

*Lionel Lammis*

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1932  
MUS-ETR

# THE DESERT SONG

A MUSICAL PLAY IN TWO ACTS

THE BOOK AND LYRICS BY

OTTO HARBACH, OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2ND  
AND  
FRANK MANDEL

THE MUSIC BY

SIGMUND ROMBERG

PRICE, 75 CENTS

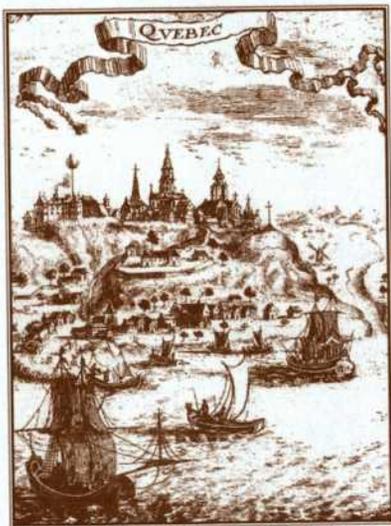
**SAMUEL FRENCH**

25 WEST 45th STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

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### THE DESERT SONG

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- (1) The name of the town and theatre or hall in which it is proposed to give the production.
- (2) The maximum seating capacity of the theatre or hall.
- (3) The number of performances it is intended to give.
- (4) The date when the orchestral parts will be required.

Upon receipt of these particulars SAMUEL FRENCH will quote the terms upon which permission for performances will be granted.

The vocal score is published at Five Dollars (\$5) per copy, and the libretto at Seventy-Five Cents (\$.75) per copy. A set of orchestral parts will be loaned for the production on receipt of a suitable deposit. The deposit will be refunded on the return to SAMUEL FRENCH of the orchestral parts in complete and good condition.

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## THE DESERT SONG

Originally produced in England at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, London, on April 7th, 1927, with the following cast :—

|                               |                      |
|-------------------------------|----------------------|
| Sid El Kar . . . . .          | Sidney Pointer.      |
| Hadji . . . . .               | Caton Woodville.     |
| Neri . . . . .                | Ruby Morriss.        |
| Benjamin Kidd . . . . .       | Gene Gerrard.        |
| Capt. Paul Fontaine . . . . . | Barry MacKay.        |
| Margot Bonvalet . . . . .     | Edith Day.           |
| General Birabeau . . . . .    | Leonard MacKay.      |
| Pierre Birabeau . . . . .     | Harry Welchman.      |
| Susan . . . . .               | Clarice Hardwick.    |
| Edith . . . . .               | Sybil Rhoda.         |
| Azuri . . . . .               | Phebe Brune.         |
| Ali Ben Ali . . . . .         | Dennis Hoey.         |
| Clementina . . . . .          | Maria Minetti.       |
| Mindar . . . . .              | Edgar Pierce.        |
| Hassi . . . . .               | Clifford Heatherley. |
| Lieut. La Vergne . . . . .    | Alfred Atkins.       |
| Sergeant De Boussac . . . . . | Gordon Crocker.      |

Riffs, French Soldiers, Spanish Girls, Soldiers' Wives, etc., etc.

The play produced by Laurence Schwab.

THE DESERT ROAD

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT I

Scene 1.—Retreat of the Red Shadow in the Riff Mountains. (Evening.)

Scene 2.—Outside General Birabeau's House. (The same evening.)

Scene 3.—A Room in General Birabeau's House. (A few minutes later.)

ACT II

Scene 1.—The Harem of Ali Ben Ali. (Afternoon of the following day.)

Scene 2.—A Corridor. (A few minutes later.)

Scene 3.—The Room of the Silken Couch. (A few minutes later.)

Scene 4.—Edge of the Desert. (The following morning half an hour before dawn.)

Scene 5.—Courtyard of General Birabeau's House. (Two days later.)

Time.—1925.

Locale.—Northern Africa.

|                               |  |                       |
|-------------------------------|--|-----------------------|
| Sid El Kar . . . . .          | The Red Shadow's Lieutenant . . . . .                      | Tenor                 |
| Hadji . . . . .               | A Riff Farmer . . . . .                                    | } Non-singing         |
| Neri . . . . .                | Hadji's Wife . . . . .                                     |                       |
| Benjamin Kidd . . . . .       | Society Correspondent for the "Paris Daily Mail" . . . . . | Comedian              |
| Capt. Paul Fontaine . . . . . | . . . . .  | Baritone              |
| Margot Bonvalet . . . . .     | Guest of General Birabeau . . . . .                        | Soprano               |
| General Birabeau . . . . .    | Governor of a French Moroccan Province . . . . .           | Non-singing           |
| Pierre Birabeau . . . . .     | His only Son . . . . .                                     | Baritone              |
| Susan . . . . .               | His Ward . . . . .   | Comedienne            |
| Edith . . . . .               | Her Friend . . . . .                                       | Any voice             |
| Azuri . . . . .               | Ben Ali's Favourite . . . . .                              | Non-singing           |
| Ali Ben Ali . . . . .         | Caid of a Riff Tribe . . . . .                             | Bass                  |
| Clementina . . . . .          | A Spanish "Lady" . . . . .                                 | Mezzo                 |
| Mindar . . . . .              | } Leading Members of the Red Shadow's Band . . . . .       | } Bass<br>Non-singing |
| Hassi . . . . .               |  |                       |
| Lieut. La Vergne . . . . .    | } Of the French Foreign Legion . . . . .                   | } Any voice           |
| Sergeant De Boussac . . . . . |  |                       |

NOTE.—Hadji, Neri, Edith, Mindar, Le Vergne and De Boussac are very small parts to be played by Chorus.

Chorus of Riffs, French Soldiers, Spanish Girls, Soldiers' Wives, etc., etc.

## INDEX SHOWING DISPOSITION OF THE ENSEMBLE

| No. | ACT I.                |          |                                     | ACT II.          |          |          |          |                        |
|-----|-----------------------|----------|-------------------------------------|------------------|----------|----------|----------|------------------------|
|     | SCENE 1.              | SCENE 2. | SCENE 3.                            | SCENE 1.         | SCENE 2. | SCENE 3. | SCENE 4. | SCENE 5.               |
|     |                       |          |                                     | MEN              |          |          |          |                        |
| 1   | { Sentry<br>{ Soldier | —        | { Soldier<br>{ Rif                  | Rif              | Rif      | Rif      | Rif      | Soldier                |
| 2   | { Rif<br>{ Soldier    | —        | "                                   | "                | "        | "        | "        | "                      |
| 3   | "                     | —        | "                                   | "                | "        | "        | "        | "                      |
| 4   | "                     | —        | "                                   | "                | "        | "        | "        | "                      |
| 5   | "                     | —        | "                                   | "                | "        | "        | "        | "                      |
| 6   | "                     | —        | "                                   | "                | "        | "        | "        | "                      |
| 7   | "                     | —        | "                                   | "                | "        | "        | "        | "                      |
| 8   | "                     | —        | "                                   | "                | "        | "        | "        | "                      |
| 9   | "                     | —        | "                                   | "                | "        | "        | "        | "                      |
| 10  | "                     | —        | "                                   | "                | "        | "        | "        | "                      |
| 11  | "                     | —        | "                                   | "                | "        | "        | "        | "                      |
| 12  | "                     | —        | "                                   | "                | "        | "        | "        | "                      |
| 13  | "                     | —        | "                                   | "                | "        | "        | "        | "                      |
| 14  | "                     | —        | "                                   | "                | "        | "        | "        | "                      |
| 15  | "                     | —        | "                                   | "                | "        | "        | "        | "                      |
| 16  | "                     | —        | "                                   | "                | "        | "        | "        | "                      |
| 17  | "                     | —        | "                                   | { Rif<br>{ Guard | —        | —        | "        | "                      |
| 18  | "                     | —        | "                                   | "                | —        | —        | "        | "                      |
| 19  | "                     | —        | { Soldier<br>{ Servant              | "                | —        | —        | "        | "                      |
| 20  | Bugler                | —        | "                                   | "                | —        | Guard    | "        | { Servant<br>{ Soldier |
|     |                       |          |                                     | WOMEN-DANCERS    |          |          |          |                        |
| 21  | —                     | —        | { Soldier<br>{ Wife<br>Azuri Dancer | * Spanish Dancer | —        | —        | —        | { Wife<br>{ Soldier    |
| 22  | —                     | —        | "                                   | "                | —        | —        | —        | "                      |
| 23  | —                     | —        | "                                   | "                | —        | —        | —        | "                      |
| 24  | —                     | —        | "                                   | "                | —        | —        | —        | "                      |
| 25  | —                     | —        | "                                   | "                | —        | —        | —        | "                      |
| 26  | —                     | —        | "                                   | "                | —        | —        | —        | "                      |
| 27  | —                     | —        | "                                   | "                | —        | —        | —        | "                      |
| 28  | —                     | —        | "                                   | "                | —        | —        | —        | "                      |
| 29  | —                     | —        | { Soldier<br>{ Wife                 | "                | —        | —        | —        | "                      |
| 30  | —                     | —        | "                                   | "                | —        | —        | —        | "                      |
| 31  | —                     | —        | "                                   | "                | —        | —        | —        | "                      |
| 32  | —                     | —        | "                                   | "                | —        | —        | —        | "                      |
| 33  | —                     | —        | "                                   | "                | —        | —        | —        | "                      |
| 34  | —                     | —        | "                                   | "                | —        | —        | —        | "                      |
| 35  | —                     | —        | "                                   | "                | —        | —        | —        | "                      |
| 36  | —                     | —        | "                                   | "                | —        | —        | —        | "                      |
|     |                       |          |                                     | WOMEN-SINGERS    |          |          |          |                        |
| 37  | —                     | Edith    | Wife                                | * Spanish Singer | —        | —        | —        | Wife                   |
| 38  | —                     | —        | "                                   | "                | —        | —        | —        | "                      |
| 39  | —                     | —        | "                                   | "                | —        | —        | —        | "                      |
| 40  | —                     | —        | "                                   | "                | —        | —        | —        | "                      |
| 41  | —                     | —        | "                                   | "                | —        | —        | —        | "                      |
| 42  | —                     | —        | "                                   | "                | —        | —        | —        | "                      |
| 43  | —                     | —        | "                                   | "                | —        | —        | —        | "                      |
| 44  | —                     | —        | "                                   | "                | —        | —        | —        | "                      |
| 45  | —                     | —        | "                                   | "                | —        | —        | —        | "                      |
| 46  | —                     | —        | "                                   | "                | —        | —        | —        | "                      |
| 47  | —                     | —        | "                                   | "                | —        | —        | —        | { Wife<br>{ Servant    |
| 48  | —                     | —        | "                                   | "                | —        | —        | —        | "                      |

\* The above numbers should be regarded as a guide only. When selecting the men and singing women due regard must be paid to the balance of voices and, if this is satisfactory, the quantity can be doubled provided the stage is large enough.  
With regard to the dancers, twelve up to a maximum of sixteen will be found a good working group.

# THE DESERT SONG

## ACT I

MUSIC.

### Scene I

*Summit of a range among the mountains of the RIFF.*

To R. is a huge concave rock, so that the cavity of it forms a narrow cave. On top of these rocks is the edge of the tent of the Red Shadow—masked by the curtain R. To L. more rocks and evidently a trail that leads to the valley below. Through c. is seen blue sky, and in distance just the faint outline of another ridge.

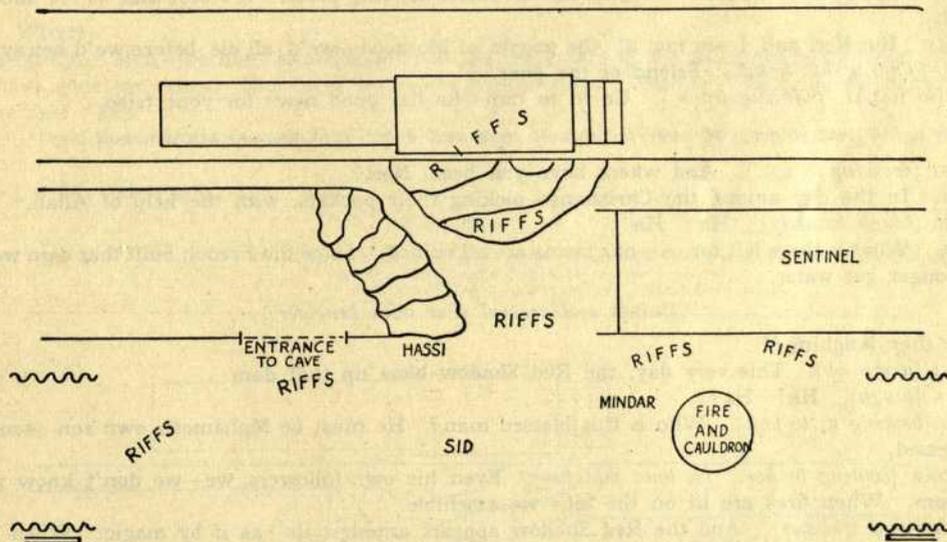
TIME.—Approaching sunset.

LIGHTING.—To open Act I, Sc. 1—All battens blue full; footlights, pink and amber and white at  $\frac{1}{2}$ . Any spots available should be used for principals and have dark amber mediums. Blue floods on backcloth. Fire at L.C. alight.

At Music Cue: House lights out.

The Curtain rises at a cue marked in the score. The travelling curtains part just before SID starts to sing.

The Band of the "Red Shadow" consisting of RIFFS are discovered sprawled about, after a hard day's riding. They are resting—everything to suggest their horses are quartered outside. At R.C. one fat ruffian, HASSI, during scene is sharpening his knife on his boot heel. SID—evidently the "Red Shadow's" Lieutenant, stands c. Food stewing in a cauldron. A SENTINEL is posted on rock L. looking off L.



As Curtain rises MINDAR starts to pass food.

#### 1. Feasting Song.

SID [*cup in hand*]. High on a hill is our stronghold, our shelt'ring cave.  
RIFFS. Woe be to anyone who shall try to discover us—  
Woe be to anyone who shall try to discover us—  
SID. So ho! then you band of reckless men,  
Bold Morocco men.  
RIFFS. Bold band of reckless fellows of Morocco sand—  
Ho! Ho!

## MUSIC.

SID. So pass the bowl and we'll drink it until we drink it up,  
So pass the bowl and we'll drink it until we drain the cup!

[SENTINEL goes off L. to fetch HADJI and NERI.]

RIFFS. Drink to the Caid,  
Drink to the Caid,  
To the leader of the band.

ALL. Drink on!

*During the song MINDAR passes cauldron around and each man pulls out his favourite piece from cauldron. At end of song, MINDAR puts cauldron back on fire.*

MINDAR [coming down R.C.]. I hope the French let us finish. This new leader of theirs—this Captain Paul Fontaine . . .

SID. To his damnation! For five years the frog-eaters have been chasing our band, and all they've caught—is our dust.

RIFFS. Ha, ha! Ha, ha!

MINDAR. But it's been different this last week, since this Captain Fontaine has taken command. Three times they nearly trapped us.

SID. Coward! [Pointing to tent.] Our Red Shadow is a match for a million Captain Fontaines.

*Off stage L. a peculiar whistle is heard. Silence and they look towards SID. Then SID answers the whistle and they all sit up as if expecting some event.*

[SENTINEL enters from L. with the OLD MAN, HADJI and NERI blindfolded and pushes them down c.]

Uncover their eyes.

HADJI. Why were we blindfolded?

SID [explaining the blindfold]. This is our favourite meeting-place. It's best that no one should know this trail.

HADJI. But Neri and I—in fact all the people of Morocco—we'd all die before we'd betray the Red Shadow. [Taking his hand.] Friend of the poor.

SID [to HADJI, pointing up R.]. Go in to him—he has good news for your tribe.

[HADJI goes up over the top of cave and down into RED SHADOW'S tent.]

HASSI [crossing to R.C.]. And where have you been, Neri?

NERI. In the city among the Christians—picking their pockets, with the help of Allah.

RIFFS [laugh heartily]. Ha! Ha!

NERI. What is there left for us—our farms are all ruined. Since the French built that dam we farmers can no longer get water.

[HASSI and several roar with laughter.]

Why are they laughing?

HASSI [arms up]. This very day, the Red Shadow blew up that dam.

RIFFS [laugh]. Ha! Ha!

NERI [looking R. to tent]. Who is this blessed man? He must be Mohamet's own son—sent to save the oppressed.

MINDAR [coming to her. In loud whisper]. Even his own followers, we—we don't know where he comes from. When fires are lit on the hills we assemble.

HASSI [loud whisper]. And the Red Shadow appears amongst us—as if by magic. When the good work is finished he rides off. Where—no one knows.

SID. And what have you heard in the city? [Coming down.]

NERI. That's why we've come. Everyone there is talking of this young Captain Fontaine. My daughter who serves in the Governor Birabeau's house said that only last night there was a feast in honour of him and his bride-to-be—

HASSI. His bride-to-be?

NERI. It seems some girl—I remember her name—Margot Bonvalet—

SID. Margot—?

NERI. Yes, she followed him here from France, and last night Captain Fontaine promised to bring this Margot the head of the Red Shadow as a wedding present.

[HADJI comes back from tent over the rock.]

SEVERAL. Our leader's head!

HASSI [*crossing R. to R.C.*]. First he must kill us!!

ALL. Aye, aye. [*Growls, etc.*]

HADJI [*overjoyed—to wife*]. Look! A bag of millet seeds—we can begin planting again.

[*SID pats HADJI on back.*]

NERI [*running seed through her fingers.*]. Good seed, too.

HASSI. It ought to be—we stole it from the Government warehouse.

[*All laugh.*]

HADJI. Neri, have you given them the wine?

ALL. Wine, wine.

NERI. Oh, I'd forgotten. I left it at the foot of the hill.

[*Several RIFFS make to exit L.*]

[*RED SHADOW, coming from tent, appears on top of cave.*]

LIGHTING.—*Entrance of RED SHADOW L. bottom perch spots him amber until exit.*

HASSI. Wait! The Red Shadow.

[*Men stop—turn to him and give him head-and-heart salute.*]

RED SHADOW [*coming down to HADJI*]. You tell my men what you have told me.

HADJI. With this Captain Fontaine have come a regiment of the devils of the Foreign Legion—

[*Exclamations from the band.*]

ALL. What!

RED SHADOW. Men—we have sworn that when the law is wrong, we will right it, by force. [*Pauses.*]

This we have done for years. But there is greater danger now. [*Pauses.*] Men, do we fight?

MEN. Yes! Yes!

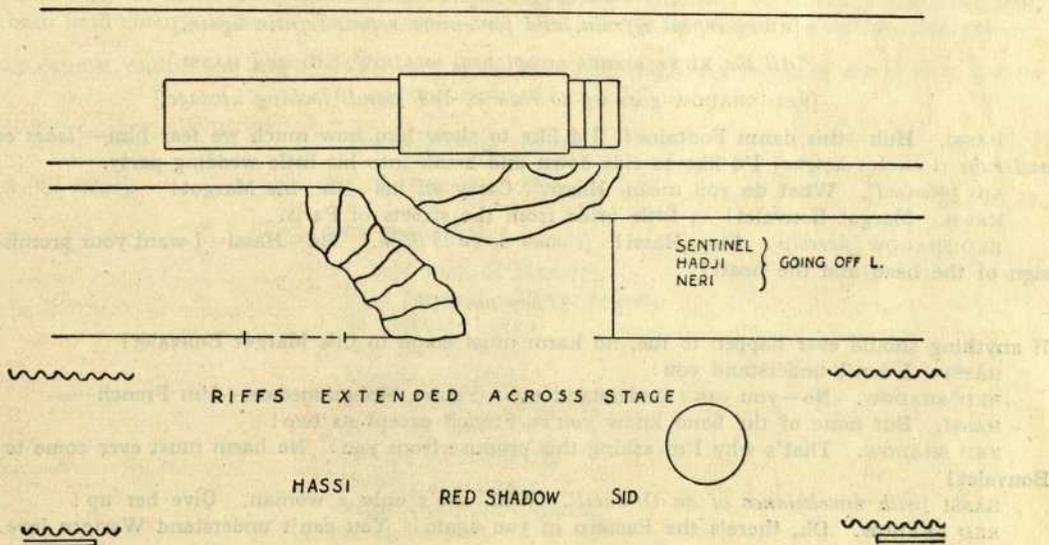
RED SHADOW [*commandingly—scoffingly.*]. Huh—men—men! We're safe until they breed horses as fast as ours.

RIFFS [*shout*]. Hooray!

[*All laugh.*]

*Sing the "The Rif Song" in which the Chorus join. At start of Number, the old couple are blindfolded and led off L. through the pass.*

RED SHADOW is C., SID is on his L., HASSI is on his R.



## MUSIC.

RED SHADOW. Over the ground  
 [PIERRE.] There comes a sound.  
 It is the drum, drum, drum of hoof-beats in the sand!  
 SID. Drumming on the sand—  
 RIFFS. Galloping horses in the sand!  
 RED SHADOW. Quiver with fear  
 If you are near—  
 It is the thunder of the "Shadow" and his Band  
 And,  
 To understand the cry of :

[Refrain.]

RED SHADOW. Ho!  
*All make sweeping movement with right hands.*

So we sing as we are riding  
 RIFFS. Ho!  
*All make sweeping movement with right hands.*

RED SHADOW. It's time you'd best be hiding  
 Low—  
 It means the Riffs are abroad—  
 Go!

Before you've bitten the sword!  
 RIFFS. Go before the sword.  
 Ho!

*All make sweeping movement with right hands.*

RED SHADOW. Ho!  
 That's the sound that comes to warn you,  
 So  
 In the night or early morn you  
 Know—  
 If you're the Red Shadow's foe—  
 The Riffs will strike with a blow  
 That brings you woe—

RIFFS. Oh!

*All with right hands up. Fists closed, walk back and then turn on first note of refrain with sweeping movement of right hands.*

[RIFFS repeat refrain, and for encore repeat refrain again.]

[All the RIFFS exeunt except RED SHADOW, SID and HASSI.]

[RED SHADOW goes up to rock c. and stands looking upstage.]

HASSI. Huh—this damn Fontaine! I'd like to show him how much we fear him—[takes out knife and rubs it on his tongue] I'd like to ride down and break into his little wedding party.

SID [pleasèd]. What do you mean, Hassi? Carry off his—his—his Margot!

HASSI. Margot Bonvalet!—a little bride from the streets of Paris.

RED SHADOW [fiercely]. Stop, Hassi! [Comes down to them.] Sid—Hassi—I want your promise. The sign of the head and the heart!

[They make it.]

If anything should ever happen to me, no harm must come to this Margot Bonvalet!

HASSI. I can't understand you!

RED SHADOW. No—you can't understand me. You're Mohammedans—I'm French—

HASSI. But none of the band know you're French except us two!

RED SHADOW. That's why I'm asking this promise from you! No harm must ever come to Margot Bonvalet!

HASSI [with nonchalance of an Oriental]. Well, she's only a woman. Give her up!

RED SHADOW. Oh, there's the Eastern in you again! You can't understand Western love.

SID. You've been our comrade. We've never asked any questions. But there's one thing we don't understand. MUSIC.

HASSI. Yes. Why did you, a Frenchman who loves his country as you do, leave the army to join us?

RED SHADOW. I would never have been your leader—if it were not for this Margot—

HASSI. Surely a woman couldn't—

RED SHADOW. Yes—a woman. It was because of Margot that I came to Morocco eight years ago. I dreamed of coming back to her in a grand uniform—all covered with medals.

[HASSI and SID laugh.]

I joined the French Army—do you remember who was Governor then?

SID. Yes, General Fontaine.

RED SHADOW. This very Captain Fontaine's father—

HASSI. The one we called the butcher—?

RED SHADOW. Yes. He sent me out to raid villages. I was very young. I realized how unnecessarily cruel he was. I tried to explain to him. He flew into a raging fury. He cried I was a traitor. Then before I knew what he was doing he struck me full in the face. I fell bleeding from the mouth. Oh, how I longed to strike back.

HASSI. You couldn't?

RED SHADOW. No. But I made up my mind then and there that I would give up my life to stamp out this cruelty that was disgracing France . . . Soon after I made a secret trip to the Hills . . . to Ali Ben Ali.

HASSI. I remember that night, when a masked figure stepped up and said, "Ali, give me twenty men who aren't afraid to die. And when the law is wrong, we will overturn the law."

RED SHADOW. I was a boy. I dreamt of being a Robin Hood, in Morocco. [Pause.] When I returned to Fez they forced me to resign from the army. I acted as if that blow had made me stupid—almost half witted. I spent all my time picking wild flowers—and so they searched high and low for the Red Shadow and never suspected that he was the stupid timid boy who was living right in their midst.

HASSI [enjoying the joke]. Fine. You're the only man that ever fooled the butcher! Ha! Ha! It was fine!

RED SHADOW [grimly]. Yes—until last year when General Fontaine died. And of all men—they picked my own father to be Governor. Do you realize my position? My father came down here with one purpose—to wipe out the Red Shadow. Could I desert my men? And my father—could I let him suspect that his only son was an enemy to the French?

HASSI. Of course not.

RED SHADOW. So to keep my father from suspecting my movements I continued playing the fool. Oh—it's been hard enough to see my father despise me. But now to let Margot despise me—Margot—

[The RIFFS enter R. and L. and sing. At the start of Number RED SHADOW goes up on top of cave, salutes SID and the men, and exits.]

Feasting Song (Repeat).

RIFFS [off stage].

Ho, bold man of Morocco—

(They enter gradually)

Ho, bold men of Morocco,  
Bold band of reckless fellows  
Of Morocco sand!

SID.

As we are drinking,  
Merrily drinking,  
Who would be thinking  
Who we are!  
As we are drinking,  
Merrily drinking,  
Who would be thinking  
Who we are!

## MUSIC.

So pass the bowl and we'll  
 Drink it until  
 We drink it up.  
 So pass the bowl  
 And we'll drink it  
 Until  
 We drain the cup.  
 RIFFS. As we are drinking,  
 Merrily drinking,  
 Who would be thinking  
 Who we are!  
 As we are drinking,  
 Merrily drinking,  
 Who would be thinking  
 Who we are!

[RIFFS sing *pianissimo* and go back to places and resume smoking, polishing saddles, etc.]

IST AND 2ND TENOR. Drink to the Caïd,  
 RIFFS. To the leader of the band.  
 IST AND 2ND BASSES. Drink on!  
 RIFFS. Drink on!

[Towards the finish of the Number, BENJAMIN is seen creeping over top of cave, and is spied by the  
 LIEUTENANT SID.]

LIGHTING.—Entrance of BENJAMIN L. top perch spots him; amber until exit.

SID. Look!

[They all look up on top.]

HASSI. A spy!

ALL. Bring him down!

[Two RIFFS reach for him, pull him off rock and shove him to SID, who is on his L., HASSI is on his R.]

SID. Release him.

BENJAMIN [as the RIFFS haul him about]. Hey! These braces are nearly four years old.

SID. Speak.

BENJAMIN. Eh?

SID. Speak.

BENJAMIN. Certainly. Mr. Chairman, Ladies and gentlemen . . .

HASSI. He's a spy! Let's kill him! [Points gun at BENJAMIN'S head.]

BENJAMIN. Stop—don't do that. Don't be so effeminate. You can't do this to me. [Suddenly gets an idea that may save him.] I'm British—England! London! Tottenham Court Road!

SID. What are you doing in Morocco?

BENJAMIN. Nothing. Make me an offer?

SID. Search him!

HASSI [as he searches takes articles from his pocket]. Lead pencils. He's a spy.

