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Leo Kerz Collection

1959

Brecht, Bertolt

MAN IS MAN

translated by Leo Kerz

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The Transformation of GALY GAY in the
Army Barracks of Kilkoa in the ~~year~~ 1925
year

A Comedy

by

BERTOLT BRECHT

Translated by Leo Kerz →

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Return script to:
LEO KERZ
440 East 79th St.
New York City 21
BU 8-2664

KILKOA

GALY GAY *a kitchen chair*

(Sits one fine morning on ~~his chair~~)

My dear wife, I have just ^{made up my mind} decided, in accordance with our income, to buy a fish. Fish is still within the financial possibilities of a packer, who does not drink, smokes very little, and has hardly any vices. Do you think I should ^{get} buy a big fish, or would you prefer a small specimen?

WIFE

A small one.

GALY GAY *This fish*

But what kind of fish should this ~~fish~~ be, which we now require?

WIFE *Wife*

Well, I have in mind a nice flounder. But for God's sake, *stay away* ~~be careful of~~ those fish-wives; they are lewd and keen on ~~men~~ *women*. ~~and~~ and you have a soft heart, Galy Gay.

very true. GALY GAY *don't think*

That is ~~very~~ true, But I ~~hope~~ *they will leave* a destitute packer from the harbor, ~~alone~~ *bother with*

WIFE *considered to be*

You are like the elephant, which is ^{the} the heaviest animal in the animal world, but he moves like a freight train, ^{when} he really gets going. And then there are the soldiers, who are the most dangerous people on earth. Hordes of them, I hear, have arrived this morning at the railway station. I'm sure they are just hanging around at the market place, and you can praise the Lord if they don't break into your house and kill everybody in sight. They are particularly dangerous to a single man, because they always come in fours.

GALY GAY *wouldn't*

They ~~won't~~ do any harm to a simple packer from the harbor who ~~attends to his~~ *mind his own* business.

WIFE *never*

One can ~~be~~ *never* be too sure.

GALY GAY

Well, anyway, put the water on the fire ~~for the fish~~. Because I already feel a tremendous appetite. I'm going to run along now and I'll ~~be back~~ *return* in ten minutes, *with a fish*.

II

STREET IN FRONT OF THE YELLOWMAN PAGODA

(A machine gun detachment, consisting of four men, comes to a halt before the Pagoda. In the distance ~~one~~ ^{one} hears the music of the army entering the city of Kilkoa)

JESSE

Company halt! Kilkoa! This here is his Majesty's City. *The city of* Kilkoa where the army is ^{about} to be assembled for a war, ~~foreseen~~ ^{anticipated} a long time ago. We have come here with hundreds of thousands of other soldiers who are thirsty for action and can hardly wait to create ^{a little} ~~some~~ order on the Northern frontiers.

JIF

For that you need beer.
(He collapses)

POLLY

Just like the tremendous tanks of our Queen, which have to be filled ^{up} with petrol before ~~they~~ ^{they} can ~~be~~ ^{be} seen rolling along ~~these~~ god-damn roads of this here much too long gold country, so the drinking of beer is ~~a~~ ^a necessity which a soldier cannot dispense with.

JIP

How many bottles ~~do we have left?~~ -- *how many bottles are left?*

POLLY

We are four. ^{four men.} ~~four~~ We have fifteen tiny, little bottles left. And so twenty-five tiny, little bottles ~~have to come from~~ ^{will have to be procured from somewhere.} ~~somewhere.~~ *That's clear.*

JESSE

For that-you need money.

URIA

There are certain people who always have ^{something to complain about} ~~something to say~~ against soldiers, but I'm telling you that each single one of these here pagodas contains more copper than a strong regiment needs to march from Calcutta to London.

POLLY

in her brief observation This ~~nice~~ ^{nice} little ~~suggestion from~~ ^{suggestion from} our dear friend Uria here ~~no way~~ ^{no way} in regard to this delapidated and stinky pagoda, at present

POLLY (Cont'd)

covered with flies, but possibly stuffed with copper, is *most* certainly worth while to be ~~approached~~ *overlooked* from a human point of view.

JIP

Polly, my *friend* ~~friend~~, as far as I'm concerned, I need a drink.

URIA

Be still, sweetheart, this Asia is bound to have a *crack* ~~hole~~ somewhere. We shall ~~find~~ *look for* it and crawl ~~right~~ *straight* through.

JIP

Uria, angel, my mother told me ^{so} often: Jeriah, my darling, she used to say, stay away from anything that smells of tar.--And this entire thing here smells of tar!

JESSE

Hey, look, *the* ~~this~~ door is ~~not closed~~ *open*. Careful, *Uria this* ~~it~~ looks like a trap.

URIA

Gentlemen, this slightly open door-is *definitely* ~~already~~ not going to be used.

JESSIE

That's absolutely correct. What's this thing got windows for?

URIA

Take off your belts, tie them together, *We'll* ~~and let's~~ fish for the poor box.

(THEY walk up to the windows.
URIA breaks one, looks inside
and begins to fish. Suddenly
a big noise)

POLLY

Hey, did you catch anything?

URIA

No, my helmet fell inside.

JESSE

Dammit! You can't go back to the camp without a helmet.

