There is some more or less comic, but innocent, business of an Englishman in love with the innkeeper's daughter and a jealous waiter, and a conversation of German spies. Eventually the Germans enter. A Uhlan insults Annette, the innkeeper's daughter; France, the waiter, kills him and makes off; a priest, who refuses to say who did the deed is shot. Act II is chiefly taken up with France, the waiter, now a soldier and his comic proceedings. He goes to sleep on sentry-go and King Albert, coming on, takes his place. Afterwards he tries to arrest the spy, but is wounded by him and the Germans come on. In Act III the town is partly ruined. Then is a scene of the oppressive ways of German officers, but except in one instance, of which later, it is kept within bounds: they sentence, for example, an old man to be shot for concealing a gun, which of course might easily happen. The Englishman, now in the flying corps, is brought down and taken prisoner: then is some more mildly comic business of his and France's love-making. Later, the Emperor, described as the "War Lord" has a conversation with General Von Kluck. The last part of the play is entirely spectacular, with an inundation and the taking of the town by our troops. I should have said that there is an "Overture", with a mailed fist of heroic size crushing helpless widows and orphans, with Bellona and "Astria, the Goddess of Justice" and the Allies coming to the rescue: a harmless allegory. I call attention to the following incidents, which may possibly be thought censurable, though with one exception not so in my opinion.

1. Act I, pages 17 and 18, the shooting of the priest for not disclosing the name of the Belgian who shot the Uhlan. This may be thought excessive, but undoubtedly the Germans have shot priests.

-2-

1.
2. Act II. The comic proceedings of the sentry (the first 5 pages) seem to me harmless, especially as he afterwards does his duty as a good soldier. The incident of King Albert (pages 5 and 6) is taken from some historical incident, I forget about whom. It exhibits King Albert in a kindly light, and is only objectionable if the introduction of him at all is so.

3. The same consideration applies to the conversation of the "War Lord" and Von Kluck. The former merely repeats his remarks about our "contemptible army", and orders Calais to be taken and so on: he is not libelled.

4. Act III, pages 7 and 8. The brutality of a German officer to a woman is quite credible of the worst of them but is unnecessarily painful and I think should be cut out.

With that exception and other possible exceptions the piece is recommended for license, but on page 7 of Act I (at the bottom of it) some words are omitted and as a matter of principle must be sent.

(Sgd.) G. S. Street.

*The omitted words shall be
his part & are ~~libellous~~ Libellous.*

Dec. 17. 1914.

G. S. S.

"K U L T U R"

Grand Overture.

During the Overture there will be a levée de rideau and then will be disclosed in a subdued steel blue light a mailed fist of heroic size, crushing helpless widows and orphans, amidst wailing and the tears of woe, silhouette against an opaque drapery of a neutral tint will appear Bellonia in a smoke and flame coloured draperies with flaming torch in her hand and shrieking in crazy tones, "War, War, War," waving her torch she disappears in a fading light with a gowlish eerie cry darkness obscures the view.

Now in a mysterious light falling upon Astria (The Goddess of Justice) who has lifted the orphans and the helpless whom she would succour and protect fondling to her bosom, she calls to her aid the Nations. And in a dim gloaming the soldiers of the Allies appear, the last to make his entrance being an English Recruit, being unaccoutred she takes a plough share and breaking it on her knee produces a sword which she gives to the Allies. They cheer and turn to go, she calls them back and giving her to them she says and take these and use them.

CIRCULAR CURTAIN

Scene: A town in Flanders.

Crowd discovered. The organ is playing and bells pealing. Some persons are seated at Café drinking, another group are eating snacks at a small stall. There are persons of different grades passing stopping and greeting those who are coming in from Church, U.P. Sounds of loud laughter from Café interior, everyone is happy and unconcerned. Several children ENTER from U.P. Some children in Confirmation frocks, wearing floral wreaths. Their parents welcome them and they depart with their parents, a little curtsy to their friends and to the parents of their friends.

An old man and woman receive their grandchild with fond emotion and are returning to town with the child, when a jolly old priest ENTERS (There are sounds of popular French Chorus song, heard from the Café. The Old Man shakes hands with the priest, and the Old Lady curtsies and they both ask for his blessing, which he gives and makes the sign of the cross and then hold a conversation. The Priest laughs at something they relate. The old lady and child go away, curtsying. The old man invites the Priest to the café to drink. He holds up his hand in protest, however, HE ENTERS the garden and the Chorus, which at that moment, is being loudly sung drops to nothing. The WAITER appears and drinks are ordered, HE EXIT, and another jolly old Priest appears, he stops at gate of café, is invited to drink, refuses in a jovial manner. He's pressed by old man, HE ENTERS the garden, a drink is brought for him. The company at the table stand up, he motions them to sit. The first Priest to old man clinking glasses.

OLD MAN

A votre sante Pere.

FIRST PRIEST

A votre sante to the company. A votre sante mes enfants:

COMPANY

A votre sante Padra. (They all drink)

(ENTER DUDLEY and ANNETTE)

(DUDLEY is carrying several bunches of flowers)

(A small FLOWERSELLER steps out with bunch of flowers)

FLOWER:

Buy a bunch of flowers, Monsieur.

DUDLEY

Of course we will, won't we?

ANNETTE

Oh, I think we've enough.

DUDLEY

Ah, you only think, you're not quite sure, are you?

(HE gives flowers to ANNETTE to hold while he finds his money.)

Here's a franc.

FLOWER:

I have no change. Will you take the other bunch?

DUDLEY

Yes, of course, we will, why not. Here we are let's see there's a flower for every month isn't there? There's roses, they're good for a couple of months.

ANNETTE

Ah, but this is the month for the cornflower.

DUDLEY

When I was a baby, it was cornflower all the year round.

ANNETTE

(ENTERING the cafe garden, bows to the PRIEST)

(DUDLEY ENTERS and sits apart)

(ANNETTE goes to door and meets her father (Monsieur Bovis))

BOVIS

Where have you been to all this time, and Sunday morning too, and what are you doing with all these flowers.

(ANNETTE has placed all the bunches on the table)

ANNETTE

I don't think we do want so many, but Mr Dudley says we do.

DUDLEY

Oh, yes, I feel quite certain about it. Oh yes, I am positive about it. I got a friend in the restaurant business, and he says two pennyworth of flowers, puts threepence on the soup, and if you don't like the soup you can look at the flowers, and if you don't like the flowers, you can look at the soup.

(ANNETTE has placed some flowers in holders and she puts one in PRIESTS buttonhole, THEY protest in playful shyness, but accept)

PRIEST

Thanks, daughter.

ANNETTE

Don't thank me, Father, you owe them to this gentleman.

DUDLEY

(rising and taking off his hat) Not at all, oh, no not at all.

(ENTER FRANCE with white tablecloth, pushes all the flowers off on to the floor and shakes the cloth out and lays it)

(ANNETTE sees flowers on the floor)

FRANCE

Yes, and when they come up for the third time, I'll strangle them.