BENJAMIN. No, I'm not. I confess! In my odd moments I'm a reporter. I was Society correspondent of the Paris "Daily Mail." You know, parties, dances— [looking at HASSI.] No, you wouldn't know. [Looking at SID.] You might, [to HASSI] but you wouldn't.

SID. Then why'd you come to Morocco?

BENJAMIN. Our war correspondent here had stopped sending any news. So the editor said to me, "Bennie," that's my name—short for Alf. "Bennie, how'd you like to take Malcolm Smith's place?"

SEVERAL [smiling]. Malcolm Smith!

BENJAMIN. Yes, please—the War Correspondent—you know him? You have met him, socially?

SID [ominously]. Only once! He paid us an unexpected visit, just as you did—he started asking questions . . .

BENJAMIN [full of fear]. But—er—is he all right?

SID. Oh yes—he's all right—*now*. He won't ask any more questions.

RIFFS. Ha! Ha! Ha!

[BENJAMIN *collapses*.]

BENJAMIN. Ma-ma . . . I don't think I feel very well.

HASSI [*sharpening his knife and pointing it*]. When I see a spy I want blood.

BENJAMIN. Don't look at me, I'm anæmic.

SID. What brought you here?

BENJAMIN. I didn't mean to pay you a visit. Early this morning I went out, horse-riding, with my friend Pierre . . .

SID. Pierre?

BENJAMIN. Lovely boy—Pierre. [*To HASSI*]. You wouldn't like him. [*To SID*]. But you might like him— Suddenly he gave me the slip—my horse ran away. It was my first time on a horse. Oh, did I have trouble—

HASSI. What's the matter? Got a headache?

BENJAMIN. Just the opposite. I couldn't *stay* on that horse—and I didn't know how to get off that horse—I just had to wait till the horse decided to stop. You can imagine how I felt— [*Looking at HASSI*].

No—you couldn't imagine— [*To SID*]. But you might imagine— [*To HASSI*]. But you couldn't.

I felt so terrible—all I wanted was just to die.

HASSI [*pointing knife at BENJAMIN'S stomach*]. Well, you've come to the right place.

BENJAMIN. Look, look, he can't take a joke. [*To SID*]. Why don't you muzzle the alsatian?

HASSI. You poor little shrimp. Tell me, are there no big men born in England?

BENJAMIN. No, only babies born in England.

SID. Who is this Pierre? [*Coming close to BENJAMIN*].

BENJAMIN. He? Why he's the only son of General Birabeau, the French Governor.

[SID and HASSI *look at one another*. *Movement from the men*.]

ALL. What!

BENJAMIN. Ah! I thought you'd sit up and take notice. Now I want to tell you fellows something.

[*Turns to SID*.]

Unless you release me—

[*They all laugh*.]

I seem to have said something funny. All the French will be after you.

SID [*very meaningly*]. They're all after us now.

BENJAMIN. Good, I mean good gracious. What! You! You! you're—you're not the Red Shadow?

SID. He's up there in his tent.

BENJAMIN. I think I'm wanted on the 'phone. [*Starts to run L. but they stop him*.]

HASSI. Oh, let's kill him.

RIFFS. Yes. [*Start toward him*.]

[RED SHADOW *appears on top of cave*.]

LIGHTING.—*Re-entrance of RED SHADOW—L. bottom perch spots him; amber until exit*.

RED SHADOW. Silence! What's going on here?

SID [*to his leader*]. We've caught a spy.

BENJAMIN. Let's kill him. [*Realizing his mistake*]. No, no—I don't mean that.

RED SHADOW [*coming down off rock*]. Silence!

[*The BAND obediently drops back. He looks at BENJAMIN closely—then calls SID aside and whispers to him*.]

BENJAMIN [*in a loud whisper*]. Look! The Red Shadow! Shed Radow! [*Seeing the RED SHADOW and SID whispering, speaks to HASSI*]. What are they doing?

HASSI. Deciding whether to kill you.

BENJAMIN [*whispering*]. Have you got a vote?

[HASSI *nods*. BENJAMIN *hastily gives him his watch and chain*.]

## MUSIC.

SID [*crossing to BENJAMIN—acting as spokesman for the RED SHADOW, who remains behind him, face largely hidden by cloak*]. Our leader has decided to save your life.

BENJAMIN [*takes watch back and starts to run off L.*]. God bless you, Mr. Copperfield. Give me that watch. . . .

SID [*meaningly*]. Stop! You are to be a spy—a spy for us among the French.

BENJAMIN. It isn't what I'd choose.

SID. You have no choice.

BENJAMIN. What could be fairer than that.

SID. Our men will be watching you everywhere—in the city—in your home—when you hear this whistle— [*Gives whistle.*]

[BENJAMIN starts L.]

Where are you going?

BENJAMIN. I thought I heard half-time blow.

SID [*coming closer to him*]. When you hear this whistle— [*Gives whistle.*] Stop whatever you're doing.

[SENTINEL rushes in over pass L.]

SENTINEL. Master—Master—I have seen the French.

LIGHTING.—“Master, Master, I have seen the French”—*pink and amber footlights dim out.*

SID. Where?

SENTINEL. Over the next range! [*Pointing off L.*]

BENJAMIN. Maybe I joined too soon.

RED SHADOW [*who has appeared on top of rock*]. Saddle your horses!

SID. Leave no trace behind you.

[*The RIFFS pick up tripod, cauldron, rifles and gear. Exit R. and L.*]

RED SHADOW [*to RIFFS*]. Ride out, draw the French away. They must not find this retreat.

MINDAR [*referring to BENJAMIN*]. And this man? He has no horse.

SID. Take him on the back of yours.

MINDAR. Shall I bind his eyes?

BENJAMIN. No, bind me over.

[MINDAR and one of the RIFFS carry BENJAMIN off L.]

[*The RIFF BAND is all gone except HASSI, who runs up the pass, binoculars to his eyes.*]

HASSI. Fontaine! He sees the first of our men. He's off in pursuit.

[RED SHADOW takes glass from him.]

What if they should find the trail that leads up here . . .

RED SHADOW. If he found that, we could all be trapped.

HASSI [*takes up gun*]. I'll make sure. [*Shoots off L. and then runs off L.*]

RED SHADOW [*interrupting*]. Listen—when the French reach the creek—you and I—we'll ride out in the open—the French'll turn their fire on us—

SID. As you say.

RED SHADOW. Look! My band is gaining on them. Look at my men rid— [*Bursts triumphantly into Riff Band Song.*]

[*Reprise of the Riff Song. RED SHADOW and SID.*]

RED SHADOW AND SID.

Ho!

That's the sound that

Comes to warn you

So—

In the night or

Early morn you know—

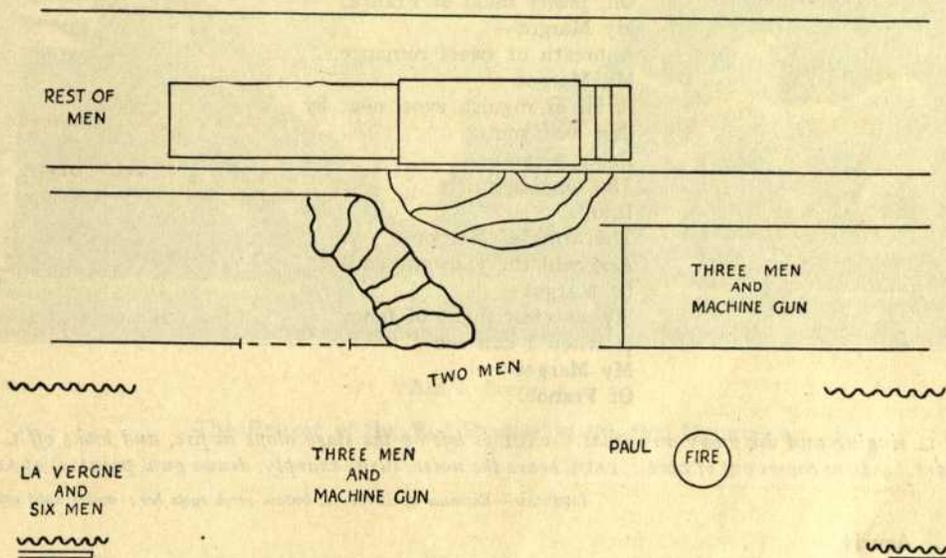
If you're the Red Shadow's foe—  
The Riffs will strike with a blow—  
That brings you woe.

[At the end of song, RED SHADOW and SID exit over the Pass L.]

LIGHTING.—Entrance of AZURI—R. bottom perch spots her; amber until exit.  
AZURI enters, creeping over C. entrance, walks down, looks off L. and then at fire. Hears Bugle Call, runs and hides inside cave. Two machine-gun squads of three MEN enter R., running L. One mounts gun on the stage R. of fire, and one on Pass L.

[CAPTAIN PAUL FONTAINE and two MEN enter—stop short at the fire.]

LIGHTING.—Entrance of PAUL—L. and R. top perches spot him; steel blue until exit.



PAUL. Ah—their camp-fire. [Calling excitedly off R.] La Vergne!

LA VERGNE [entering on the run]. Yes, Captain . . .

PAUL. Look! They've just left. This fire is not an hour old.

LA VERGNE. We've just missed them.

[Two other MEN come up.]

PAUL [gleefully]. Yes—but for the last time! This is their secret hiding-place. Now I can trap them! Sergeant de Boussac!

DE BOUSSAC [entering from R.] Here—Captain—

PAUL. Take that machine-gun and a detachment of thirty men, and occupy that Pass. Keep every man hidden in ambush. When our friend the Red Shadow and his band return, you can just mow them down; they're done for.

[DE BOUSSAC and two machine-guns squads exit off L. and down Pass L.]

LA VERGNE. Congratulations, Captain!

PAUL [to LA VERGNE]. Your detachment. Bring them here.

LA VERGNE [calling off R.] Trumpeter, sound the advance.

[MEN come on from R. and about 12 over Pass R. grouping themselves all on the stage, from R. to L.]

PAUL. Men, you're to ride back to the city together. And as a reward for finding their hiding-place the squadron is to get a three-day furlough . . .

[Cries of "Bravo."]

I know how they feel. I have someone waiting for me. At last I shall have a free moment for—

## MUSIC.

LA VERGNE. For M'lle Bonvalet?

PAUL. My Margot.

LA VERGNE. The men need some hours with their sweethearts. For weeks we've ridden—without rest—

PAUL. That's as it should be! That's what *makes* a French soldier. He learns that the faster he rides—the harder he fights—the sooner he can go—back to laughter—and to love.

LA VERGNE. You mean back to Margot.

[*All laugh and sing. PAUL with the men.*]

MEN.

Oh, pretty maid of France,  
My Margot—  
A breath of sweet romance,  
My Margot—  
A bit of roguish eyes, near by  
Can woo you,  
Bring to you  
The longing to fly  
Into  
The arms of Margot—  
And win the winsome smile  
Of Margot—  
My sweetest flight of fancy  
Is when I can see  
My Margot—  
Of France.

[*MEN exit L. singing and die away on repeat. PAUL is left on the stage alone at fire, and looks off L. through binoculars. AZURI comes out of cave; PAUL hears the noise, turns sharply, draws gun, points it at AZURI.*]

LIGHTING.—*Entrance of AZURI—R. bottom perch spots her; amber until exit.*

PAUL. Azuri!

AZURI. Paul!

PAUL. You here—in the hiding-place of the Red Shadow?

AZURI. This? Here? I swear I did not know this was the hiding-place of the Red Shadow.

PAUL. You do know. You know *who that man is*.

AZURI. If I knew don't you think I would betray him to my lover?

PAUL. Then what are you doing here?

AZURI. I come from the hills, from the palace of Ali Ben Ali—and all at once I hear the French bugle, and I know my Paul must be near.

[*During this speech she has crossed stage till she is beside PAUL, and at conclusion she tries to embrace him. He tries to break away.*]

PAUL. Azuri—I—I must go back to my men.

AZURI. You sing "Back to Margot"—[*She spits.*] What you want with Margot? When Azuri love she give all to her man.

PAUL. Azuri—that is all over.

AZURI. You are French, and when a French girl smile at you, you forget Azuri. Azuri don't forget. When she love she love for always, and when she hate—she hate.

PAUL. No threats, Azuri—

[*Bugle call.*]

LIGHTING.—"No threats, Azuri"—*Dim out all battens and floods and footlights and follow dimming out spot on AZURI so that nothing but the fire is alight as she says "Margot Bonvalet" the second time. As she stops speaking, black out the fire and spots.*

[*PAUL breaks away and runs off over Pass L. AZURI clings to him and is finally thrown off. After his exit she crosses and kneels at fire and prays.*]

THE SCENERY THAT WAS USED AT DRURY LANE THEATRE.



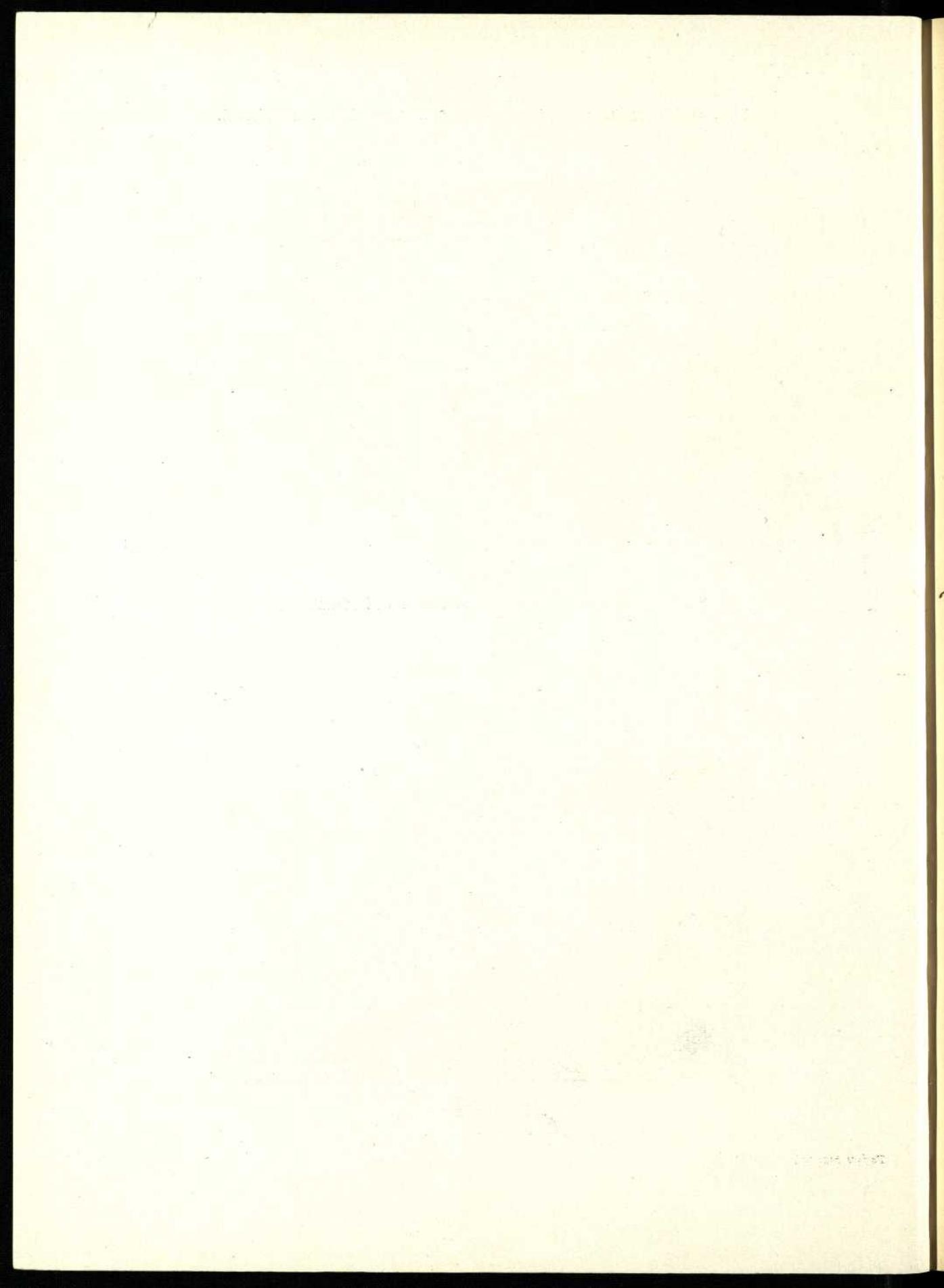
Act I, Scene 1.

The Retreat of the Red Shadow in the Riff Mountains.



Act I, Scene 2.

Outside General Birabeau's House.



AZURI. Margot Bonvalet! Oh, Allah who sees all things, help me make her suffer! Margot Bonvalet!

MUSIC.

[Traveller Curtain closes.]

Lower Front Cloth and set seat c.

LIGHTING.—As traveller curtain closes, to open Act I, Scene 2—blue footlights full, white oolights at  $\frac{1}{2}$ .

When SUSAN and EDITH are in position, open Traveller Curtains.

## ACT I

## Scene 2

Outside GENERAL BIRABEAU'S House.

SUSAN sitting on seat at c. EDITH standing behind her.

EDITH. Cheer up, Susan, none of our men have come home yet.

SUSAN. But my poor Bennie is so delicate.

EDITH. Oh, come inside, the girls are having a grand party. Margot sneaked down to the barracks and got away with twenty uniforms.

SUSAN. My! She could be shot for that—

EDITH. Who? Margot? Our Margot! Go on, she could get away with anything. Oh, come, Susan, and have some fun.

SUSAN. Fun—without my Bennie—?

EDITH. Why do you secretaries always fall in love with the men you work for?

SUSAN. Well, if you're going to let a man dictate to you, you might as well marry him. Oh, I wish he'd come back.

Song: SUSAN.

[Looking through binoculars.]

Has anybody seen my Ben-nie?

I miss him so.

'Twas early in the morning when he started forth to go—

EDITH. The wife of every soldier by fear and dread is harried—

SUSAN. But Bennie ain't no soldier,

And we ain't even married.

I hope, of course, to bring him lots of joy,

To be his wife, his sweetheart and his pal;

I'll try my best to win that gallant boy,

And when I do, I'll be a buoyant gal.

[Number over, exit EDITH L. Enter BENJAMIN R. at time of music.]

LIGHTING.—As BENJAMIN enters—P.S. bottom perch spots him, white.

BENJAMIN. Oh—! [Crunched and sore from riding a horse.]

SUSAN. Bennie! [Rushes towards him.]

BENJAMIN. Don't! [imping.]

SUSAN. Sit down, Bennie.

BENJAMIN. I can't sit down—

SUSAN. Why, what's the matter with you. Are you hurt?

BENJAMIN. Yes. I'm numb from the knees up.

SUSAN. Who did it?

BENJAMIN. A horse.

End of music.

SUSAN. Where have you been?

BENJAMIN. Oh, up and down, up and down. I shall never be able to straighten out this chassis again.

[Tries to sit and only does so with great difficulty. SUSAN sits on his R.]

## MUSIC.

SUSAN. Is it better now?

BENJAMIN. Only better because it can't be any worse.

SUSAN. Got any news?

BENJAMIN. One about the size of a tea-tray.

SUSAN. I said news.

BENJAMIN. I thought you said bruise. . . . I've got enough news to cover the front page of the Paris "Daily Mail." Susan, I was caught by the Riff band.

SUSAN. Bennie! Was it a big band?

BENJAMIN. Bigger than Jack Hylton's. You take the notes. I'll write the story later.

[SUSAN picks up notebook and pencil.]

SUSAN [excitedly]. You mean to say you went out alone after those Riffs?

BENJAMIN. Yes, and Susan, they were the toughest bunch you ever saw. There was one big bloke by the name of Hassi; all he wanted to do was kill you.

SUSAN. What for?

BENJAMIN. He just liked to do those kind of things. He was a horrible piece of work—frizzy hair, bristling moustache, a long greasy beard and bushy eyebrows. One more hair and he'd have had to live in a tree. Susan, he was so tough he could kill you with one hand, eat a grape fruit with the other and tell you which way it would squirt.

SUSAN. I suppose the next thing you'll tell me, you saw the Red Shadow.

BENJAMIN. I did.

SUSAN. You expect me to believe that—?

BENJAMIN. Yes. And if you think that other bloke was tough, you should have seen the Red Shadow; he came riding in on a panther, using a rattlesnake for a whip. He said, "Men, I'm hungry." And one of the men carried in a live cow.

SUSAN. Oh, Bennie, how could one man carry in a live cow?

BENJAMIN. He made two trips. There stood his poor cow. The Red Shadow walked over, took out his sabre, cut himself off a slice and ate it.

SUSAN. Raw???

BENJAMIN. It was the rawest thing I ever saw done to a cow.

SUSAN. Didn't you do anything about that—?

BENJAMIN. I think I did. I walked up to the men and I said, "Put down that cow." And they stopped eating it and started on me . . .

SUSAN. All of them?

BENJAMIN [starts to build up excitement. Rises and pulls SUSAN up too]. The whole ten thousand of them. Oh, Susan, there was an awful battle. Riffs to the right of me—Riffs to the left of me—Riffs above me, Riffs behind me—volleyed and thundered; into the valley of death rode the six hundred.

SUSAN. I thought you said ten thousand!!!

BENJAMIN. Don't be so accurate. I'm writing for the papers. Riffs behind me . . . I run out of Riffs. There I was in hand to hand combat, I slew, slowed and slaughtered. I don't know how many I left dead. Bullets missed—

SUSAN. Bullets! Why, Bennie, you didn't tell me there was any shooting.

BENJAMIN. Why, Susan, the bullets were flying so thickly it wasn't safe to take your hat off. One of them caught me in the heel. Oh, it was terrible!

SUSAN. Bennie, why didn't you zigzag and avoid the bullets?

BENJAMIN. I did zigzag—

SUSAN. Then how were you shot?

BENJAMIN. I must have zigged when I should have zagged!

Close Traveller Curtain.

LIGHTING.—"Should have zagged"—Black out. Take up front cloth.  
At Music Cue (just before GIRLS start to sing), open Traveller Curtain.

## ACT I

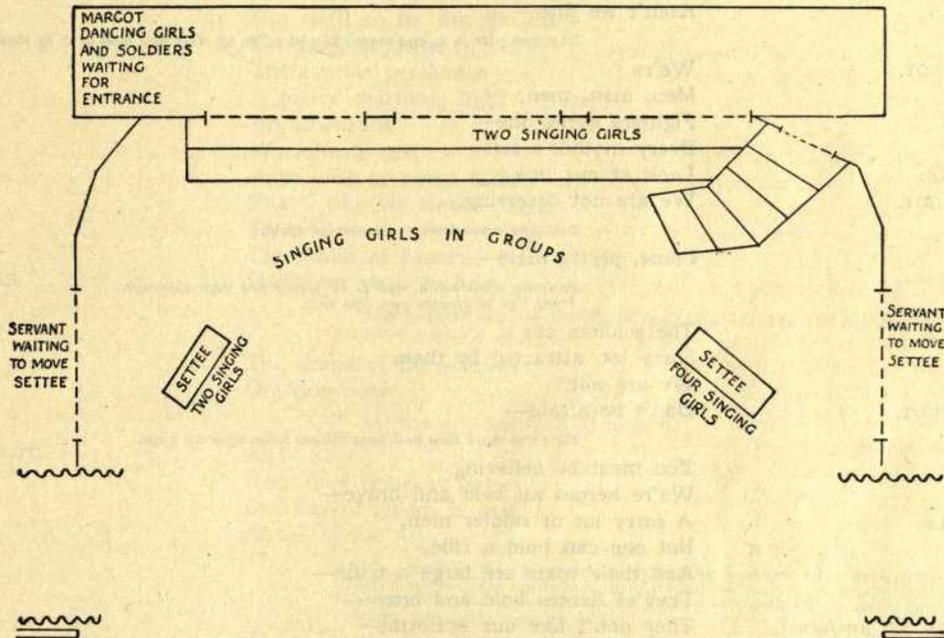
## Scene 3

## GENERAL BIRABEAU'S House.

LIGHTING.—To open Act I, Scene 3—All full up white except batten on back cloth, which is blue.

The home of GENERAL BIRABEAU in French Morocco. This is a kind of reception hall, coloured by characteristic mosaic tiles. Three Moorish arches at the back open out on a balcony over the balustrade of which can be seen the Riff Hills. Up L. is a small stairway leading to PIERRE'S apartments. Arches down L. and R. lead to other downstairs rooms and should be at least 6 feet wide to permit effective chorus exits. Chairs and settees placed at the convenience of stage directions.

Discovered several singing GIRLS, who sing as Curtain goes up, wandering about as if waiting for something.



## Opening.

Why did we marry soldiers,  
 Why did we leave our France,  
 To live in Old Morocco  
 The lives of maiden aunts?  
 Our men are always missing,  
 They're not around enough,  
 Just as we start our kissing  
 The dam old Riffs get rough,  
 And then to quell this Riffian blight  
 Our hubbies heed the call to fight—  
 It seems a silly fuss,  
 For if they chose to spend a day in fighting  
 Why not let them stay  
 At home and fight with us?

Life is dull and life is weary (*stretching arms as though bored*)  
 Life is hell without our men,  
 Hours lull, days are dreary,  
 Nights are hell without, without men,  
 Ah, men—ah, men . . .

SINGING GIRLS break line and back up stage as DANCING GIRLS are heard coming.

## MUSIC.

GIRLS. Soldiers—  
 EDITH. They're not soldiers—  
 FIRST GIRL. It's Margot and the girls—

*Two SERVANTS enter R. and L., move settees out of way for march.  
 MARGOT enters with DANCING GIRLS, dressed in French military uniforms, in couples from  
 R. and through C. arch at back. MARGOT comes down C. stage and sings.  
 LIGHTING.—Entrance of MARGOT—L. and R. bottom perches open white spot MARGOT.  
 DANCERS march down behind MARGOT. SINGERS from two oblique lines on L.*

MARGOT. Oh!  
 Girls, girls, girls—  
 Here are cavaliers—  
 Handsome cavaliers—  
 GIRLS. Aren't we fine—

*DANCERS part in C. and march R. and L., go up stage and meet at C. by steps.*

MARGOT. We're  
 Men, men, men,  
 Fighters every one—  
 Every mother's son—  
 GIRLS. Look at our line—  
 MARGOT. We are not deceiving,

*DANCERS come down C. in couples again.*

Come, pretty maid—

*DANCERS open out R. and L. by taking two steps sideways.  
 Front line of singers goes over to R.*

GIRLS. The soldiers are a  
 Sorry lot, attracted by them  
 We are not.  
 MARGOT. Don't be afraid—

*DANCERS mark time and form oblique lines, apex up stage.*

You must be believing  
 We're heroes all bold and brave—  
 GIRLS. A sorry lot of soldier men,  
 Not one can hold a rifle,  
 And their coats are large a trifle—  
 They're heroes bold and brave—  
 GIRLS [*in uniform*]. They don't like our uniforms—

*DANCERS come down in pairs. The top girls come straight down stage while those following  
 march on until a double line is formed on each side of the stage.*

MARGOT. They scoff at our uniforms—  
 GIRLS. We can't help laughing—  
 Ha!—  
 MARGOT. A-ha! A-ha!—  
 GIRLS. Take care, take care,

*DANCERS take two steps outwards.*

GIRLS. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha—  
 Girls, girls, girls—

*DANCERS on L. form rear oblique line on L.  
 DANCERS on R. form front oblique line on L.  
 SINGERS form oblique lines behind dancers.  
 MARGOT marches to extreme R. downstage.*

Here are cavaliers,  
 Handsome cavaliers,  
 Aren't they fine?—  
 MARGOT. We're men, men, men,  
 Fighters every one,  
 And we can't be beaten n the fighting line.