URIA

Boy, oh boy, I can only tell you, the things I am catching here. This is the most shocking set-up I have ever seen. Look at this -- rat traps, foot irons ---

forget it!
 Let's ~~give up~~ *It's* a trick. This is not an ordinary temple.

URIA
 Temple, Schmemple, I've got to get my helmet back.

JESSE
 Can't you reach down?

URIA
 No.

Wait
 JESSE
 Maybe I can ~~lift this belt here~~ *reach it from here.*

POLLY
 Careful, don't damage the establishment.

JESSE
 Ouch, ouch, ouch!

URIA
 What's the matter with you?

JESSE
 My hand's caught.

POLLY
 Listen, let's forget the whole thing.

JESSE
 (Indignant)
 Forget the whole thing? My hand, ~~my hand~~, *is caught! I've* got to get my hand back, don't I?

URIA
 My helmet is in there too.

POLLY
 Then there's only one thing to do. Smash right through the ~~wall~~ *front of the house.*

JESSE
 Ouch, ouch, ouch!
 (He pulls his hand loose, *and looks at it.*
It is full of blood)
 For this hand, they'll ~~have to~~ pay me. Now I am not going to stop at all. A ladder, get me a ladder, quick!

URIA
 One minute, please! First, hand over your passports. Military identification ~~papers~~ *papers* must not be damaged.

Due URIA (Cont'd)
~~They~~ can always replace a man, but ~~nothing remains holy~~
~~any more, if there is no passport.~~ *the entire structure collapses.*
without identification
 (THEY hand over passports) *calling out their names.)*

POLLY
 Polly Baker.

JESSE
 Jessie Mahoney.

JIP
 (Crawling over to Uria)
 Jeriah Jip.

URIA
 And Uria Shelley. All four of the eighth regiment. Station
 Kankerdan. Machine Gun Detachment. Hold fire at all cost.
 Otherwise the Temple will be visibly damaged. Forward march!

(URIA, JESSE and POLLY *get a ladder from behind the*
and climb into the Pagoda)

JIP
 (Calls after them)
 I'll ~~stand watch,~~ *stay here and watch!*
 (To himself) *had anything to do with him.*
 Anyway, then nobody can say that I've ~~been inside.~~

(The yellow face of WANG, a priest,
 appears in a small window above)

Good day, sir, are you the ~~proprietor~~ *owner* of this charming
 establishment? Very nice neighborhood around here.

URIA
 (From inside)
 Hand me your breadknife, Jesse, I want to break ~~open~~ the
 poor box. *open.*

(MR. WANG smiles, and JIP
 grins right back at him)

JIP
 (To the Priest)
 Simply awful, believe me, to belong to such a hord of
 hippopotamus --
 (The FACE disappears)
 Hey, fellows, get the Hell out of there. There's a man
~~running~~ *walking* around on the second floor.

(Electric alarm bells begin to ring at intervals inside the pagoda)

URIA

Why don't you watch where you're going. You ~~are~~ ^{ed} stepping on my foot. What's the matter, Jip?

JIP

(Hollering)

Strange man on second floor.

URIA

Strange man? Outside, quick!

(Hollering and cursing from inside ^{say die.} ~~by~~ ^{all THREE.})
 Hey, take your foot off ~~me~~, will you? Let's go. Now I can't move my foot at all any more. My boot is gone. Polly, don't give up my boy, never! Stop pulling off my jacket, my jacket is torn. This temple has gone crazy, boys. What's going on here. I'm stuck with my pants. That comes from being in such a hurry, Jip, this rhinoceros, he's got to rush us.

JIP

~~XXXXXXXXXX~~

(Shouting)

Did you find anything? Whiskey? Rum? Gin? Brandy? Ale?

JESSE

(Still inside)

Uria ^p slit his pants and Polly's left boot is caught in a rat trap.

POLLY

(Still inside)

Jesse is hanging on the electric alarm system.

JIP

I knew right away this would happen. Why don't you use the front door, when you go into a house?

(He gets up and walks through the door into the pagoda. The THREE, bloody, in rags and very pale, climb out of the windows)

POLLY

Revenge, I must have revenge!

URIA ^{a game of all the fun to me.} ~~decidedly unfair.~~

These battle tactics are ~~decidedly unfair.~~ Brutal, the way this Temple is carrying on.

POLLY

I got to see blood.

JIP

(Inside)

Hello there, anybody here?

POLLY

(Approaches the house again, blood-thirsty, and he gets caught with his other foot)

Now the other boot is gone.

URIA

(Mad)

~~I am going to~~ shoot this whole damn business down. I've had enough.(The THREE are setting up the machine gun ~~and~~ aim at the pagoda)

Fire!

(THEY fire away at the pagoda)

JIP

(Inside)

Ouch! What ~~are you doing?~~ *the hell do you think you are doing?*

(The THREE look at each other, horrified)

POLLY

Jip, where are you? Jip ---

JIP

(Inside)

Here, and ~~you~~ ^{was} shot right through my ~~finger~~ ^{little}

JESSE

~~And~~ what the devil are you doing in ^{side} that rat-hole, you ox?

JIP

(Appears in the doorway)

J ~~Just~~ wanted to get the money. It's right here.