ANNETTE

(takes a flower from bunch in FRANCE's hand and places in DUDLEY's coat) How can I thank you sufficiently, and will you wear this, it is my favourite flower.

DUDLEY

Yes, always.

(ANNETTE turns away)

FRANCE

(takes large geranium from bunch) And will you wear this, it is my favourite flower.

(Puts it in Dudley's buttonhole and scowls at him)

Always.

(Steps back and falls over chair)

Always.

(ENTER MR and MRS SCHWARTZ, they go to table P.S.)

(FRANCE gets up and goes to them, brushes table cloth and puts vase of flowers upon the table, scowling intermittently at DUDLEY)

SCHWATZ

FRANCE

Oui, Monsieur.

(Takes up a flower out of vase and looks askance at DUDLEY, offers flowers to MRS SCHWATZ)

And you will wear this it is my favourite flower.

(Looks behind him as he retires and being assured there is nothing there, says)

Always.

DUDLEY

France, bring me a scotch and soda.

FRANCE

Oui, Monsieur.

MRS S:

That is the Englishman we were speaking about. Leave him to me, I will find an introduction.

SCHWATZ

It may not be so easy, they are very stand-offish these English giggles, especially in the consular service.

MRS S:

But he is not in the Consulate.

SCHWATZ

No, perhaps, but he is always there, and very intimate with all the people we want to know.

(ENTER a Wedding party, a Man in evening dress
The BRIDE and BRIDEGROOM coming last.
Children are throwing confetti and flowers)

MRS S:

Here is my chance. Would Monsieur (to DUDLEY)
give me the pleasure of just a flower so that I may
add a congratulation blossom to the felicitous
bride.

DUDLEY

With pleasure Madam. (Gives a bunch)

(SHE throws one or two and hands a few to
the Bride, as they pass through to the room
above)

DUDLEY

A friend?

MADAM

No, no. But when it costs so little to give a
moment's pleasure, and life is but so many moments.

FRANCE

(ENTERS with drink on tray, puts them all upon
SCHWATZ' table)

MRS S:

France must have known our wish, see he has placed
your glass upon our table, there is room, won't you
add to the favour?

(DUDLEY goes to their table)

(SCHWARTZ rises)

SCHWARTZ

My name is Schwartz, my sister, Helene.

DUDLEY

(to MADAM and SCHWARTZ) They call me Howard
Dudley Howard. I've got a lot of other names.
(sits) of the Algernon, Aubrey, Fitzmaurice type,
but I never hear them except when I get a Solicitor's
letter.

FRANCE

(Takes the flowers and puts them on a chair
behind DUDLEY)

SCHWARTZ

(Puts sugar in drink and pours water over it into
glass) Do you think the outlook is serious.

DUDLEY

Outlook serious, for who?

MRS S:

Haven't you heard how near we are to War.

DUDLEY

Oh, I thought you meant for that fellow who has just got married.

MRS S:

No, I mean that Belgium should attempt to oppose such a giant as Germany.

DUDLEY

Yet David slew Goliath.

MRS S:

But was Goliath cultured.

DUDLEY

Oh, yes, I think he must have read two shillings worth of Von Bernharde, you know his point, the greatest force to the point of the least resistance.

SCHWARTZ

But don't you think everything ought to be done to prevent War.

DUDLEY

Do you think so, Monsieur Schwartz. I thought all Germans were one with Bernharde and accordingly war was a blessing and a stimulating law of developments.

SCHWARTZ

But I have made Belgium my country, my home.

DUDLEY

Oh, I am sorry for Belgium.

SCHWARTZ

(Gets up and goes out)

MRS S:

I have heard that England is going to throw in her little lot with Belgium.

DUDLEY

Yes, I believe some of the boys are coming over.

MRS S:

And what will England do in a continental war of millions. (contemptibly)

DUDLEY

"Do you mean what procedure will she follow. Well judging from past experiences it will quite upset our social system, to begin with a lot of *soinées* and *parties* will have to be put off."

MRS S:

I mean will her Army -

DUDLEY

I was coming to that. The Johnnies that do the leaders in the morning papers, will tell us things they've had in their minds for a long time. Then the song writers will have fearful struggles trying to make war rhyme with law.

MRS S:

But your Military?

DUDLEY

I'm coming to them, the War Office chaps will start sharp at ten, instead of a quarter past. Then Lloyd George will put something on the beer, then they'll send out thirty or forty thousand men and then they'll find it isn't enough, and they'll send some more. Then a lot of fellows will sit in a Club or a pub. and decide how it ought to be done, and then someone will remember there's a clever old chap out in Fiji or Cocos Island, or the Curraugh or some other funny place and he'll go out and swipe the whole thing clear.

MRS S:

Do you mean win the campaign?

DUDLEY

Yes, that's the idea, yes that's how we've always done it.

MRS S:

Now Mr Englishman, it is my turn to quote Bernhardt, he says 'It is very questionable whether the English Army is capable of effectively acting on the offensive against Continental European troops.

DUDLEY

Yes, that's what he said in 1912, but what will he say in his 1915 edition.

MRS S:

Bon soir, Monsieur Howard, but you will not win.

DUDLEY

I'll bet you two new hats.

MRS S:

I accept your challenge, two new hats.

DUDLEY

Two new hats. (takes out his book to write)
Fraulein Schwartz.

(From the top of the Balcony, Crowd of young men
sing in French and dance round the bridegroom)

(ENTER BOYS with newspapers)

Etoile Belge Etoile Belge

(Placard, "Fall of Brussels, Germans advancing")

(CROWD buy papers, two business men stand
and read. The Crowd are disconsolate and aghast)

ANNETTE

(to DUDLEY) Tell me what does it say?

DUDLEY

Well, it says, mind you it may not be true, the
Germans have entered Brussels, and are advancing in
a North-westerly direction.

ANNETTE

Our beautiful city of Brussels. Oh it is too bad.
Oh it's awful. Oh it's dreadful. (sits and cries)

(ENTER BOVIS, sees daughter)

BOVIS

This is not the time to sit and spivel. What's the
damn good of that?

ANNETTE

Oh, father, think of Louvain buried, its widows and
children. Think of Brussels destroyed.

BOVIS

Think of it, I can't think of it. I won't think
of it. Here you play something lively, lively
mind you.

(MAID goes inside)

(ENTER from archway some refugees, some pass
right through. ENTER a middleaged woman in
black)

WOMAN

(to BOVIS who is standing outside gates. Piano
commences to play) Henri -

(BOVIS turns.)

BOVIS

You Louise, you, why this and my brother and little

Henri.

(She tries to speak, breaks down)

WOMAN

I cannot tell you.

(ANNETTE comes to her folds her in her arms and takes her inside.)

