

ACT THREE

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The time is eleven the same night. The room is in darkness, but the Left Center door is open and a dim light in the passage outside can be seen. There is the sound of the front DOOR shutting. FOOTSTEPS can be heard, and MANNINGHAM appears outside. He stops to turn out the light in the passage. He enters the room and goes to the lamp on the Center table and turns it up. Then he lights the two brackets and crosses to table up Right and puts his hat on it. He goes in a slow and deliberate way over to the bell-cord and pulls it. He is humming to himself as he goes over to the fireplace.

NANCY puts her head round the Left Center door. She has only just come in and is dressed for out-of-doors.

NANCY. Yes, sir. Did you ring, sir?

MR. MANNINGHAM. Yes, Nancy, I did ring. It seems that the entire household has gone to bed without leaving me my milk and without leaving me my biscuits.

NANCY. Oh, I'm sorry, sir. They're only just outside. I'll bring them in! [*Turns to door then stops and turns to MR. MANNINGHAM.*] Mrs. Manningham usually gets them, doesn't she, sir? Cook's in bed and I've only just come in.

MR. MANNINGHAM. Quite Nancy. Then perhaps you will deputize for Mrs. Manningham, and bring them into the room.

NANCY. Certainly, sir.

MR. MANNINGHAM. And after you do that, [*She stops in doorway.*] Nancy, will you go upstairs and tell Mrs Manningham that I wish to see her down here.

NANCY. Yes, sir. Certainly, sir. [*Exits Left Center and turns to Right.*]

[MR. MANNINGHAM *walks into room up Right.* NANCY *returns. She has milk in a jug, a glass and biscuits on a tray, and puts them on the table. She goes upstairs. He enters from room up Right crosses slowly to above table then over to desk. NANCY comes downstairs and stops at the foot of the stairs.*]

MR. MANNINGHAM. Well, Nancy?

NANCY. She says she has a headache, sir, and is trying to sleep.

MR. MANNINGHAM. Oh—she still has a headache, has she?

NANCY. Yes, sir. Is there anything else you want, sir?

MR. MANNINGHAM. Did you ever know a time when Mrs. Manningham did not have a headache, Nancy?

NANCY. No, sir. Hardly ever, sir.

MR. MANNINGHAM. [*Turns to NANCY.*] Do you usually perform your domestic tasks in outdoor costume, Nancy?

NANCY. I told you, sir. I've only just come in, and I heard the bell by chance.

MR. MANNINGHAM. Yes, that's just the point.

NANCY. How do you mean, sir?

MR. MANNINGHAM. Will you be so good as to come closer, Nancy, where I can see you. [NANCY comes down stage a step. They look at each other in a rather strange way.] Have you any idea of the time of the day, or rather night, Nancy?

NANCY. Yes, sir. It's a little after eleven, sir.

MR. MANNINGHAM. Are you aware that you came in half a minute, or even less, before myself?

NANCY. Yes, sir. I thought I saw you, sir.

MR. MANNINGHAM. Oh—you thought you saw me. Well, I certainly saw you.

NANCY. [*Looking away.*] Did you, sir?

MR. MANNINGHAM. Have you ever reflected, Nancy, that you are given a great deal of latitude in this house?

NANCY. I don't know, sir. I don't know what latitude means.

MR. MANNINGHAM. Latitude, Nancy, means considerable liberty—liberty to the extent of two nights off a week.

NANCY. [*Pause.*] Yes, sir.

MR. MANNINGHAM. Well, that's all very well. It is not so well, however, when you return as late as the master of the house. We ought to keep up some pretences, you know.

NANCY. Yes, sir. We must. [*She makes to go.*]

MR. MANNINGHAM. Nancy.

NANCY. [*Stops.*] Yes, sir?

MR. MANNINGHAM. [*In a more human tone.*] Where the devil have you been tonight, anyway?

NANCY. [*Pause—turns to him.*] Only with some friends, sir.

MR. MANNINGHAM. You know, Nancy, when you say friends, I have an extraordinary idea that you mean gentlemen friends.

NANCY. [*Looking at him.*] Well, sir, possibly I might.

MR. MANNINGHAM. You know, gentlemen friends have been known to take decided liberties with young ladies like yourself. Are you alive to such a possibility?

NANCY. Oh, no, sir. Not with me. I can look after myself.

MR. MANNINGHAM. Are you always so anxious to look after yourself?

NANCY. No, sir, not always, perhaps.

MR. MANNINGHAM. You know, Nancy, pretty as your bonnet is, it is not anything near so pretty as your hair beneath it. Won't you take it off and let me see it?

NANCY. [*As she removes hat and crosses to Right of chair Right of table.*] Very good, sir. It comes off easy enough. There— Is there anything more you want, sir?

MR. MANNINGHAM. Yes. Possibly. Come here, will you, Nancy?

NANCY. [*Pause.*] Yes, sir— [*Drops hat on chair Right of table. Coming to him.*] Is there anything you want, sir?— [*Changing tone as he puts his arms on her shoulders.*] What do you want?—eh— What do you want?

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ANGEL STREET

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[MANNINGHAM *kisses* NANCY *in a violent and prolonged manner. There is a pause in which she looks at him, and then she kisses him as violently.*] There! Can she do that for you? Can she do that?

MR. MANNINGHAM. Who can you be talking about, Nancy?

NANCY. You know who I mean all right.

MR. MANNINGHAM. You know, Nancy, you are a very remarkable girl in many respects. I believe you are jealous of your mistress.

NANCY. She? She's a poor thing. There's no need to be jealous of her. You want to kiss me again, don't you? Don't you want to kiss me? [MR. MANNINGHAM *kisses* NANCY.] There! That's better than a sick headache—ain't it—a sick headache and a pale face all the day.

MR. MANNINGHAM. Why yes, Nancy, I believe it is. I think, however, don't you, that it would be better if you and I met one evening in different surroundings.

NANCY. Yes. Where? I'll meet you when you like. You're mine now—ain't you—'cos you want me. You want me—don't you?

MR. MANNINGHAM. And what of you, Nancy. Do you want me?