(HE disappears again)

URIA

(Delighted)

Naturally, the biggest drunkard in the army would get it without any trouble at all. You come out of that house, at once. And use the front door again.

JIP

(Appears in the door-frame again)
Did you say ~~anything?~~ *something?*

URIA

Come out through this door right away.

JIP

Ouch, what's this?

POLLY

What's wrong with him now?

JIP

Hey, look.

URIA

What is it, Jip?

JIP

My hair, oh my hair! I can't move forward ~~at all~~ *something's holding my hair* -- and----
I can't move back either. Ouch, my hair! It got stuck on
something. Uria, do me a favor, will you, and have a look
what's sticking to my hair! --- ~~Uria~~ *Uria*, please -- get me
out of this. --- I'm hanging by my hair! ---

POLLY

(On his toes, walks up to Jip
and looks down at his ~~hair~~ *head*)
He's hanging by his hair-on the door frame.

URIA

(Roars)
Your bread-knife, Jesse, I'll cut him loose.

(URIA cuts him loose. JIP
falls ~~stagger~~ *forward and falls flat on his face.*)

POLLY

(Amused)
Now he's bald ~~headed~~!

(THEY examine JIP's head)

JESSE

A small piece of ~~scalp's~~ *scalp is* gone too.

URIA

(Looks from the one to the other,
then remarks icily)
Boys, a bald head ~~will give us away~~ *is a dead give away*.

JESSE

~~And~~ ^{A/} (With a piercing look)
~~The~~ living corpus delicti!

(URIA, JESSE and POLLY
 hold council)

URIA

^{We'll}
~~Let's~~ go back to the camp, get a pair of scissors, then
 come back here at night, cut off the rest of his hair,
 and you won't see that he is bald.

(~~He~~ begins to return
 the passports)

Jesse Mahoney.

JESSE

(Takes his passport)
 Jesse Mahoney.

URIA

Polly Baker.

POLLY

Polly Baker.
 (Takes his passport)

URIA

Jeriah Jip.

(JIP tries to get up)

Your's I'm going to keep. ^a
 (HE points to ~~PALANKEEN~~ ^{PALAN QUIN})
 Go and sit yourself in that leather-box and wait there
 until it gets dark.

(JIP crawls into the palankeen^{quin}
 The THREE, sadly shaking their
 heads and completely crushed, ^{disassemble the machine gun and}
 trot off. When THEY'RE gone,
 WANG appears in the doorway and
 tears off some of the hair sticking
 to the frame. He examines it closely)

III

HIGHWAY BETWEEN KILKOA AND THE CAMP

SERGEANT FAIRCHILD enters from behind a shed and nails a poster to the wall.

To me, ^{also} FAIRCHILD ^{or}
~~the~~ the Bloody Fiver, called the Tiger of Kilkoa, ^{or} the Human Typhoon, Sergeant of the British Army, *to me,* nothing quite so marvellous has happened in a long time. Burglary -- in the Yellowman Pagoda, Entire front of the Yellowman Pagoda riddled with bullet holes. As one of the clues, we find a quarter pound of hair sticking to the door frame. *Now--* If the walls are riddled, then a machine-gun detachment is behind this. And if a quarter pound of hair is found on the scene of the crime, then there must be a man ~~somehow~~ ^{hiding} around who is missing a quarter pound of hair. Consequently, if we find a somewhat bald-headed member of ~~the~~ machine-gun detachment, then we have caught the perpetrators of the crime. That's very simple and look what's coming up the highway here!

(HE steps into the shadow of the shed. The THREE SOLDIERS in a trot, come up the highway and discover the warrant. Horrified, THEY start trotting off, letting their heads hang down, but FAIRCHILD steps forward and blows his whistle. THEY stop)

Any of ~~the~~ FAIRCHILD
 Have you boys ~~recently~~ seen a bald-headed man? *recently?!*

POLLY

No.

FAIRCHILD

Well, well, well, well! And what have you been up to? I wish you could ~~see~~ ^{look at} yourself. Just take off your helmets, will you? And where is your fourth man?

URIA

Sergeant, he had to --- he had a call of Nature.

FAIRCHILD

Well, then, why don't ~~you~~ ^{we} all wait for him? Maybe he has seen a bald man.

(THEY wait)

FAIRCHILD (Cont'd)

That's a long call of Nature.

JESSE

~~Yes, sir.~~ *Yessir.*

POLLY

Maybe-- maybe
~~Maybe~~ he went and took a different road. ^{2!}

FAIRCHILD

Alright!
(In cold madness) *have to* I'm telling you, if you ^{come to the} ~~my~~ roll call without the fourth man, you will all wish you had been court-martialled and shot inside your mothers' belly, before you ever saw the light of day.

(OFF)

POLLY

Let's hope this isn't ^{our} a new Sergeant. If this rattlesnake holds the roll-call tonight, we may as well ~~dig our graves right now~~ *start digging our graves right now.*

URIA

Before the drums beat for the roll-call, we've got to have a fourth man. That's all.

POLLY

How about the one coming up the road there?--Let's take a very discreet look at him.

(THEY hide behind the shed.
WIDOW BEGBICK comes up the road and GALY GAY carries her shopping-bag and packages. The shopping-bag is filled with large cucumbers)

BEGBICK

So what are you grumbling about? You're being paid by the hour, aren't you?