BOVIS

Henri, brother. (and wipes his eyes as if crying with himself, says to GIRL, who is playing some soft notes) Can't you play something lively

(GIRL continues something soft)

(ENTER crowd with shouting)

(The BURGOMASTER ENTERS, accompanied by two sheriffs and two priests)

BURGOMASTER

Citizens, friends, it's the hardest, the most difficult task I have ever had. I have to tell you that our Capital is in the hands of the - No, I am wrong, our Capital and seat of Government is safer though removed, but our beautiful city of Brussels is in possession of the enemy. Our brave soldiers have done their best and have only been beaten back, after hard fighting and I am sorry to say heavy losses by an enemy ten times its superior in numbers. Brothers, I want to ask your sympathy and I know it will be given to one who has proved himself the father of his people, to one who if he has lost Capital of his populace who is in the field with his soldiers, determined to defend his country till the last ditch, and the last man - I mean our good and brave King Albert.

(CROWD "Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah.")

Thank you, friends. (reading) Our King sends his message to his faithful and loyal subjects. The enemy without cause has stolen into our country and let loose a wild soldiering who have murdered the women and children, the old and the infirm, has

burnt our houses and destroyed our crops. We call on all who are of age to take up arms. The class of 1915 will immediately enrol all reserves will instantly embody.

God Save the King.

(Hurray hurray)

(ENTER some soldiers with kit bags, others with uniform. A crowd ENTERS and sing their

(The Marriage Party come out of cafe)

(Sun gradually sets)

(The young men of the party try to pull the bridegroom from the bride, "Come on and get your uniform". The bride holds him by the arm)

BRIDE

No you need not go now.

OTHERS

No, it's all right. Good-night.

(They make a little ring and dance round the couple singing the same song, then they go and get uniforms.)

(The BURGOMASTER goes to the cafe)

(ENTER DUDLEY with bags)

(ANNETTE comes to gate)

DUDLEY

You have been crying.

ANNETTE

Everything is so sad. My uncle and my cousin too - Who makes these cruel wars?

DUDLEY

I wanted to ask you something Annette, before I went away, but now your trouble is too deep for me to intrude myself upon your sorrow. I cannot find the courage to tell it to you, so I have written

it and here it is. I should have liked your answer before I went away, but -

ANNETTE

(takes letter, does not open it) And the answer is 'yes'.

(They embrace. DUDLEY drops his bag and rugs)

FRANCE

(Appears with kit bag, gun, uniform, parcels, and he drops the lot in his astonishment)

ANNETTE

So you're going away just when I want you.

DUDLEY

I am coming back though. I'm going home to join the first regiment that's coming back.

ANNETTE

I want you to take care of yourself, remember I want you.

DUDLEY

I don't like to say it, it sounds like clap-trap, but I feel I'd like to deserve you.

ANNETTE

You will do more than that. Your people are our friends, you will drive out these beasts, and then -

DUDLEY

And then - the day - good-bye -

ANNETTE

Good-bye.

(EXIT DUDLEY)

(ANNETTE stands, looks after him)

(FRANCE picks up all his luggage and meets her on the threshold)

FRANCE

So I'm going away just when you want me, I'm coming back though, I am going to join the first regiment that's coming back. You want me to take care of myself and remember you want me. I don't want to say it, but I feel I'd like you to deserve me. Your people are my friends and they ought to drive the beasts out and then the day - will you name the day.

(FRANCE during this speech continually drops his parcels, but there is a real tear in his voice)

ANNETTE

Adieu France. (kisses him on both cheeks)

FRANCE

If it feels like this to be kissed on the cheek what must a proper kiss feel like, Annette - it's no use a man much less a hotel boots, telling a girl he's in love is it?

ANNETTE

Isn't it?

FRANCE

Is it?

ANNETTE

(dreaming) Uh, I think it is, it must be.

FRANCE

Well, I know a certain boots at a certain hotel that's head over heels in love with the daughter of the proprietor.

ANNETTE

How strange.

FRANCE

It is strange, is it?

ANNETTE

Isn't it?

FRANCE

It is (very serious) Annette, I am going to be a soldier and I may never come back, will you give me a real kiss before I go.

ANNETTE

Why France, are you the boots at a certain hotel?

FRANCE

I'm only a -

ANNETTE

I didn't know I am so sorry, if I seemed unkind.

ANNETTE

Good-bye. (Kisses FRANCE)

(He walks up and down very pleased, tastes it)

FRANCE

Now Annette, a bargain's a bargain, isn't it? Well then, if he's killed, will you marry me?

ANNETTE

(clutches at her heart) Killed!

FRANCE

Well it might happen to anyone.

ANNETTE

Oh, France, it must not happen.

FRANCE

No, miss, I'll try and prevent it.

ANNETTE

That's right, France. I shall look to you to prevent it.

(Kisses him and EXIT)

(FRANCE is very pleased, throws his bag over his head and it hits SCHWARTZ upon the head as he is just behind him. EXIT singing)

(Noise of very distant gun firing. ENTER one or two refugees, one of them speaks to SCHWARTZ)

SCHWARTZ

Good. (taking a paper) I will - I will phone it to the mill - and it will be telegraphed on (goes to Helene.) (He gives her the paper) Telephone this to the mill, then burn the paper.

MRS S:

Yes, I'll do that, remember to warn me if they post a guard.

(EXIT)

(Refugees begin to ENTER the town. SCHWARTZ reading a paper) (Muttering to himself)

SCHWARTZ

The erection of barricades is an impediment to our troops, will be met by stringent reprisals. Ah Mr Bovis, you have not been nice to me. I will have my little satisfaction. (Looks round) The Mill is working worse luck. Good Helene, splendid.

• (Goes to gate and meets BOVIS, a shell whistles through the air. The inhabitants look on in terror.)

Cannot we do something to protect our homes.

BOVIS

Yes we can, why our civic guard be compelled to give up their arms. What are they for if not to protect our homesteads. The old town gates are down.

SCHWARTZ

Let's build a barricade.

(CROWD 'yes - a barricade - They build a barriaade and man it. ENTER the BURGOMASTER)

BURGOMASTER

Citizens, this is an unfortified town and we must not oppose their entry if they come.

BOVIS

Must not, who makes these rules?

BURGOMASTER

The enemy - but if we do not obey, they will -

BOVIS

We want a Burgomaster who does not promulgate rules made by the enemy, we want a patriot -

(CROWD "Yes")

(EXIT BURGOMASTER)

(ENTER THE PRIEST)

PRIEST

Mes enfants - why do you this, what can it avail against an army. Let not your just anger and righteous indignation overweigh your sound judgment. This can hold out but a short while and to no purpose against Field Artillery, and it will only prove an excuse for further atrocities on the part of our cruel foes. Oh my children, let me advise you - this can only bring worse

(The crowd go)

SCHWARTZ

Meddling priest - You shall have my first attention.

(EXIT)

BOVIS

Well I shall shut my hotel.

(There is the entrance of several more women and refugees crying, they are coming)

then horses hoofs are heard-)

(ENTER UHLANS mounted, they fasten their horses then go to door, they knock first and get no answer)

1st UHLAN

Ho ho - locked - (takes his carbine and breaks door open)

(ENTER another UHLAN - the others keep guard sentry - the two UHLANS and ANNETTE)

That's it, wine for men and water for horses, and then we'll have some food, what's to eat?

(Pulls ANNETTE on his knee)

Now be kind to us, we're only an advance guard. We're not supposed to enter the town, but horses must have water and men must have kisses, eh?