NANCY. Oh, yes! I always wanted you, ever since I first clapped eyes on you. I wanted you more than all of them.

MR. MANNINGHAM. Oh—there are plenty of others?

NANCY. Oh, yes—there's plenty of others.

MR. MANNINGHAM. So I rather imagined. And only nineteen.

NANCY. Where can we meet? Where do you want us to meet?

MR. MANNINGHAM. [*Slowly crossing to front of settee and facing fireplace.*] Really, Nancy, you have taken me a little by surprise. I'll let you know tomorrow.

NANCY. [*Crossing to front of table.*] How'll you let me know, when she's about?

MR. MANNINGHAM. [*Quietly, half turning to NANCY.*] Oh, I'll find a way, Nancy, I don't believe Mrs. Manningham will be here tomorrow.

NANCY. Oh? Not that I care about her. [*Crossing to him.*] I'd like to kiss you under her very nose. That's what I'd like to do.

MR. MANNINGHAM. All right, Nancy. Now you had better go. I have some work to do.

NANCY. Go? I don't want to go.

MR. MANNINGHAM. [*Turns away from her.*] There, run along. I have some work to do.

NANCY. Work? What are you going to work at? What are you going to do?

MR. MANNINGHAM. [*Turns to NANCY.*] Oh—I'm going to write some letters. Then I— Go along, Nancy, that's a good girl.

NANCY. Oh, very well, sir. You shall be master for a little more. [*Her arms around his neck. Kisses him.*] Good night, your lordship [*Starts to door Left Center and picks up her hat on the way.*]

MR. MANNINGHAM. Good night.

[III

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ANGEL STREET

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NANCY. [*At door stops and turns to him.*] When shall you let me know tomorrow?

MR. MANNINGHAM. When I find time, Nancy, when I find time. Good night.

NANCY. Good night! [*Goes out into the hall Left Center—closes doors.*]

[MANNINGHAM crosses above settee to back of desk and sits down. He rises and crosses to the secretary, gets some papers, crosses back to the desk and sits down again. He takes up the pen and begins to write. He stops and takes out his key ring which is on the other end of his watch chain and unlocks the upstage drawer, then turns to unlock the downstage drawer. He stops as he discovers it has been forced and quickly rises. He turns to the upstage drawer, opens it and rummages through it. He then looks toward the stairs, crosses below the desk and stops at up Left Center, turns and goes to the bell rope, pulls it and goes back of desk and takes a quick look at both drawers then closes them.]

NANCY. [*Re-enters.*] Yes? What is it now?

MR. MANNINGHAM. Nancy, will you please go upstairs and take a message for me to Mrs. Manningham.

NANCY. Yes. What do you want me to say?

MR. MANNINGHAM. Will you please tell her that she is to come down here this instant, whether she is suffering from a sick headache or any other form of ailment.

NANCY. Just like that, sir?

MR. MANNINGHAM. Just like that, Nancy.

NANCY. With the greatest of pleasure, sir. [*Goes upstairs.*]

[MANNINGHAM looks at the drawer again carefully. He walks over to the fireplace and stands with his back to it, waiting.]

NANCY. [*Returns. On the bottom step.*] She won't come. She doesn't mean to come.

MR. MANNINGHAM. [*Steps forward.*] What do you mean, Nancy—she won't come?

NANCY. She said she can't come—she's not well enough. She's just shamming, if you ask me.

MR. MANNINGHAM. Really? Then she forces me to be undignified. [*Walking over the stairs.*] All right, Nancy, leave it to me.

NANCY. The door's locked. She's got it locked. I tried it.

MR. MANNINGHAM. Oh—really—the door is locked, is it? Very well— [*He starts up the stairs past her to the fifth step.*]

NANCY. She won't let you in. I can tell by her voice. She's got it locked and she won't open it. Are you going to batter it in?

MR. MANNINGHAM. [*Turns, comes down to NANCY.*] No—perhaps you are right, Nancy— [*Crosses above desk to chair. Sits and starts to write.*]—let us try more delicate means of attaining our ends— Perhaps you will take a note to this wretched imbecile and slip it under her door.

NANCY. Yes, I'll do that. [*Coming to desk.*] What are you going to write?

MR. MANNINGHAM. Never mind what I am going to write. I'll tell you what you can do though, Nancy.

NANCY. Yes? What?

MR. MANNINGHAM. Just go down to the basement and bring the little dog here, will you?

NANCY. [*Starts out, stops and turns.*] The dog?

MR. MANNINGHAM. The dog, yes.

NANCY. What's the game? What's the idea with the dog?

MR. MANNINGHAM. Never mind. Just go and get it, will you?

NANCY. [*Starts to Left Center door.*] All right.

MR. MANNINGHAM. Or on second thought perhaps you need not get the dog. [*She stops. Turns to him.*] We will just let it be supposed we have the dog. That will be even more delicate still. Here you are, Nancy. [*She crosses to desk.*] Please go and put this under the door.

NANCY. [*Pause.*] What's the idea? What have you written in this?

MR. MANNINGHAM. Nothing very much. Just a little smoke for getting rats out of holes. There. Run along.

NANCY. You're a rum beggar, ain't you? [*At stairs.*] Can't I look?

MR. MANNINGHAM. Go on, Nancy.

[*NANCY goes up. Left alone, MANNINGHAM shuts and locks the top of his desk. Then he comes down and carefully places an armchair facing the fireplace—as though he is staging some ceremony. He looks around the room. Then he takes up his place in front of the fire, and waits.*

NANCY comes downstairs.]

NANCY. She's coming. It's done the trick all right.

MR. MANNINGHAM. Ah—so I thought. Very well, Nancy. Now I shall be obliged if you will go to bed at once.

NANCY. Go on. What's the game? What's the row about?

MR. MANNINGHAM. Nancy, will you please go to bed?

NANCY. [*Coming forward, to him.*] All right, I'm going. [*Crosses to him, her arms around him. Kisses him.*] Good night, old dear. Give her what-for, won't you.

MR. MANNINGHAM. Good night, Nancy.

NANCY. Ta-ta.