*MARGOT takes her place in front of the middle of the front row of dancers.  
 GIRLS pretend that they are playing bugles.*



## MUSIC.

We are here to answer you—  
So let the bugle blow—  
Advance!

Out we'll go to rout the foe—  
For back at home  
There waits perchance  
A pretty charming light o' love,

An amourette we long to see,  
Antoinette or sweet Marie!  
That's why we love to fight,

To love the maids of France!

DANCERS march into line between MEN and SINGERS.

Ta-ra-ta-ta-ta-Ra-ta-ra-ta-Ra-ta-ta!  
So let the bugle blow.  
Advance!

MEN come down front and form line across footlights.

Soldiers when the battle is won  
Then let the bugle blow.  
Ra-ta-ta-ta-Ra-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta!  
A pretty charming light o' love,

MEN form fours, then take two places R. and then two to L.  
SINGERS and DANCERS form straight lines behind MEN.

An amourette we long to see,  
Antoinette or sweet Marie!  
That's why we love to fight

On the word "That's" full company takes eight paces up stage, and on the word "Fight" eight paces down stage.

To love the maids of France!

Front row of MEN lunge straight forward with rifles.

Back row of MEN lunge upwards with rifles.

The two men behind MARGOT form an arch with their rifles over her head.

All GIRLS at attention.

For the dance which follows, the MEN part in C. and back up stage, forming two oblique lines. The SINGERS form a single line across the back up stage. The DANCERS come through C. of men and form two ranks across stage by footlights. MARGOT dances in front of them at R.C. The DANCERS and MARGOT retain these positions until the end. The steps they do are military buck. The SINGERS and MEN beat time with their feet retaining their positions, except for a slight up and down stage movement.

DANCERS usually do this dance three times, varying the steps. The SOLDIERS and SINGERS exit on the last eight bars of the first time through. The SINGERS leave through the C. arches while the MEN exit R.2. and L.2.

[GENERAL BIRABEAU enters L.2. Two SERVANTS put back settees R. and L.]

LIGHTING.—Entrance of GENERAL—R. top perch amber spots GENERAL.

BIRABEAU [at down stage L.] Company—attention!

[ALL GIRLS tremble and end girl droops. GENERAL straightens her up.]

I said—attention! [Bus. of walking towards C. and looking at GIRLS.] A fine lot of soldiers! I'd like to see how brave you'd be if the Riffs attacked us, and the siren in that tower blew. [He commands.] COMPANY!

[The GIRLS straighten up as if from an electric shock.]

RIGHT TURN!

[Gingerly, but with a lot of confusion, they finally achieve a "right turn"—some facing opposite way.]

QUICK MARCH!

[They march off R.2. Margot tries to slink after them.]

[He is very much amused.] Captain Margot will remain for a talk with me . . .

[MARGOT comes back guiltily. The GENERAL assumes a severe demeanour as he walks over to her.]

Young lady! What do you mean by stealing our uniforms?

MARGOT. We have to have something for excitement. Your Morocco is the loneliest place in the world.

BIRABEAU [walks to her]. Well, who asked you to come here?

MARGOT. Paul was here—

BIRABEAU. You should have stayed at your convent, where you were sheltered and comfortable.

MARGOT. Comfortable! Ha! ha! Have you ever lived in a young ladies' convent?

BIRABEAU [blustering, stutters]. Er—er—certainly not! [Goes L.]

MARGOT. Well, to be engaged to a man you love—and at the same time to live in a convent—that's the most uncomfortable thing I know! . . . Except this damn uniform!

[MARGOT takes off cloak and hat and puts it on settee R.]

BIRABEAU. But don't you realize your running away and coming down here has placed a great responsibility on me . . .

MARGOT. How do you mean? . . .

BIRABEAU. The radiograms I've been getting from your father! I received another only ten minutes ago . . . [Taking it out of his pocket.]

MARGOT [eager, comes to him]. Oh, what does Father say? . . . [Hopefully.] Is he very angry?

BIRABEAU. Listen: "All Paris talking of Margot—"

[MARGOT giggles.]

"Stop—"

[She stops.]

"Don't let her be captured by Arab bandits. It would ruin her reputation."

[She laughs.]

"Stop—"

[She stops.]

"Under the circumstances insist she marry Fontaine at once or take next boat home."

MARGOT. Stop. [Looks displeased.]

BIRABEAU. Well—which do you choose?

MARGOT [walking R. to settee]. Neither.

BIRABEAU. Margot!

MARGOT. Every girl dreams of one romantic moment . . . But I haven't had that moment yet.

BIRABEAU. You fell in love with Paul . . .

MARGOT. In Paris Paul came to see me at the convent a few times. There were always a couple of nuns present. Was that romance?

BIRABEAU. It was the start. . . .

MARGOT. Exactly—the start—and I followed him here to finish it! When the government sent him to Morocco, I dreamt of a wild courtship—under the Morocco moon.

BIRABEAU. Paul hasn't time for that.

MARGOT [angry]. So I've found. He isn't the romantic adventurer I thought he'd be . . . he's a military machine. [Steps R.]

BIRABEAU. Paul has his duties.

MARGOT. Everlastingly—and I seem to be in the way. When he has a moment off, where do we go?—To some Riff officers' tea. When we ride—we have to stop at the military lines.

BIRABEAU. Well, there's danger beyond them.

MARGOT. Oh, then why doesn't he take me there?

LIGHTING.—"Take me there"—Check whites to  $\frac{1}{2}$  at cue slowly. L. and R. perches on MARGOT change pink.

BIRABEAU. Margot! Do you want to meet an outlaw? [Walk c.]

MARGOT. I think I do.

BIRABEAU [steps L.]. Good Lord!

[Music Cue.]

MARGOT. Why not? And have Paul fight for me—and carry me back on the saddle of his horse. [Dreamily.] And weave stories to me as we ride together.

BIRABEAU. What the devil do you think a soldier is—a poet in uniform?

MARGOT. You've asked me what I long for—[She talks right into verse of lyric.]

[Up to BIRABEAU L.C.]

Romance a play boy who is born each spring  
To teach the nightingale to sing—  
A very pretty song!  
I love you.

MUSIC.

[MARGOT takes BIRABEAU'S hand and kneels to him burlesquing a lover. He pulls his hand away and she stands up again.]

Romance—a legend on an old brocade  
A prince who tells a country maid  
I love you.

[Walks down c. BIRABEAU crosses R.]

Now where this whimsy comes from  
I don't know—  
For when it comes it's just about to go,  
Romance—  
A flower that will bloom a while—  
With sunshine from a lover's smile—  
That lovers' tears be dew!  
Ah!

[GIRLS enter from upper R. and L. and L.2 grouped and listening.]

LIGHTING.—As GIRLS enter—Check all footlights and battens (except blue one on backcloth) to  $\frac{1}{2}$ .

BIRABEAU. Romance! Huh! You'd better tell that to a lot of silly girls!

[GIRLS group round settee L.]

[Exit R.2.]

MARGOT.

Yet when I seek this beauty

[Moves slowly over to GIRLS.]

Flowers of youth's first dawning  
I find a prosy work-a-day world,  
Stretching and yawning!  
Love is locked up in cages

[Sits on settee.]

Kept for a poet's pages,  
Life and adventure.  
Don't seem to be paying attention to me!

[Rise step c.]

MARGOT and GIRLS.

And so I dream of fair romance  
And let my fancies weave pretty stories,  
And though I know they are not so,  
I like to go wand'ring amid their wistful glories.  
My princes become what I would them  
And they stay—for the breath of a sigh!  
I open my arms to enfold them!  
And they're gone like a breeze rushing by!

[Walks L. to GIRLS.]

MARGOT.

Ah, this is a humdrum world,  
But when I dream I set it dancing—  
When life is grey!  
I have a way to keep it gay!

[GIRLS start to exeunt on repeat of this.]

MARGOT [repeats].

Passing the day, I dream of love.  
When life is grey I have a way—

[All start to go off L. slowly.]

—to keep it gay!

[EDITH joins MARGOT.]

Passing the day, I dream of love.

[MARGOT exits after the word "love" with EDITH. The rest have gone.]

After the exit of the GIRLS, SENTRY walks on platform from R. to L. SID comes over balustrade C., runs in, looks round, runs back up stage, whistles Riff whistle. RED SHADOW enters. Both come down on stage.

LIGHTING.—Entrance of SID—R. top perch amber on SID until exit.

Entrance of RED SHADOW—L. top perch amber—spots RED SHADOW until exit.

SID [at R.C.]. Oh, Pierre. This was a mad chance, coming here to-night, before they were all asleep.

PIERRE [at C.]. Sid, I had to see Margot to-night.

SID. But what would General Birabeau say if he knew that his own son is the Red Shadow?

PIERRE. But I had to take that chance to see Margot again. Now to play the fool . . .

In Orchestra is heard in far distance the song of French cavalry returning to their sweet-hearts.

[SID runs up to C. arch, listens, and then speaks.]

SID. Listen! French cavalry! [Pause.]

PIERRE. That must be Fontaine's squadron. I thought they'd be close behind. [He has started L. for steps leading to his room. Knocks some mud off his heel.]

[SID crouches and goes toward balustrade.]

SID [suddenly stops]. They're within sight! [Crossing.] I could be seen climbing down.

PIERRE [on steps, pointing to door L.]. Come with me.

They both exeunt to his room L.U. AZURI enters through R.U. arch. Runs, looks to stairs leading to PIERRE'S room, pantomimes that she has found out who the RED SHADOW is. She gloatingly exits L.2. PAUL with French soldiers rush on from all upper arches and over balustrade. They look all around the room, as though searching for the RED SHADOW.

LIGHTING.—Entrance of AZURI—R. top perch, amber spots her until exit.

Entrance of SOLDIERS—Back to opening light. All perches flood open white.

PAUL. Not a sign. [Speaking to L.] Du Chesne, take your men and guard that entrance.

[SOLDIERS exeunt L. PAUL looks to the R.]

Lapine, take your men and search the grounds.

[They exeunt R. BEAUPRE C.]

Beaupre, post your squad outside. Shoot if anyone tries to leave the house.

[They exeunt through arch up R.]

Where's Lieutenant La Vergne?

SOLDIER. He rode ahead, sir. [Follows the others.]

[GENERAL BIRABEAU rushes in R.2.]

BIRABEAU [grasping PAUL]. Paul! Paul! What luck?

PAUL. Fine! First I found their meeting-place . . . then I picked up their trail again! But their horses were too fast for us.

[Off stage a voice is heard calling: "Captain! Captain!" and then—CORPORAL LA VERGNE enters R.U.]

LA VERGNE. Captain! Captain! We've got the Red Shadow. As I rode ahead I saw him . . . He and another left the band—ran through the brush towards this house—and I saw them both climb this balustrade! [Crosses to stairs L.]

PAUL [overjoyed]. Then he's cornered! . . .

[BENJAMIN enters L.2.]

LIGHTING.—Entrance of BENJAMIN—R. bottom perch open white spots BENJAMIN until exit.

[To BENJAMIN.] You must have seen him.

BENJAMIN [whispering]. No, I was in the cellar . . .

## MUSIC.

[As PAUL and BIRABEAU turn on him.]

LA VERGNE [by steps leading to PIERRE'S room]. Mud stains!  
BIRABEAU. Pierre's room! If he's gone there he's killed my boy.  
PAUL. La Vergne, take those men and guard those upper windows!

[They exeunt upper arch L.]

BENJAMIN [comes to R. of C. almost in tears]. Pierre! Poor Pierre! He wouldn't know how to defend himself.

PAUL [looks up L. balustrade toward steps]. If the Red Shadow is there I'll bring him down.

BENJAMIN [horrified]. Here?

PAUL. Yes!

BENJAMIN. Excuse me.

[He exits L.2.]

PAUL [drawing pistol, starts toward PIERRE'S room]. This time I'm going to get him.

[As PAUL stands poised ready to go up, the door opens and PIERRE enters L.3 with a bunch of wild flowers in his hand. He is sleepy, gaping. PAUL stops.]

LIGHTING.—Entrance of PIERRE—R. and L. top perches open white spot PIERRE until exit.

PIERRE. Hello, everybody!

BIRABEAU. The Red Shadow! We've trapped him! We thought he'd gone into your room.

PIERRE. He has! Well, he certainly was considerate—he didn't even wake me up. [Coming down C.]

BIRABEAU. The house attacked—and you slept through it?

[BIRABEAU comes down on R. of PIERRE, while PAUL, puzzled, comes down on L. of him.]

PIERRE. By the way, I wonder where Margot is. I've the loveliest wild flowers—

BIRABEAU. Wild flowers? Oh, Pierre, why don't you go out and fight the Red Shadow . . . Oh, Pierre, if you'd only do one thing that would make me proud of you . . . [Sigh.]

[MARGOT enters L.2.]

LIGHTING.—Entrance of MARGOT—R. and L. bottom perches open white spot MARGOT until exit.

MARGOT. Paul! Paul! What luck?

PAUL [grasping her and kissing her]. Great luck, Margot!

[PIERRE, seeing her being kissed, turns away.]

MARGOT [seeing PIERRE, crosses to L. to him]. Oh, hello, Pierre! [Takes flowers he gives her.] Thank you.

PAUL. Never mind him. Pay some attention to me.

PIERRE. Yes . . . Paul's a great hero. He nearly got the Red Shadow to-day.

PAUL. I'll have him within a week. Only to-day I've found his secret hiding-place.

MARGOT. Oh, that's fine.

BIRABEAU. Splendid!

PAUL. I've hidden a machine-gun that covers the spot—and the next time they go there, before they know what struck 'em, I'll mow 'em down!

PIERRE [with a silly laugh]. Splendid. But, Father, wouldn't it be funny if they never went up there again.

BIRABEAU. Oh, go back to sleep!

[Bugle is heard.]

PAUL. Oh, damn! Inspection of the first squadron. [Starts to go up R.C.]

[BIRABEAU chuckles.]

MARGOT [put out]. Leaving me again, Paul!

PAUL. I'll be back as soon as I can.

[Exit with BIRABEAU R.U.]

PIERRE [*calling to PAUL*]. Good luck, Paul. I hope you catch the Red Shadow.

MARGOT. You don't like Paul, do you? [*Sits on settee L.*]

PIERRE. Well, he wears a uniform rather well. [*Sits down stage of her on settee L.*]

MARGOT. Oh, Pierre. You're not jealous of Paul, are you, because he's braver and stronger.

PIERRE. Oh, don't go on! I know in your eyes I've turned out a total failure . . . The only reputation I've won is that I'm the laughing-stock.

MARGOT. Well, to be honest, I thought you'd grow up differently. [*Turns away from him.*]

PIERRE [*bursting out*]. Oh, Margot, if you could only realize that this . . . [*As he says this, he almost takes her in his arms.*]

MARGOT. What? [*She turns suddenly and he draws back his arms just in time.*]

PIERRE [*biting his lip*]. Oh, nothing. [*Quite a silence.*]

MARGOT. Pierre, is there anything you want to tell me in confidence?

PIERRE [*startled*]. Why, what do you mean?

MARGOT. You haven't entirely fooled me.

[*PIERRE looks at her.*]

You may be the laughing-stock of the others. . . . But when we're alone—I find you're the *only one* who seems to understand me. [*She puts her face close to his.*]

PIERRE. You do? You feel close to me, Margot? [*Drawing back from her.*]

MARGOT [*disgusted*]. I feel so safe. [*Rises and goes c.*] You never make love to me. And I find I can talk to you . . . well, just as if you were a-a— [*Stops to find a word.*]

PIERRE. A brother? [*Rising and going to her at c.*]

MARGOT. No—a sister.

PIERRE [*laughs*]. A sister! I see your point. [*Steps r.*]

MARGOT. Oh, now, I'm afraid I've hurt you.

PIERRE [*trying to cover up*]. No, no. I thought you'd say that.

MARGOT. Pierre, haven't you ever wanted anything badly? . . . Why don't you wake up? [*Takes his hand.*] Remember the old saying: "Faint heart ne'er won . . ."

PIERRE. But it isn't faint heart [*laughingly*], fair lady. Oh, why couldn't someone find something in my kind of a man. . . . [*Cue.*]

Trio.

PIERRE [*sings*].

My passion is not to crash on  
And woo a maiden in modern fashion.  
I like the ways of the old world,  
Days of a dear self-controlled world.  
I'll not give you mad embraces  
To tear your laces  
And make you frown, dear,  
I'll kiss the hem of your gown, dear,  
Then you will know I love you—

MARGOT.

It is very clear you've never been a girl,  
That's no way to win a girl—

PIERRE.

Isn't there a dream that I can realize?  
One girl to idealize?

MARGOT.

Put her on a pedestal and she will fall;  
She is human, after all.

PIERRE.

All my love is gentle,  
My appeal is mental.

MARGOT.

She won't hear your call.

PIERRE.

My passion is not to crash on  
And woo a maiden in modern fashion.

I like the ways of the old world,  
Days of a dear, self-controlled world . . .

MARGOT.

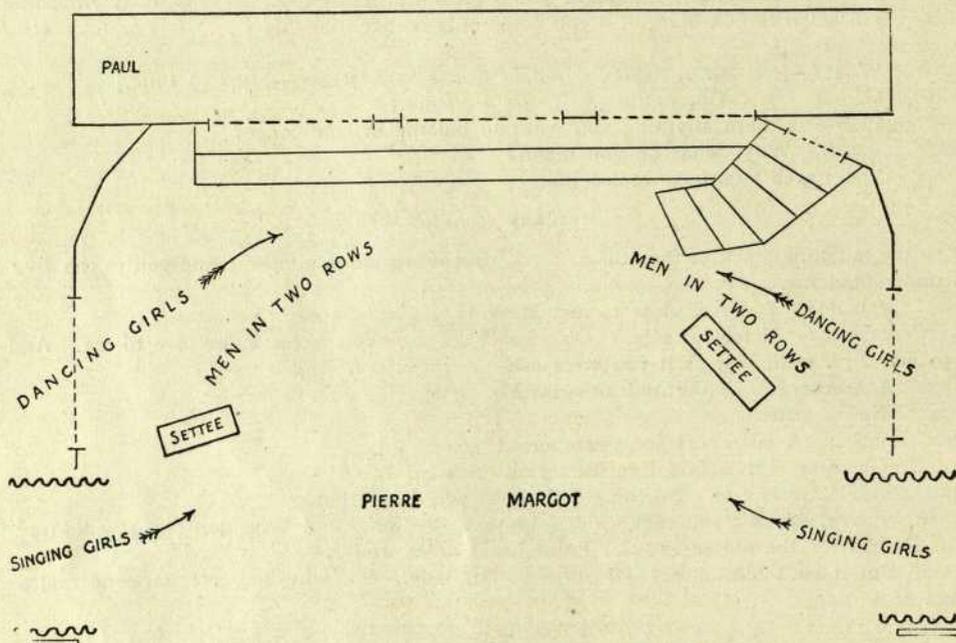
But I'm seeking mad embraces,  
At courtly graces

## MUSIC.

PIERRE.

I only frown, dear,  
That is why I can't love you, dear.  
I'll kiss the hem of your gown, dear,  
Then you will know I love you . . . [PIERRE kneels to her.]

MEN come on R. and L., form circle.  
As MEN enter they jeer at PIERRE, who rises shamefacedly, dusts his knees and goes R. to settee.



MEN.

Look at that sight, boys,  
Do we see right, boys?  
What a delight, boys,  
Pierre is in love . . .

SINGING GIRLS enter R. and L., form circle inside MEN.

MEN and GIRLS.

Start the bells ringing,  
Send the world singing,  
Happy news bringing,  
Pierre is in love . . .

MEN.

Now don't be hard on us for butting in,  
We did not mean to be so rude.

GIRLS.

Pardon us for cutting in,  
We wouldn't for the world intrude . . .

MARGOT.

Pierre is quite a noble knight,  
But he is not the man for me . . .

MEN and GIRLS.

Where's the sort you want to court you?  
Who is he?

DANCING GIRLS enter R. and L. and come down C. and form a line each side in front of men.

MARGOT.

He must be a rough and ready man—  
Steady man . . .

MEN.

Ready man  
Not Pierre

GIRLS.

Not Pierre

MARGOT.

He must be a strong and heady man—

MEN.  
 Heady man—  
 That can't be you, Pierre,  
 Pierre!  
 I must know that he can master me.  
 What a girl!

MARGOT.  
 MEN.

GIRLS.  
 That can't be you, Pierre,  
 Pierre!

MARGOT.  
 What a man!  
 He must take me, shake me,  
 Break me, make me, know  
 That I love a man.  
 My man!

GIRLS.  
 Who's the man?  
 He must take her, shake her,  
 Break her, make her know  
 That she loves a man.  
 Her man!

MEN.  
 Who's the man?  
 We would like to see him.  
 What a man!  
 Her man!

[PAUL enters from R. and through c. arch.]

PAUL [coming down c.].  
 What's the noise?  
 What's the row?  
 Tell me, boys,  
 Tell me how  
 You started up this fearful fuss?

GIRLS step forward a pace.

MEN and GIRLS.  
 Margot has been amusing us.

GIRLS step back.

PAUL.  
 Margot, I might have known;  
 What have you done, my own?

MARGOT.  
 I was instructing good Pierre  
 How to win a lady fair . . .

PAUL.  
 Pierre—you're not a Romeo . . .

PIERRE.  
 Nor a gay Lothario—  
 Maybe it is better so.

MEN [to each other].  
 How to win  
 Margot . . .

MEN.  
 Oh me, oh my,  
 Oh trouble is near we know.  
 But till you try it  
 You never know.  
 Could you give lessons, dear,  
 Showing me how?  
 I will be glad to.  
 Come, Paul, let's teach him now . . .

GIRLS.  
 Trouble is near, we know.

MARGOT.

PIERRE.

MARGOT.

[Takes PAUL'S hand.]

GIRLS sway.

PAUL.  
 I want a kiss,  
 Give it to me.  
 You know I must have my way—  
 Love is like this,  
 Simple, you see,  
 Let poets say what they may, dear.

## MUSIC.

MARGOT.

You want a kiss,  
If you ask me  
What if my answer is,  
No, dear.

CHORUS stand still.

If I refuse  
Then you would lose,  
Or would you take me so?  
Oh!  
That I might show her that  
I too know . . .  
How to take her so . . .

PIERRE.

[PAUL and MARGOT dance a fox-trot while the MEN sing.]

DANCERS sway.

MEN and GIRLS.

I want a kiss,  
Give it to me.  
You know I must have my way!  
Love is like this.  
Simple, you see,  
Let poets say  
What they may, dear . . .

MARGOT.

If I refuse  
Then you would lose  
Or would you take me so? . . .  
Oh, that I might show her that  
I, too, know how to take her so . . .

PIERRE [walks L.].

[PAUL and MARGOT exeunt L.2.]

PAUL.

If you refuse  
I will not lose,  
I will just take you so . . .

MEN and GIRLS.

Or would you take me (you) so . . . ?

[All exeunt except PIERRE, repeating chorus. PIERRE looks after MARGOT. SID enters slowly, putting on beggar's robe over his djelaba, cautioning him.]

PIERRE. Sid! . . . Put that thing over your head.

SID. No one suspects me as the beggar. [Sees PIERRE is looking dejected. He puts his hand to his dagger.] What is it, Pierre! What's the matter? What is troubling you?

PIERRE. Oh! I have played the fool; if she laughs at me, it is my own fault. Oh, if I could only—  
[Stands looking out the way MARGOT has gone.]

[Sings.]

Hold you in mad embracing,  
Your pulses racing,  
You'd not repel me—  
Some day I might make you tell me,  
Tell me that you love me too . . .

[Spoken.] Sid! How long would it take our men to get here? If I wanted them . . .

SID. They are just outside the city waiting word from you . . . Why do you ask?

PIERRE. I might call upon them . . .

[Sings.] So—that's the sound that comes to warn you.  
So—

In the night or early morn' you know . . .

SID [breaks in on his singing]. Sh! Someone may hear you . . .

[They start to exit softly up stage. BENJAMIN enters L.2 with bag, a letter in one hand and an old-fashioned pistol in the other. He comes in backwards and doesn't see PIERRE until he knocks into him.]

LIGHTING.—Entrance of BENJAMIN—R. bottom perch open white spots BENJAMIN until exit. MUSIC.

PIERRE. Hello, Bennie! My goodness gracious, but you do look worried.

BENJAMIN. You'd look worried, too. I just got this message from the Riffs.

PIERRE. What does it say?

BENJAMIN. I don't know. I'll read it on the train.

[PIERRE laughs and exit to his room L.3.]

[SID has walked up c. and down again.]

SID. Alms for the love of Allah! Alms for the love of Allah!

BENJAMIN [meets him and gives him a pistol and says]. Here, take this, for the love of Mike.

[Exit SID L.2. BENJAMIN starts up c.]

[SUSAN enters R.2, sees him going off c., calls to him.]

LIGHTING.—Entrance of SUSAN—L. bottom perch open white spots SUSAN until exit.

SUSAN. Bennie, where are you going?

BENJAMIN. Sh!

SUSAN. You're not leaving Morocco . . .

BENJAMIN [coming toward her.] I'm going back to Paris and be a society reporter again . . . I'm off this war correspondent stuff and all that goes with it . . . all the Red Riding Hoods and whistling stiffs. Why, I should have about the life of a clay pigeon.

SUSAN. When are we leaving?

[Both sit on R. settee. BENJAMIN on L. of SUSAN.]

BENJAMIN. We?

SUSAN. You're not going away without me!

BENJAMIN. That's one of the big features of the trip! [Starts to go R.]

SUSAN. Bennie—wait! [Grabs him.] I must talk to you . . . [Puts one strong hand on his shoulder and pulls him on to the settee.] What about our engagement?

BENJAMIN. Oh, I forgot to tell you about that—that's off!

SUSAN. Off? Bennie, don't you love me?

BENJAMIN. Don't get technical.

SUSAN. Oh, Bennie, I live only for you.

BENJAMIN. Well, don't. I don't deserve it.

SUSAN. What's the matter with me, don't you believe in marriage?

BENJAMIN. Only as a last resource.

SUSAN. And I thought we were going to be so happy. I'll never forget the first day we met: you passed by my window and you looked up and you winked at me.

BENJAMIN. Oh . . . I . . . didn't.

SUSAN. Oh, Bennie, you did, and it was the first thrill I ever had, Bennie. I'll never forget your eyes, oh, how they shone.

BENJAMIN. Shone like the seat of my blue serge trousers.

SUSAN. Oh, take me with you, Bennie—take me to Paris . . .

BENJAMIN. Paris! [Rises.]

SUSAN. Yes.

BENJAMIN. A sandwich to a banquet. And what would I do with you when I go to the gay boulevards of Paris, the Rue de la Paix, and the Champs Elysee. You're all wrong for Paris. Look at your dress.

SUSAN. What's the matter with my dress. Short skirts are healthy.

BENJAMIN. Well, they certainly keep me out of doors.

SUSAN. Oh, Bennie, please.

BENJAMIN. No.

[SUSAN stamps her foot twice, hard.]

That's right, let everyone know your father was a 'bus conductor.

SUSAN. Oh, Bennie, I'd be all right in Paris.

BENJAMIN. Yes, but only just.

## MUSIC.

SUSAN. Well, anyway, I'm the Belle of Morocco.

BENJAMIN. Take my tip, Belle, stay here and ding dong. [*Goes to c.*]

SUSAN. Oh . . . Bennie! [*Goes to R. of BENJAMIN.*]

BENJAMIN. Now listen, Susan, there are times when a man must be cruel to be kind . . . I don't know, when you come into a room, it means nothing. You just haven't got that—uh—I don't know—you just haven't got that—er—sex appeal. You know what sex is—?