ANNETTE

How dare you. I am a Belgian girl.

1st UHLAN

But to-morrow you will be German.

ANNETTE

Never. (Hits UHLAN)

(UHLAN holds her hands and kisses her.)

1st UHLAN

Here, who'll have a kiss.

(2nd UHLAN goes to kiss her, but PRIEST pushes UHLAN over the table)

(RE-ENTER FRANCE just as UHLAN is about to hit PRIEST with gun, snatches gun and kills UHLAN, runs and jumps upon UHLAN's horse and gallops off. UHLANS after him. PRIEST drags dead UHLAN into house. MARCH of Infantry heard off. ENTER Infantry through barricade they find piano amongst barricade. They go to cafe and get wine and sit by and on piano and sing songs)

(They are in the midst of the revelry when their officer finds dead UHLAN and brings him out)

OFFICER

What's this, a murdered soldier? Where is the Burgomaster.

(ENTER SCHWARTZ)

(to SCHWARTZ) Where are the heads of this hotel?

SCHWARTZ

(shows him a document)

OFFICER

(salutes) Who do you say then is responsible

(SCHWARTZ whispers)

OFFICER

Search the house.

(The Soldiers go inside)

(ENTER the BURGOMASTER)

So you're the Burgomaster.

BURGO:

I have the honour.

OFFICER

You'll find it but an empty honour unless a satisfactory explanation of the man's death is forthcoming.

BURGO:

I do not know, it had better be ascertained.

(ENTER PRIEST with guards)

OFFICER

What do you know?

PRIEST

Are you trying me.

OFFICER

I brook no subterfuge. What do you know of this man's death?

PRIEST

Everything.

OFFICER

Then tell it.

PRIEST

I shall not.

PRIEST The man who met his death deserved it, he was about to take my life.

OFFICER Then you shot him?

PRIEST No; I did not.

OFFICER Then who did?

PRIEST I will not tell you.

OFFICER You refuse to tell?

(OFFICER calls, "GUARD fall in platoon!" - to be said in German - They take PRIEST to arch on wall.)

BURGO: I am the Mayor of this city and its master.

OFFICER You were, read that.

ANNETTE (goes to Officer) Hear me, you are an officer. He did not do it. He came to protect me from the insults of your

OFFICER Who killed this man?

(She hides her head)

(To PRIEST) Once more, will you speak?

PRIEST No.

OFFICER Ready! Present!

ANNETTE No, father, that should be my place.

(Would run in front of soldiers. OFFICER pulls her back)

OFFICER Fire!

(PRIEST falls)

ANNETTE (runs forward) Oh, Holy Man, may God avenge your

cruel death. Impious beast! (To OFFICER) Is this your manner of war? Is this your boasted culture? Would you not like to add a woman to your list of killed? I also know who shot this soldier, and I also will not tell you. Wouldn't you like to stain your sword? Do you want more excuse - will that suffice? (Hits Officer)

(OFFICER puts his hands to sword. The Crowd shout angrily and pick up objects to throw.)

(MUSIC forte)

(The BURGOMASTER stands in front of them appealingly. OFFICER gives military commands, the soldiers face the crowd ready to fire, the officer goes in front of his men, holds up his hand for silence)

OFFICER Herr Burgomaster, if you had given up your town in a quiet and orderly manner your institutions, public and private, should have been respected.

BURGO: Like Louvain.

OFFICER Yes, like Louvain. You have abused our authority, and like Louvain this town shall tumble about your ears, my infantry will now retire to make room for the artillery, (It is growing dusk) and you shall learn what it means to violate the German orders.

(The Crowd surge forward. The soldiers fire over the heads of the crowd. The soldiers retire through archway, shouts and screams, lights fade out and remain out for a time.)

(MUSIC forte)

(Cloth of 2nd Scene down. Military calls in distance and gun shots heavy and noise as of falling masonry. MUSIC gradually changes into a march of a light and jolly nature as of soldiers in distance gradually drawing nearer. The lights go slowly up upon Scene 2)

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(To PRIEST) Once more, will you speak?

PRIEST No.

OFFICER Ready! Present!

ANNETTE No, father, that should be my place.

(Would run in front of soldiers. OFFICER pulls her back)

OFFICER Fire!

(PRIEST falls)

ANNETTE (runs forward) Oh, Holy Man, may God avenge your

cruel death. Impious beast! (To OFFICER) Is this your manner of war? Is this your boasted culture? Would you not like to add a woman to your list of killed? I also know who shot this soldier, and I also will not tell you. Wouldn't you like to stain your sword? Do you want more excuse - will that suffice? (Hits Officer)

(OFFICER puts his hands to sword. The Crowd shout angrily and pick up objects to throw.)

(MUSIC forte)

(The BURGOMASTER stands in front of them appealingly. OFFICER gives military commands, the soldiers face the crowd ready to fire, the officer goes in front of his men, holds up his hand for silence)

OFFICER

Herr Burgomaster, if you had given up your town in a quiet and orderly manner your institutions, public and private, should have been respected.

BURGO:

Like Louvain.

OFFICER

Yes, like Louvain. You have abused our authority, and like Louvain this town shall tumble about your ears, my infantry will now retire to make room for the artillery, (It is growing dusk) and you shall learn what it means to violate the German orders.

(The Crowd surge forward. The soldiers fire over the heads of the crowd. The soldiers retire through archway, shouts and screams lights fade out and remain out for a time.)

(MUSIC forte)

(Cloth of 2nd Scene down. Military calls in distance and gun shots heavy and noise as of falling masonry. MUSIC gradually changes into a march of a light and jolly nature as of soldiers in distance gradually drawing nearer. The lights go slowly up upon Scene 2)

K U L T U R.

The Mill Scene.

THE MILL SCENE.

Comedy Scene.

(ENTER CIVIC GUARDS - six - including FRANCE who is walking lame and comes in last lagging behind)

SERGEANT Halt!

(FRANCE runs into the others)

Halt!

FRANCE Yes, sir.

SERGEANT Don't speak in the ranks .

FRANCE No, sir.

SERGEANT Silence!

FRANCE Yes, sir.

SERGEANT Front!

(FRANCE turns wrongly)

This is your front.

FRANCE Is it? (Looks along at others) So it is!

(Puts hand in haversack and takes out large sandwich as the Sergeant passes down the line inspecting the others)

(As the SERGEANT passes up behind he shouts "France!" in admonishing tones)

FRANCE (as if pleased to be of service) Yes, sir!

(Running towards SERGEANT)

SERGEANT As you were! How dare you leave the ranks?

FRANCE You called me. Oh yes, you did, you said "France"!

SERGEANT Silence! (Goes to FRANCE) What's this? (Pointing to haversack)

(FRANCE being incommoded by sandwich, places it upon next file's shoulder while he finds a bottle)

What's that?

FRANCE Peteroliecum.

SERGEANT (Takes bottle, smells it) Squad about turn! (Drinks)

FRANCE (Who sees him drink) Good health!