GALY GAY

There would
That ~~will~~ make it three hours now.

BEGBICK

So stop worrying about your money. You'll get paid. --- Listen, this is a road with very little traffic and hardly anybody ever uses it. A lady ~~would~~ ^{might} have a difficult stand here, if she came face to face with a man who wanted to --- ~~embrace her~~ *put his arms -- around her.*

GALY GAY

As the manager of an army canteen, you are, ^{probably} all the time in contact with soldiers, which, I hear, are the most dangerous people in the world, and you must be quite familiar, I am sure, with wrestling tricks.

BEGBICK

Oooh! My dear sir, words like that should never be used ^{in the presence of a} ~~when you talk to a~~ lady. ^{What} I mean ^{is} certain words can put a lady into a state where her blood begins to ~~tingle~~ ^{run faster.}

GALY GAY

Madam, I am just a simple packer from the harbor.

BEGBICK

The roll-call for the replacements will begin in a few minutes. They're beating the drums already, as you can hear yourself. And there ~~isn't going to~~ ^{wouldn't} be a soul around here.

GALY GAY

If it is really so late, then I must ~~turn~~ ^{go} back ~~immediately~~ ^{right away} and try to reach Kilkoa before the stores close, because I still have to buy a fish.

BEGBICK

^{Permit} ~~Allow~~ me, just this one question, Mr. Gay --- if I caught your name correctly, -- Is it true that you need great strength for your profession as a packer?

GALY GAY

(With a sigh)

I would never have believed it, that, ~~today again~~ for almost four hours, through all kinds of unforeseen circumstances, a man could be prevented from buying a fish in a hurry and return home. But there you are --- I am just like a freight train, when I get going.

BEGBICK

Of course it is one thing to buy a fish and to push it down your throat, into your tummy, and it is quite another thing to help a lady with her shopping. But maybe the lady is in a position to show her appreciation in a way which would make up for the loss of a fish course.

^{May I be frank, madam?} GALY GAY
~~To be honest,~~ I would like to go and buy the fish.

BEGBICK

How can you be so materialistic?

Because *(Amusing)* GALY GAY *(You know it)*
~~You know~~, I am very ~~peculiar~~ that way. Sometimes I wake
 up in the morning and I know right away: today I want
 fish, or I want rice soup. And then it's got to be fish
 or rice soup respectively, even if the whole world is
 going to collapse.

BEGBICK

I understand that, Mr. Gay. ~~But~~ don't you think it is a
 little late now to go to Kilkoa? The shops are closed --
 and the fish will be sold out.

how GALY GAY

I must tell you another thing about me: I am a man with
 great imagination. For instance, I can be fed up with this
 fish before I've seen it. There are some who go out to get
 a fish. And so, first they go and buy this fish, and then
 second, they carry home this fish and ~~third~~ *three*, they throw it
 into boiling water and they cook this fish, and fourth,
 they gobble it all up, this fish, and at night when they are
 trying to draw a line under the whole business, they are
 still busy with the same sad, old fish, because they are
 people without imagination.

BEGBICK

It is quite ~~clear to me~~ *obvious* that you find yourself very interesting.
 (SHE thinks)

Hm, well, if you ~~can~~ think only of yourself all the time,
 then I would like to make a ~~suggestion~~ *suggestion* to you. Why don't
 you use your fish money and buy this cucumber here instead?
 As a favor, and just to accommodate you, I would let it go
 for very little. Whatever the cucumber is worth more, that
 would be in payment for your services.

there is just one problem. GALY GAY *want*

~~I just have one problem.~~ I don't ~~want~~ cucumber.

BEGBICK *would*

Never, would I have expected you to ~~embarrass~~ me so.

GALY GAY

Well, it's ~~only~~ *only* because the water ~~has already been put on~~ *is boiling*
 for the fish.

BEGBICK

I understand. Just as you please. Just as you please.

GALY GAY

~~Now please,~~ *please* you must believe me ~~that~~, I would like to oblige,
 but ---

sn't talk. BEGBICK
 Oh be quiet! [^] You only ~~talk~~ ^{put} yourself into more and more trouble.

do GALY GAY
 By no means ~~would~~ I want ~~you~~ to disappoint you, and if you *are* still prepared to let me have the cucumber, then I would like to pay for it. Here is the money.

Now URIA
 (To Jesse and Polly)
 There ~~is~~ a man who can't say no.

Watch out. GALY GAY
 Oh, -oh! ~~careful.~~ Soldiers hanging around here.

BEGBICK
 God knows what they're doing around here this time of the day, just before the roll-call. Quick -- ~~give me~~ my bag. There ~~seems to be~~ no reason why I should prattle my time away with you. I would be delighted to welcome you some time soon in my beer saloon at the *Army* Camp. I am the Widow Begbick and my beer trailer has a reputation from Heiderabab to Rangoon.

(She takes her parcels
 and walks down the road)

URIA
That's our man.

JESSE
 A man who can't say no.

POLLY *beloved*
 And ~~he~~ has red hair too, just like our ~~dear, dear~~ Jip.

(The THREE step forward)

JESSE
 Very nice evening, this evening. -- *vin.*

GALY GAY
 You are so right, sir.