SUSAN. Yes—it's the number that comes after five. [*Tries to explain on her fingers.*]

[*BENJAMIN turns away in disgust.*]

BENJAMIN. Don't explain or I'll run up the wall. Come here, useless.

LIGHTING.—*As GIRLS enter—Both top perches flood GIRLS open white until exit.*  
NOTE.—*All girls used in this Number are Dancing Girls.*

BENJAMIN.

There was a time when sex  
Seemed something quite complex.  
Mr. Freud then employed words we never had heard of.  
He kept us on the string—we kept on wondering,  
But the seed of sin now at last has been  
Found by Elinor Glynn.  
In one word she defines the indefinable thing.

*1st Chorus.*

She calls it It,  
Just simply It.  
That is the word they're using now . . .  
For that improper fraction of vague attraction  
That gets the action somehow . . .  
You've either got—or you have not,  
That certain thing that makes 'em cling.  
So if the boys don't seem to fall for you,  
There's just no hope at all for you.  
Give up and quit—you'll never hit  
If you have not got IT.

SUSAN [*spoken after 1st chorus*]. Bennie, what is this thing—It?

BENJAMIN. I don't know what it is. But whatever it is—you ain't . . .

SUSAN. Can't you explain it . . .

BENJAMIN. Wait, wait, maybe this will enlighten you: A girl goes into the governor's office to get fired—and she comes out with a rise—That's It!

[*GIRL enters L., walks to him c.*]

*2nd Chorus.*

Now that's It— [*Indicating girl who ogles him.*]

SUSAN.

So that's It—

BENJAMIN.

That wasn't took from any book.

See how her eyes get bolder,

And look at that shoulder.

SUSAN.

I've got a shoulder [*showing her own*].

BENJAMIN.

Yes—you have two lips,

But look at those—

Look at those eyes—

And look at those nose—

Her personality just oozes out.

[*Exit GIRL L.I.*]

SUSAN.

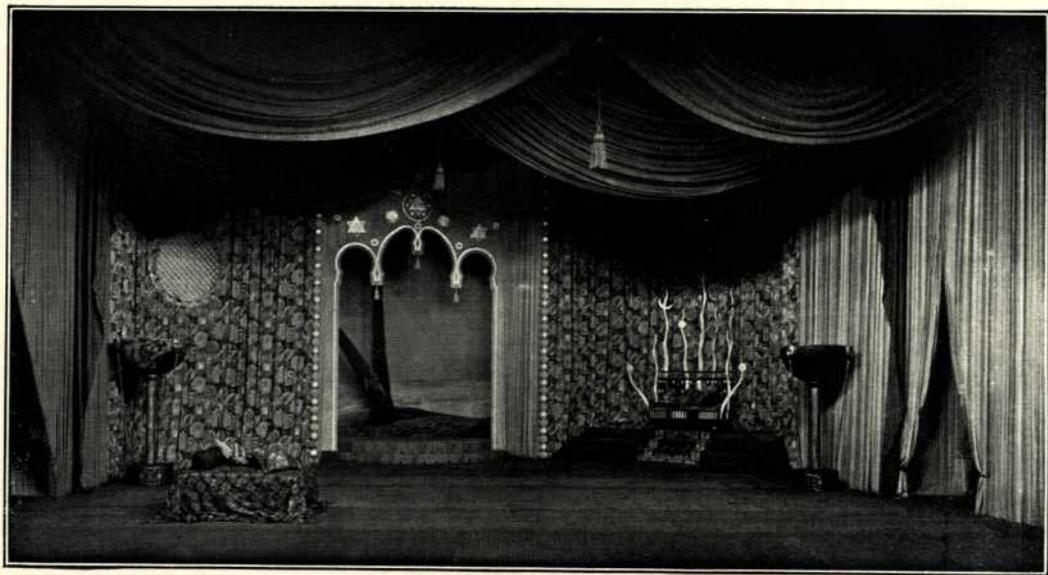
But what of me—



Act I, Scene 3.

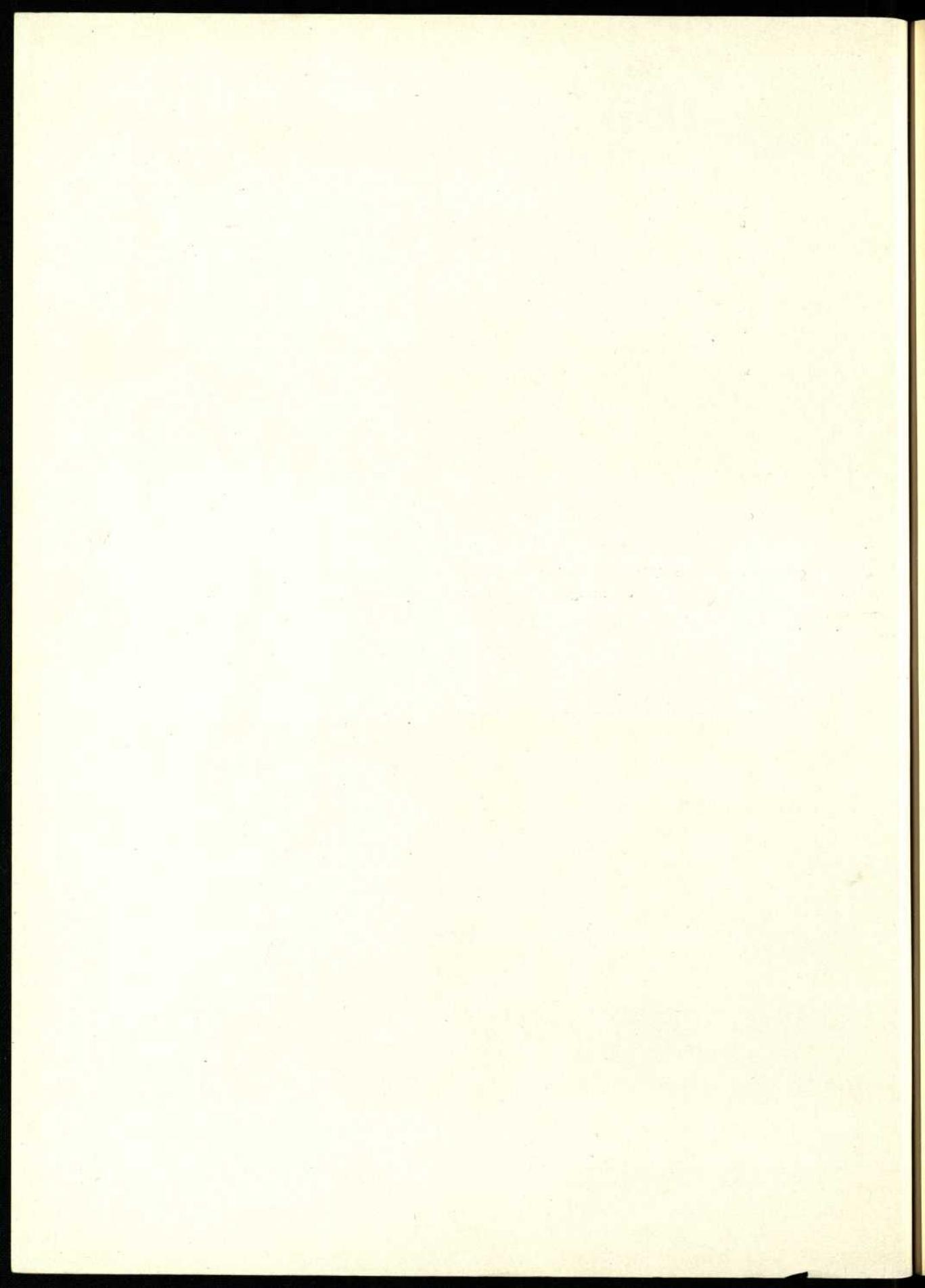
A room in General Birabeau's House.

*Note.*—The table and chairs in the centre can be used for a bridge party if there are enough singing girls to make it advisable.



Act II, Scene 1.

The Harem of Ali Ben Ali.



MUSIC.

BENJAMIN. Your fuse it out—  
Give up and quit—  
You'll never hit.  
SUSAN. I wish that I had  
It . . .

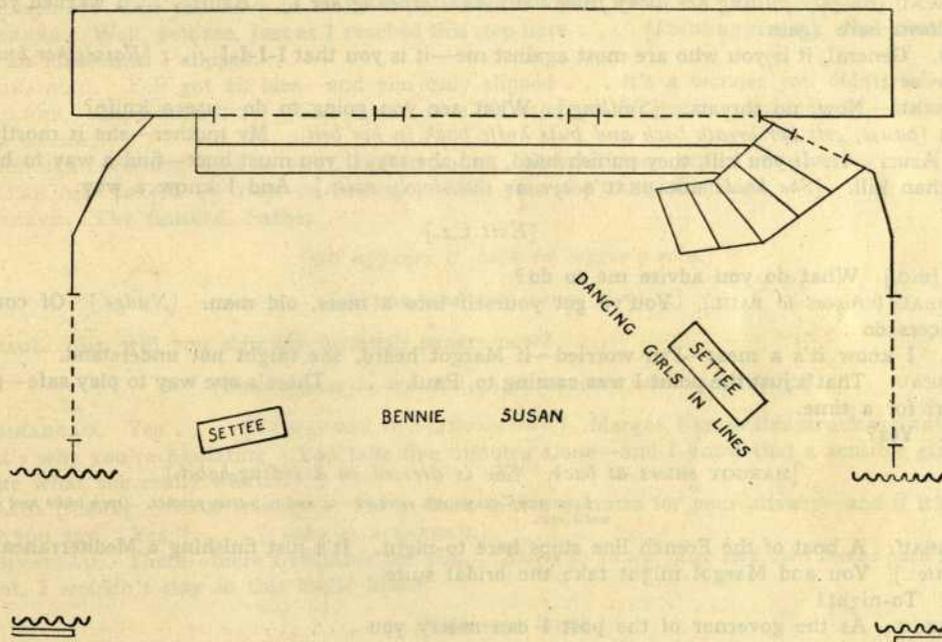
*2nd Verse.*

*GIRL comes on for each line and suits her actions to BENJAMIN'S words. They enter from alternate sides, and after their business they go and stand on L.*

BENJAMIN. Joan has a magic lure,  
Jane has a way demure,  
Lou can pet—you and get  
Anything that she asks for.  
Fay rolls a wicked eye,  
Kay heaves a nifty sigh,  
Mabel shows her knee,  
That's the reason the bird's-eye Mabel you see . . .

SUSAN. Why do you look at them and pay no attention to me?

*The rest of the DANCERS who have not yet appeared join those GIRLS who are standing on L. and form two or more oblique lines.*

*1st Chorus*

BENJAMIN and SUSAN dance while the girls sing.

*2nd Chorus*

*Repeat as above more slowly. During this BENJAMIN flirts with the front row of GIRLS, making SUSAN jealous. Half-way through she runs to C. and dances wildly to attract his attention and finishes by falling down. BENJAMIN watches unmoved.*

BENJAMIN. Energetic, but ineffective. . . .

*3rd Chorus*

*GIRLS form lines across stage and all dance with BENJAMIN and SUSAN in front. At end of dance GIRLS exeunt half R.2 and half L.2. BENJAMIN and SUSAN exeunt R.1.*

[After "It" number SENTINEL walks across stage R. to L. PAUL enters R.]

## MUSIC.

[PAUL walks across L. As he reaches C. AZURI enters R.U. arch.]

LIGHTING.—As AZURI enters—L. and R. top perches amber spot AZURI until exit.

AZURI. Paul! Paul! [Comes down to him at C.]

PAUL. You fool, to follow me here. If the General knew . . .

AZURI. Wait! I come to make a bargain. A fine bargain. Oh, lover, come back with me to-night to the hills—and to-morrow morning, in your arms, I will whisper to you the name of the Red Shadow.

PAUL. You know? Who is he?

AZURI. Oh no—if I tell now, then you kick me out. No, to-morrow morning . . .

PAUL. I don't believe you. You don't know. [He throws her off L.]

[BIRABEAU enters C. Comes down between them.]

BIRABEAU. Azuri! I warned you never to come down here again.

AZURI [sneeringly]. I am dirt—Captain Paul kick dirt from beneath his feet. [Takes two steps L.]

BIRABEAU. You are a native, Azuri . . .

AZURI. Azuri . . . You know what that name means in the language of my tribe? It means—Tiger Claws . . . TIGER CLAWS!

PAUL. Look here, sir.

AZURI [crosses R. to PAUL, throwing her arms around him]. Paul! Paul!—I cannot give you up to this French woman . . .

BIRABEAU [roughly pulling her away from PAUL and throwing her L]. Azuri . . . I warned you never to come down here again.

AZURI. General, it is you who are most against me—it is you that I-I-I . . . [Raises her knife. He catches her wrist].

BIRABEAU. Now, no threats. [Smiling.] What are you going to do—use a knife?

AZURI [pause, gets her breath back and puts knife back in her belt]. My mother—she is mostly white. She teach Azuri . . . If you kill, they punish hard, and she say, if you must hurt—find a way to hurt that is worse than kill. [She holds BIRABEAU'S eye as she slowly exits.] And I know a way.

[Exit L.2.]

PAUL [R.C.] What do you advise me to do?

BIRABEAU [crosses to PAUL]. You've got yourself into a mess, old man. [Nudge.] Of course, all young officers do . . .

PAUL. I know it's a mess—I'm worried—if Margot heard, she might not understand.

BIRABEAU. That's just the point I was coming to, Paul. . . . There's one way to play safe—go away from Azuri for a time.

PAUL. Yes?

[MARGOT enters at back. She is dressed in a riding-habit.]

LIGHTING.—MARGOT'S entrance—L. and R. bottom perches. Open white spot on MARGOT until exit.

BIRABEAU. A boat of the French line stops here to-night. It's just finishing a Mediterranean cruise—[Insinuate.] You and Margot might take the bridal suite . . .

PAUL. To-night!

BIRABEAU. As the governor of the post I can marry you . . .

[MARGOT comes forward, BIRABEAU backs L. PAUL backs R.]

MARGOT [angrily]. And as the bride I'd like to be consulted.

[Both salute.]

PAUL. Margot!

MARGOT [angrily]. It's so nice of everyone to arrange everything for me—whom I marry, when I marry, where I'll spend my honeymoon . . .

PAUL. Margot! What are you doing in your riding-habit?

MARGOT. I don't suppose you noticed there was a moon out to-night—that we two might have gone riding in the desert, and if in the quiet of the desert you'd asked me to be your bride . . .

[PIERRE enters on stairs L.3.]

LIGHTING.—Entrance of PIERRE—L. and R. top perches. Open white spot on PIERRE.

BIRABEAU [interrupting]. You see, Paul, Margot hoped that you'd pick her up on your horse and carry her across the hot sands—like the sheik . . .

MARGOT. I might have known Frenchmen are sheiks only to the women they *don't* intend to marry.

PAUL. Margot . . .

MARGOT. A lot of excitement I've had . . . [Walks R.]

BIRABEAU. The Red Shadow was prowling about here to-day.

MARGOT [turns]. Yes. . . . The Red Shadow rode down and stirred things up. He's the only romantic, adventurous figure in Morocco. . . .

[In his enthusiasm for this observation, PIERRE loses his balance and slips down one step.]

[All three turn.]

BIRABEAU [crosses L. to settee]. What the devil are you doing?

[PAUL and MARGOT walk R.C. PAUL trying to pacify MARGOT, who sits on settee R. and lays her riding-whip down.]

PIERRE [simply]. Coming down stairs, Father.

BIRABEAU. Did you have to make such a racket about it?

PIERRE. Well, you see, just as I reached this step here . . . [Pointing it out.] No—that step, here—I got an idea—and I slipped.

BIRABEAU. You got an idea—and you only slipped . . . it's a wonder you didn't fall apart . . .

PIERRE. Oh, Father . . . [Goes up c., puts his hands in his pockets and whistles—but it is the Riff call he whistles.]

BIRABEAU [turning back to PAUL and MARGOT]. Now let's see, where were we? . . . [Yelling back at PIERRE, who is now up stage on balcony.] Will you stop that whistling!

PIERRE. I've finished, Father.

[SID appears c. back in beggar's robe.]

[PIERRE and SID exeunt c. to L.]

PAUL. Sir, will you sign my furlough papers now?

[Pantomimes to try and quiet MARGOT and starts up c.]

BIRABEAU. Yes . . . [To MARGOT, in a fatherly way.] Margot, I know this struck you rather suddenly—that's why you're hesitating. You take five minutes alone—and I know that a sensible girl will decide to take what she really wants . . .

PAUL [coming down to MARGOT]. I'll be back in five minutes for your answer—and if it's "No," I'll make you say "Yes" . . . [Looks at BIRABEAU.]

BIRABEAU. There—there's romance for you. [Starts to go up stage and then comes back to her.] Oh, Margot, I wouldn't stay in this house alone.

[Both men laugh.]

I'd go down to the barracks with the other girls. We will meet you there.

[Exit with PAUL R.U.]

MARGOT. Huh!—Romance!

LIGHTING.—Reprise: "Romance"—Lights dim down to about  $\frac{1}{2}$ . Spots on MARGOT change to pink.

Duet: "Love's Dear Yearning."

MARGOT.

I open my arms to enfold them!  
And they've gone like a breeze rushing by!

[Goes up stage c. and looks out of arch in resting position.]

MUSIC.

When life is gray  
I have a way  
To keep it gay!  
Passing the time of day romancing!

[RED SHADOW enters C.L.]

LIGHTING.—At Cue—Entrance of RED SHADOW—L. and R. top perches. Amber spot on him.

RED SHADOW.

Why waste your time.

[MARGOT backs R.]

In vain romancing,  
When life itself is at your call?

[He takes a step forward. She backs down steps.]

I come to you, my heart advancing,  
Oh, come to me and be my all.  
You turn away, and yet you tremble—

[MARGOT has backed down stage a little.]

My little bird has wings,  
I see.

[MARGOT crosses R.]

Come, leave your cage and don't dissemble.  
If I but try I'll make you fly with me.

[MARGOT turns and faces him.]

MARGOT. Why you—you're the Red Shadow . . .

[RED SHADOW salutes.]

RED SHADOW. At your service, Mademoiselle . . .

MARGOT. Why did you come here . . .

RED SHADOW. I heard you call for Romance . . . I too long for Romance. I would dare anything to get what I want. But what would you dare. That's what I come to find out . . .

MARGOT. Do you realize that one scream from me would wipe out the Red Shadow? . . .

RED SHADOW. You couldn't call for Romance with one breath and send it away in the next. Will you come with me?—If you come I promise not to hold you. But you will stay . . .

MARGOT. You are very sure of yourself. . . .

RED SHADOW. I am sure of the desert magic!

[She turns front. He stands behind her.]

My desert is waiting, dear,  
Come there with me!  
I'm longing to teach you  
Love's sweet melody!  
I'll sing a dream song to you,  
Painting a picture for two . . .

[Chorus.]

Blue heaven and you and I [He puts his arms round her.]  
And sand kissing a moon-lit sky  
The desert breeze whisp'ring a lullaby  
Only stars above you to see  
I love you, Oh . . .  
Give me that night divine.  
And let my arms in yours entwine.

BOTH. The desert song calling  
Its voice entralling  
Will make you mine!

[MARGOT sings half refrain, RED SHADOW joins in duet.]

[At finish of Desert Song RED SHADOW embraces and kisses MARGOT, who crosses R. and takes whip off settee. She breaks away from him, and strikes him across the face with whip. He acts as if he had been blinded by the blow. Instantly she melts, comes to him full of pity.]

MARGOT. Let me see—have I blinded you?

[He removes his hand and smiles at her.]

RED SHADOW. No—you have opened my eyes—you could love me.

[He moves toward her, she sits settee R. and buries her face in her hands. He laughs and runs, exit up stairs L.3.]

MARGOT [recovers, and rises in great alarm]. General Birabeau! Paul! Paul! [Runs to c.]

LIGHTING.—“Paul! Paul!” All back to opening light, all perches open white.

[BIRABEAU enters R.2 and comes down on R. of MARGOT.]

BIRABEAU. What is it, Margot?

[PAUL enters from c. and runs down c. on L. of MARGOT.]

MARGOT. He was here.

BIRABEAU. Who?

MARGOT. The Red Shadow!

PAUL. The Red Shadow?

BIRABEAU. The Red Shadow? Which way did he go?

PAUL. Impossible! Margot, you're imagining things.

MARGOT. But I tell you I saw him . . .

[PIERRE enters L.3 and comes down c. between BIRABEAU and MARGOT.]

PIERRE. Who?

BIRABEAU. The Red Shadow, you fool! [Turns to MARGOT.] I can't believe it possible, Margot. . . .

There was no way for him to get in—and no way for him to get out.

PIERRE. That's right—Paul has every entrance guarded.

MARGOT [turns R. to PIERRE]. I tell you he was here in this room. I turned round—and there he was . . .

BIRABEAU [coming down R. of MARGOT]. Can you tell us what he looked like?

MARGOT. He was all in red, and his complexion was no darker than yours, Paul. He was masked—but his eyes seemed to gleam through . . .

PIERRE. Margot, was he a very big man?

MARGOT. About a head taller than you—and oh, how strong he was! . . .

PAUL [suspiciously]. Strong? How could you tell that?

MARGOT. Why—that was when I screamed—after—after he kissed me . . .

[BIRABEAU goes up c.]

PAUL [crosses R. to MARGOT, wild with jealousy]. He kissed you!

PIERRE. The beast.

PAUL [crosses to L.]. I wish I could lay my hands on him. [Bumps into PIERRE and pushes him out of the way].

MARGOT. Oh—I—I can't bear to think of it. [Goes R. a little.]

PIERRE [crosses to R. of MARGOT, smiling]. Was that kiss so awful?

MARGOT. You don't suppose I liked it, do you?

[BIRABEAU walks down R.]

PIERRE [smiling]. Well—No!—Oh, no. Why didn't you use the little pistol father gave you?

## MUSIC.

[She takes pistol out of her pocket and looks at it and then replaces it.]

PAUL. Did you have it with you?

MARGOT. Yes—I—I never thought—I was so—frightened— [Goes to BIRABEAU who comforts her.]

PAUL. I'm going to ride out to the foot of the hill. I'll ride till I get him. He can't go through our lines. I'll shoot the beast.

MARGOT [crosses L. to PAUL. PIERRE steps R.]. You mean you're going out to kill him?

PAUL. Of course. And I can't fail. [Starts up stage.]

MARGOT [stops him]. No, Paul—please don't do that.

PAUL. What do you mean?

MARGOT. I mean—er—well, he might kill you.

PAUL. Nonsense! I'll have a squadron of men—he's alone.

MARGOT. Alone?

[PAUL starts up stage again.]

Oh, don't go. Isn't there any way I can stop you?

PAUL. Now, Margot dear . . . [She pulls him down stage.]

MARGOT. Listen, Paul. I'm going to test your love for me. This once you'll have to give up your duty, for me.

PAUL. How do you mean?

MARGOT. Do you go after your man? Or do we catch that boat together?

[For a second PAUL hesitates. BIRABEAU looks pleased.]

PAUL. Margot . . . [He takes her in his arms.]

## Finale.

[PIERRE sits stunned on settee R. BIRABEAU, glad of the outcome of the match of PAUL and MARGOT, goes to PIERRE and slaps him on the back.]

BIRABEAU. Well, the Red Shadow's done one good thing. . . . He's taught that girl to make up her mind. He's got the bridal suite on the French boat to-night. Don't you envy him? Imagine—the top deck—the steamer chairs in the shadow of a life-boat. . . . The moon shining down on the Mediterranean. . . . Imagine— [Walks up.]

[Exit R.2.]

MARGOT. Won't you wish us luck?

[PIERRE starts to go L.]

PIERRE. I do, I hope you're happy.

MARGOT [singing]. Where are you going?

PIERRE. Oh, I don't know—

MARGOT [singing]. The wedding will be at nine o'clock. . . . We'll see you then.

PIERRE [spoken]. Oh! surely. I was just trying to think what suit I ought to wear. . . .

[Exit up stairs L.3.]

PAUL. Fool!

CROWD enters. MEN enter down-stage entrance L. DANCERS enter from R.2. SINGING GIRLS at R. and L. entrance, congratulating the lovers. 1 GIRL R. carries a bouquet of roses, R. of MARGOT and presents them to her. The rest group back of PAUL and MARGOT. The MEN keep to the L.

GIRLS. Oh, lucky Paul, tell us all.  
Is it really true?

May we but say happy day and good-luck to you!

PAUL. Thank you. [Crosses L. and shakes hands with his Lieutenant.]  
All we can find to say is  
Thank you.

MARGOT. You are so sweet, all of you.

BOTH. These flowers here mean friendship dear . . .

MEN *get into two ranks on L.*

MEN. Margot, our Paul will take a precious cargo  
To carry off to Paris.  
MARGOT. I thank you all.  
What am I to say!  
PAUL. I love you, dear little bride-to-be,  
I love you, dear little bride-to-be.  
MEN *and* GIRLS. Margot, you sweet, dear little bride-to-be,  
Margot, you dear little bride-to-be.

[MARGOT *comes C.*]

MARGOT. It's hard to say good-bye to all you dears.  
I know that I'll miss you.  
PAUL [C.]. Come to my side.  
You'll be my bride.

MARGOT.

Whether I will it or no, dear.

PAUL.

Whether you will it or no, dear.

PAUL.

If you refuse  
I will not lose,  
I will just take you so . . .

MEN *and* GIRLS.

If she refuse  
He will not lose  
. . . . her so.

MEN *salute and* GIRLS *raise their L. arms.*

MARGOT. You'll have to take me so . . .

[PAUL *and* MARGOT *exit L.2.*]

[AZURI *enters C. arch with 8 native girls. BIRABEAU enters R.2.*]

LIGHTING.—Entrance of AZURI—All perch spots amber on AZURI. General light check commences.

BIRABEAU. Azuri!

AZURI. General Birabeau, I take your advice . . . I am going back to the hills with these girls . . .  
[*With a veiled threat.*] I wait there . . . [Turns R.]

BIRABEAU. You are very wise, Azuri . . .

GIRL [L.]. Oh, General—can't they stay for the wedding?

AZURI. Wedding!

BIRABEAU. Margot Bonvalet—and—

AZURI [*almost shrieking*]. And Captain Fontaine?

BIRABEAU. Yes. . . .

AZURI [*recovering*]. Oh! . . . [To Natives.] Do you hear? We are invited to the wedding of a great white man—and we are only natives . . .

BIRABEAU. Azuri . . . [*to her only*] be careful now . . . if you keep quiet, it will pay you well.

AZURI [*to BIRABEAU*]. Pay me—that's right—what am I? Only one of Ben Ali's dancing girls.

[BIRABEAU *starts to protest. She breaks in.*]

It is right . . .

[BIRABEAU *walks up C. and exits.*]

Come—we are lucky! We can dance for the wedding of Captain Fontaine—and these fine white people will fling gold coins to us—and we will scramble to our knees and pick them up. . . . Come on, girls, dance . . .

*She goes into wild abandoned native dance—native girls joining—and CROWD at back accompanying with shouts and clapping of hands keeping time to rhythm of music.*

*At peak of dance PAUL enters L.2.*

*Orchestra crashes loud chord. She stops and faces PAUL. For an instant the crowded stage is motionless, everybody listens attentively.*

The bridegroom! Ah!—now we can do the Morocco dance of marriage.

## MUSIC.

CROWD. Yes—yes—

GIRL. How does it go, Azuri?

AZURI. Ah!—it is very gay—what you call a good joke—First the dancing girl say to the bridegroom a question . . .