SERGEANT Whose turn is it for sentry?

(They all point to FRANCE and he points to them)

Sentry, three paces forward, march!

(FRANCE walks straight at SERGEANT)

Halt! I said three paces.

FRANCE So you did, Sergeant, but I'm such a glutton for marching.

SERGEANT Three paces to your rear.

FRANCE What backwards? I'm not an acrobat! No, fair's fair.

SERGEANT Quick march!

(FRANCE marches to place again)

SERGEANT Now you will be posted here for two hours and keep your eyes open, there are some strange rumours about this mill.

FRANCE It's not haunted, is it?

SERGEANT I shouldn't wonder, the sails of that mill have been seen to make some very strange evolutions, it may be it's being used to signal to the enemy. Now you understand,

let nothing pass you without the countersign.

FRANCE

Not even a ghost?

SERGEANT

No, not even a ghost. To your post quick march!

(They march round together)

(gives password) Elizabeth.

FRANCE

Elizabeth? Elizabeth who?

SERGEANT

Elizabeth nobody.

FRANCE

How can she be Elizabeth nobody?

SERGEANT

That's the password, you fool - Elizabeth.

FRANCE

Oh, she's a password.

SERGEANT

And mind you let no one pass without....

FRANCE

Elizabeth.

(SERGEANT posts SENTRY)

SERGEANT

Guard, quick march!

(FRANCE falls in behind and is in company with the others)

Halt! (To FRANCE) What's this?

FRANCE

It's getting dark.

SERGEANT

Well, what of it?

FRANCE

I can't bear the dark.

SERGEANT

To your post, guard, quick march!

FRANCE

(Running after them) Sergeant, Sergeant!

SERGEANT

Halt! Now what is it?

FRANCE

Can't you leave one of the others with me, that big one?

SERGEANT

No. Quick march!

(THEY EXIT)

FRANCE

You're not going to leave me, a little one like me?
He's gone and never kissed me good-night.

(Goes to mill; it becomes gradually darker)

(He walks up and down)

It's a rotten night for sentry go. I told them sevens
and they've given me tens. Oh my poor heels!

(turns sharp runs behind mill, peeps round the
corner)

Who goes there? What's the password? There now, I'm
sure I heard something! Perhaps it's rats. Well, they'd
be company anyhow.

(Takes a piece of bread and breaks it and throws it
to imaginary rats, pulls his boot off)

Oh dear! Oh dear! (Sits down) This pig went to market,
this one, etc. etc. I can't do it like mother used to
do it; it doesn't tickle me now. Hallo, what's that?

(runs behind mill, goes back for boot)

I knew I was no good for a soldier, not a night soldier
anyway!

(Snatches his haversack up for something, opens it,
shakes it out on the floor, several articles such
as tin of blacking, shoe horn and a comb, a clothes
brush, tobacco pouch, a knife and fork, cup and
saucer, a towel and several miscellaneous articles,
and he searches amongst these with a lighted match,
finds a corkscrew)

Ah, here it is!

(Takes a bottle of beer from his pocket, draws the cork, pours into the cup, sits down, finds a sandwich in his trousers pocket, takes a bite)

Ah, dearie me, what a dreadful thing it is to be in love. To think she should go and throw herself away on a lanky Englishman, it's a good job for him he's on our side. (Takes a bite) Love! It's strange how it affects people differently. In my case it seems to fly to my stomach. It gives me quite a pain. I take it now in small doses once a day after a heavy meal I close my eyes and I try and dream she loves me. (packing up his things and making a pillow of his haversack) And we've got a little cafe in the country, and the grapes are growing (lies down) in the sunshine, and our two little children are chasing butterflies on the grass, and her father's dead and left us all his money. (Sleeps, then turns over) Kiss me good night, Annette! (turns over) You've got all the clothes. (Snore) There's a hairpin in the bed. (Snore)

(The moon comes slowly up. ENTER KING ALBERT with a Sergeant carrying a lantern.)

SERGEANT

This is the mill, sire. I am sure it belongs to a traitor.

(SERGEANT sees Sentry asleep here, picks up his gun, goes to kick him)

ALBERT

(stops him and takes the gun) Leave him to me (in French) (motions the Sergeant to retire)

(EXIT SERGEANT)

(The KING looks thoughtfully at the sleeping man, then shoulders his gun and does several turns up and down, finally stops and folds his arms and leans on the gun, he is deep in thought and forgetful of the man's presence, presently the man moves and the King being brought to himself bangs the gun down. FRANCE wakes as one in a dream, he cannot

believe his eyes but when he does he half rises and salutes)

FRANCE

Oh, I shall be shot for this! Oh, why did I go to sleep? Oh, sire!

(The KING gives the gun to FRANCE who takes it and stands at the present. The KING shakes an admonishing finger at him, then smiles and says "Good night, mon enfant!" and EXITS slowly)

(As soon as the KING EXITS FRANCE is very soldier-like, marching briskly up and down. "Who goes there?" and is keenly on the qui vive)

And I'm not to be shot, oh, I'll never go to sleep again.

(He walks past mill and as he turns sharply he hits his bayonet against the mill)

Who goes there?

PEASANT

Oh it's only me. (ENTERS)

FRANCE

Halt! Who goes there?

PEASANT

A friend.

FRANCE

Advance and give the password.

PEASANT

The password, let me see, the password! Humph! I believe I've forgotten it. What is it again?

FRANCE

Elizabeth.

PEASANT

Elizabeth, yes, of course it is. Elizabeth.

FRANCE

Pass friend, all's well!

(PEASANT goes off)

(ENTER MILLER)

SCHWARTZ

A sentry, what cursed luck! Why, it's France, if I

could but slip past him I could work the light from the window and certainly he'd never have sense enough to notice it, but how to get by, I'll try and frighten him.

(Takes a sack, puts the corners in and puts it upon his head)

Oh! Oh! Oh!

FRANCE What's that?

SCHWARTZ Oh! Oh! Oh!

FRANCE What's that?

(FRANCE and SCHWARTZ dodge each other round the mill. FRANCE gets SCHWARTZ between mill and his bayonet, tries to stab him. MILLER dodges and FRANCE sticks bayonet into the mill and he can't withdraw his gun. MILLER puts sack over FRANCE'S head and ties him up. SCHWARTZ draws the bayonet out and forces FRANCE to doorway, stabs him. FRANCE shouts)

SCHWARTZ Three weeks ago you owed us a soldier, that is how Germany pays her just debts. And now to signal the road is clear.

(Goes upstairs in mill and waves light from window)

(MUSIC of March gradually growing near. ENTER some Refugees being driven by German soldiers. SCHWARTZ comes out of mill. German Officers salute SCHWARTZ)

OFFICER It is well done, now what information can you give us?

SCHWARTZ The road from here is clear of troops, until the railway, then if you leave the road and keep by the canal there is nothing but a few companies of reserves, the French are not in any force this side of the river.

OFFICER Good. This will be a good day for the Fatherland. What is this? (pointing to France)

SCHWARTZ

A dead Sentry; he obstructed and so has succumbed to German advancement.