JESSE
 You see sir, it's a curious thing, but I cannot get the thought out of my head, that you are from Kilkoa.

GALY GAY
 From Kilkoa. Oh sure, that's where my cottage stands, so to speak.

JESSE

Delighted to hear it, Mr. ---

GALY GAY

Galy Gay.

JESSE

Ahah...you have a cottage there, ~~am~~ I right?

GALY GAY

Have we met before, by any chance? You seem so well informed about me. Maybe you know my wife?

JESSE *I have it*Your name, yes, yes --- ~~I have it~~ on the top of my tongue --- *Just me second*
it's -- Galy Gay.

GALY GAY

(Surprised)

That's right. That's my name.

JESSE

Of course. I knew it right away. You see, that's me; that's the way I am. I could make any bet, for instance, that you're married. But please, don't let's stand around here Mr. Galy Gay. These gentlemen here are my friends. Polly and Uria. Why don't you come ~~with us~~ to the Carben and ~~all~~ --- smoke a pipe *with us?*(GALY GAY looks at them
with a certain amount of
suspicion)

GALY GAY

Thank you, gentlemen. Unfortunately, I'm in a hurry. My wife is waiting for me in Kilkoa. Also I do not own a pipe myself, which may seem quite silly to you.

JESSE

Then let us make that a cigar. Come, come, now, you can't refuse to smoke a cigar? What do you say? It's such a nice evening!

GALY GAY

Of course. If you put it that way, how could I say no.

POLLY

And you shall have your cigar too.

(The FOUR go off)

IV

CANTEEN OF THE WIDOW LEOKADJA BEGBICK

The SOLDIERS sing "The Song of
Widow Eegbick's Beer Saloon".

BEGBICK

Good evening, gentlemen. I am the Widow Begbick and this here is my beer canteen, which trails behind all the great military operations in India. Because you can drink here, and also sleep here, it is called WIDOW BEGBICK'S BEER TRAILER, and everybody between Haidarabad and Rangoon knows that we have given comfort to many ^asoldiers whose ~~had their~~ feelings ~~had~~ *got hurt.*

(The THREE SOLDIERS enter
with GALY GAY. But THEY
push GALY GAY back)

URIA

Is this the canteen of the Eighth Regiment?

POLLY

Are we ^{a chemist} ~~talking to~~ the proprietor of the camp canteen, the world-famous Widow Begbick? We are the machine-gun detachment of the Eighth Regiment.

BEGBICK

Are there only three of you? Where is your fourth man?

(Without bothering to answer,
THEY step forward, grab two
tables and build a kind of
partition with it. The OTHER
GUESTS watch with great curiosity)

JESSE

Tell us please; what kind of man is the Sergeant?

BEGBICK

Not ~~nice~~. -- *nice.*

POLLY

That is a great pity. I mean that the Sergeant is not nice.

BEGBICK

His name is Bloody Fiver, called the Tiger of Kilkoa, the Human Typhoon. He has an ~~unnatural~~ sense of smelling. He smells crime a ~~hundred~~ ^(hundred) miles away.

(POLLY, URIA and JESSE
LOOK at each other)

URIA

Is that so?

POLLY

You don't say.

BEGBICK

(To the guests)

Gentlemen, this is the famous M. G. Detachment, which decided the Battle of Heiderabab. They are known as -- The Scum.

THE SOLDIERS

From now on they belong to us and their crimes will follow them like shadows.

(A SOLDIER brings one of the warrants and nails it to a post)

A Soldier

As you can see for yourselves. Another un-heard of crime.

(The GUESTS get up and fearfully leave. URIA lets out a whistle.)

(GALY GAY appears)

(am quite familiar with) GALY GAY
I ~~know~~ this kind of establishment. Music while you dine. Fancy menus. As a matter of fact at the Hotel Siam, they have a tremendous menu. Goldprint on white. That's where I bought myself a menu once. If you have connections you can get anything. Among other things they even have Chicaucan sauce. And that, believe it or not, is one of the minor dishes. Chicaucan sauce, *imagine!*

JESSE

(Pushing GALY GAY toward the partition)

service Mr. Gay, you are in the fortunate position to render a small ~~favor~~ ^{service} to three ~~poor~~ soldiers in distress, and it wouldn't be of any consequence to you.

you see it's like this.

POLLY

Our fourth man is taking a little time saying goodbye to his young wife and is therefore ~~a little~~ delayed. However, if not all four of us appear at the roll call, we'll be thrown into the dark stockades of Kilkoa.

URIA

You can save us this unpleasantness by ~~putting on~~ ^{getting into} one of our uniforms and maybe you could just ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ stand ^{around} ~~there~~ during the roll call of the new arrivals, and ~~call out~~ ^{call} out our friend's name. Just so everything is ~~in order~~; ~~you know~~ ^{the way it should be. You know?}

JESSE

That's all.

POLLY

A cigar more or less, which you may have the desire to smoke, at our expense, won't make the slightest bit of difference, of course.

GALY GAY

Gentlemen, I feel embarrassed. I would be delighted to help you out. But unfortunately I am expected ~~home~~ and I am in a hurry. I have bought this cucumber for dinner and therefore I can't just go about ^{the way I would like} to.