[*MRS. MANNINGHAM appears and stands on the stairs. MRS. MANNINGHAM says nothing. NANCY goes out Left Center and leaves door ajar. After a long pause, MANNINGHAM goes to the door, and looks to see that NANCY is not there, closes it. He comes back and standing again with his back to the fireplace, looks at her.*]

MR. MANNINGHAM. Come and sit down in this chair please, Bella.

MRS. MANNINGHAM. [*Unmoving.*] Where is the dog? Where have you got the dog?

MR. MANNINGHAM. Dog? What dog?

MRS. MANNINGHAM. You said you had the dog. Have you hurt it? Let me have it. Where is it? Have you hurt it again?

MR. MANNINGHAM. Again? This is strange talk, Bella—from you—after what you did to the dog a few weeks ago. Come and sit down here.

MRS. MANNINGHAM. I do not want to speak to you. I am not well. I thought you had the dog and were going—to hurt it. That is why I came down.

MR. MANNINGHAM. The dog, my dear Bella, was merely a ruse to compel you to pay me a visit quietly. Come and sit down where I told you.

MRS. MANNINGHAM. [*Starts upstairs.*] No. I want to go.

MR. MANNINGHAM. [*Shouting.*] Come and sit down where I told you!

MRS. MANNINGHAM. [*Coming downstage to back of table.*] Yes—yes—what do you want?

MR. MANNINGHAM. Quite a good deal, Bella. Sit down and make yourself comfortable. We have plenty of time

MRS. MANNINGHAM. [*As she crosses back toward stairs.*] I want to go. You cannot keep me here. I want to go.

MR. MANNINGHAM. [*Calmly.*] Sit down and make yourself comfortable, Bella. We have plenty of time.

MRS. MANNINGHAM. [*Going to chair Left of table Center which he did not indicate and which is nearer the door and sits.*] Say what you have to say.

MR. MANNINGHAM. Now you are not sitting in the chair I indicated, Bella.

MRS. MANNINGHAM. What have you to say?

MR. MANNINGHAM. I have to say that you are not sitting in the chair I indicated. Are you afraid of me that you desire to get so near the door?

MRS. MANNINGHAM. No, I am not afraid of you.

MR. MANNINGHAM. No? Then you have a good deal of courage, my dear. However, will you now sit down where I told you?

MRS. MANNINGHAM. [*Rises slowly and crosses below table.*] Yes.

[*Pause.*]

MR. MANNINGHAM. [*As she crosses.*] Do you know what you remind me of, Bella, as you walk across the room?

MRS. MANNINGHAM. [*At Left end of settee—stops.*] No. What do I remind you of?

MR. MANNINGHAM. A somnambulist, Bella. Have you ever seen such a person?

MRS. MANNINGHAM. [*A step toward him.*] No, I have never seen one.

MR. MANNINGHAM. Haven't you? Not that funny, glazed, dazed look of the wandering mind—the body that acts without the soul to guide it? I have often thought you had that look, but it's never been so strong as tonight.

MRS. MANNINGHAM. [*Crosses to Right chair.*] My mind is not wandering.

MR. MANNINGHAM. No?—When I came in, Bella, I was told that you had gone to bed.

MRS. MANNINGHAM. Yes. I had gone to bed.

MR. MANNINGHAM. Then may I ask why you are still

fully dressed? [*She does not answer.*] Did you hear what I said?

MRS. MANNINGHAM. Yes, I heard what you said.

MR. MANNINGHAM. Then will you tell me why, since you had gone to bed, you are still fully dressed?

MRS. MANNINGHAM. I don't know.

MR. MANNINGHAM. You don't know? Do you know anything about anything you do?

MRS. MANNINGHAM. I don't know. I forgot to undress.

MR. MANNINGHAM. You forgot to undress. A curious oversight, if I may say so, Bella. [*Leaning over her.*] You know, you give me the appearance of having had a rather exciting time since I last saw you. Almost as though you have been up to something. Have you been up to anything?

MRS. MANNINGHAM. No. I don't know what you mean.

MR. MANNINGHAM. [*Straightens up.*] Did you find that bill I told you to find?

MRS. MANNINGHAM. No.

MR. MANNINGHAM. [*Goes to milk on table.*] Do you remember what I said would happen to you if you did not find that bill when I returned tonight?

MRS. MANNINGHAM. No.

MR. MANNINGHAM. No? [*Is pouring milk into glass.*] No? [*She refuses to answer.*] Am I married to a dumb woman, Bella, in addition to all else? The array of your physical and mental deficiencies is growing almost overwhelming. I advise you to answer me.

MRS. MANNINGHAM. What do you want me to say?

MR. MANNINGHAM. I asked you if you remembere something. [*Going back to fireplace with glass of milk.* Go on, Bella—what was it I asked you if you remembere?

MRS. MANNINGHAM. I don't understand your words. You talk round and round. My head is going round and round.

MR. MANNINGHAM. [*At fireplace.*] It is not necessary for you to tell me, Bella. I am just wondering if it might interrupt its gyratory motion for a fraction of a second and concentrate upon the present conversation. [*Sip milk.*] And please, what was it I a moment ago asked you if you remembered?

MRS. MANNINGHAM. [*Laboured.*] You asked me if I remembered what you said would happen to me if I did not find that bill.

MR. MANNINGHAM. Admirable, my dear Bella! Admirable! We shall make a great logician of you yet—a Socrates—a John Stuart Mill! You shall go down to history as the shining mind of your day. That is, if your present history does not altogether submerge you—take you away from your fellow creatures. And there is a danger of that, you know, in more ways than one. [*Milk on mantel.*] Well—what did I say I would do if you did not find that bill?

MRS. MANNINGHAM. [*Choked.*] You said you would lock me up.