(All laugh and EXEUNT. The Scene remains empty and then FRANCE in the sack moves a bit. ENTER a First Aid Dog, stands over him and barks)

ANETTE

(Voice off) Good dog! Good dog! Good, a soldier! A sentry! Oh this is dreadful! (Has entered)

(Pulls sack off FRANCE)

It's France. Speak!

(Takes out scissors, rips open coat sleeve, binds up arm, undoes coat, takes a wad and bathes wound, gives a drink from flask carried by dog. FRANCE opens his eyes)

ANNETTE

France, my poor France!

FRANCE

You, Annette. Am I badly hurt?

ANNETTE

No, not too bad, you'll soon be well.

FRANCE

But I do not want to soon be well. I want to be ill a long time.

ANNETTE

I'll call my bearers -(blows whistle)

FRANCE

Can't I walk?

ANNETTE

Not till you have been examined.

(ENTER runners, two men with stretchers and two Officers in Belgian uniform)

(Officer examines FRANCE)

OFFICER

It's bad enough, but he'll soon recover. Another inch my friend, and -

FRANCE

There'd have been a pair of No. 10 vacant.

2nd OF:

How did it happen?

FRANCE

Schwartz, the Miller, stabbed me with my own bayonet and then gave all the information he could to some enemy officer. I had sense enough to lie still when I felt the bayonet.

2nd OFF:

And so you tried to stop him, Sergeant.

FRANCE

Did you say, Sergeant?

2nd OFF:

Yes, we must see that men like you are quickly advanced. A speedy recovery. (Salutes and EXITS)

(The Carriers pick him up and they commence to walk off)

FRANCE

Would you mind turning me end for end.

CARRIER.

Certainly, sergeant, but why?

FRANCE

So I can see her face.

CARRIER

Whose face?

FRANCE

The moon's.

(EXIT).

" K U L T U R " .

S C E N E 111

SCENE:-

TOWN - partly in ruins.

(Ø PASTORAL)

(A Group of German Officers. discovered.
A squad of Privates pass at the goose-
step; the OFFICERS salute them, and
go to restaurant and sit at table , P.S.)

(There is a table P.S. and chairs, a military
waggon, and other paraphernalia. In the
Square, and there are heaps of debris
about.)

(A German Sentry enters from gate)

(The old man and woman who met their grand-
child in the First scene enter, very cowed,
and then pass on to their old house, and
search among the ruins.)

(The OFFICERS chat as if one was telling a
funny story at which they all laugh.)

(The OLD MAN finds the chaplet of flowers
the child wore and a broken doll. The

old lady has picked up a lot of household goods. She meets the old man, sees what he has in his hands, drops her apron and all her bits of china etc. fall to the ground, and she takes the chaplet.)

OLD WOMAN:

How fair she looked, pere, that day so long ago.

" MAN:

Three weeks only, three weeks, dear.

" WOMAN:

It must be more.

" MAN:

Shall we look for more things?

" WOMAN:

I only wanted something to remember the dear old home by, but this will do for me, but we will try and find your old pipe.

" MAN:

Yes, she used to fill it, but I shouldn't enjoy it now. This will do.

(Loud laughter from the OFFICERS who are smoking cigars.)

(There is a woman who stands and waits at the table during all this.)

Curse you! You laughing jackals!

(The OFFICERS laugh again)

(The Old LADY tries to pluck the old man by the sleeve, but he shakes her off)

OLD MAN:
(contd:)

I will tell them.

OFFICER:

Its no use, old man, those that wage war must take the consequences.

OLD WOMAN:

He is right - come away.

" MAN:

Away! Where to?

" WOMAN:

I don't know, anywhere, but he is right, those that wage war must take the consequences, they will have to take the consequences.

(Enter a WOMAN)

(SENTRY stops her)

WOMAN:

I have a permit.

SENTRY:

From whom?

WOMAN:

From the doctor.

SENTRY:

No use - must be signed by the Commandant.

WOMAN:

But he is dying over there in hospital.

SENTRY:

You must get an order. (Gives her back her paper.)

(WOMAN turns and EXITS, walking quickly)

(Two SOLDIERS bring in an old man and
take him over to table.)

(A WOMAN follows him in.)

(ONE OFFICER gets up leisurely, and
walks over to table.)

(SERGEANT puts down a paper in front of
OFFICER, and places an old flint lock
rifle on the table.)

(The other OFFICER saunters over the
table, and brings the drinks.)

OFFICER:

Well, what have you to say?

WOMAN:

He is very old and did not understand.

OFFICER:

The orders were that all arms must be given up.

OLD MAN:

It was such an old piece I did not think it
mattered.

OFFICER:

It is in very good condition.

OLD MAN:

In excellent condition, I clean it every week.

OFFICER:

You did not forget it?

OLD MAN:

Oh no, sir.

OFFICER:

Then why didn't you bring it in?

OLD MAN:

It belonged to my grandfather.

OFFICER:

Then it was time it was brought in.
(Writes an order, gives it to Sergeant, and picks up his cigar.)

SENTRY:

Fall in!

WOMAN:

What are they going to do? (Suddenly realizing)
You are not going to kill him?

OFFICER:

I have no alternative, the punishment is death.

WOMAN:

Oh, it cannot be. You will not do it.

OFFICER:

He acknowledges the gun was his, and it has been found by my men. It is the order, and I cannot break it if I would, and he is very old in any case.

WOMAN:

(Drops on her knees) Oh, for God's Sake, do not shoot my poor father! You can have everything we possess. Do not order it. (Hangs on to his knees)

2nd OFFI:

(to First Officer) I do not envy you your job. Its damned unpleasant. Come and have a glass of wine.

WOMAN:

(Clings) Oh, can you not do anything?

OFFICER:

Nothing. You can go, and see the Commandant if you like.

(WOMAN faints,)

(OFFICERS go to table)

(The OLD MAN is taken off.)

(Then the Second WOMAN re-enters with order)

(The SENTRY takes it, goes to OFFICERS - he is waved away. Goes to lift up the fainting woman and leads her to chair, giving her water.)

(WOMAN recovers, and as she walks off, there if heard the sound of volley fired. The WOMAN reels off in the direction of sound.)

2nd.WOMAN:

Can I pass? It is signed by the Commandant.

SENTRY:

(Takes paper and puts it on table beside OFFICERS)

(THEY uncork another bottle, stand up and drink a toast then sit. The FIRST OFFICER takes a pencil, writes on paper "she may pass".)

(Takes pass back to woman, but at that moment a

(BODY, covered, is borne out from the hospital.)

(The WOMAN runs forward, and snatches off the cover.)

(A PRIEST is following)

PRIEST:

You are too late.

(The WOMAN is in a paroxysm of grief)

WOMAN:

Too late -- too late!

PRIEST:

He wondered why you did not come.

WOMAN:

They would not let me pass.

PRIEST:

But you had a pass.

WOMAN:

Oh, don't talk, don't preach, don't speak. He is dead, and I did not say farewell.)