JESSE

Thank you, Mr. Gay, you have saved us. To tell you the truth, that is what I had expected of you. You put it so well, you can't just go about ^{the way you would like} to. You would like to go home, but you can't. Let me thank you again, sir, you have justified the trust we put in you the moment we saw you. Your hand, sir.

(He grabs GALY GAY'S hand, ^{pumps it} and URIA points with an imperious gesture to the partitioned corner formed by the two tables. The moment GALY GAY is in the corner, the THREE fall over him and tear his clothes off.)

~~him~~

URIA

Permit us then, for the purpose already mentioned, that we put you into the clothes of honor, ~~of~~ ^{uniforms of the} the great Army of the Queen.

(He goes to the counter and rings the bell) ^{while galy gay stands there in underwear.}

your
URIA (Cont'd)

Widow Begbick, may I have ~~the~~ permission to use some open language here. I need a complete outfit.

(The WIDOW picks out a carton and throws it to URIA. URIA throws it to POLLY)

POLLY

(To Galy Gay)

And here is already the dress uniform which we specially bought for this occasion.

JESSE

(Showing the pants)

Put ~~this dress~~ *it on* on, brother Galy Gay.

POLLY

(To Begbick)

He lost his uniform, you know?

BEGBICK

Imagine that! He lost his uniform, eh?

POLLY

While he was taking a warm bath, some Chinaman disappears with his clothes. And that's the story of how my friend Jip lost his uniform.

BEGBICK

You don't say. While he took a warm bath, eh?

JESSE

To tell you the truth, Widow Begbick, we are *organizing* preparing a little joke.

BEGBICK

Aha, a little joke!

POLLY

Isn't that the truth, sir? Isn't the whole thing a question of a little joke?

GALY GAY

Of course. The whole thing is a question of a cigar, more or less, so to speak. *Ha-ha-ha!*

(He laughs. The THREE join him, laughing uproariously)

BEGBICK

How helpless actually a weak woman is against four such strong men. But nobody shall say behind my back that the

BEGBICK (Cont'd)

Widow Begbick did ^{not} allow a man to change his pants in her saloon.

(She goes behind the counter and writes on a ~~board~~ *black board*.)
 1 pair of pants,
 1 coat, 1 helmet,
 2 pair~~s~~ of socks, etc.)

GALY GAY

What's going on? I mean, actually, *what is going on?*

JESSE

Nothing is going on. Actually.

GALY GAY

hell,
 Isn't it dangerous? Suppose somebody finds out. It's against the regulation, isn't it?

POLLY

a wonderful chance
 Not ~~danger~~ ^{at all} at all. Here you have ~~the opportunity~~ to save the reputation of a great soldier, who is delayed because of a young wife, and you ~~speak~~ *talk* about danger?

JESSE

Nothing to worry about.
 No ~~danger~~ at all. Just leave everything to us and enjoy, for a few moments, the magnificent life of a soldier in the great British army.

BEGBICK

For
 This enjoyment ~~will cost~~ *will charge* you five shillings per hour.

POLLY

Widow Begbick, you are a blood sucker. Two shillings ~~at the most~~ *and that's my call bid.*

JESSE

(Looking at the sky)
 Heavy clouds moving up. If it should rain now, then the palanquin gets wet. If the palanquin gets wet, they take it into the pagoda. If they take it into the pagoda, they'll discover Jip. And if they ~~discover~~ Jip, then the game's up.

GALY GAY

(Trying to get into his coat)
 Too small. I can't get in.
won't fit!

POLLY

(To Begbick)
 Do you hear that? He can't get in.

GALY GAY

The pants too. They pinch something terrible.

POLLY

Everything too small. Completely useless. Two shillings.

URIA

Shut up, Polly. I would say three shillings, because every-
thing is too small and particularly the pants are pinching.
Isn't that so?

GALY GAY

Extremely so. The pants are pinching extremely.

URIA

Well, one can see at a glance that this gentleman here can
put up with minor discomforts, much better than you can,
Polly.

BEGBICK

*to one side and points**(Pulls URIA over to the poster)*

During the last hour this poster has been ~~distributed~~ ^{put up} all
over the Camp. And it says that a serious military crime
took place in the city today. So far it is not known who
the guilty party is, and the uniform will cost you five
shillings because of that, otherwise the whole company
might get involved in this crime!

POLLY

Four shillings is a lot of money.

URIA

(Walks up)

Quiet, Polly. Ten shillings.

BEGBICK

That's my log!

Actually, you can clear yourself of any kind of suspicion
in my beer saloon, because I hate to see the good name of
the entire company smeared by ugly rumors.

JESSE

By the way, do you think it will rain? *going to rain?*

To find out,

BEGBICK

I would have to ~~look at~~ ^{see} the face of the sergeant, the
Bloody Fiver, ~~for that~~. ~~The whole army knows that~~ ^{During}
heavy rainfall he goes into a terrible state of sensual
intoxication, which changes him inside out. *The whole army*
knows it.

JESSE

I am asking this ^{question} ~~merely~~ because under no circumstances
must ~~we~~ have rain for out little joke, you see?

Can we not

BEGBICK

On the contrary. Once it rains, our Bloody Fiver, who is normally the most dangerous man in the entire British Army, becomes harmless like a milk tooth. When he suffers from one of his attacks of sensual desires, he is blind to anything else that happens.