MR. MANNINGHAM. Yes. And do you believe me to be a man of my word? [*Pause in which she does not answer*

Crossing back of settee to Center.] You see Bella, in a life of considerable and varied experience I have hammered out a few principles of action. In fact, I actually fancy I know how to deal with my fellowmen. I learned it quite early actually—at school in fact. There, you know, there were two ways of getting at what you wanted. One was along an intellectual plane, the other along the physical. If one failed one used the other. I took that lesson into life with me. Hitherto, with you, I have worked with what forbearance and patience I leave you to judge, along the intellectual plane. [*Crosses down and over to her.*] The time has come now, I believe, to work along the other as well— You will understand that I am a man of some power— [*She suddenly looks at him.*] Why do you look at me, Bella? I said I am a man of some power and determination, and as fully capable in one direction as in the other.—I will leave your imagination to work on what I mean.—However, we are really digressing— [*Starts to Left crossing back of table.*] You did not find the bill I told you to find.

MRS. MANNINGHAM. No.

MR. MANNINGHAM. Did you look for it? [*He moves toward desk.*]

MRS. MANNINGHAM. Yes.

MR. MANNINGHAM. Where did you look for it?

MRS. MANNINGHAM. Oh, around the room—

MR. MANNINGHAM. Around the room. Where around the room? [*Pause. At desk. As he bangs on the desk with his right hand.*] In my desk, for instance?

MRS. MANNINGHAM. No—not in your desk.

MR. MANNINGHAM. Why not in my desk?

MRS. MANNINGHAM. Your desk is locked.

MR. MANNINGHAM. Do you imagine you can lie to me?

MRS. MANNINGHAM. I am not lying.

MR. MANNINGHAM. [*Crosses to Center of desk.*] Come here, Bella.

MRS. MANNINGHAM. [*Coming to him.*] What do you want?

MR. MANNINGHAM. [*Pause.*] Now, listen to me. Your dark, confused, rambling mind has led you into playing some pretty tricks tonight—has it not?

MRS. MANNINGHAM. My mind is tired. [*She starts to stairs.*] I want to go to bed.

MR. MANNINGHAM. Your mind indeed is tired. Your mind is so tired that it can no longer work at all. You do not think. You dream. [*He slowly starts toward her.*] Dream all day long. Dream everything. Dream maliciously and incessantly. Don't you know that by now? [*She starts to give way.*] You sleep-walking imbecile, what have you been dreaming tonight—where has your mind wandered—that you have split [*Pounds on desk.*] open my desk? What strange diseased dream have you had tonight—eh?

MRS. MANNINGHAM. Dream? Are you saying I have dreamed— Dreamed all that happened?—

MR. MANNINGHAM. All that happened when, Bella? Tonight? Of course you dreamed all that happened—or rather all that didn't happen.

MRS. MANNINGHAM. Dream— Tonight—are you saying I have dreamed? [*Pause.*] Oh, God—have I dreamed? Have I dreamed again?—

MR. MANNINGHAM. Have I not told you—?

MRS. MANNINGHAM. [*Storming.*] I haven't dreamed. I haven't. Don't tell me I have dreamed. In the name of God don't tell me that!

MR. MANNINGHAM. [*Speaking at the same time, and forcing her down into small chair Left.*] Sit down and be quiet. Sit down! [*More quietly and curiously.*] What was this dream of yours, Bella? You interest me.

MRS. MANNINGHAM. I dreamt of a man— [*Hysterical.*] I dreamt of a man—

MR. MANNINGHAM. [*Now very curious.*] You dreamed of a man, Bella? What man did you dream of, pray?

MRS. MANNINGHAM. A man. A man that came to see me. Let me rest! Let me rest!

MR. MANNINGHAM. Pull yourself together, Bella. What man are you talking about?

MRS. MANNINGHAM. I dreamed a man came in here.

MR. MANNINGHAM. [*As he grasps her neck and slowly raises her.*] I know you dreamed it, you gibbering wretch! I want to know more about this man of whom you dreamed. Do you hear! Do you hear me?

MRS. MANNINGHAM. I dreamed—I dreamed—

[*She looks off at door up Right, transfixed. MANNINGHAM turns and looks as ROUGH enters door up Right.*

MANNINGHAM *releases her and she sinks back into the chair.*]

ROUGH. [*As he crosses to chair Right of table.*] Was I any part of this curious dream of yours, Mrs. Manningham?—Perhaps my presence here will help you to recall it.

MR. MANNINGHAM. [*After pause. Crossing to Left Center.*] May I ask who the devil you are, and how you got in?

ROUGH. [*Crosses back of chair.*] Well, who I am seems a little doubtful. Apparently I am a mere figment of Mrs. Manningham's imagination. As for how I got in, I came in, or rather I came back—or better still, I effected an entrance a few minutes before you, and I have been hidden away ever since.

MR. MANNINGHAM. And would you be kind enough to tell me what you are doing here?

ROUGH. [*Hands on chair back.*] Waiting for some friends, Mr. Manningham, waiting for some friends. Don't you think you had better go up to bed, Mrs. Manningham? You look very tired.

MR. MANNINGHAM. Don't you think you had better explain your business, sir?

ROUGH. Well, as a mere figment, as a mere ghost existing only in your wife's mind, I can hardly be said to have any business. Tell me, Mr. Manningham, can you see me? [*Spreading his hands as he makes a complete turn.*] No doubt your wife can, but it must be difficult for you. Perhaps if she goes to her room I will vanish, and you won't be bothered by me any more.

MR. MANNINGHAM. Bella. Go to your room. [*She rises, staring at BOTH in turn in apprehension and wonderment, goes to the stairs.*] I shall find out the meaning of this, and deal with you in due course.

MRS. MANNINGHAM. I—

MR. MANNINGHAM. Go to your room. I will call you down later. I have not finished with you yet, Madam.

[MRS. MANNINGHAM *looks at BOTH again, and goes upstairs.*]

ROUGH. [*Pause. To chair down Right.*] You know, I believe you're wrong there, Manningham. I believe that is just what you have done.

MR. MANNINGHAM. Done what?

ROUGH. Finished with your wife, my friend. [*He sits down easily in armchair.*]

MR. MANNINGHAM. [*Crosses to front of table.*] Now, sir—will you have the goodness to tell me your name and your business if any?