*All encourage her: "Go ahead, Azuri!" etc. Weird native music underneath this dialogue.*

Bridegroom! If you did not have your bride—who would you love the best?

PAUL [*singing*]. I'd choose you all.

MEN. He'd take them all.

GIRLS. He'd like to have us all in his harem!

AZURI. You must choose one! [*holds up finger*]. One . . .

PAUL. In that case I'll choose Azuri . . .

*Two GIRLS push PAUL to AZURI. PAUL turns to CROWD and laughs nervously. All take it as a joke. AZURI takes his hand and looks at him intently before starting dance.*

MEN and GIRLS [*singing*]. Oh, what would Margot say if she saw her bridegroom act this way?

Now do your dancing, please,

Fair Azuri.

Charm allure

And tease

Now what comes next—

MEN.

What is the game?

MEN and GIRLS.

Let's see, what's next—?

MEN.

Come, play the game—

AZURI. Now—the bridegroom dances with the chosen one—and then the old saying is— If after this dance he shall love the bride—then he will indeed be a good husband.

PAUL. Now look here, Azuri . . .

AZURI. Oh. . . . You are not sure you will still love the bride?

[AZURI draws him into dance. Develop dance here as much as seems desirable—show AZURI's physical charm is beginning to have an effect on PAUL, while—

[SID enters R.2 sings.]

SID.

Soft as a pigeon lights upon the sand,  
Swift as a tiger she will grip his hand ;  
Claws of a tiger sharp with fury,  
So is the maid Azuri . . .

PAUL, BOYS and GIRLS.

Soft as a pigeon lights upon the sand,  
Swift as a tiger she will grip my (his) hand ;  
Claws of a tiger sharp with fury,  
Bridegroom, beware of—Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!

[SID exits R.2.]

AZURI dances while the MEN are singing and comes into the arms of PAUL for picture C. Then—interruption. The alarm of the siren.

LA VERGNE rushes in R.2.

All girls huddle together up L.

LA VERGNE. Look—look—the fires on the hill! [*Runs up c.*]

CROWD on stage murmur: "The Red Shadow! The Red Shadow!"

PAUL. Another challenge!

Off stage, voices of FRENCH SOLDIERS singing French march on their way to fight. MEN on stage form two ranks on R.

LA VERGNE [*looking over balustrade*]. The first squadron is off . . .

[MARGOT enters L.2.]

LIGHTING.—Entrance of MARGOT—R. bottom perch spots MARGOT pink.

MARGOT [*runs to PAUL*]. What is it? [*Turns and sees them.*]

PAUL [*thoughtfully*]. This time we've got him!

MARGOT. What do you mean!

PAUL. He doesn't know we've found his hiding-place . . .

[MARGOT *visibly affected.*]

Margot! . . . Margot! . . .

MARGOT [*abstracted*]. Yes. . . .

PAUL. I'll bring you the turban of the Red Shadow as a wedding present. *Starts to go c.*

MARGOT [*rushing after him*]. No, Paul. . . . Don't go!

[BIRABEAU *enters R.U.*]

BIRABEAU. Fontaine!

[PAUL *has turned from her and salutes the GENERAL, and speaks to his men.*]

PAUL. Come on, men—follow me . . . [*Exits C.*]

MEN *go into marching song—exeat through C. arch and off R. in great spirits. GIRLS on stage pick it up and sing on after men have left. MARGOT and the GIRLS stand up C., watching the MEN go.*

BIRABEAU [*taking MARGOT down L., comforting her*]. Come, Margot—it isn't so bad—he'll be back soon—and this time with honour and victory . . .

MARGOT. You think they'll kill the Red Shadow?

BIRABEAU. As a prisoner he'd be dangerous—the natives love him—he must not be seen alive. . . .

[*Exit MARGOT L.*]

[SUSAN *enters R.2, rushes to BIRABEAU.*]

SUSAN. General, General—the Riffs—!

BIRABEAU. Where?

SUSAN. As our men rode away the Red Shadow . . .

BIRABEAU. Oh, it's just your imagination . . .

SUSAN. But I tell you I saw the Red Shadow—they sprung up from the tall grass.

[*Exit.*]

Shots off R. Scream from all GIRLS on stage.  
SENTRY backs on to behind C. arch, fires three shots.  
Two RIFF SOLDIERS overpower SENTRY and they exeat with him R.2.  
GIRLS huddled in corner L.—the RIFFS cover them with rifles.

BIRABEAU [*indignantly*]. What does this mean?

SID [R.C.]. We won't stay a minute, General. . . . We just dropped in to get something. . . . [*To MEN.*] Take him in there. [*They take him off R.1.*]

[HASSI *enters L.2, pushing BENJAMIN before him.*]

LIGHTING.—Entrance of BENJAMIN—R. top perch. Amber spots BENJAMIN until exit.

HASSI. I found him upstairs.

SID. Our brave ally . . .

[SUSAN *is pushed on from L.2.*]

MINDAR. The woman was with him . . .

SUSAN. Please—don't hurt Bennie—he's leaving the country, anyway.

SID. Leaving the country! After taking the oath this morning?

HASSI. Let's kill him!

SID. No—take them with you—tie them to your horses—

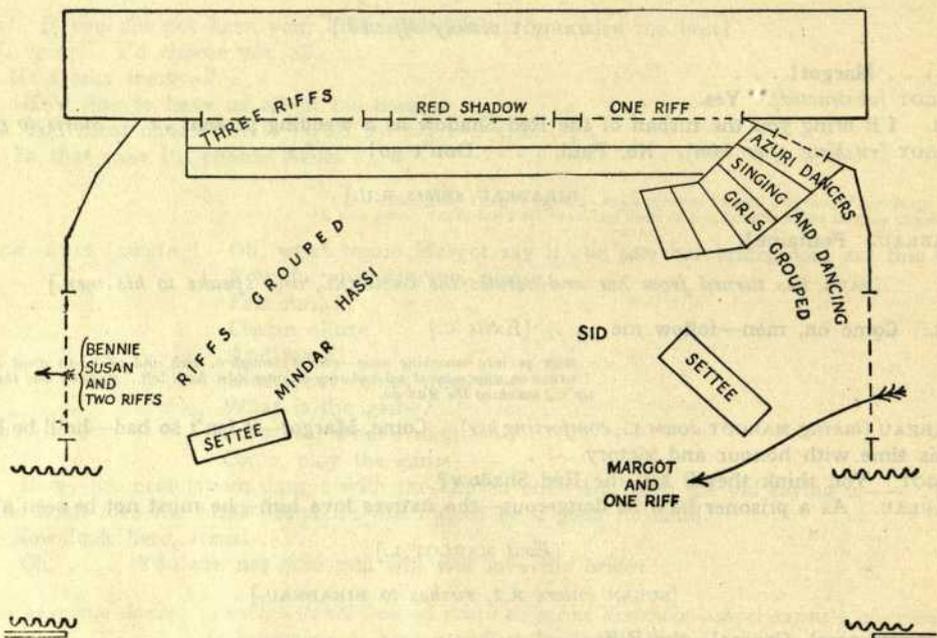
BENJAMIN. Horses! Oh, my God!

## MUSIC.

BENJAMIN and SUSAN are taken out R.2. SUSAN takes cushion and puts it on BENJAMIN'S stern.

RED SHADOW appears at back C. arch, and GIRLS on stage murmur. "The Red Shadow, The Red Shadow!" He comes down C. MARGOT is pushed towards him by a RIFF SOLDIER from L.2. She has drawn her pistol and pointing it at RED SHADOW. He takes two steps toward her.

LIGHTING.—Entrance of MARGOT and RED SHADOW—L. and R. top perches, amber on RED SHADOW—L. and R. bottom perches, pink on MARGOT until exit.



MARGOT. Come a step nearer—and I'll fire!

*He stops.* MINDAR points gun at MARGOT while the other RIFFS bring their rifles up ready to shoot.

RED SHADOW. Mindar, put down that gun!

*They all put down guns.* RED SHADOW sings.

I have a command for you all: if this lady should be brave enough to kill me, it is my order that you do not harm her—let her go, unpunished, untouched!

SID. But—

RED SHADOW. You have heard my command!

*[SID falls back a little.]*

*[Turning to MARGOT.]* And you have heard my command—and there is your pistol—and here is my heart . . .

*[MARGOT makes a start toward him and RED SHADOW sings.]*

Blue heaven and you and I,  
And sand kissing a moon-lit sky.  
A desert breeze whip'ring a lul-la-by,  
Only stars above you to see  
I love you,

*[He makes a step towards her, but she raises the pistol which has been getting lower and lower as he sings.]*

Oh . . .  
Give me that night divine,

MUSIC.

BOTH. And let my arms in yours entwine, (*she sways uncertainly and lowers pistol*).

ENSEMBLE. The desert song calling [*He takes her in his arms*],  
Its voice enthralling  
Will make you mine! [*She faints.*]

[*As Curtain falls RED SHADOW picks her up in his arms.*]

Curtain.

*For picture he is holding her in his arms, back stage C. arch. The RIFF SOLDIERS all facing him with guns raised over their heads. ENSEMBLE looking up at him.*

Curtain.

1st Call through tabs:

AZURI  
GENERAL  
SUSAN.

2nd Call through tabs:

BENJAMIN  
MARGOT  
RED SHADOW.

3rd and extra calls:

Repeat No. 2.

LIGHTING.—House lights up

## ACT II

## Scene I.

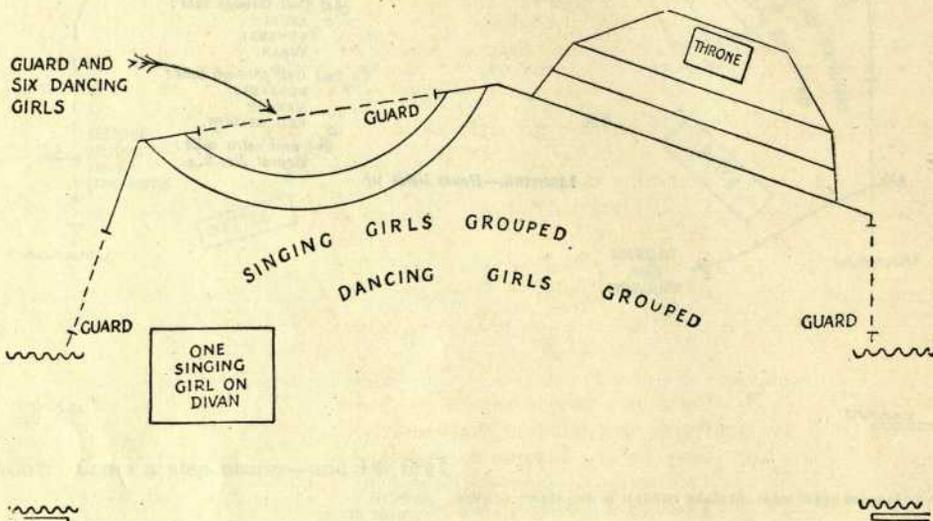
*The Harem of ALI BEN ALI in the Riff Hills.*

Afternoon of the following day.

LIGHTING.—To open Act II, Scene I—footlights and battens pink at  $\frac{1}{2}$ , amber at  $\frac{1}{2}$ , white floods on backings R. and L. and backcloth. Top perch L. amber on CLEMENTINA. Other perches pink on girls.

The Curtain rises at the end of the entr'acte music. The travelling curtains are already open.

At the rise of the Curtain—All singing and dancing (except 6) GIRLS are grouped on stage singing. CLEMENTINA is dancing C. There is a GUARD at each entrance. All GIRLS have tambourines.



GIRLS.

My little Castagnette,  
Keep singing.  
My little castagnette.  
Keep bringing the memory of Spain—of Spain—  
Your clicking and clicking is tricking my brain

A fourth GUARD drives 6 DANCING GIRLS through the C. entrance, cracking his whip. The GIRLS huddle over L. The GUARD goes back to C. opening.

To make me sigh—for  
Dancing beneath a Spanish sky—entrancing.  
My little castagnette.  
Never let me be  
Forgetting—my Spain—

GUARD [at C. opening]. Quiet—dogs of Spain!—The mighty one approaches.

[ALI BEN ALI enters. He is a tall, impressive Arab type, cultured and sophisticated beyond the crudities of his subjects, but fundamentally primitive. He paces down among the women, looking over them critically.]

LIGHTING.—Entrance of ALI, top perch R. changes from pink to amber and spots him until exit.

There is a little excited murmur among the GIRLS, there is some giggling, and a good deal of primping.

Two of the DANCERS go up to him, but he pushes them scornfully away.

ALI [turns to GUARD R.]. What were these women doing at Mahomet pass?

GUARD [at R. entrance]. The soldiers of Spain must have diversion—Every military post in Morocco has its share of rubbish from the streets of Madrid—

CLEMENTINA (going right up to ALI at C.). Oh, no, Señor—We are from Barcelona—and not rubbish, if you please—We are ladies of the Brass Key.

On the streets of Spain,

SINGERS form semicircle round stage in groups of two, standing back to back.  
DANCERS form semicircle inside SINGERS in groups of two, sitting back to back.

Love lies at your feet,  
Love's adventure sweet.

ALL GIRLS. Lives on the streets of Spain—

[Shaking their tambourines.]

CLEMENTINA. Ladies beckon you  
With a little key,  
Follow and you'll see.

GIRLS. Just where they beckon you.

[Shaking their tambourines.]

CLEMENTINA. So—if you see me slyly swinging my key  
Soon I will see you shyly  
Following me.

I will bring to you  
All the joy I know  
If you do not go.

GIRLS. Then I will sing to you.

[Shaking their tambourines.]

[Refrain.]

CLEMENTINA. There is a key, a key to my heart,  
If you can but find the door  
Only for me, for me to impart,  
This secret of Loveland lore.

There is a golden gateway  
That you can open straightway  
Just follow me,  
And soon you will see,

BOTH. One kiss is the key to more.

Two DANCERS go and kneel to ALL. He repulses them.

ALI [walks R., speaking]. When will these Western people be civilized?  
[singing]. Women are slaves,  
Men have not realized.

GIRLS. So—are we only common slaves?

ALI [speaking]. Do keep them quiet.

GIRLS. We don't agree.

ALI [walk C.]. This is too much.

GIRLS. You have only lived in caves.

CLEMENTINA. Upon your hill you

Can wait until you hear.

GIRLS. What could you see,  
We tell you.

DANCERS get up and C. girls from top lead two lines down to the footlights, as they sing.

CLEMENTINA and GIRLS. There is a key, a key to my heart,  
If you can but find the door,  
Only for me, for me to impart,  
This secret of Loveland lore.

## MUSIC.

There is a golden gateway,  
That you can open straightway  
Just follow me,  
And soon you will see  
One kiss is the key to more!

ALI goes to his throne and sits.

The DANCERS now dance through formations as follows:

(a) Semicircle.

(b) Double semicircle.

(c) Three straight lines across stage.

The actual steps are American-Spanish and can be varied according to taste.

The SINGERS do the same dances in a simplified form and retain their original semicircle, until the finish, when they form the back line.

CLEMENTINA does the same as DANCERS down stage C.

At end of dance, CLEMENTINA goes to ALI, takes him by hand, and brings him C.

A SLAVE enters R.2, leading a RIFF RUNNER, who runs and kneels at ALI BEN ALI'S feet.

LIGHTING.—Beginning of dance—footlights and battens pink and amber slowly to full. White to †.

LIGHTING.—End of dance—footlights and battens white to full, and all perches to open white quickly on the last bar of music.

Top perch L. masks off from CLEMENTINA.

RIFF [*kneeling*]. Mighty ruler—Caid of Caid, I am sent by my master—The Red Shadow—

ALI. Your master is my friend—my palace is his shelter—

RIFF. He begs that shelter for one day. His band numbers twenty—and two female prisoners.

ALI. Female prisoners—that's strange. Very well—run back to your master with the blessings of Allah—and tell him to hasten. The eyes of Ali Ben Ali grow eager for the sight of his friend. [*Walks L.*]

[*RIFF bows and runs off R.2.*]

[*To GUARD, as CLEMENTINA vamps him as he passes her.*] Allah preserve us! Will the Christian ever become civilized. Let the women remain here until the pool in the Harem is filled with perfumed water—after they have bathed, provide some clothes for them, fill them with wine, and—I will look at them again.

[*Starts L., stops again.*] And, Nogi—

GUARD. Your further wish?

ALI. When the Red Shadow brings his two captives, see that they are treated just as well as these women.

[*RED SHADOW enters C., followed by 3 RIFFS. GUARDS push and herd the women up stage, huddled against the wall.*]

LIGHTING.—Entrance of RED SHADOW—top perch L. open white on him until exit.

[*Sees RED SHADOW.*] My friend! My good friend—

RED SHADOW [*walks down to ALI*]. Once more, exalted Ali, I beg your kindness and shelter.

ALI. Should I not protect the protector of my race? [*To GUARD.*] Nogi, see that these men are fed and sheltered.

[*GUARD and the 3 RIFFS exit R.*]

[*To RED SHADOW.*] What was it this time? Burning down a prison?—or kidnapping a tax collector? [*He chuckles at the thought of the RED SHADOW'S daring.*]

RED SHADOW. N-no—it's a little different this time—

ALI. Ah, yes—so it is—you bring two women captives—That is unusual—Many times I have offered you the hospitality of my harem, but you have always been as shy about women as—as a Christian!

RED SHADOW. You don't understand—These women—this one particular woman—

ALI [*noticing that RED SHADOW has a small bandage on his hand*]. Their men fought for them—I see you are wounded.

RED SHADOW [*embarrassed*]. Oh—that—just a sabre scratch [*moves R.*].

ALI [*to himself*]. A sabre scratch.

[*SID enters C. quickly.*]

SID. Your prisoners—they are coming this way. [*Walks R.*]

ALI is puzzled by all this strangeness, but stands aside L. to await developments.

Two of the RIFF BAND bring in SUSAN and MARGOT. The two girls are bound and blindfolded. Their dresses are dusty—not an exaggerated effect, but enough to show they have had a hard journey—they create some little stir of interest among the Spanish women. They enter from C. and come down stage. MARGOT on R., SUSAN on L.

LIGHTING.—Entrance of MARGOT and SUSAN—R. bottom perch spots MARGOT open white, until exit. L. bottom perch spots SUSAN open white, until exit.

SUSAN. What have you done with my Bennie?

SID. Your Bennie—has sworn allegiance to our cause. As long as he remains loyal, he is safe.

[RED SHADOW calls SID over to him to confer.]

[MARGOT squirms and tugs at her bonds R.C.]

MARGOT. Where's that brute—? That outlaw—that—that kidnapper—

SID. Come, come, Mademoiselle.

MARGOT. You know who I mean—your great leader, the Red Shadow; your great big bully who uses his strength to beat helpless women.

SID. He did not beat you. You kept trying to jump off his horse. He had to hold you on.

MARGOT. Ugh! My whole body aches from those arms of iron. And then what did he do! He pulled my hair till I cried in agony.

SID. He had to do something to free himself—you were biting him in the hand.

[ALI looks at RED SHADOW'S bandaged hand and starts to laugh boisterously.]

[RED SHADOW puts his hand behind his back and looks very uncomfortable.]

[ALI continues to laugh.]

ALI. Ho! Ho! A sabre scratch! [He goes on laughing.]

[RED SHADOW frowns.]

MARGOT. You haven't answered my question. Where is he?

SID [coached by PIERRE]. Why—er—he's gone.

MARGOT [hopelessly]. Gone! Where? Well—er—suppose he doesn't come back—what's going to happen to me—and Susan?

SUSAN. Never mind me—I'm glad he's gone.

[Quite a pause.]

ALI. What are you going to do with them—kill them or save them?

RED SHADOW [crosses to R. of MARGOT]. No. I think I'll keep them a day or so, and see how they behave.

MARGOT [having heard PIERRE'S voice]. So you've come back.

[The GIRLS start to show interest in MARGOT.]

[RED SHADOW takes off bandage from MARGOT and the RIFF SOLDIER takes off bandage from SUSAN. They also untie their hands.]

ALI. I presume you want them to get the same treatment as my women here—you want them bathed.

RED SHADOW. By all means.

MARGOT. How dare you!

ALI [C. to MARGOT]. I will have them scented with the most seductive Oriental perfumes—and I think some lighter clothes would be more comfortable.

MARGOT. I'm comfortable as I am, thank you.

ALI. I am thinking of your master's comfort.

MARGOT [gasping]. Oh!

SUSAN. Am I going to be fixed up like that, too?

SID. Yes.

SUSAN. And then, will you send Bennie up to me?

[ALI goes L.]

MARGOT. As a French citizen, in the name of the Republic of France, I demand to be released.

RED SHADOW [quietly]. Take her to the bath.

[The RIFF behind her takes hold of her arms.]

MARGOT [as she is being dragged off]. You beast! Have you no heart?

RED SHADOW. I shall be up to see you within an hour.

[One RIFF picks up SUSAN and goes L.]

## MUSIC.

SUSAN [*crying*]. Bennie! He's taking me upstairs!

[*The RIFF carries her off L.*]

CLEMENTINA [*goes to C.*].

Give him the key,

[*The RIFF soldier drags MARGOT over L.*]

MARGOT [*struggling*].

The key to your heart!  
And help him to find the door.  
Never! Never! Sooner I die.

[*To RED SHADOW.*]

CLEMENTINA.

I'll not submit to you!  
Tell him of Loveland's lore.  
There is a golden gateway  
That he will open straightway.

MARGOT.

Will you let me go? [*Struggles madly.*]

CLEMENTINA.

You know that he is ready to see  
That one kiss is the key to more!

MARGOT.

Oh, I hate you, I hate you so.

[*Exit with RIFF L.2.*]

ALI. If she were mine I'd kill her.

RED SHADOW. You don't understand this kind of woman.

ALI. Every woman is a slave and she must have a master. See— [*He claps his hands and calls in sharp staccato tones.*]

[*GUARD steps down.*]

Take the women to the bath. [*He points off stage L.*]

*The GUARDS bow, huddle and push GIRLS off L.2. One or two GIRLS try to stay with ALI, but he repulses them as usual. As they go they repeat the chorus of "Give him the Key," and sing until they are all off stage.*

[*To RED SHADOW.*] And they like it. They don't want gentle persuasion—they want commands! [*Start to lead RED SHADOW off C.*]

RED SHADOW [*troubled—looking off to where MARGOT made her exit*]. But some of them don't seem to know what they want.

ALI. My dear friend, I never bother to find out. [*He pats RED SHADOW on the back, they laugh together.*]

[*Exit C. off L.*]

CLEMENTINA [*to SID*]. That is the way with you Oriental men—you are spoiled. Oh, I will be so happy when I can meet a real man again—a nice, weak Western man.

[*Exit L.2. Gets Brass key.*]

[*Voices off stage heard: "Come on, what's the matter with you?"*]

(*SID comes down C.*)

HASSI. Come on. [*Off stage.*]

BENJAMIN. All right.

HASSI. What's the matter with you.

[*HASSI enters leading BENJAMIN, covered with djeelaba. EIGHT RIFFS follow them. BENJAMIN developing a great talent for becoming tangled up in it. He loses his arms in the folds.*]

BENJAMIN. Arms for the love of Allah.

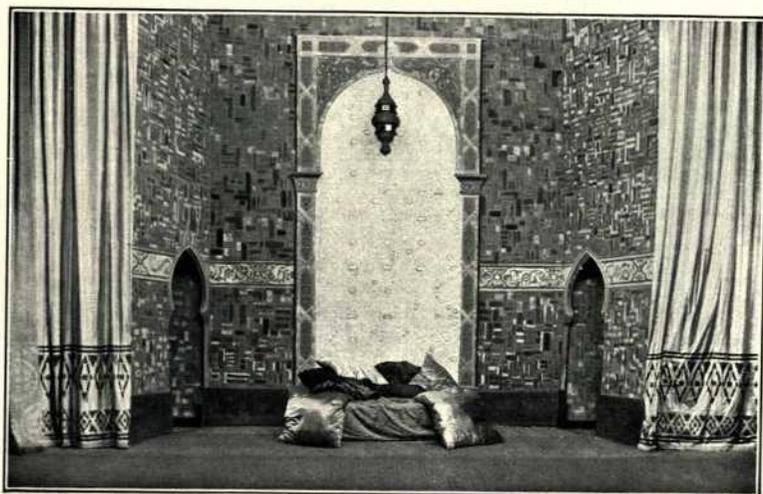
*LIGHTING.—Entrance of BENJAMIN—R. and L. bottom perches open white on BENJAMIN.*

HASSI [*to SID*]. Sid-el-kar, the men want you to come back to our quarters. We have an important decision to make.

SID. But our leader has called no meeting.

HASSI. We do not want our leader at this meeting. But we do want every loyal follower of the band. [*Turns and yells in BENJAMIN'S ear.*] Every loyal follower! Do you hear?

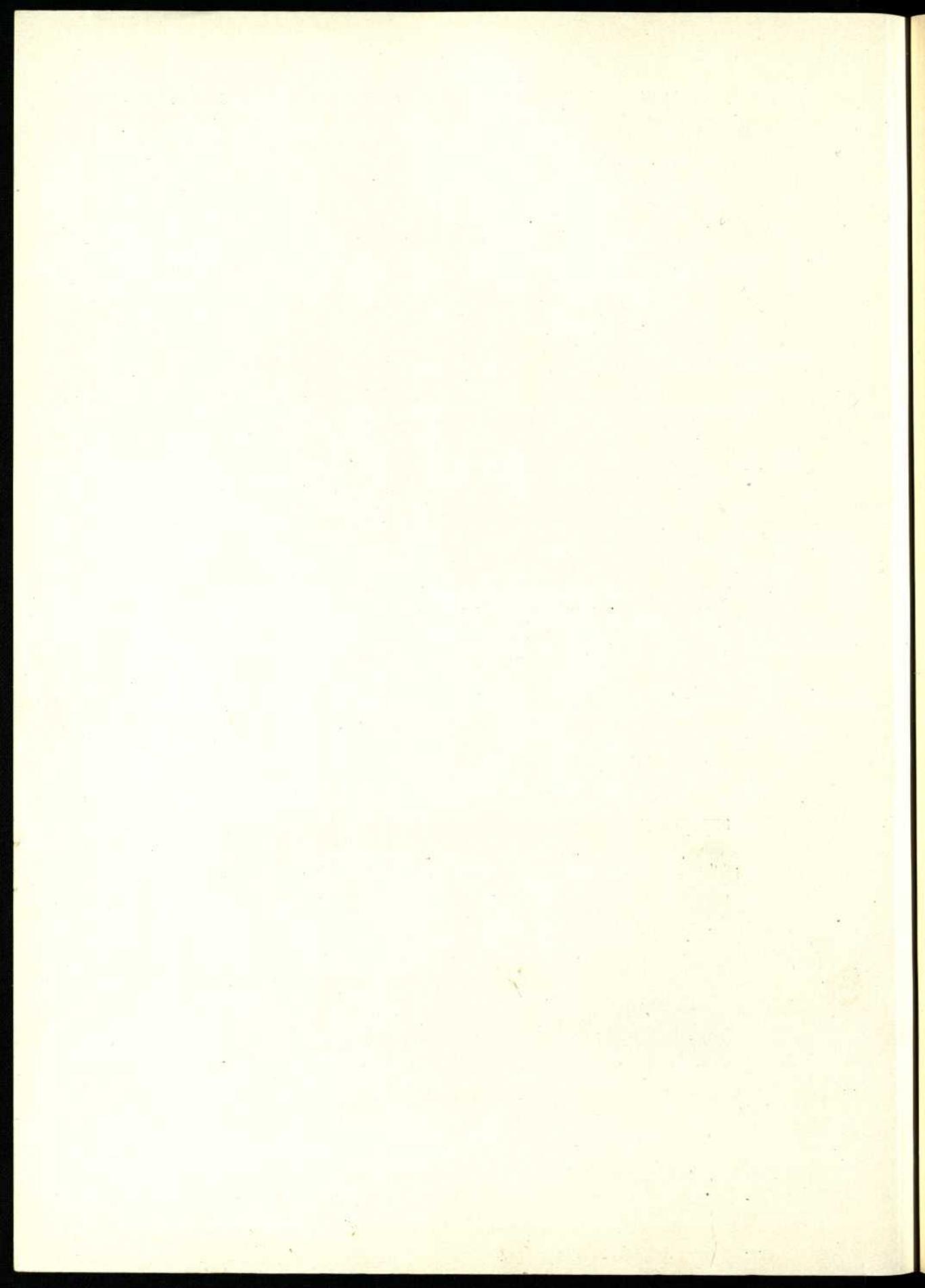
Act II, Scene 2, is played with any suitable cloth, or the No. 2 Traveller Curtains which are shown in the picture of Act II, Scene 3.