SOLDIER

(Enters and hollers)

Come to the roll-call, quick. Because of this pagoda business, they are calling up everybody's name and examine all passports. Some soldier is supposed to be missing.

URIA

The passport.

GALY GAY

(Is on his knees, making a bundle of his old clothes)

I am very particular about my clothes, you see? *I always try to take good care of them.*

URIA

(To Galy Gay)

Here is your passport. All you have to do is call out the name of our friend, as loud as you can and very distinct. It is ~~really~~ nothing at all, *really.*

POLLY

And by the way, the name of our lost comrade is; Jeriah Jip. Jeriah Jip.

GALY GAY

Jeriah Jip.

URIA

(Starting to walk off)

It is so pleasant to meet cultured people. ^{They} ~~who~~ know just how to behave, no matter what happens to them.

GALY GAY

(Stops just before they are off)

And what ~~is~~ ^{about} the tip?

URIA

A bottle of beer. Come on.

Because of my GALY GAY *I am so used*
Gentlemen. My job as packer, ~~forces me~~ to ask myself in every situation: How do I protect my interests? I had in mind two boxes of cigars and four to five bottles of beer.

JESSE

But we need you for the roll call.

GALY GAY

Exactly.

POLLY

All right. Two boxes of cigars and two to three bottles of beer.

GALY GAY

Three boxes of cigars and five bottles.

JESSE

But why? You just said two boxes of cigars.

GALY GAY

Well, sir, if you start that way with me, you better make it five boxes and eight bottles.

(A signal)

URIA

We've got to go.

JESSE

Very well. Agreed. But you've got to come now, right away.

GALY GAY

All right, all right.

URIA

And what's your name, by the way?

GALY GAY

Jip. Jeriah Jip.

JESSE

1 give hope
If ~~only~~ it isn't going to rain.

(ALL FOUR go off. WIDOW BEGBICK continues to cover the wagon)

(POLLY comes back and addresses WIDOW BEGBICK)

POLLY

Widow Begbick, there's a rumor making the rounds that the ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ Sergeant is haunted by extremely sensuous desires in rainy weather. And it does look like rain now. Kindly see to it that during the next few hours he is blind to everything that happens around here. Otherwise we are in great danger ~~to be discovered.~~

(HE is off)

BEGBICK

(Looking after them)

That man's name is not Jip. That is the ~~stevedore~~^{packer} Galy Gay from Kilkoa and now, just look at it, before the eyes of Bloody Fiver, a man stands in file who is not even a soldier at all.

(She picks up the mirror and goes into an alluring sexy pose)

I will take up position here so that the Bloody Fiver can see me and I will lure him over to me.

(A second signal and FAIRCHILD enters. BEGBICK looks at him through the mirror with big, enticing eyes and sits down on one of the stools)

FAIRCHILD

book
(With a hoarse voice)

Don't look at me with these hungry eyes, you painted Babylon. It's bad enough with me as it is. For three days I'm lying on my ~~strip bed~~, on Wednesday I started to apply ice packs, and on Thursday, I was forced to declare a state of ~~seige~~ over myself because of an inability to curb my lewd desires. This condition is all the more disagreeable ~~for me~~, *since because* I am on the verge of uncovering a crime which is without parallel in the annals of ~~Her~~ Majesty's Army.

BEGBICK

(Sings a song here to the Bloody Fiver, which ends "So come here then, you man")

FAIRCHILD

Never. The collapse of humanity began when one of these blockheads forgot to button up his pants. The Book of Army Rules is a book full of shortcomings, but it is the only book on which you can rely as a human being because it gives you backbone. And it accepts the responsibility before God. Actually, without any joking, we should dig a hole into this earth here, fill it with dynamite and blow the whole God-damn ball to bits. Then, maybe then, the scum of the earth would see that ~~XXXX~~ we mean business around here. That's simple. But you, you Bloody Fiver, can you stand it on a rainy night, all night, without the painted flesh of this widow here? Can you endure it, Mr. Fairchild.

BEGBICK

Listen, when you come over to my place tonight, you better wear a black suit and a Homburg hat.

AN OFFICER'S VOICE *(from off stage)*

The machine-gun detachments for the roll call!

I'm going to stay
FAIRCHILD

~~I must~~ remain here behind this post and watch them dig their own graves. The scum!

THE SOLDIERS

(Outside)

Polly Baker --- Uria Shelley --- Jesse Mahoney ---

FAIRCHILD

And now comes a little pause.

GALY GAY'S VOICE

Jeriah Jip ---

BEGBICK

Correct.

FAIRCHILD *(screaming)*

Now they found something else!! Insubordination inside and insubordination outside!!!

(He rises and wants to go)

BEGBICK

(Calling after him)

But I, I am telling you, Sergeant, that before the Black Rain from Nepal is falling, and it will rain for three days, before that happens, you will be gentle and tolerant with human crime and imperfection. Because you are perhaps the lowliest and the most sensuous of all man under the sun. You, with your insubordination, you will sit at a table one day and the temple violators will look deep into your eyes and then your old misdeeds will be as countless as the white sand ~~near~~ *next to* the sea.