ROUGH. I have no name, Manningham, in my present capacity. I am, as I have pointed out, a mere spirit. Perhaps a spirit of something that you have evaded all your life—but in my case, only a spirit. Will you have a cigar with a spirit? We may have to wait some time.

MR. MANNINGHAM. Are you going to tell me your business, sir, or am I going to fetch a policeman and have you turned out?

ROUGH. [*Rises. Puts cigar back in pocket.*] Ah—an admirable idea. I could have thought of nothing better myself. Yes, fetch a policeman, Manningham, and have me turned out— [*Pause.*] Why do you wait?

MR. MANNINGHAM. Alternatively, sir, I can turn you out myself.

ROUGH. [*Standing and facing him.*] Yes. But why not fetch a policeman?

MR. MANNINGHAM. [*After pause.*] You give me the impression, sir, that you have something up your sleeve. Will you go on with what you were saying?

ROUGH. Yes, certainly. Where was I? Yes. [*Pause.*] Excuse me, Manningham, but do you get the same impression as myself?

[*LIGHT starts down.*]

MR. MANNINGHAM. What impression?

ROUGH [*Goes upstage looking at downstage bracket.*] An impression that the light is going down in this room?

MR. MANNINGHAM. I have not noticed it.

ROUGH. Yes—surely— There—[*Crosses to Left Center then down to Left of table. The LIGHT goes slowly down. As ROUGH moves MANNINGHAM keeps his eyes on him.*—Eerie, isn't it? Now we are almost in the dark— Why do you think that has happened? You don't suppose a light has been put on somewhere else— You don't suppose there are other spirits—fellow spirits of mine—spirits surrounding this house now—spirits of justice, even, which have caught up with you at last, Mr. Manningham?

MR. MANNINGHAM. [*A step upstage and his hand on the back of chair Right of table.*] Are you off your head, sir?

ROUGH. No, sir. Just an old man seeing ghosts. It must

be the atmosphere of this house. [*Backing away to Left Center as he looks about.*] I can see them everywhere. It's the oddest thing. Do you know one ghost I can see, Mr. Manningham? You could hardly believe it.

MR. MANNINGHAM. What ghost do you see, pray?

ROUGH. Why, it's the ghost of an old woman, sir—an old woman who once lived in this house, who once lived in this very room. Yes—in this very room. What things I imagine!

MR. MANNINGHAM. What are you saying?

ROUGH. Remarkably clear, sir, I see it— An old woman getting ready to go to bed—here in this very room—an old woman getting ready to go up to bed at the end of the day. Why! There she is. She sits just there. [*Points to chair Right of table. MANNINGHAM removes his hand from the chair.*] And now it seems I see another ghost as well. [*Pause. He is looking at MANNINGHAM.*] I see the ghost of a young man, Mr. Manningham—a handsome, tall, well-groomed young man. But this young man has murder in his eyes. Why, God bless my soul, he might be you, Mr. Manningham—he might be you! [*Pause.*] The old woman sees him. Don't you see it all? She screams—screams for help—screams before her throat is cut—cut open with a knife. [*Crosses downstage.*] She lies dead on the floor—the floor of this room—of this house. There! [*Pointing to floor in front of table. Pause.*] Now I don't see that ghost any more.

MR. MANNINGHAM. What's the game, eh? What's your game?

ROUGH. [*Confronting MANNINGHAM.*] But I still see the ghost of the man. I see him, all through the night,

as he ransacks the house, hour after hour, room after room, ripping everything up, turning everything out, madly seeking the thing he cannot find. Then years pass and where is he?—[*Goes to table Center.*] Why, sir, is he not back in the same house, the house he ransacked, the house he searched—and does he not now stand before the ghost of the woman he killed—in the room in which he killed her? A methodical man, a patient man, but perhaps he has waited too long. For justice has waited too, and here she is, in my person, to exact her due. And justice found, my friend, in one hour what you sought for fifteen years, and still could not find. See here. Look what she found. [*Goes below desk around to drawer.*] A letter which never reached your wife. Then a brooch which you gave your wife but which she did not appreciate. How wicked of her! But then she didn't know its value. How was she to know that it held the Barlow rubies! There! [*Coming below desk to MANNINGHAM. Opening it out.*] See. Twelve thousand pounds' worth before your eyes! There you are, sir. You killed one woman for those and tried to drive another out of her mind. And all the time they lay in your own desk, and all they have brought you is a rope around your neck, Mr. Sydney Power!

MR. MANNINGHAM. [*Pause.*] You seem, sir, to have some very remarkable information. Do you imagine you are going to leave this room with such information in your possession? [*Going up to Left Center doors as though to lock them.*]

ROUGH. [*Away to down Left.*] Do you imagine, sir, that you are going to leave this room without suitable escort?

MR. MANNINGHAM. May I ask what you mean by that?

ROUGH. Only that I have men in the house already. Didn't you realize they had signalled their arrival from above, your own way in, Mr. Manningham, when the lights went down?

MR. MANNINGHAM. [*Pause. He looks at ROUGH.*] Here you— What the devil's this? [*He rushes to the door, where two POLICEMEN are standing.*] Ah, Gentlemen— Come in. Come in. Make yourselves at home. Here. [*He makes a plunge. They grab him.*] Leave go of me, will you? Here. Leave go of me! Here's a fine way of going on. Here's a fine way!

[*A struggle ensues. ROUGH, seeing help is needed, jerks down the bell-cord. With this, they secure MANNINGHAM. ROUGH kicks him in the shins. He falls.*]

ROUGH. [*Taking paper from his pocket. Going up to MANNINGHAM.*] Sydney Charles Power, I have a warrant for your arrest for the murder of Alice Barlow. I should warn you that anything you may say now may be taken down in writing and used as evidence at a later date. Will you accompany us to the station in a peaceful manner? You will oblige us all, and serve your own interests best, Power, by coming with us quietly. [MANNINGHAM *renews struggle.*] Very well—take him away—

[*They are about to take him away when MRS. MANNINGHAM comes down the stairs. There is a silence.*]

MRS. MANNINGHAM. Inspector Rough—

[*The two POLICEMEN turn so that MANNINGHAM faces MRS. MANNINGHAM.*]

ROUGH. [*Going to her.*] Yes, my dear, now don't you think you'd better—

MRS. MANNINGHAM. [*In a weak voice.*] Inspector—
ROUGH. Yes?