Act II, Scene 3.  
The Room of the Silken Couch.



Act II, Scene 4.  
The Edge of the Desert.



BENJAMIN. Why not?

HASSI. You see, Sid, even he who wears the star and crescent of a new member—

[BENJAMIN opens his arms out wide to display his costume.]

BENJAMIN. . . . behold with fabric body.

HASSI. Even he believes as I do about the Red Shadow.

SID. And what is that, Hassi?

HASSI. Come to the meeting, Sid-el-Kar.

[SID crosses and exits R.2, followed by RIFFS, HASSI crosses and starts R.]

BENJAMIN [stops him]. Say, Horsie—I mean Hassi—tell me, as one sheik to another, don't you think this camisole is a bit tight. What kind of a place is this?

HASSI. This is the harem of Ali Ben Ali.

BENJAMIN. You mean one fellow owns all these women. [Frightened.] Please get me out of here. I can't stay here. I don't want to be in a harem. Please take me out of here. [He looks round terrified.]

[CLEMENTINA enters L.2. BENJAMIN sees her.]

LIGHTING.—Entrance of CLEMENTINA—R. and L. top perches open, white spot CLEMENTINA. CLEMENTINA stops at L.C. and pulls her skirt up just enough to show her ankle. BENJAMIN, not to be outdone, pulls his djeelaba up and shows his sock suspender.

Please, Daddy, buy me that.

CLEMENTINA. Nice weak Western man.

BENJAMIN. Come and be Oriental. [Poses on couch.]

HASSI. Come with me.

BENJAMIN. Go away, boys—go away, this is my extension night.

[HASSI exits R.2.]

CLEMENTINA. Nice weak Western man, eh?

BENJAMIN. Oh, shoot me whilst I'm happy.

CLEMENTINA. Habla ud. Espanol? Viene conmigo?—Venga conmigo?

BENJAMIN. I beg your pardon. [She repeats lines.] Avez vous la plume de ma mère?

CLEMENTINA. Western man like to dance with Spanish Lady?

BENJAMIN. I could dance with St. Vitus.

CLEMENTINA (crossing to BENJAMIN, showing him brass key). Come, take the brass key, take the brass key.

BENJAMIN. Where do you live? Westminster Abbey? [Gets off couch.]

CLEMENTINA. But the Western man is nice man. [Puts arms around BENJAMIN.]

BENJAMIN. Now, stop it, will you; stop it!

CLEMENTINA. The Western man is VERY nice man. [Tickles his chin.]

BENJAMIN. Cut it out, will you? I'm not the answer to the Maiden's Prayer. [BENJAMIN goes to couch and sits. CLEMENTINA sits on his L. and, putting her arms round him, rocks him violently. He tries to like it but feels very seasick.] Steward, that was a nasty crossing.

CLEMENTINA. The Western man is VERY, VERY nice man. [Tickles his chin.]

BENJAMIN. Now stop it. What would my scoutmaster say. [Rises and goes to C.]

Number: "Bold Women."

BENJAMIN.

Bold woman, please unhand me!

You do not understand me—

I'm not the sort of man you seem to think I am;

I'm not a gay home-wrecker,

I'm just a simple soul,

Impervious to woman, song and drink,

I am—

CLEMENTINA [very seductive]. And are you sure you are?

BENJAMIN. Why yes, I think I am. [Walks R., sits beside CLEMENTINA.]

CLEMENTINA. So very pure you are? [Puts her arms round him again.]

## MUSIC.

BENJAMIN. I'm on the brink, I am.  
 CLEMENTINA. Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah! [*Squeezing him.*]  
 BENJAMIN. I'm in the sink, I am. [*Rises again and goes c.*]  
 Gosh, I might as well confess it,  
 If I didn't you would guess it.  
 Women are the bane of my youth—  
 Every one's a tiger cat, with me it's sad but certain  
 That with women life can never be smooth,  
 For they can trip you  
 With tricks and grip you  
 Like quick sand.  
 CLEMENTINA. Some day, dear, you will be mine. [*Rises and goes to him.*]  
 BENJAMIN. Can't you see I don't want you. [*Pulls her to him.*]  
 CLEMENTINA. I'll be a constant nymph,  
 Or something sweet to him for whom I pine—  
 BENJAMIN [*spoken*]. Why do I give in so easily.

## Refrain.

BENJAMIN [*sways with CLEMENTINA. He holds her by putting one hand round her neck.*]  
 One good boy gone wrong—  
 One good boy gone wrong.  
 Youth must have its fling so they say,

[*They part for a moment, turn outwards and then join again and continue to sway.*]

Here's where I start flinging my youth away.  
 One more victim picked—  
 Once more sex has clicked—  
 One more sap-head who's been tricked and trapped,  
 Just another boy gone wrong.

*And then both dance a comic tango. She dances practically a straight tango while he imitates her as best he can. At finish of the dance BENJAMIN is on the floor at her feet with his djeelaba completely enfolding him.*

Oh, oh, lady of the brass key. It's women like you that makes men like me like women like you. Oh, when does this lease expire?

CLEMENTINA. Western man give Spanish lady money?

BENJAMIN. I knew there was a catch in it.

CLEMENTINA. We must have money.

BENJAMIN [*rise to L. of her*]. Oh, you're all alike, all you women in every country. All you think about is money, money, money. It's hello, gimme—good-bye, send me.

[ALI enters C.]

LIGHTING.—Entrance of ALI—R. top perch open, white spots ALI.

Why can't you forget money, forget everything. You great big gorgeous so-and-so—and what-not. You make me feel as though I want to fly. You make me feel—

[ALI has come down close to BENJAMIN. BENJAMIN feels him behind him—puts his hand across ALI'S chest.]

You make me feel— [He looks round and sees ALI. He tries to keep calm.] Did you order any carpets.

ALI. So, I harbour a snake within my walls. [*Walks L.*]

BENJAMIN. Now, Ali, you've got a lot of women. Don't be a Scotchman.

[CLEMENTINA crosses to ALI.]

CLEMENTINA. Oh, most gracious host. [*ALI throws her off.*]

ALI. Silence! [*Cross to c.*] I shall see you later. [*Claps hands.*]

*Two GUARDS appear L.2 immediately. They jump on in one bound and stand perfectly still.*

BENJAMIN. Do you believe in fairies? I must have a basin full of those. [*Claps hands—nothing happens.*]

ALI [to GUARDS]. Take the woman to the bath.

BENJAMIN. I'm ready for duty. Where's the soap? [Starts L., runs into ALI'S arms.]

ALI. Not you!

BENJAMIN. I know—not me. I knew you wouldn't give me a chance.

[CLEMENTINA starting L., speaking to BENJAMIN.]

CLEMENTINA. Señor, I am going to the bath.

BENJAMIN. Don't use all the soap.

[CLEMENTINA exits L.2, followed by GUARDS.]

BENJAMIN, pretending to be nonchalant, crosses to the couch and plays with the cushions. He pushes the corner of one of them in, makes it "plop" out by pushing in the side corners. This pleases him and he elaborates his little game by putting the disc off a tambourine in the dent and "plopping" that out. He plays until interrupted by ALI.

ALI. Well.

BENJAMIN. Not very.

ALI [advancing to BENJAMIN]. Well, my friend. You have committed the sin of sins.

BENJAMIN. Oh, I did not. I may have narrow hips, but thank goodness I'm broad-minded.

ALI. You have violated my hospitality. You've insulted one of my guests.

BENJAMIN. Who has?

ALI. You have.

BENJAMIN. No, I don't like to have you talk like that about me. [Walking up and down, hurt feelings.]

You'll have to get out of here [stopping as though a sudden thought had struck him]. Oh, this is your place! Oh, all right, we'll put you up for the night.

ALI. Perhaps you don't know what it is to insult a woman. Ha, ha, ha!

BENJAMIN. He, he, he, little brown jug, etc. Who don't?

ALI. You don't. [Drawing his dagger.]

BENJAMIN [coming to ALI]. Why, I've insulted more women than you—[ALI puts the dagger right under

BENJAMIN'S nose]—er—thanks, I use a Gillette.

ALI. For that you must die.

BENJAMIN. What again, said he, shifting his thermogene.

ALI [sheaths his dagger]. Well, well, perhaps you are young to die, tell me your name and I will tell your mother.

BENJAMIN. My mother knows my name.

ALI [starting L.]. Stay here and in ten minutes I will tell you what manner of death you will meet—

BENJAMIN. I don't think I can wait that long—

Starts to go R. As he gets to doorway a GUARD jumps out and stops him. He then runs up C., but another GUARD jumps out and stops him there too.

ALI. Oh, it is useless to try to break through our lines. We have a ring of sentries—posted fifty feet apart. My orders shall be these—if they see a man with a star and crescent djeelaba—

BENJAMIN. . . . That's me.

ALI. Shoot him where he stands!

BENJAMIN. Thank goodness, I thought you were going to say where he sits.

[Exit ALI L.2 in disgust.]

[Left alone, BENJAMIN kneels with his head between his hands.]

Oh, Allah! Oh, Allah, don't you hear little Bennie!

[SUSAN enters L.2.]

LIGHTING.—Entrance of SUSAN—R. and L. top perches spot SUSAN.

SUSAN [calls]. Yoyo-hoo!

BENJAMIN. Is that you, Allah?

SUSAN. No, Bennie, it's me!

BENJAMIN. Oh, Allah! [SUSAN comes down to him.]

SUSAN. Bennie, what are you doing there?

BENJAMIN. Believe me or not, I'm waiting for a taxi. [He stands up.]

## MUSIC.

SUSAN. I've seen that costume somewhere before.

BENJAMIN. It used to be the flag outside the Turkish baths.

SUSAN. Listen, Bennie, I've got good news : that Red Shadow isn't so bad after all. Look! [*She hands him a scroll with wooden rollers.*]

BENJAMIN [*taking it*]. Good heavens, the gas bill.

SUSAN. No. It's a pass through the lines.

BENJAMIN. A p-p-p-pass! Through *these* lines?

SUSAN. Yes. The Red Shadow wants me to take a message to General Birabeau and tell him that Margot is safe. Isn't that considerate for an Arab?

BENJAMIN. It can't be true, it is true, very well then, I won't argue. [*Doing some deep thinking.*]  
Let's see, this is made out to you, isn't it?

SUSAN. Yes. I go to the north gate. There I am met by an escort of six men. They blindfold me and lead me through the secret trail to safety.

BENJAMIN [*with a gulp*]. Safety!

SUSAN. Think of it.

BENJAMIN. I have done.

SUSAN. A lone woman—and six primitive men of the hills. [*With an expectant, beatific expression.*]

[*BENJAMIN takes a deep breath, looks longingly at the pass and then very solemnly addresses SUSAN.*]

BENJAMIN. Susan, I can't let you do this!

SUSAN. Can't let me?

BENJAMIN. I'm not going to have my little girl exposed to such a danger.

SUSAN. But I must get the message to General Birabeau.

BENJAMIN [*grandly*]. Wait, I will deliver it. I, Marcus Antonius, will deliver the message.

SUSAN. Bennie! You won't be able to find your way. They won't even let you through the lines.

BENJAMIN. This pass—

SUSAN. But it's made out to me.

BENJAMIN. I knew things were going too easily.

[*He starts to tremble violently and in doing so he knocks the rollers of the scroll together. He says "Who's that knocking?" and both he and SUSAN look about the stage. Then he realizes what is happening and says, "Oh! It's me."*]

I have an idea, we're about the same height.

SUSAN. You mean—change clothes?

BENJAMIN. Yes. You have my djeelaba, I'll take your dress : they'll never know the difference.

[*He starts to loosen his djeelaba.*]

[*She stands aghast.*]

SUSAN. Bennie, you'd do this for me!!!

BENJAMIN. Only for you, Susan, only for you.

SUSAN [*embracing him*]. Oh, my big, brave he-man—

BENJAMIN. Take off your clothes.

SUSAN. What, out here?

BENJAMIN. No, out there or any place.

SUSAN. Oh, Bennie, I don't want you to be seen in women's clothes. You might be talked about.

BENJAMIN. I'd rather be talked about than shot about. Turn about.

[*SUSAN turns L. and BENJAMIN says :*]

January.

SUSAN. February.

BENJAMIN. March. [*They both march out L.2.*]

LIGHTING.—"January, February, March"—*Check whites in floats and battens slowly to out, then follow on with ambers and pinks to out, but first bring in full blues.*

*Leave back cloth as at opening.*

*Floods in R. and L. entrances to blue.*

*Bottom L. perch light amber on SID EL KAE.*

*Top R. and L. perches amber on RED SHADOW.*

*Bottom R. perch light amber on ALI BEN ALI.*

*From the R.2 the RIFE MEN and HASSI enter. SID enters with them. All MEN are grumbling as they go all L.C. and form a group in three or four rough lines stretching from down L. to up L.C.*

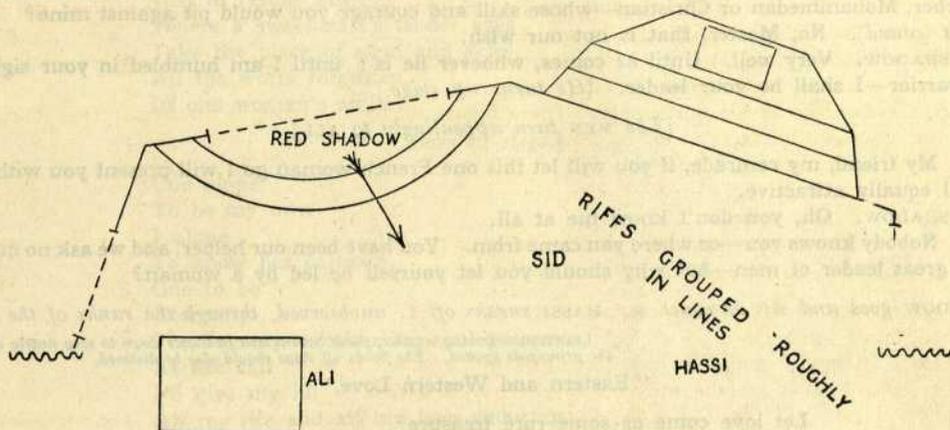
[ALI enters L.2 and goes to couch R.]

HASSI [to ALI]. You have sent for our leader?

ALI. I've commanded his presence.

[MEN murmur "Where is he?"]

[RED SHADOW enters from c. and comes down c.]



RED SHADOW [coldly ; on the defensive]. What is it, my friend?

SID. The men want me to tell you—they think—

RED SHADOW. Come, Sid, out with it. What do they think?

HASSI [coming forward]. It's about these women.

ALI [placing his arm around RED SHADOW'S shoulder]. You see, my friend.

SID. We have been faithful to you ; we have risked our lives at your command ; but up till now it has always been for our people. Now—this time—

HASSI. This time you are exposing us to danger for your own selfish ends—for your—your woman.

ALI. Yes—Yes—

[RED SHADOW bites his lip to control an impulse to spring on HASSI. When he speaks his voice is defiant, cold, immovable.]

RED SHADOW. Well?

HASSI. Well—we don't want to go on with it!

[Pause. ALI breaks the tension.]

ALI. My friend—forgive me for saying it—but Hassi is right. The French will never forgive this thing you've done and you've put us all in danger.

RED SHADOW [suppressed anger]. And have I not been in danger hundreds of times for them? Am I not entitled to their help the one time I call upon them?

ALI. But this undertaking is without reason. [Turns up.]

RED SHADOW. I have a reason.

HASSI [aggressively]. Then tell us what it is.

RED SHADOW [raising his voice]. I tell you nothing! [Calming down.] I am your leader. As a symbol of my command you gave me this sword. I shall remain your leader, until I am beaten in single combat—before your eyes.

[MEN murmur.]

## MUSIC.

SID [to MEN]. It is the oath we have taken.

RED SHADOW. It is the law of your tribe. You will obey my commands until one man can prove himself a better fighter than I am. Does anyone of you care to try me in single combat? [He stands firm and glares his challenge at them.]

[There is a distinct sagging in their ranks. HASSI turns from his gaze.]

Or—since it does not have to be one of you, have you a champion? Is there any man in Morocco—Arab, Berber, Mohammedan or Christian—whose skill and courage you would pit against mine? [Pause.]

HASSI [cowed]. No, Master, that is not our wish.

RED SHADOW. Very well. Until he comes, whoever he is; until I am humbled in your sight, by a greater warrior—I shall be your leader. [He turns up stage.]

[The MEN turn appealingly to ALI.]

ALI. My friend, my comrade, if you will let this one French woman go I will present you with twenty others, all equally attractive.

RED SHADOW. Oh, you don't know me at all.

ALI. Nobody knows you—or where you came from. You have been our helper, and we ask no questions. You're a great leader of men—but why should you let yourself be led by a woman?

[RED SHADOW goes and sits on couch R. HASSI sneaks off L. unobserved, through the ranks of the RIFFS.]

LIGHTING.—During number, check battens and footlights down to very nearly out, leaving the principals spotted. The floods off stage should also be dimmed.

“Eastern and Western Love.”

ALI. Let love come as some rare treasure  
Lightly granted by Allah.  
Let love go and do not measure hours enchanted  
That can't return;  
One woman you have once caressed,  
Soon strikes you very like the rest,  
Her kiss is neither worse nor best.  
That is love's way.  
So love will come as some rare treasure  
Lightly granted by Allah.  
Love will go, so take it while you may,  
So take it while you may. [Moves R. a little.]

SID [comes C]. If one flow'r grows alone in your garden  
Its fragrant sweetness will soon pass away.  
If one flow'r grows alone in your garden  
Soft petals blooming must wither some day.  
Love's bowers should be overflowing with sweet passion-flowers  
Of varied perfume.  
So gather your precious collection  
A harem of blossoms—  
Love's fire to consume  
Love's bowers should be overflowing  
With passion-flowers of varied perfume—  
So gather a harem  
Of blossoms love's fire consuming,  
So let it be known,  
One love alone is not for men.

ALI. Let love come as some rare treasure  
Lightly granted by Allah.  
Let love go and snatch its pleasure  
And ere it fly, fly away.  
Why are you silent, my friend?  
He is now dreaming of love!

SID.

[MEN laugh softly.]

RED SHADOW [*rise, walk c.*] I have heard all that you have been saying,  
 Yet I alone may love in my own way.  
 Lonely as a desert breeze,  
 I may wander where I please,  
 Yet I keep on longing,  
 Just to rest a while!  
 Where a sweetheart's tender eyes  
 Take the place of sand and skies,  
 All the world forgotten,  
 In one woman's smile!

[Comes c. stage.]

One alone  
 To be my own  
 I alone  
 To know her caresses,  
 One to be  
 Eternally  
 The one my worshipping soul possesses,  
 At her call  
 I'd give my all  
 All my life and all my love enduring.  
*This would be*  
 A magic world to me—  
 If she were mine alone.

*At the end of this chorus, sung by RED SHADOW alone, ALI comes down on R. of him and SID on L. of him. The chorus move slightly over R. so that they form a background for the three principals.*

*They then sing concerted chorus as on page 167 of the printed score.  
 This is usually sung twice through.*

The No. 1 Traveller Curtain closes on the last note.

## ACT II

### Scene 2.

*A Corridor outside MARGOT'S suite.*

Traveller Curtain No. 2 is closed for this scene. Traveller Curtain No. 1 is opened when ready.

LIGHTING.—To open Act II, Scene 2—No. 1 batten and footlights white  $\frac{1}{2}$  and blue full.

L. bottom perch open white on HASSI until exit.

R. bottom perch open white on BENJAMIN.

BENJAMIN is discovered R. dressed in SUSAN'S clothes. He backs to c. stage. HASSI enters followed by RIFFS 6 and crosses to BENJAMIN.

HASSI. All right, men, come with me. Well, where are you going, my pretty maid?

BENJAMIN. I'm going a-milking, sir, she said.

HASSI. We are your escort. [*Flirts with BENJAMIN.*]

[BENJAMIN crosses to c.]

[*Grabs BENJAMIN by the arm.*] Come with me.

BENJAMIN. No, no, I'm not your type.

HASSI. Come, I say.

BENJAMIN. None of your char-a-banc tricks here.

HASSI. You enticing little devil. [*Takes BENJAMIN in his arms, and pats his chin.*] There's a saying

in Morocco—

BENJAMIN. Tell me all, no matter how bad.

## MUSIC.

HASSI. —that a pretty woman is a gold mine.

BENJAMIN. Well, don't come around here prospecting.

HASSI. Come hither, gentle antelope.

BENJAMIN. He thinks father's a Buffalo. [*Hassi feels his chin.*]

HASSI. Ho, ho, what's this, a Wolf in Sheep's clothing. [*Pulls BENJAMIN'S hat off.*]

BENJAMIN. No, a gentleman in georgette. This is all a mistake.

HASSI. You little worm, shall I slit thy tongue.

BENJAMIN. If you do I'll never speak to you again.

HASSI [*jamming hat on his head*]. You little worm! After pledging loyalty to our band, trying to escape in a woman's dress!

BENJAMIN. I can explain this in five minutes.

HASSI. In five minutes you'll be in another world.

[*SUSAN enters R.I., stumbles, foot caught in djeelaba, walks to R. of BENJAMIN.*]

LIGHTING.—*As SUSAN enters—L. top perch open white on her.*

BENJAMIN. Susan, you're caught.

SUSAN. You're right, I am, and I've lost your hat.

BENJAMIN. You'll lose your life in a minute.

A RIFF. Who shall decide their fate—The Red Shadow or Ali Ben Ali.

HASSI. Neither, I will attend to this myself.

BENJAMIN. I'll have a word with the Butcher.

HASSI. This will be no ordinary death—

BENJAMIN. He's going to sing to us.

HASSI. —but a death of horror for you two. The mountains are high. The desert is broad. The woods are thick. Thirst—with none to aid you—and by the living Allah that made you—

BENJAMIN. You're a better man than I am, Gunga-Din.

HASSI. Through the thick woods of the mountains, out upon the broad desert, two lonely souls on the back of a mule—doomed to a slow torture-stricken death. Hungry, starving—There is but one hope.

BENJAMIN. We can eat the mule.

HASSI. Some savage tribe may put an end to your suffering.

SUSAN. Well anyway, Bennie, if we must die, we die together.

BENJAMIN. Stop cheering me up.

SUSAN. You never know, this may be the hand of Providence.

BENJAMIN. Well, deal me another hand.

HASSI. Make them change back to their own clothes—put them on a mule, and then out into the desert.

SUSAN. Come, Bennie, be brave—look on the bright side—

BENJAMIN. There's no bright side to a mule.

SUSAN. To-night we start out to our death. But it will be our first night alone—together—in the solitude of the desert, with the Oriental sky above us—just you and I.

BENJAMIN. And a jass ack—

SUSAN [*crying*]. Bennie!

BENJAMIN. Don't cry, look at your face.

SUSAN. What's the matter with my face, it's all right.

BENJAMIN. It's all right for you, you're behind it . . . but it may come in handy.

SUSAN. What?

BENJAMIN. Your face. When we are alone in the desert, waiting for starvation to end it all, I will look into your eyes.

SUSAN. Oh, B-e-n-n-i-e.

BENJAMIN. And I'll think this is the woman who might have been my wife.

SUSAN. Bennie!

BENJAMIN. And somehow death won't seem so bad.

LIGHTING.—"Death won't seem so bad"—*Black out.*

Close No. 1 Curtains. When ready open No. 1 Curtains.

## ACT II.

## Scene 3.

*The room of the Silken Couch in ALI'S Palace.*

*A set with one piece of furniture, a huge silken bed. Lit by one Oriental lamp hanging c. To the left and to right are entrances to other parts of the palace. The set should be intimate and shallow, not more than 10 or 12 feet. A hand mirror is placed on the couch.*

*LIGHTING.—To open Act II, Scene 3—No. 1 batten (and No. 2 batten if required), blue at ½. Pink and amber at full.*

*Footlights—blue at ½, pink and amber at full.*

*White floods suitably checked on transparent window at back.*

*Hanging lamp should have one frosted red low-wattage bulb checked so as not to be too distracting.*

*R. and L. bottom perches spot MARGOT pink.*

*MARGOT is discovered sitting on couch. She rises and looks L. and R. The RED SHADOW wearing his mask but no cloak enters R. door. He comes to R. of MARGOT. He wears his sword in his belt, without his scabbard.*

*LIGHTING.—At entrance of RED SHADOW—R. and L. top perches spot RED SHADOW pink.*

MARGOT. Why are you taking off your sword?

RED SHADOW. It might scratch your pretty skin.

*[She turns away.]*

Come here, Margot.

MARGOT [*defiant*]. I will not.

RED SHADOW. Come here. *[He pulls her to him.]*

MARGOT. Oh you are a savage—a Ruffian—*[defiantly]*. Why did you bring me here?

RED SHADOW. Why; to teach you to love me—so fiercely that you could give up home and friends.

MARGOT [*mockingly*]. And live with you on the desert—as an outlaw? And have a price set on my head, too?

RED SHADOW. Call it a mad dream. But mad as it is, I'm willing to risk my whole future to win such a love.

MARGOT [*breaking away from him and going L. a little*]. Love! Leave love out of it. You know why you brought me here. I hate you.

RED SHADOW [*with quiet positiveness*]. Margot, you gave me your heart with that first kiss.

MARGOT. I cut you across the face with a whip.

RED SHADOW. That little wound healed in a day. How long will you remember that kiss?

MARGOT. Oh, I could kill you!

RED SHADOW [*very easily*]. Why didn't you? No one could have given you a better chance.

*[She begins to realize her own weakness. Her anger changes to desperation.]*

Margot, come to me freely.

MARGOT [*turns L.*]. Oh, don't you see that I can't.

RED SHADOW [*almost amused*]. Give me one good reason.

MARGOT [*hesitatingly*]. I—I—I love Paul!

RED SHADOW [*with final positiveness*]. You—don't—love—Paul!

MARGOT. Well?

RED SHADOW. Then come to me.

MARGOT [*shrinks L.*]. No!!

RED SHADOW [*enjoying the situation*]. Give me one good reason.

MARGOT [*confused*]. Why—why—oh, there are lots of reasons.

RED SHADOW. Give me one.

MARGOT [*after a moment's thought*]. Why—why—why—there's someone else I do love.

RED SHADOW [*with some jealousy*]. Someone else? Who?

MARGOT [*beginning to enjoy herself*]. You don't know him.

RED SHADOW [*insistently*]. Who?

MARGOT. General Birabeau's son—Pierre—

RED SHADOW. Pierre! And you love him—that milksop!

MARGOT. Yes.

RED SHADOW [*he turns to walk to R.C.—whispers*]. My God!—You're lying again. You're playing for time.