(The Bearers pick up the bier and -

(The PRIEST takes the WOMAN, but half way across she runs away from PRIEST and goes back to the OFFICERS. Laughs)

HUSSAR OFFI:

Look here, here's *Stoicism* here's culture --- a merry widow. (Gets up half drunk, hum "the Merry Widow" Waltz, approaches her with balance step.)

(WOMAN turns once, still in hysterical laughter, and draws his sword, makes two or three passes at him which -

(The OFFICER wards off with his scabbard, laughing at her the while)

HUSSAR OFFI:

Splendid! Magnificent! (He seizes WOMAN'S hand and crushes it.)

(The WOMAN drops the sword.)

I like your spirit. Quite a vixen!

WOMAN:

Comme vous ^{ête} un *Sal* -bete.

OFFICER:

Pick it up. (Bends her arm back.) Pick it up!

(WOMAN screams in pain.)

Pick it up! The hilt, please. Thankyou.
(Draws it through her fingers.) Now, you won't scratch so much.

(WOMAN wrings her hands and cringes away.)

pleasant
(A Belgian ~~OFFICER~~ passes.)

pleasant
(Calls BELGIAN ~~OFFICER~~ back) When you pass a German Officer, salute him! (Knocks off his hat)

pleasant
(BELGIAN ~~OFFICER~~ scowls)

We must teach the pigs to be polite.

(During this several people are turned back by the SENTRY.)

(Enter OFFICER with HELENE.)

(SENTRY salutes)

VON BISFIRTH:

It was splendidly done, and you shall have your reward, and though it may not be an Iron Cross, it shall be of equal value.

HELENE:

You mean intrinsically?

VON BISFORTH:

You certainly showed us the way in, and the loss of twenty thousand ^{men} was a cheap price to pay for this important centre.

(This is spoken whilst walking from arch to C.)

(The OFFICERS rise and salute)

Gentlemen, a patriot to be proud of. She has lived among the foreign people, and used all her wiles and influence for one purpose, to help us to "The Day!" Her health, gentlemen, coupled with "the Day"!

OMNES

A NTAG

OFFICERS:

(Enter TWO SOLDIERS and ANETTE with FRANC on a stretcher)

(BISFORTH approaches and looks at FRANC.)

BISFORTH:

Oh! A Belgian!! (Disgusted) Where are you taking him?

(SOLDIER points)

BISFORTH:
(contd)

No. It is too full. We want the beds for our own men.

ANETTE:

There are several empty beds General.

BISFIRTH:

They will be needed.

ANETTE:

But he has not been examined, and he may be bleeding internally.

BISFIRTH:

He has the honour to bleed for his country.

ANETTE:

Where shall I take him?

BISFIRTH:

The mortuary.

ANETTE:

Your callous cruelty is compatible with this wanton destruction and cannot be justified by any military code.

BISFIRTH:

Created
There is nothing for us to justify. Any act, of whatever nature, committed by our troops, for the purpose of discouraging or destroying our enemies, is a brave and good deed. x It is of no consequence if all the monuments ever ~~erected~~ ^{and} all the buildings ever erected by all the great architects are destroyed, if, by their destruction we promote a German Victory. We wage war relentlessly to the uttermost degree. The stone that marks a German soldier's grave is a more glorious monument than all the Cathedrals of Europe put together. What do we care for the ~~people's~~ feelings of other countries? Our troops must achieve victory -- what else matters?

OFFICERS:

Hock! Hock! Hock!

(Enter BOVIS.)

(OFFICERS put glasses down and throw down paper money.)

(BOVIS picks it up and tears it.)

BOVIS:

Chivalry I also believe in destroying some things. (Throws pieces at them.) But not all the German cannon, not all the German bayonets, can destroy what the Greatest Architect of All has built --- the Cathedral of Honour", and down through all the ages, Christianity has built an everlasting Monument that no amount of modern German - Krupp and Kultur - can destroy.

BRANC:

(Waves his hand under the blanket.)

(OFFICERS march off.)

BOVIS:

(To ANETTE.) Is he badly hurt?

ANETTE:

I cannot tell, but I have made him promise not to move or speak until the doctor sees him. Ah, here is Father Sebastian. He is quite a doctor.

(Enter FATHER SEBASTIAN wearing Red Cross.)

FATHER S:

Can I be of any service?

ANETTE:

Ohyes, if you will examine him.

FATHER S:

(Speaking) You know I am not a surgeon, and only an amateur doctor, but let's see. (Business, opens his shirt.) Hum! Hem! Ah yes --- ah, its not so bad, not so bad, he will be up in a day or so.

FRANC:

May I speak?

FATHER:

Oh yes, but don't tire yourself.

(NOISE OF AEROPLANE)(GERMANS and others run and look up.)

ANETTE:

(Speaking) They are very low. It is an English one.(FIRING HEARD OFF.)(THEY HIT)

Look! Its coming down. Oh, I can't look.

(CROWD run on - SOLDIERS stop them.)

SOLDIERS:

Back!

ANETTE:

Oh, poor fellows, I must -----

FATHER:

No, you wait. I will go and see.

ANETTE:

How could they be so foolhardy as to fly so low?

FRANC:

No petrol perhaps, or no sense, or no desire to live.

(NOISE OFF.)(Enter SOLDIERS and stretcher bearing ¹⁵DUDLEY with head bound up, and another English Officer walking beside it.. Stretcher stops at table.)

GERMAN OFFI: Your name and rank?

LIEUTENAT: LIEUT. Edward Cherry.

GERMAN OFFI: Your papers.

(The SOLDIER takes papers.)

And that man's name?

CHERRY: Dudley Howard, flying Corp.

G.OFFICER: Papers.

(SOLDIERS Takes papers from DUDLEY , he
tries to prevent them.)

(to CHERRY) Where did you start from?

CHERRY: I can't remember the name of the place.

G. OFFI: You'll find it better^{to}/answer correctly.

DUDLEY: Oh my poor head! (Looks round) Where are we?
Is that you Cherry? I say, that was a jolly nasty
bump? Are you hurt much?

CHERRY: Not at all.

GERMAN OFFI: (to DUDLEY) Where did you come from?

DUDLEY: Funny, I was just going to askyou that?

G. OFFI: (Bangs table) Answer the questions.

DUDLEY: If I know the answers.

G. OFFI: To what are you attached?

DUDLEY: Do you really want to know?

G. OFFI: Of course I do.

DUDLEY: Very well then, the sweetest girl in the world -- Anette.

G. OFFI: You'd better have that crazy head of yours dressed while we examine these papers.

ANETTE: (Goes to DUDLEY) Oh Dudley, are you hurt?
(Kisses him.) (while the soldiers have their heads turned)

DUDLEY: I'm better now.

(FRANC gives a horrible moan)

ANETTE: (Speaking) Oh poor Franc! (Runs to him) What do you want?

FRANC: Same as he had.

ANETTE: Now, you must be quiet or you will not get well.

FRANC: Same as he had. (Rolls and tosses)

(ANETTE kisses him)

FRANC:
(contd)

I'm better now.