MRS. MANNINGHAM. I want to speak to my husband.

ROUGH. Now, surely, there's nothing to be—

MRS. MANNINGHAM. I want to speak to my husband.

ROUGH. Very well, my dear, what do you want to say?

MRS. MANNINGHAM. I want to speak to him alone.

ROUGH. Alone?

MRS. MANNINGHAM. Yes, alone. Won't you please let me speak to him alone? I beg of you to allow me. I will not keep him long.

ROUGH. [*Pause.*] I don't quite understand. Alone?—

[*Pause.*] Very well. You may speak to him alone. [*He crosses to chair Right of table. To POLICEMEN.*] Very well. Make him fast in this chair. [*He signifies that they are to tie him to chair. They do so and exit Left Center.*]

This is anything but in order—but we will wait outside.

[*MRS. MANNINGHAM crosses to desk. ROUGH examines fastenings on MANNINGHAM and crosses up to door. Left Center.*] I'm afraid you must not be long, Mrs. Manningham.

MRS. MANNINGHAM. I do not want you to listen.

ROUGH. No, I will not listen. [*ROUGH hesitates, then exits Left Center.*]

[*MRS. MANNINGHAM looking at her husband. At last she goes over to Left Center door, locks it and then comes to him.*]

MRS. MANNINGHAM. Jack! Jack! What have they done to you? What have they done?

MR. MANNINGHAM. [*Struggling at his bonds, half whispering.*] It's all right, Bella. You're clever, my darling. Terribly clever. Now get something to cut this. I can get out through the dressing-room window and make a jump for it. Can you fetch something?

MRS. MANNINGHAM. [*Hesitating. Crossing to him.*] Yes—yes. I can get something. What can I get?

MR. MANNINGHAM. I've just remembered— There's a razor in my dressing-room. Quick! Can you get it, Bella?

MRS. MANNINGHAM. [*Feverishly.*] Razor—yes—I'll get it for you.

MR. MANNINGHAM. Hurry—yes— In my dresser— Hurry— Quick and get it.

[*She goes into room up Right, talking and mumbling and comes back with the razor and crosses to desk. As she takes the razor from case, a scrap of paper falls to the floor. She stoops to pick it up, almost unconsciously tidy. She glances at it and a happy smile illuminates her face.*]

MRS. MANNINGHAM. [*Joyously.*] Jack! Here's the grocery bill! [*She comes to him, the grocery bill in one hand, the razor in the other. She is half weeping, half laughing.*] You see, dear, I didn't lose it. I told you I didn't!

MR. MANNINGHAM. [*Uncomfortably.*] Cut me loose, Bella.

MRS. MANNINGHAM. [*She stares at him for a moment, then at the grocery bill, then back at him.*] Jack—how did this get in here? You said that I— [*Her voice trails off, a wild look comes into her eyes.*]

MR. MANNINGHAM. [*Trying to placate her with charm.*]

I must have been mistaken about the bill. Now— Quickly, dear, use the razor! Quick!

[She stares at him for a moment, then moves a step closer. His look falls upon the razor. He glances up at her and a momentary hint of terror comes into his face. He draws back in the chair.]

MRS. MANNINGHAM. Razor? What razor? *[She holds it up, under his face.]* You are not suggesting that this is a razor I hold in my hand? Have you gone mad, my husband?

MR. MANNINGHAM. Bella, what are you up to?

MRS. MANNINGHAM. *[With deadly rage that is close to insanity.]* Or is it I who am mad? *[She throws the razor from her.]* Yes. That's it. It's I. Of course, it was a razor. Dear God—I have lost it, haven't I? I am always losing things. And I can never find them. I don't know where I put them.

MR. MANNINGHAM. *[Desperately.]* Bella.

[WARN CURTAIN]

MRS. MANNINGHAM. I must look for it, mustn't I? Yes—if I don't find it you will lock me in my room—you will lock me in the mad-house for my mischief. *[Her voice is compressed with bitterness and hatred.]* Where could it be now? *[Turns and looks around to Right.]* Could it be behind the picture? Yes, it must be there! *[She goes to the picture swiftly and takes it down.]* No, it's not there—how strange! I must put the picture back. I have taken it down, and I must put it back. There. *[She puts it back askew.]* Where now shall I look? *[She is raging like a hunted animal. Turns and sees the*

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desk.] Where shall I look? The desk. Perhaps I put it in the desk. [*Goes to the desk.*] No—it is not there—how strange! But here is a letter. Here is a watch. And a bill— See I've found them at last. [*Going to him.*] You see! But they don't help you, do they? And I am trying to help you, aren't I?—to help you escape— But how can a mad woman help her husband to escape? What a pity— [*Getting louder and louder.*] If I were not mad I could have helped you—if I were not mad, whatever you had done, I could have pitied and protected you! But because I am mad I have hated you, and because I am mad I am rejoicing in my heart—without a shred of pity—without a shred of regret—watching you go with glory in my heart!

MR. MANNINGHAM. [*Desperately.*] Bella!

MRS. MANNINGHAM. Inspector! Inspector! [*Up to door—pounds on door then flings it open.*] Come and take this man away! Come and take this man away! [*ROUGH and the others come in swiftly. MRS. MANNINGHAM is completely hysterical and goes down to lower end of desk.*] Come and take this man away!

[*ROUGH gestures to the men. They remove MANNINGHAM. MRS. MANNINGHAM stands apart, trembling with homicidal rage. ROUGH takes her by the shoulders sternly. She struggles to get away. He slaps her across the face. She is momentarily stunned. ELIZABETH enters, quickly takes in the situation. Gets a glass of water from table up Right and brings it down to MRS. MANNINGHAM and gives her a drink. ROUGH stands at Left Center watching them for a second and—*]

ROUGH. [*His eyes on MRS. MANNINGHAM whose wild fury has resolved in weeping. He leads her to chair Left*

of table where she sits.] Now, my dear, come and sit down. You've had a bad time. I came in from nowhere and gave you the most horrible evening of your life. Didn't I? The most horrible evening of anybody's life, I should imagine.