MARGOT [*takes two steps L.*]. I'm not! *[Pauses.]* It's true—Once I did dream of romance and adventure. But after all I've been through in these two days—

## MUSIC.

RED SHADOW. Yes—

MARGOT. Oh, I've had enough of it. The quiet life Pierre has planned for me, that's what I want.

*(The Sabre Song.)*

[Sings.] I find the simple life entrancing gentle and calm and kind.  
RED SHADOW. Didn't you say you liked romancing—

MARGOT. Have you changed your mind?  
To be changing her mind is a woman's way  
As you well know—

RED SHADOW. The mind of a woman changes  
I well know—

MARGOT. I only want Pierre—my sweet Pierre—

RED SHADOW. If you long for Pierre, that is fair—

[Spoken.] Margot, I'll give you your chance. I'll send Pierre to you.  
MARGOT [walks R. to C.]. You've captured him?

RED SHADOW [nods]. I'll give you your moment alone with him. If he wins you—

MARGOT. Yes?

RED SHADOW. On my sword I swear to send you back as his bride.

*[He crosses to R. entrance and then turns and speaks.]*

As his bride, Margot.

*[Exits R.]*

*The moment he has gone and she is safe, her mood changes. She picks up the sword—to her the sword represents the RED SHADOW—the man she loves, but doesn't dare yield to.*  
LIGHTING.—RED SHADOW exits—R. and L. top perches pick up MARGOT.

*[As the music starts MARGOT stands with the sword over her head.]*

MARGOT. Why can't I take his sword here  
And with one quick dart right through his heart  
Stab him as he mocks me?

*[On the word "stab" she lunges forward with the sword.]*

What sweet revenge for all his laughter.  
But what is there that halts me and stays my arm?

*[Throws sword down.]*

Something is tearing my heart,  
Is it fate to love him whom I hate?

*[She kneels by the sword and addresses her song to it.]*

There is his sabre there  
So like the man  
In brilliance shining fair,  
So like the man,  
Tho' I mean naught to him,  
Why do I sigh and give my thought to him,

*[She picks up the sword.]*

Please tell me why?

*[She rises and talks to the sword as though it were a doll which she holds in her L. hand.]*

Sabre bright and gleaming, ever by his side,  
Dare I tell my dreaming.  
Dare my heart confide—all my secret longing,  
Wishes that are thronging—feelings that I vainly try to hide?  
When you're with your master promise not to tell  
That my heart beats faster 'neath his magic spell.

For if you should tell him  
What I'm dreaming of  
He may call it love.

[Puts down sword on couch. At beginning of encore MARGOT goes over to couch and takes up mirror. Then sings obligato and puts down mirror as she sings "la-la-la." At the end PIERRE enters R.2. At the sight of him she comes out of her dream with anger and disappointment. PIERRE crosses to C.]

LIGHTING.—As PIERRE enters—R. and L. top perches amber pick up PIERRE.

PIERRE [ardently]. Margot! Oh, there you are, Margot!

MARGOT [disappointed]. Oh Pierre! So he *did* capture you!

PIERRE [coming to her with open arms]. Margot, it's so wonderful to be with someone who loves you.

MARGOT [holding him off]. Please, Pierre, what's come over you. Just be your own sweet self.

PIERRE But he told me that you—that you said—

MARGOT Oh, you were the first person I thought of.

PIERRE. Oh, Margot.

MARGOT [seeing him wince]. Now I've hurt you.

PIERRE. No. I thought as much.

MARGOT. You see, Pierre, I'm afraid of myself.

PIERRE. You mean you're afraid of the Red Shadow?

MARGOT. No, of myself. Because, deep down, I really think— Oh, how can I say it?

PIERRE. Why not. To a sister you can say anything.

MARGOT. I think—Oh, Pierre, it's awful. There's a terrible fascination to that—that— [She hesitates.]

PIERRE. Margot, you don't mean to say you're beginning to love that cut-throat—that ruffian—?

MARGOT. Pierre, when I am with him, I'm afraid of the future; I hold him off; I lie to him. But when he is gone, I want him back.

PIERRE. You do!

[At this moment MARGOT faces front. PIERRE is just behind her so that she cannot see him longing to put his arms round her.]

MARGOT. Yes, I love him. Oh, Pierre, sometimes I wish he were even more of an outlaw and a ruffian. I wish he wouldn't listen to my lies and my excuses. I wish he would make the decision for me.

[At the end of MARGOT'S speech, PIERRE nearly puts his arms round her, but she turns on the last word and he just has time to draw back.]

PIERRE. Yes, yes, of course. You'll have to excuse me now, Margot, I must go.

[Exits hurriedly R.2, stifling his laughter.]

After he is gone MARGOT again crosses to the RED SHADOW'S sword.  
Enter L.2 AZURI, quietly slips in from L.2. MARGOT does not notice her till she turns.  
LIGHTING.—Entrance of AZURI—R. and L. top perches amber spot AZURI.

MARGOT. Azuri!

AZURI [in triumph, walks to MARGOT]. So! Paul's bride-to-be in the room of the Silken Couch. Huh! This will be fine news for Paul!

MARGOT [frightened at her manner]. What are you doing here?

AZURI [she draws out a bag and lets silver pieces trickle through her fingers]. Look! French silver. Just to bind a bargain. To-morrow the French Government will pay me twice as much. [Enjoying her triumph, cross R.] Then I can go to my Paul.

MARGOT. Your Paul? [Step R. to AZURI.]

AZURI. Yes. Before you came.

MARGOT [after her anger cools]. I see! Listen, Azuri! If you can only help me out of here I promise you I'll never stand between you and your Paul. He is your Paul from now on.

AZURI [steps to MARGOT]. Oh, you'd sell your man for your life. This, too, will be great news, my bride of the Silken Couch. [Laughs at her as a GUARD enters R.2 and says warningly to AZURI:]

GUARD [whisper]. The Red Shadow.

AZURI. Good! Keep him here

## MUSIC.

[GUARD exits R.2.]

[Starting to go.] I have someone waiting in the yard below . . .

MARGOT [trying to stop her from going]. Oh, please, Azuri! You are Ben Ali's favourite. Ask him to help me.

[AZURI spitefully looks at her and laughs at her haughtily, throws her hand off, then exits R.2.]

[MARGOT crosses to the couch, throws herself down in desperation on the couch.]

[RED SHADOW enters R.2. He picks up his sword, starts to buckle it on him, walks down R.C.]

LIGHTING.—Entrance of RED SHADOW—R. and L. top perches pick up RED SHADOW.

RED SHADOW [with firmness]. Margot, prepare yourself. [She looks at him.] You're going away with me.

MARGOT [rise, step down C.]. What has come over you? Are you going to become the bully again?

RED SHADOW. I've done what you wished. [Swinging towards her.] I have made your decision for you!

MARGOT [thinking that PIERRE has betrayed everything]. So, even Pierre has turned against me. [Furious at him.] You dragged it out of him by torture.

RED SHADOW [sung]. You love me. Never mind how I know.

MARGOT [sung]. I'm afraid of you.

FINALETTO. He sings part of the refrain to MARGOT, this time with confidence. During the song she succumbs and is in his arms.

RED SHADOW [sings to MARGOT]. Blue heaven and you and I  
 And sand kissing a moon-lit sky,  
 A desert breeze whisp'ring a lullaby.  
 Only stars above you to see I love you.  
 Oh! give me that night divine,  
 And let my arms in yours entwine.

[AZURI, followed by ALI and two MEN of the band, enter R.2.]

LIGHTING.—At Cue: Entrance of ALI, etc.—L. top perch amber spot ALI; L. bottom perch amber spot BIRABEAU; R. top perch amber spot AZURI; R. bottom perch pink spot MARGOT.

BOTH. The desert song calling its voice  
 Enthralling will make you . . . Margot. [Kisses her.]

ALI [calling to the men of the band]. Come!

[Four RIFFS enter R.2.]

RED SHADOW [surprised at the interruption]. What are you doing here?

ALI [to MARGOT]. You'd better go.

RED SHADOW. No! You stay.

AZURI. She will not stay.

RED SHADOW [pushes MARGOT to L., takes out sword]. Who's going to take her away from me?

AZURI. We shall see. [Walks to entrance R.2.] Come in.

[GENERAL BIRABEAU enters and comes down to R.C.]

[RED SHADOW starts at sight of his father.]

There is the Red Shadow.

BIRABEAU. Margot. [Arms outstretched, he advances.]

RED SHADOW [to MARGOT]. Go to him—if you wish.

[AZURI walks down R.]

[MARGOT looks at BIRABEAU, then at RED SHADOW, then stays L.]

ALI [to BIRABEAU]. Now, my friend, you see that my people are innocent. He stole her. I knew nothing. I'll prove I'm a friend of the French.

BIRABEAU. I trust to your chivalry—your promise that you will not interfere.

ALI. This is your fight with him.

BIRABEAU. I trust in that promise. [To RED SHADOW.] Sir, Azuri guided me here. I've come alone. I've come for Margot—to take her home. [Silence as BIRABEAU waits for an answer. He turns to the RIFFS.] Your leader seems afraid to speak.

MINDAR [one of the band]. Try to take her—and you'll see what our leader will do.

[MEN all agree.]

BIRABEAU. Azuri tells me that you've boasted that no man can beat you in single combat. In my younger days I was a good swordsman. These men have told me that if I beat you, they will release her. Well, sir, I am going to kill you or you'll have to kill me. [Draws sword, backs away.]

[RIFFS and AZURI back away, making room for a duel.]

[RED SHADOW raises his sword, then deliberately letting it fall from his hand, he turns L. with his arms folded. The RIFFS start with surprise.]

ALI [surprised at RED SHADOW'S refusal to fight]. What has come over you? If you are defeated, do you realize what it means? Your own men, by their oath, will have to turn you out into the desert to die! [ALI picks up the sword and holds it out to RED SHADOW, who hesitatingly takes it.] Fight!

MARGOT [coming between them—speaks to BIRABEAU]. No—no—I can't let you.

BIRABEAU [cross to RED SHADOW—pushing her behind him]. So this is the famous Red Shadow—the myth that has frightened all Morocco. I think you're a coward. [Puts his sword into his left hand, reaches for his gloves at his belt, advances to RED SHADOW and strikes him full in the face.] Now will you fight me? [Backs away prepared to fight.]

[RED SHADOW accepts the blow, drops his head and on last note surrenders his sword to ALI.]

[EVERYBODY watching RED SHADOW as traveller closes.]

At Cue: From Orchestra—Close No. 1 curtains. Drop Desert front cloth.  
At Cue: From Orchestra—Open No. 1 curtains.

## ACT II

### Scene 4

The edge of the desert, half an hour before dawn. The traveller opens, the RIFFS are in two rows across stage, MINDAR L., HASSI R., SID extreme R. RED SHADOW extreme L.  
LIGHTING.—To open Act II, Scene 4—Footlights blue at  $\frac{1}{4}$ .  
LIGHTING.—RED SHADOW enters—R. top perch blue spots RED SHADOW.

MINDAR. This is the edge of the desert.

RED SHADOW. May I say good-bye to my men.

[MINDAR bows his head in answer.]

[As RED SHADOW walks R. in passing along the band, stops at one MAN at L.C., and makes the sign of head and heart.]

Abdul, good-bye, old friend.

[ABDUL makes sign head and heart.]

[Then proceeds a few more steps and as he passes, each man bows his head. He stops at a MAN at R.C.]

Mohammed, you saved my life once.

[MOHAMMED does the sign.]

[RED SHADOW proceeds further. Sees SID, walks to him, grasps both hands and sings last half of "Ho Song."]

[At the end his voice breaks.]

HASSI. I am compelled to be the New Leader. We have no choice but to follow the law of our tribe. You shall be sent into the desert—without food, without force, your only weapon [cross to him] this broken sword. [Then suiting action to words.] We turn towards Mecca and pray.

All the MEN turn backs to audience and kneel, leaving RED SHADOW standing with his back to them.

NOTE.—One of the RIFFS who has a bass voice remains standing in the C. and raises his hands as he sings. This part is usually taken by MINDAR, who gets into position while the others are turning round and kneeling. As the MEN kneel it is recommended that they are careful to cover the soles of their boots with their djeelabas.

## MUSIC.

RIFF [*sings in c., standing*]. Mighty Mohammed, the King of Men,  
Look down upon us and keep us from sin.

[RIFFS repeat. RED SHADOW then sings.]

LIGHTING.—As RED SHADOW sings—L. top perch pink pin spots him.

RED SHADOW.

All alone, to be my own,

I alone

To know her caresses,

One to be

Eternally

The one my worshipping soul possesses.

You'd give your all for your love.

RIFFS.

RED SHADOW.

At her call,

I'd give my all

All my life and all my love enduring.

RIFFS.

RED SHADOW.

Good friend, we will pray for you. Good-bye!

This would be

A magic world to me,

If she were mine alone.

Black Out.

Close No. 1 Traveller Curtains. Take up Desert front cloth.

At Cue: From Orchestra—Open No. 1 curtains.

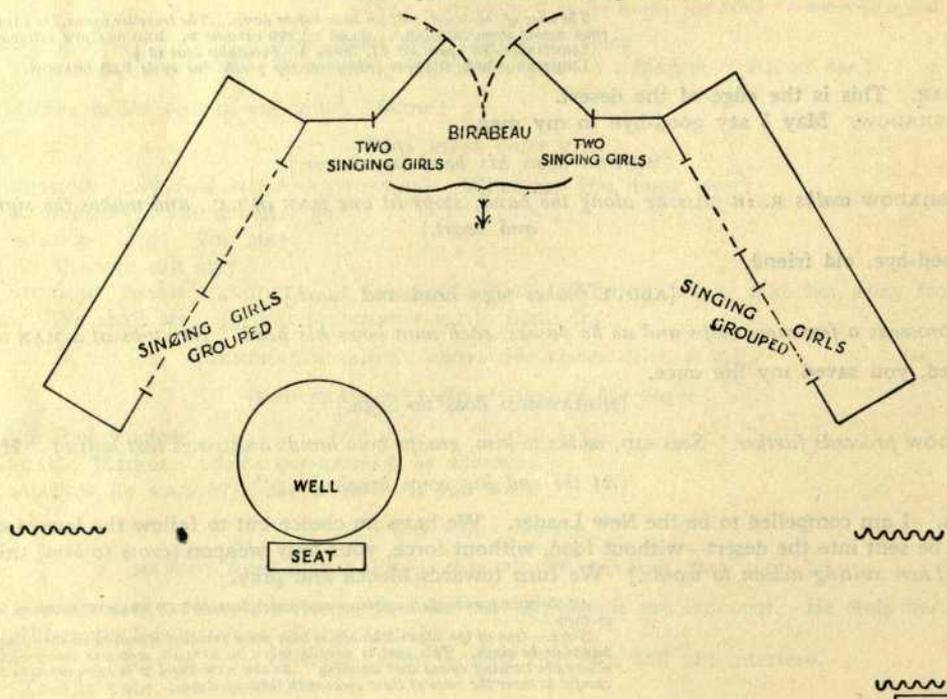
## ACT II

## Scene 5

*The Courtyard leading to GENERAL BIRABEAU'S home. Two days later.*

LIGHTING.—To open Act II, Scene 5—All battens, footlights and necessary off-stage floods white at full. Pink and amber at full. L. top perch spots BIRABEAU white. Other perches flood GIRLS white.

*The SINGING GIRLS are grouped on stage. BIRABEAU enters through c. gate just after the curtains part. FOUR GIRLS run up to him and bring him down c.*



GIRLS. All hail to the Gen'ral,  
He is the hero of the day!  
All hail to the Gen'ral,  
He is the hero of the day!

BIRABEAU. Now ladies, please,  
The man whom I attacked last night  
Simply would not fight.

GIRLS. Dear modest man!—  
You won't deny you filled the flying Riffs with fright.

[PAUL enters L.2.]

PAUL. I've carried out your orders, General.

BIRABEAU. Good! There's not a chance of his getting away.

ONE GIRL. Well, Paul—are you glad your Margot was rescued?

PAUL. Of course I am—How about Margot?

BIRABEAU. I've sent for her.

PAUL. I can't understand, she'll hardly talk to me.

BIRABEAU. I think she'll behave differently before the girls.

GIRL [C. pointing L.]. Your Margot is coming, but looking so sad.

GIRLS. Ah, come and try to cheer  
Your Margot  
For she is such a dear  
Your Margot.  
Our highest flight of fancy  
Is when we can see  
Margot of France.

[MARGOT enters up stage C.]

LIGHTING.—As MARGOT enters—R. and L. bottom perches spot her white.

PAUL [brings MARGOT down stage C.]. I want a kiss,  
Give it to me  
You know I must have my way.

MARGOT [spoken].

Please let me go. [Moves R.]

GIRLS.

Paul, don't you see she is not happy to-day.

PAUL [spoken]. I know why she's not happy, because the Red Shadow is in danger! She's fallen in love with him.

MARGOT. What if I have.

PAUL. He will never live to boast of it.

BIRABEAU [cross to PAUL C.]. Paul—my command was to bring him in a prisoner.

PAUL. Yes?

BIRABEAU. That command is changed. The Red Shadow is not to be brought in alive.

MARGOT. The man you're after is alone and unarmed! If you are coward enough to kill him—

BIRABEAU. Paul, you've heard my orders.

[PAUL salutes BIRABEAU and exits up stage C.]

Margot, you'd better give up that dream of romance. It has caused you enough heartache.

[MARGOT goes R. on settee. GIRLS group round her and the well.]

LIGHTING.—As GIRLS go over to the well—Check white in footlights and battens to about  $\frac{1}{2}$  and change all spots to pink.

MARGOT [singing].

Kissing a moonlit sky  
A desert breeze whispering a lullaby.  
Only stars above you, to see I love you.

GIRLS hum now.

Oh give me that night divine  
And let my arms in yours entwine

GIRLS stop humming.

## MUSIC.

MARGOT. The Desert Song calling, its voice entralling—  
GIRLS. Will make you mine.

[MARGOT bursts into tears and is assisted from the stage by BIRABEAU, who leads her off R. and then returns in time to see the entrance of the donkey.]

[SUSAN and BENJAMIN, wearied and jaded, enter L.2, come riding in on the back of a donkey, covered with dust.]

LIGHTING.—Entrance of BENJAMIN and SUSAN. All back to opening light except R. and L. bottom perch spots open white on donkey.

BENJAMIN. Whoa, Black Bottom!

SUSAN. Bennie—we're home. [Emotion overcomes her and she starts to weep on BENJAMIN'S neck.]

BENJAMIN. Shall I cheer?

SUSAN. Yes, please.

BENJAMIN [in a very weak voice]. H-O-O-R-A-Y!

BIRABEAU [to GIRLS]. Go and tell them that they're here.

[GIRLS exeunt R.2.]

Well, aren't you going to get off the jackass?

BENJAMIN. Sh! a mule, not jackass—this is a two-seater sports model donkey.

[They both show they are stiff and muscle-bound.]

BIRABEAU [thundering]. Where have you two been?

BENJAMIN. Ask the mule! He ran this party.

SUSAN. Oh, General, please come and help me off.

BIRABEAU. Oh, excuse me.

[Crosses. Helps SUSAN off. She can't stand on account of stiffness.]

SUSAN [on the ground]. How soft and still the ground is.

BIRABEAU. So you've been two days on that animal.

BENJAMIN. It doesn't seem a day longer than two years.

BIRABEAU. Have you had anything to eat?

BENJAMIN. We ate everything the donkey refused.

BIRABEAU [to BENJAMIN]. Take that animal to the cavalry stable.

BENJAMIN. Come on!

[Exit L.2.]

BIRABEAU [to SUSAN]. Well, what happened on the desert?

[SUSAN gets up slowly and painfully.]

SUSAN. Oh, we were alone together for two days—and two nights! Oh, it was terrible!

BIRABEAU. It was inevitable.

SUSAN. That's what I hoped. But even on the desert that man is a perfect gentleman. When we started out he promised me I'd be safe. And the darn fool kept his promise.

[Exit R.2.]

[BENJAMIN enters L.2. Goes to BIRABEAU C.]

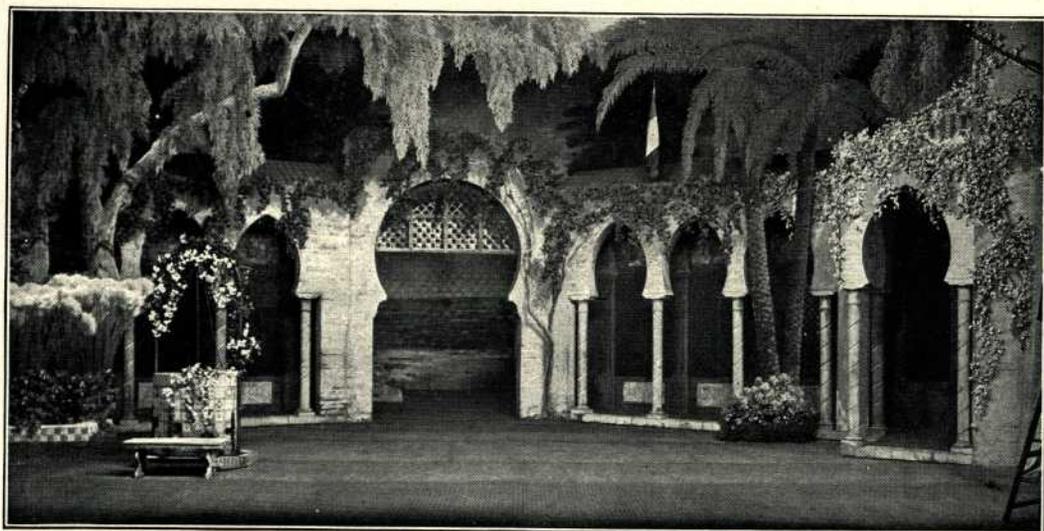
BENJAMIN. Now, Gen'ral.

BIRABEAU. Now, Bennie, let me hear your story.

[BENJAMIN embarrassed.]

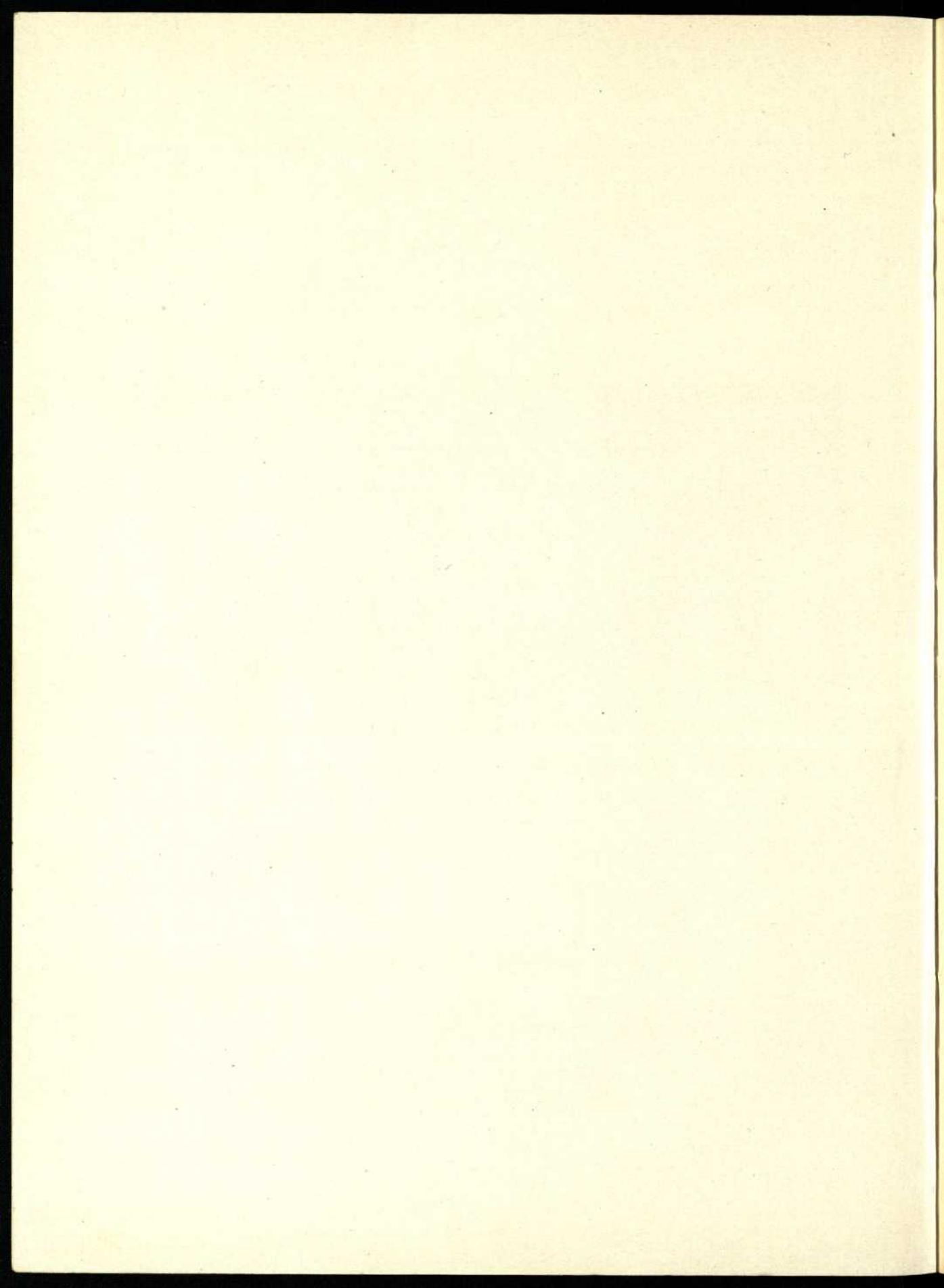
Well, what really happened between you and Susan on the desert?

BENJAMIN. Well, we had the moonlight both nights and there was a hot wind blowing on the desert and you know I never could stand the heat. Susan lay there sleeping—breathing softly—and smiling—such a smile. Her lips seemed to say "co-operate." Co-operate! [He imitates the puffing out of the lips of a sleeping person on the syllable "per" of "Co-operate."]



Act II, Scene 5.

The Courtyard of General Birabeau's House.



BIRABEAU. Well, go on, go on.

BENJAMIN. Well, General, I kissed her. [*He hides his head in shame.*]

BIRABEAU. You kissed her? How many times?

BENJAMIN. I don't know, I fainted.

BIRABEAU. After you kissed her, what then?

BENJAMIN. What then?

BIRABEAU. Yes, go on—finish the story.

BENJAMIN. There isn't any more. Oh, General! there's nothing like that about me : it's my brother you're thinking of. Thank heaven, I knew I'd gone far enough. So I took an aspirin and went back to sleep.

BIRABEAU. You kissed her, and went back to sleep?

SUSAN [*entering R.2 and hearing.*] Bennie—you kissed me! Oh, Bennie!

[BIRABEAU imitating SUSAN, as he exits R.2.]

BIRABEAU. Oh, Susan!

[SUSAN goes C. to BENJAMIN.]

BENJAMIN [*turns to SUSAN*]. Susan, will you ever forgive me?

SUSAN. Why, Bennie, the night before when you were asleep, I crept over and kissed you.

BENJAMIN. Oh, Susan, was that really you?

SUSAN. Yes.

BENJAMIN. And I thought it was the donkey.

SUSAN. Bennie, you've been deceiving me. You're a good man.

BENJAMIN. I know I am, but I can't help it. Every night when I go to bed I lay awake for hours, wishing and praying I were a bold bad bandit, so I could creep up to your room, grab you, throw you across the saddle of my bicycle and ride off with you into the desert. I mean desert.

SUSAN. And hold me for ransom.