DUDLEY:

(to CHERRY) I'm awfully sorry, old chap, I've got you into this mess, but I was so anxious to catch a glimpse of her house if not Anette. I am beastly selfish.

CHERRY:

Its all right old man. I'm glad its not worse. I threw all the things away and they fell in the river or near it.

(ANETTE binds up DUDLEY'S head and whispers)

SOLDIERS:

I want to hear everything you say.

FRANC:

And so do I.

SOLDIER:

And mind you, discuss nothing but personal matters.

FRANC:

Yes, only personal matters.

DUDLEY:

Do you mind lifting me a bit nearer Franc?

(THEY move stretcher)

(DUDLEY & FRANC nod)

FRANC:

Now, if you came this side ----

ANETTE:

Oh you must be quiet. (Comes between,)

(THEY reach out hands to hold her and squeeze each other's hands)

FRANC:

Did you mean that squeeze?

(THEY look round and find out what they
are doing.)

SOLDIER:

This way. (To CHERRY and -

CHERRY is marched off)

FRANC:

I do want to hear you talk to him, so I can
imagine what it would have been like if it had been
me.

DUDLEY:

Isn't this ripping? I wonder how long they'll
let me stay?

ANETTE:

Not long, I'm afraid you will be taken right
into Germany.

FRANC: Anette, is there any chance for me?

ANETTE: Any chance?

FRANC: I mean is there any likelihood for his immediate death?

ANETTE: No - I hope not.

FRANC: No, of course not. I never did have any luck.

ANETTE: How can you speak like that? He is one of our Allies.

FRANC: Yes I know. I wish him heaps of good luck, mentioned in despatches, capturing single-handed a squadron of the enemy, dropping a bomb on Potsdam, and I wish he'd die a glorious death, and get a Victoria Cross. What more does the man want?

ANETTE: You are both prisoners of war, and wounded, and I consider it a privilege to wait and attend upon you both.

FRANC: (FRANC & DUDLEY both getting up)

No, I would rather wait upon you.

ANETTE: Lay down both of you, and smoke there.
(Gives cigarette and matches)

DUDLEY: When I think of you, women, giving up every pleasure and a life of ease, to undergo the horrors, the fatigue, and strain of the Field Hospital -----

FRANC:

And sitting by the fireside sewing short
shirts for soldiers --

(BUGLER CALLS)

(GENERAL COMMOTION when -

(Enter GENERAL VON BISFIRTH and
troops.)

BISFIRTH:

Take these men to the Field Hospital.

(SOLDIERS pick up FRANC & DUDLEY on the
stretchers and carry them off.)(Enter FOUR OFFICERS AND THE
WAR LORD.)

(The OFFICERS stands to attention.)

(WAR LORD dismounts and the OFFICERS
also. OFFICERS salute. WAR
LORD salutes them and shakes hands
with men (one or two) of the
favoured ones. WAR LORD has a
despatch which he reads and then
clutches as though annoyed yet
compelled to hear the worst.)

WAR LORD:

(Reads to himself) The Marne! The Aisne!
Rivers -- rivers of blood. We should have been
in Paris weeks ago. Call Von Kluck.

(OFFICERS salute and EXIT)

(Walks up and down) Forty years of never
ceasing sacrifice, forty years of never-ceasing
wit and thought preparing for "the day"?

WAR LORD:
(contd:)

(Bangs his fist) And then to be thwarted
at the eleventh hour.

(Enter VON KLUCK.) (He salutes)

W L

(Does not acknowledge salute) Well, are we
in Ypres?

V. KLUCK:

No sire.

WAR LORD:

Why? .

(VON KLUCK shrugs his shoulders)

(Testily) Come, come, there's a reason.
What is it?

VON KLUCK:

The English!

WAR LORD:

(Very angry) The English with their
contemptible little Army! Why don't you push
them into the sea?

V. KLUCK:

They are stubborn in defence.

WAR LORD:

But you have my Prussian Guard - they are
Invincible.

V. KLUCK:

Here Nevertheless, they were forced to
retire.

WAR LORD:

General Von Kluck, I must have Ypres, I
must have Calais, and time is passing.

VON K:

The English have been largely re-inforced.

WAR LORD:

If they only once meet my Bavarian troops.

VON K:

We are entrenched in a very strong position.

WAR LORD:

Entrenched? The glorious army of Germany burrowing like rabbits! Mass them, Von Kluck, and hurl them upon these craven English.

V. KLUCK:

We tried it with heavy loss.

WAR LORD:

We must expect losses when we fight a world in arms, but I will not brook delay. Call a council.

(EXIT VON KLUCK and others)

England - most hated of all, I never thought she would dare to oppose the might of Germany, but she doesn't know the power she has roused. I will teach them what it means to offend the ~~King of Prussia, the German Emperor.~~ (EXIT into hotel) *me*

(LIGHTS DOWN LOWER and lights up inside Hotel, when -

(OFFICERS can be seen examining map)

(AIDE-DE-CAMPS come and go.)

(CANNONADE IN THE DISTANCE).

(Troops appear).

(WAR LORD warned to retire).

(SOLDIERS are driven back).

(Entrance of the French. The French are supposed to hold the town some time).

(The SPY is captured, summarily tried and condemned to death upon the evidence of the Burgomaster and the wounded France. He is about to be shot when the bell for Benediction rings and the organ peals out.)

(SOLDIERS drop on their knees).

(GERMAN reinforcements arrive at this moment and amidst the boom of the cannon and the shouts of the charging combatants can be heard the organ still pealing an air "Peace on earth, Good Will towards Men".

(The GERMANS are victorious).

(SCHWATZ lies in reference to ANNETTE, accuses her of ill-treating the German wounded, her badge is torn from her and an armoured car reconnoitering enters with OFFICERS. They rescue ANNETTE. The Germans are ordered to retreat, but to defend the gate to the last man.)

(The rear Guard enter with horse artillery and are firing: shells from the Allies are dropping amongst them.)

(The BURGOMASTER speaks with BOVIS, telling him the Germans have taken the road to the East and there are two entire army corps of them. He says if he releases the sluice gates they will all be drowned. BOVIS says if that is done he's a ruined man as his house will be first to be washed away and with his house he and hundreds of worthy citizens. Shall he make the sacrifice? Yes. Sluice gates are opened and the river begins to overflow down the street of the town. At that moment the bagpipes of the London Scottish are heard).

(GERMAN ARTILLERY are by this time knee deep when the Scotts enter, capture the gun and the rest of the German soldiers take refuge from them upon the Town Hall and other buildings. The Scotts bring in the Artillery, horses dash into the water, limber up the gun, dash away with it).

(Just at this moment the inundation destroys the foundation of the houses which collapse with their living freight in the water and all is devastation.

(A statue at the back is the only thing left standing, and an illuminated halo can be seen: a group of soldiers of the early powers over whom a Red Cross nurse is bending offering a wreath of peace beneath the draped flags of all nations.)

(Ø ORGAN Ø)

"GOD SAVE THE KING" and

"It's a Long Way to Tipperary".

END OF SCENE III.

F I N I S .