MRS. MANNINGHAM. The most horrible? Oh, no,—the most wonderful.—Far and away the most wonderful.

CURTAIN

[III

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FURNITURE—DRAPERIES—PROPERTIES

1 brown carpet to cover entire stage
1 rug in front of fireplace—*closely tacked down*
Stairs covered with carpet
Old-fashioned lace curtains on windows in the bay—the
downstage lace curtain tacked back near the top to
let in the light of spot
Velvet drapes on the windows and bay arch—dull red
Lambrakin on mantel-shelf—same material as drapes
Coal grate in fireplace
Lump soft coal in grate
Ashes on hearth under grate
Set of fire tools upper end of fireplace
Coal hod lower end fireplace
Coal in coal hod
Fire tongs in hod
One piece of coal fix in tongs
Large mirror on wall over fireplace
Large ornament on C. of mantel shelf
Pair of vases—one each end of mantel—the one on the
upper end containing the Barlow rubies
Small mirror lower end of mantel—face down—for use
of Mrs. Manningham
Small comb—lower end of mantel—for use of Mrs.
Manningham
Match box—upper end of mantel
Matches in match box
2 small bronze ornaments—one each end of mantel
1 single chair—below fireplace

110 FURNITURE—PROPERTIES

Secretary against wall above fireplace— Secretary has
2 or more drawers below; 2 doors above and shelves
inside

Loose papers in upstage drawer of secretary

Loose papers in downstage drawer of secretary

Medicine box in downstage drawer of secretary

Medicine powders in medicine box

3 drinking glasses on 2nd shelf of secretary

Smelling salts bottle on 2nd shelf of secretary

Books and papers on lower and upper shelf of secretary

Letter file on top of secretary—lower end—standing
up—used to hide spotlight

1 velvet family album on downstage end of outside shelf
of secretary

Some writing paper on upstage end of outside shelf of
secretary

1 bust on top of secretary

1 painting over U. R. door

1 picture on backing of U. R. door

1 single chair under picture on backing U. R.

1 pedestal and statue in corner L. of U. R. door

1 small wall table against stairs above couch

1 painting on wall between stairs and U. L. C. doors

1 pair of pictures below single picture on wall between
stairs and U. L. C. doors— The picture to the left of
this pair is hung on a nail with cord as it must be easily
put up and taken down

1 key in L. door of U. L. C. doors

1 wall table against backing U. L. C. hall

1 pair candle sticks on wall table U. L. C. hall

1 center piece on wall table U. L. C. hall

1 tapestry on wall above the wall table U. L. C. hall

2 crossed swords on tapestry above wall table U. L. C.
hall

FURNITURE—PROPERTIES 111

S

secretary has
shelves

- 1 square picture on wall L. of double doors
- 1 oval old-fashioned framed flowers—below square picture on wall L. of double doors

y
y

- 1 pedestal in corner above bay window
- 1 vase of withered leaves on pedestal above bay window
- 1 framed picture on pedestal above bay window
- 1 table desk with 2 drawers in front of bay window—
1 drawer upstage—1 drawer downstage

secretary
—standing

- 1 student's lamp on upper end of table desk
- 1 ink stand on table desk
- 1 pen holder on table desk

side shelf

- 1 small Bible—on desk above ink stand
- 1 trick breakaway under drawer in desk—Act II

shelf of

- 1 single chair above table desk
- 1 armchair back of table desk
- 1 single chair below table desk against the wall
- 1 oblong oval table at stage Center
- 1 lamp on upper end of C-table fastened to table
- 1 table cover on C-table

doors
between
the left of
be easily

- 2 single chairs on each side of Center table—the chair on the R. of the C-table must be reinforced
- 1 antimacassar on back of each chair
- 1 couch at D. R.
- 1 fancy pillow-cushion on couch
- 1 London newspaper on couch—Act I and II
- 1 foot stool in front of couch—Act I and II
- 1 velvet bell pull fastened to wall near ceiling L. of U. R. C. doors—firmly fastened Act I and II—break-away Act III

hall
U. L. C.

- Off stage—R. of U. L. C. doors*
- 1 long narrow property table
- 1 composition black oval tea tray 15" x 20" on prop table—Act I

112 FURNITURE—PROPERTIES

I tray doilie	on tray
I tea pot	“ “
I cream pitcher	“ “
I sugar bowl	“ “
I hot water pitcher	“ “
2 small plates	“ “
2 cups and saucers	“ “
3 spoons	“ “
2 small knives	“ “
I small salt receptacle	“ “
salt in salt receptacle	“ “
sugar—small cube lumps—in bowl	“ “
milk—in pitcher	“ “
water in pitcher—5 glasses full	“ “
2 tea napkins	“ “
I covered muffin dish on property table—Act I	
2 muffins in dish—Act I	
I small tray on property table—Act III	
I pitcher of milk on tray—Act III	
I glass on tray—Act III	
I small plate on tray—Act III	
Crackers on plate tray—Act III	
I street vendor's bell off stage L.—Act I	
I chime—“Big Ben” off stage L. Act I—III	
I “ hammer	
9 rubies in vase on upstage end of mantel—Act II	
I lady's watch and chain in upstage drawer of desk— Act II	
I brooch in upstage drawer of desk—this brooch opens and must have depth to hold rubies—Act II	
I letter in upstage desk drawer—this letter in a mailed envelope and has been opened—Act II	
I razor in case off stage U. R.—Act III	
I glass of water on small table against stair—Act III	

FURNITURE—PROPERTIES 113

on tray

- 1 small paper—grocery bill in razor case—Act III
- 1 door slam off stage U. L.
- 1 clock strike off stage D. R.
- 1 sewing box on chair L. of C. table—Act I
- sewing materials in sewing box—Act I
- 1 small change purse in sewing box—Act I
- several small coins in purse—Act I
- 1 brass jardiniere of green plant—Act I—in bay window

HAND PROPS

For Mr. Manningham:

- 1 watch chain
- 1 key ring for R. end of watch chain
- 2 desk keys on chain

For Rough:

- 1 warrant for arrest
- 1 pocket key ring with keys and gadgets on it
- 1 white ½ pint flask with cork stopper
- Liquor for flask
- 3 different sized "jimmies"
- 1 dark-colored material used as wrapper for the "jimmies"
- 1 jeweler's eye glass
- 2 cigars
- 1 watch and chain

Act II
of desk—

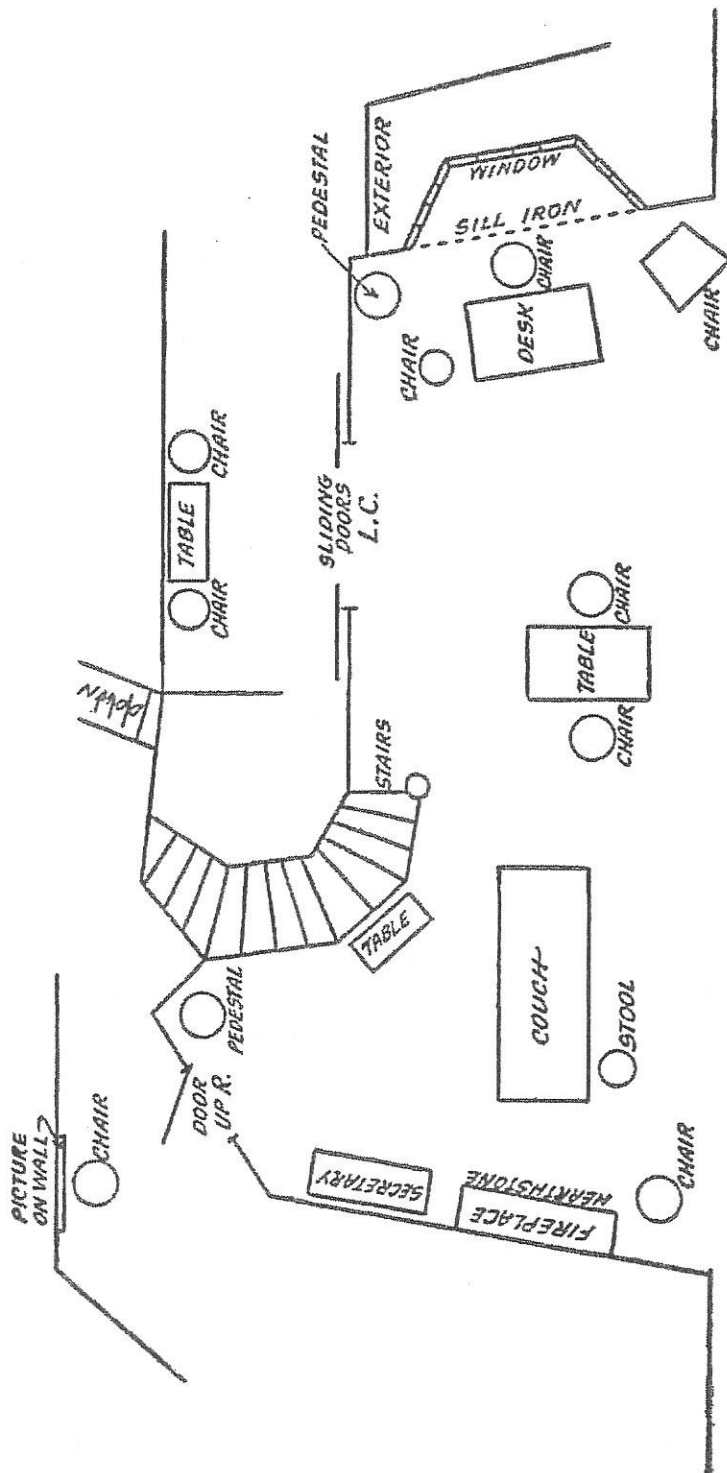
each opens
II
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Act III

LIGHTING INFORMATION

Illumination of the scene is supposedly by gas and from three sources. Stage Left area is from a student lamp on the desk; stage Center is from a lamp on the Center table; and stage Right from two wall brackets. The two wall brackets each have two circuits in them, one on a light amber circuit of two bulbs and the other circuit is three bulbs in white. The bulbs are the smallest obtainable such as are used on Christmas trees. Each circuit in each bracket is on separate control and, in addition, the two white circuits are on a master control. At the original lighting of the brackets in Act I by Nancy the light amber flashes up, then out, then the white circuit comes up and from then on the white circuit goes up and down on the dimmer as the lines and business in the script indicate. The table lamp and desk lamp are each a single, light straw bulb, larger than the brackets and on a dimmer and each separately controlled. It is the lighting and dimming of these units that control the spot lighting of their respective areas.

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SCENE DESIGN
 "ANGEL STREET"

Angel Street

by Patrick Hamilton

Drama / 2m, 3f, 2m or f

Angel Street tells the story of the Manninghams, who live on Angel Street in 19th century London. As the curtain rises, all appears to be the essence of Victorian tranquility. It is soon apparent, however, that Mr. Manningham, a suavely handsome man, is slowly driving his gentle, devoted wife, Bella, to the brink of insanity with an insinuating kindness that masks more sinister motives. While he is out, Mrs. Manningham has an unexpected caller: amiable, paternal Inspector Rough from Scotland Yard. Rough is convinced that Mr. Manningham is a homicidal maniac wanted for a murder committed fifteen years earlier in this very house. Gradually, the inspector restores Bella's confidence in herself and, as the evidence against Manningham unfolds, the author has built and sustained some of the most brilliant, suspenseful sequences in modern theatre.

"The critics call it the biggest dramatic hit in New York." / *New York Mirror*

"I have just seen the theatre really come alive for the first time this season. One of the most satisfying theatre adventures of the last decade." / *New York News*

"There is a particular reason for welcoming with open arms the excellent new melodrama [...] It really can keep you anchored to your seat bolt upright – a work that is everything one could hope for." / *New York Herald Tribune*



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