BENJAMIN. Huh?

SUSAN. And hold me for ransom.

BENJAMIN. Not much, let Ransom find his own women.

SUSAN. But, Bennie, you never liked me before that night on the desert. Why have you changed?

BENJAMIN.

Because—

I didn't know

What I know now—

That when you kiss

You are a wow!

With that improper fraction

Of vague attraction

That gets the action—and now!—

I'm never thrilled

To finger-tips

By baby words

That leave your lips.

But when those lips are closed they can convey

Things no nice girl ought to say.

When they meet mine

They seem to fit,

And the result is "IT!"

*On the word "IT" all the DANCERS rush on the stage together from the nearest convenient entrance, form lines across the stage and point at BENJAMIN and SUSAN, who are in each other's arms kissing. They then all dance two choruses of the "IT" number, and exit half R. and half L. BENJAMIN and SUSAN exit L.*

*After finish of Number, two FEMALE SERVANTS, one carrying jug of wine, the other tom-tom, and one MANSERVANT, carrying a musical instrument, enter from C. and sit on stage as AZURI enters. One SERVANT beckons AZURI to enter. It is evident that AZURI has been drinking. FRENCH SOLDIERS are heard passing by, singing bugle song of the French March. Enter BIRABEAU from R.2. AZURI sees him.*

*LIGHTING.—Entrance of AZURI—As previous check, except that the perches spot BIRABEAU and AZURI amber.*

## MUSIC.

AZURI. General Birabeau.

[BIRABEAU nods.]

I come for pay.

BIRABEAU [*disgusted at her*]. You've evidently drunk most of it already.

AZURI. My pay.

BIRABEAU. Here is an order—made out on the Treasury—100,000 francs. [*Pushes her from him.*]

High pay—for being a traitor.

AZURI [*with mock deference*]. You asked me to do it. We learn from our white masters. I have learnt from your people to sell anything—for silver.

BIRABEAU. Well, here it is. [*Gives her order.*] Now I want you to answer one question.

AZURI. Yes?

BIRABEAU. Why were you so sure that that man would never fight me?

AZURI [*cunningly*]. That is not part of our bargain.

BIRABEAU. No. [*Disgusted with the whole proceedings, starts off R.*] Well, take your money and go.

AZURI [*follows*]. But I will tell you this—for no silver. White men have hurt me—hurt me much. To-day I have been paid back for all my hurts. [*She laughs, walks up to SERVANTS, who pour wine. To her servants.*] Drink!

BIRABEAU. Swine!

[*Exits R.I.*]

AZURI. Drink!

[*The NATIVES follow her example.*]

Drink! for Azuri is happy!

*Number: AZURI'S dance of Triumph, which is a speciality dance to suit the performer and the situation. At end of Number, AZURI on the floor c. exhausted and more drunk than when she came in.*

[BIRABEAU enters R.2 as if troubled.]

BIRABEAU [*worried*]. Look here, Azuri—now listen—I must know. Why were you so sure that man would not fight me?

AZURI [*in a thick voice*]. Where is Pierre?

BIRABEAU [*turns R.*]. Oh, you're drunk! Gather your wits! [*Comes back to L.*] Answer my question!

*Two SERVANT GIRLS come close to AZURI, while the MANSERVANT stands at L.C.*

AZURI. Where is Pierre?

BIRABEAU [*step R.*]. He left several days ago on a trip to Tangier.

AZURI [*in the same monotone*]. Where is Pierre?

BIRABEAU [*come back to L.*]. Why do you keep repeating that?

[AZURI rises unsteadily.]

AZURI [*with a broad, vengeful smile*]. He would not fight. I tell you why he would not fight. Because a Christian will not kill his father.

BIRABEAU. What do you mean?!!!

AZURI [*lapsing into the same monotone*]. Where is Pierre?

BIRABEAU [*as it dawns on him*]. Azuri! No—it cannot be! You knew I sent them out there to kill my own son? And then—you beast! [*Chokes her, flings her from him and is about to strike her when off stage is heard the march of the French soldiers returning.*]

AZURI. The soldiers—the soldiers. [*Gleefully.*] Coming back singing! They've got him! They've killed him! Can't you hear victory in their voices?

[*She falls backward into the arms of the MANSERVANT, who carries her off L.*]

BIRABEAU. They've killed him! At my command they've killed my only son! [*Goes over R.*]

*All GIRLS enter from all entrances and group on R. laughing, waving and cheering. The music swells louder and louder and PAUL enters at the head of his MEN. They march through C. gate and straight down the middle of the stage in twos. Their rifles are sloped and bayonets are fixed. When the leaders get down stage they turn R. and lead up stage and down again obliquely on L., halt and turn front. LA VERGNE gives the necessary orders. PAUL enters through C. gate when the men have halted. He comes to C. stage and BIRABEAU goes to him.*

LIGHTING.—Entrance of GIRLS and SOLDIERS—All back to opening light.

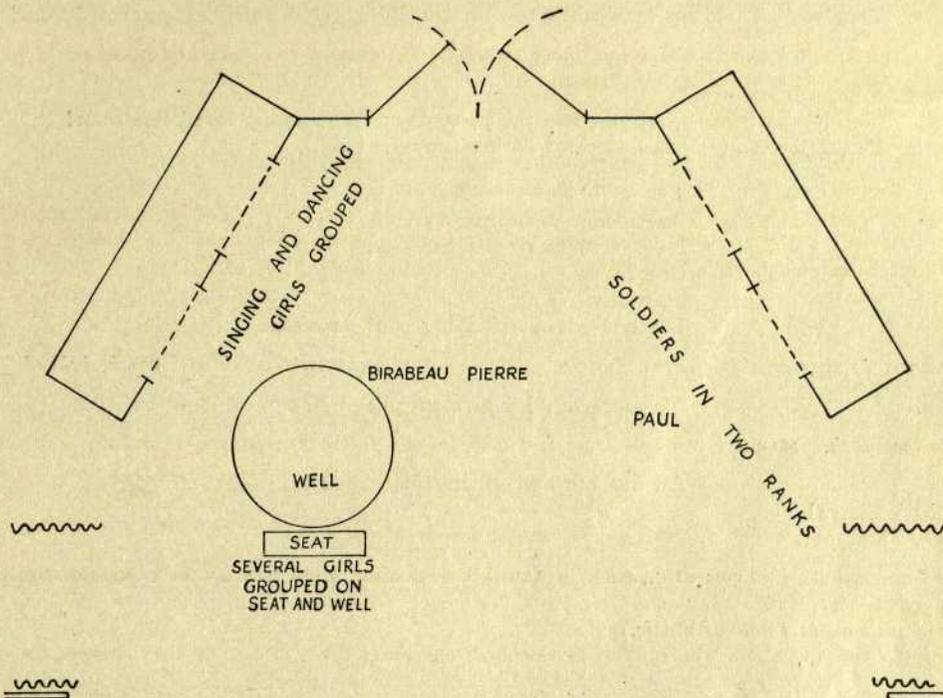
Tell me—what happened—did you?—

PAUL. We've killed him.

BIRABEAU. My boy— [To PAUL.] But who killed him? Which one of your men?

PAUL. None of our men. The last man you would ever suspect. [Goes L. a little.]

[Enter PIERRE C.]



PIERRE [to BIRABEAU]. I'm the man who put an end to the Red Shadow. See my trophies?

[Showing broken sword. He carries RED SHADOW'S mask, hat and cloak on R. arm. Advances toward BIRABEAU.]

BIRABEAU. I see.

PIERRE. And you never thought I was brave! Father, you always said I couldn't fight.

BIRABEAU [much meaning in his voice]. Pierre—you were bravest at that moment when you refused to fight . . .

PIERRE [realizing his father knows]. Father! You know—?

BIRABEAU. I must talk to you alone. [To SOLDIERS.] Men, you've done your work. Back to the square, and double rations of food and wine for you all—

PAUL. Company—into file—left turn. Right wheel, quick march.

SOLDIERS exit, marching, while PAUL remains C. The MEN turn down stage and march up C. and out of C. gate and away to R. PIERRE and BIRABEAU ease over to R., while PAUL eases to L. The GIRLS go with the soldiers, laughing and cheering. PAUL is about to follow when PIERRE goes over to him and has a hearty handshake. PAUL then exits after SOLDIERS. PIERRE remains C. BIRABEAU crosses to him.

NOTE.—As soon as the DANCERS are off they make a quick change off stage into their soldiers' uniforms.

PIERRE [after CROWD exits]. Father, for the past year I've been your hidden enemy. I was willing to give up my life to keep that from you.

BIRABEAU. As general of this post I know nothing beyond the fact that the Red Shadow is no more.

PIERRE [salutes, gives broken sword]. You mean you forgive me?

BIRABEAU. You have done nothing wrong, my boy—you understand these people better than I do. Perhaps if we can work together there will be no need of a Riff Robin Hood.

## MUSIC.

PIERRE. Father—what can I say—

BIRABEAU. Here's Margot. Tell her how you've killed the Red Shadow. [*Goes up stage chuckling and walks down again on L.*]

[MARGOT enters R.2.]

LIGHTING.—Entrance of MARGOT—R. and L. bottom perches pink spot MARGOT. Check as previous check.

MARGOT. They've just told me how you went out and slaughtered a helpless unarmed man!

[PIERRE tries to explain, but she brushes past him and goes L.C. to BIRABEAU.]

I don't want to hear any more.

PIERRE. Then it was true—what you told me yesterday? You really loved this man!

MARGOT. Yes, I loved him—as I never will love anyone else!

[Sings, facing front.]

One alone, to be my own,  
I alone to know his caresses.  
One to be  
Eternally  
The one his worshipping soul possesses.

[While MARGOT is singing this PIERRE is putting on the RED SHADOW'S cloak and mask, behind her back.]

PIERRE. At your call, I'd give my all

[He lifts the mask. MARGOT recognizes the fact that PIERRE is the RED SHADOW and turns astounded.]

All my life and all my love enduring—

MARGOT. Pierre!

PIERRE. Margot!

[They fall into each other's arms at C., while BIRABEAU, with a sly look, goes up to the C. gates, goes out and closes them behind him. They hold their position while the Orchestra plays the last three lines of the verse. Curtain falls on last note of music.]

LIGHTING.—All light to full.  
Curtain up for first picture.

1st Picture—EVERYBODY singing "Riff Song"—"Ho!" chorus. SOLDIERS discovered on stage in V formation, SINGING GIRLS come down through C. to front of stage and walk L. and R. ends.

GIRL DANCERS come down through the C. to front of stage in fours and then MEN SOLDIERS form behind them and open into V shape, as PRINCIPALS come through C. gate and down stage.  
2nd Picture—All remain in position singing "Ho!" chorus.  
Further calls as above.

## COSTUME PLOT

## MEN

- PIERRE.—*Act I, Scene 1.*—Red Shadow costume consisting of riding-boots, red quick-change trousers, red tunic and broad belt to match. Red headdress and mask to slip up and down like a visor. Red cloak.
- Act I, Scene 3.*—Red Shadow costume as above. Riding-kit consisting of riding-boots, cord breeches, white shirt, collar and tie, brown tweed coat.
- Act II, Scene 1.*—Red Shadow costume as above.
- Act II, Scene 3.*—Red Shadow costume as above. Riding-kit as above.
- Act II, Scene 4.*—Red Shadow costume as above.
- Act II, Scene 5.*—Riding-kit as above. Red Shadow's cloak, headdress and mask.
- SID EL KAR.—*Throughout.*—Riff tunic costume with belt and riding-boots. Turban.
- HADJI.—*Act I, Scene 1.*—Riff peasant costume—djeelaba and turban.
- HASSI.—*Throughout.*—Riff tunic costume with belt and riding boots. Turban.
- MINDAR.—*Throughout.*—Riff costume as chorus.
- BENJAMIN.—*Throughout.*—Grey lounge suit. In Act II, Scene 1, he puts on a large white djeelaba which has an enormous red star and crescent embroidered on it back and front. In Act II, Scene 2, he has a replica of Susan's "Semi" frock with her hat.
- PAUL.—*Throughout.*—French Captain's uniform of the Foreign Legion.
- BIRABEAU.—*Throughout.*—French General's uniform of the Foreign Legion.
- ALI BEN ALI.—*Act II, Scenes 1 and 3.*—White Riff costume with broad belt and turban. Red morocco shoes.
- LA VERGNE.—*Throughout.*—French Lieutenant's uniform of the Foreign Legion.
- DE BOUSSAC.—*Throughout.*—French Sergeant's uniform of the Foreign Legion.
- THE MALE CHORUS throughout alternate between Soldiers of the Foreign Legion and Riffs. As the latter, they wear long djeelabas and turbans. The boots

are doubled. In their last entrance as Soldiers they use white cap-covers. The servants wear white djeelabas and fezzes. The guards wear green tunics, white baggy trousers, red morocco shoes and turbans.

## WOMEN

- MARGOT.—*Act I, Scene 3.*—French officer. Evening dress. Riding-habit.
- Act II, Scene 1.*—Riding-habit from Act I, Scene 1 (without coat).
- Act II, Scene 3.*—Harem costume.
- Act II, Scene 5.*—Summer afternoon frock.
- SUSAN.—*Act I, Scene 2.*—Evening dress.
- Act I, Scene 3.*—"Semi" frock (suitable for "IT" number).
- Act II, Scene 1.*—As Act I, Scene 3.
- Act II, Scene 2.*—Wears Benjamin's white djeelaba.
- Act II, Scene 5.*—As Act I, Scene 3.
- EDITH.—*Act I, Scene 2.*—Evening dress as Singing chorus.
- AZURI.—*Act I, Scene 1.*—Native costume.
- Act I, Scene 3.*—As Act I, Scene 1. Native dancing-costume.
- Act II, Scene 3.*—Native dancing-costume as above with shawl.
- Act II, Scene 5.*—Native dancing-costume.
- CLEMENTINA.—*Act II, Scene 1.*—Spanish dancer's costume.
- NERI.—*Act I, Scene 1.*—Riff peasant woman.
- THE SINGING CHORUS wear evening dresses throughout Act I, Scene 3, long Spanish dresses in Act II, Scene 1, and afternoon frocks in Act II, Scene 5.
- THE DANCING CHORUS wear French soldiers' costumes in Act I, Scene 3, then change to evening frocks (suitable for dancing). Eight of them change into Azuri Dancer costumes for finale.
- For Act II, Scene 1, they wear short Spanish costumes, and for Act II, Scene 5 they wear afternoon frocks, changing if possible into their French soldiers' uniforms for the calls.

## PROPERTY PLOT

NOTE.—The number of properties for the Chorus, such as wine-cups, rifles, etc., stated hereunder are suitable for 20 men, 16 dancers, and 12 singers.

ACT I  
SCENE 1*The Riff Mountains*

20 metal wine-cups for Riffs set on stage to open.  
1 rough wooden tripod for camp-fire at L.C.

1 cauldron hanging by a chain from tripod and containing a few pieces of sponge-cake to represent meat.  
2 large wooden forks for meat in cauldron.  
1 practical bugle for bugler off stage R.  
2 property machine-guns, ammunition-boxes, tripods and belts off stage R.

- 2 packs playing cards for Riffs. (These can be used again in Act I, Scene 3, by the singers in the opening scene.)
- 2 small canvas bags for Hadji off stage R. These are filled to represent millet seed.
- 1 black blindfold for Hadji off stage L.
- 1 white blindfold for Neri off stage L.
- 1 watch and fob for Benjamin—personal property.
- 1 binocular case for Benjamin—personal property.
- 1 pair binoculars for Paul—personal property.
- 1 belt and dagger and revolver for Hassi—personal property.
- 1 belt and sword for Sid—personal property.
- 1 belt and ornate sword for Red Shadow—personal property.
- 1 revolver for Paul—personal property.
- 1 revolver for De Boussac—personal property.
- 1 loaded rifle for Hassi placed in a hidden position on rock L.
- 1 dagger for Azuri—personal property.
- 1 machine-gun effect off stage where convenient.

NOTE.—This is not really necessary and should only be used if a really good effect is available. One or two bursts of machine-gun fire could be given just after the Riffs get the alarm that the French troops are near.

### 13 French rifles.

NOTE.—13 only are used in this scene as six men are engaged with the machine-guns and one man is a bugler. 20 should be provided for use in other scenes. They should be placed in racks off stage R.

- 20 sets of French accoutrements consisting of belts, packs, cartridge-cases and bayonets in frogs. These should be placed in a convenient position off stage ready for the men to make their quick change from Riffs to French soldiers.

## SCENE 2

### *Outside BIRABEAU'S House*

- 1 stone seat at c.
- 1 reporter's writing-pad and pencil on stone seat for Susan.
- 1 saddle for Benjamin off stage R.

## SCENE 3

### *BIRABEAU'S House*

- 2 Moorish settees, one R. and one L.
- 2 Moorish stools used to dress stage—can be used if the girls play cards in the opening.
- 2 large vases up stage R. and L.  
Curtains and flowers to dress scene—mostly round the arches at the back.
- 1 bunch of wild flowers off stage L. for Pierre.
- 1 bunch of red roses off stage R. for Chorus girl.
- 1 radiogram for Birabeau—personal property.

- 1 riding-whip for Margot off stage L.
- 1 attaché-case, letter and flint-lock pistol off stage L. for Benjamin.
- 1 revolver for Birabeau—personal property.
- 20 French rifles and sets of accoutrements.

## ACT II

### SCENE 1

#### *The Harem of ALI BEN ALI*

- 1 throne, mattress, cover and three cushions on dais up stage L.
- 1 square dais, mattress, cover and five cushions at R.C.
- 20 tambourines for Chorus at opening.
- 3 spare tambourine discs on dais at R.C.
- NOTE.—These are concealed under the cushions for Benjamin's comic business.
- 1 large brass key off stage L. for Clementina.
- 1 scroll with wooden rollers off stage L. for Susan.
- 2 stock whips for Guards.
- 2 Moorish rifles for Guards.
- 1 white blindfold for Margot off stage R.
- 1 white blindfold for Susan off stage R.

NOTE.—When Margot and Susan are brought on they are, in addition to being blindfolded, pinioned with their hands behind them. It is not necessary actually to tie their hands as they do not turn round and it makes the business of freeing them so much easier.

- 1 dagger for Ali—personal property.
- 1 bandage for Red Shadow.

### SCENE 2

#### *A Corridor*

- 1 feather fan for Benjamin—personal property.

## ACT II

### SCENE 3

#### *The Room of the Silken Couch*

- 1 divan, mattress, cover and 9 large cushions at c.
- 1 Moorish mirror among the cushions on the divan.
- NOTE.—This is a small hand mirror and should be made of tin and not glass as Margot has to throw it down.
- 1 small bag of coins off stage L. for Azuri.
- 1 sword for Birabeau.

### SCENE 4

#### *The Edge of the Desert*

- 1 broken sword for Hassi. This is a replica of the Red Shadow's sword.

## SCENE 5

*Courtyard of BIRABEAU'S House*

- I well with pulley and rope, dressed with flowers at R.C.  
 I stone seat in front of well.  
 I tom-tom off stage R. for Azuri servant.

NOTE.—For the entrance of the French soldiers they should be dusted over with fuller's earth, especially their boots.

- I wine jug and cup for Azuri servant off stage R.  
 I Moorish playing-pipe off stage R. for male Azuri servant.  
 I order for 100,000 francs for Birabeau.  
 I French flag over R. portico.  
 I Foreign Legion flag over L. portico.  
 20 French rifles with bayonets fixed.  
 20 sets French accoutrements.

## LIGHTING REQUIREMENTS

The footlights and all battens should be provided with one circuit of medium blue, one circuit open white and one circuit of mixed pink and light amber.

About four to six floods will be required according to the size of the sets, and these should have changeable blue and white frost gelatines.

The spots should have changeable amber and pink gelatines. It will be found useful to have a few dark amber and steel blue gelatines in reserve.

The General Lighting Plot which follows refers only to the lighting which is controlled from the switchboard. The spotting is so much a matter of taste and of equip-

ment available that it has been thought advisable to give a skeleton plot only and this will be found in the script opposite the cues. In general it will be found that Principals are spotted whenever they appear. The spotting in the script has been worked out on the assumption that only two perch spots are available on each side.

In addition to the above a camp fire is required for Act I, Scene 1, and a red hanging lamp for Act II, Scene 3. Usually there are standard lamps on each side in Act II, Scene 1, but these are not essential.

## GENERAL LIGHTING PLOT

Towards the end of Overture bring up the footlights, pink and amber and white to  $\frac{1}{2}$ .

## ACT I

## SCENE 1

*The Riff Mountains*

*To Open.*—All blue battens at full. Floods on backcloth, blue at full.

"*Master, Master, I have seen the French.*"—Dim pink and amber footlights to out slowly.

"*No threats, Azuri.*"—Dim out all battens and white footlights and floods slowly so that they are all out by the time Azuri kneels at the fire.

"*Margot Bonvalet.*"—Black out fire.

## SCENE 2

*Outside GENERAL BIRABEAU'S House*

*To Open.*—Footlights blue at full, white at  $\frac{1}{2}$ . "*Should have zagged.*"—Black out footlights.

## SCENE 3

*GENERAL BIRABEAU'S House*

*To Open.*—Footlights and floods white at full, footlights pink and amber at full. All battens white at full except that on the backcloth which is blue. Pink and amber battens at full.

*As GIRLS enter for "Romance" number.*—Dim all footlights and battens (except the batten on backcloth) to  $\frac{1}{2}$ .

*As PAUL and SOLDIERS enter.*—Back to opening light.

*Reprise of "Romance" number.*—Check footlights and battens to  $\frac{1}{2}$  as before.

"*General Birabeau! Paul! Paul!*"—Back to opening light.

*Entrance of AZURI and her DANCERS.*—Check footlights and battens very slowly to  $\frac{1}{2}$ .

NOTE.—This check should take several minutes.

*For Calls through Tabs.*—All footlights up to full.

## ACT II

## SCENE 1

*The Harem of ALI BEN ALI*

*To Open.*—Footlights and battens pink and amber at  $\frac{1}{2}$ . White floods on backings R. and L. and backcloth.

*Beginning of Spanish Dance.*—Footlights and battens pink and amber slowly to full. White slowly to  $\frac{1}{2}$ .

*End of Spanish Dance.*—All footlights and battens white to full quickly on last note of music.

"*January, February, March.*"—Dim footlights and battens white slowly to out. Bring in footlights and

battens blue to full. Dim footlights and battens pink and amber slowly to out. Change floods R. and L. to blue.

NOTE.—This check should be about half-way through by the time Ali starts to sing. It should then be continued until the footlights and battens are all out as the number ends.

## SCENE 2

*A corridor outside MARGOT'S suite*

*To Open.*—Footlights and No. 1 Batten white at  $\frac{1}{2}$ , blue full.

"—*death won't seem so bad.*"—Black Out.

## SCENE 3

*The Room of the Silken Couch*

*To Open.*—Footlights and No. 1 batten (No. 2 if set is deep enough). Blue at  $\frac{1}{2}$ , pink and amber at full. White floods suitably checked on transparent window at back. Fading lamp should have a frosted red globe checked so as not to be too distracting.

## SCENE 4

*The Edge of the Desert*

*To Open.*—Footlights blue at  $\frac{1}{2}$ .

*End of Number.*—Black Out.

## SCENE 5

*GENERAL BIRABEAU'S Courtyard*

*To Open.*—Footlights and all battens white, pink and amber, at full. All floods white at full.

*As GIRLS go over to well.*—Check white in footlights and battens to  $\frac{1}{2}$ .

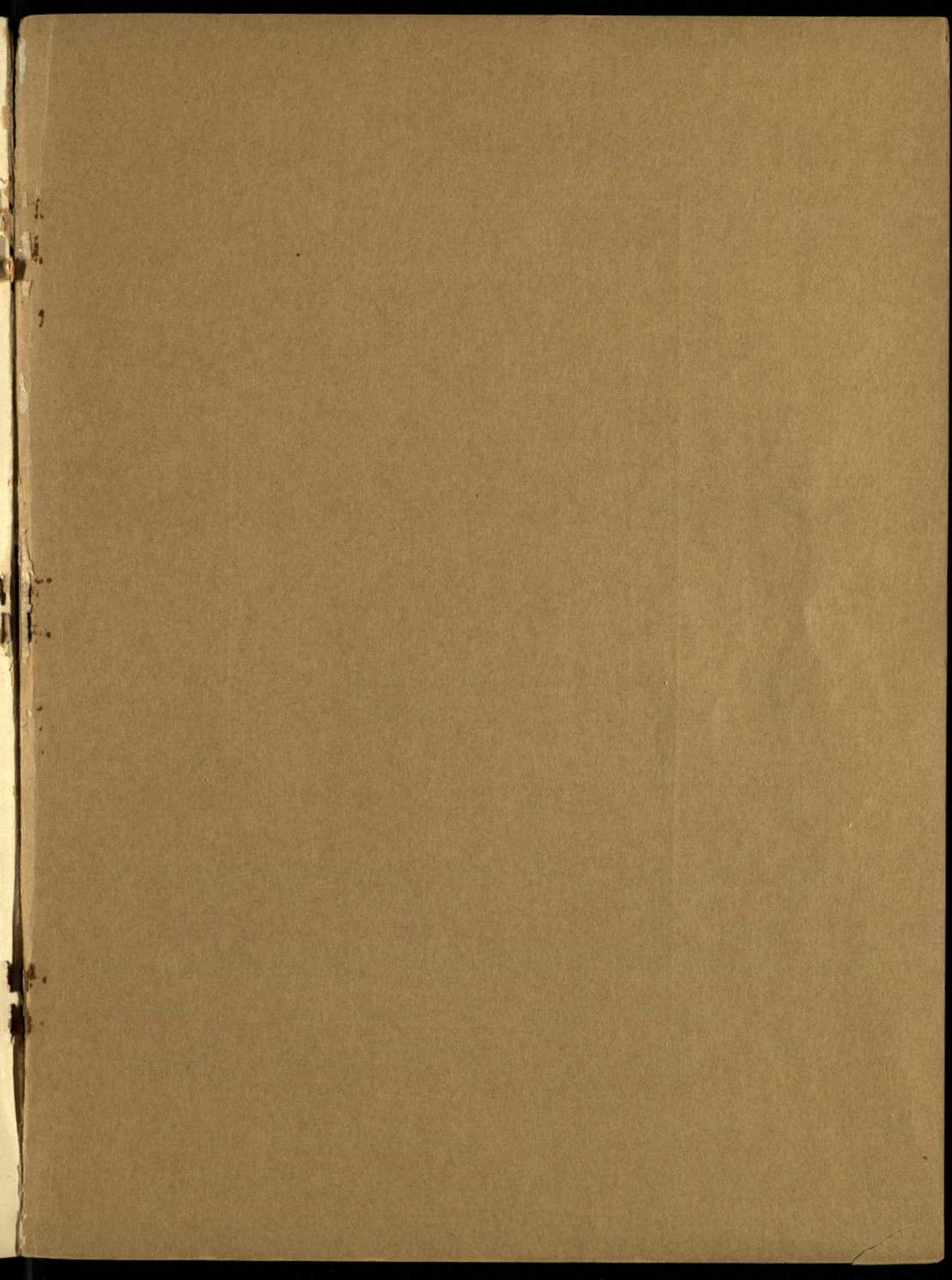
*Entrance of Donkey.*—Back to opening light.

*Entrance of AZURI.*—Check white in footlights and battens to  $\frac{1}{2}$ .

*Entrance of GIRLS and SOLDIERS.*—Back to opening light.

*Final entrance of MARGOT.*—Check white in footlights and battens to  $\frac{1}{2}$ .

*As Curtain comes down.*—Back to opening light for all calls.



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