FAIRCHILD

Well, my dear girl, then we ~~would~~ *would* make short process with our charming, little Bloody Fiver and take some energetic, fundamental steps against nature, ~~rest assured~~ *rest assured* my girl. That's quite simple. *you can rely on that*

(HE exits)

FAIRCHILD'S VOICE *(from off stage)*

Eight men up to the navel into the hot sand because of irregular haircut and disorderly deportment.

*(URIA, JESSE and POLLY and GALY GAY comes down ~~stage~~ *enter* stairs.)*

URIA

A pair of scissors if you please, Widow Begbick.

GALY GAY

(To the audience)

A little favor like this among men can never do any harm. You see, live and let live is what I say. I'm going to drink a glass of beer right now as if it were a glass of water, and then I'll say to myself with satisfaction, I've done these gentlemen a great favor. They'll never forget it, either. That is what is so important in this world -- that you allow others to fly their little balloons too. It's so easy -- all you do is say -- "Jeriah Jip" like you would normally say "Nice evening this evening" and behave the way people want you to behave. Because it's so easy.

(Begbick brings a pair of scissors)

URIA

All right, let's go. Let's go to Jip.

JESSE

It's really going to rain now. It looks quite dangerous *dark* over there.

URIA

Unfortunately, sir, we are in a great hurry and pressed for time.

JESSE *have to*

There is a gentleman whom we ~~must~~ give a haircut.

(THEY turn towards the door.
GALY GAY runs after them)

GALY GAY *there*

Maybe I could be of some help *too!*

URIA

No sir, we don't need your help any more.

(To Begbick)

Five boxes of cigars and eight bottles of dark beer for this man.

(As he leaves)

Some people simply have to put their noses into everything. If you give ~~these people~~ *them* your little finger, they grab the whole hand.

(The THREE march off)

(GALY GAY sings a song about the need to be patient and to stay put because one might be useful again. Just because people send you away does not mean that one is useless.)

After the SONG, GALY GAY goes to a chair next to the door and sits down. The WIDOW BEGBICK has taken the cigar boxes and beer bottles from behind the counter and places them in a circle around GALY GAY)

BEGBICK
Haven't we met before, ~~Mr. Gay~~ *Widow* - - - ?

GALY GAY
(Shakes his head)

BEGBICK
Aren't you the one who carried the cucumber basket for me?

(GALY GAY shakes his head)

Isn't your name Galy Gay?

(GALY GAY shakes his head)

No.
GALY GAY

(BEGBICK goes off. Now she is shaking her head. It gets dark and GALY GAY on his footstool, falls asleep. It begins to rain and to some music WIDOW BEGBICK repeats the last verse of her ~~song~~ *Begbie's Song*.)

V

THE INTERIOR OF THE YELLOWMAN PAGODA

WANG and the MESMER enter.

MESMER

It is raining.

WANG

Bring the palanquin in ~~here~~ *side*.

(MESMER exits)

All our money is now being stolen and the rain comes through the machine-gun holes and the place is full of water.

(The MESMER drags the palanquin on stage.
It sounds from inside like moaning)

What is this?

(He opens the door and looks inside)

When I saw how dirty the palanquin was, I knew it would be a white man. Oh no, and he wears a uniform. He is ~~x~~ bald-headed, the thief. They simply cut off his hair. Well, what shall we do with him? Since he is a soldier, he can't be too intelligent. A soldier of Her Majesty the Queen, covered with liquor which he couldn't carry, helpless like the child of a chicken, *so* drunk, ~~or~~ he wouldn't even recognize his mother. One should hand him over to the police, but what good would that do? The money is gone. So what good is justice? And all he can do, is grunt like a pig.

(Furious and screaming)

Get him out of there, you hole of a great cheese, and stuff him into the prayer-box and watch out that you keep his head on top. The best we can do with him is to make him a god.

(The MESMER puts JIP into the
prayer-box)

Bring me some paper. We've got to decorate the front of the temple with paper flags and we've got to paint some posters. This has to be done in a big way, without economy, and with posters so big that you couldn't even see the top of them. What good is a god, ~~if there is no word of mouth~~ *without advertising?*

(A knock)

WANG (Cont'd)

Who knocks so late at my door?

POLLY

(Outside)

Three soldiers.

WANG

His comrades.

(He opens door and lets the THREE COME in)

POLLY

We are looking for a gentleman, to be exact for a soldier, who, when last seen, was sleeping in a ~~leather box~~ which was standing in front of the rich and very elegant temple.

WANG

May his awakening be blissful!

POLLY

Because this ~~leather box~~ has disappeared, you see?

WANG

I understand your impatience ^{quite} very well. It is ~~based on~~ ^{the result of} uncertainty. I understand it all the more because I myself am looking for a few people, altogether approximately three, to be exact, soldiers; and I just cannot find them.

URIA

This is going to be extremely ^{complicated} ~~difficult~~. It is my considered opinion that you should give up the search. On the other hand, we thought that you might know something about the ~~leather box~~.

WANG

Nothing, --- unfortunately. The ticklish aspect of the situation is that all you gentlemen wear the same clothes.

JESSE

That's not ticklish at all. This leather box under discussion contains at present a very sick man.

POLLY

And, since as a result of his sickness, his hair is falling out, he needs immediate help.

URIA

Is it possible that you have seen such a man?

WANG

I regret to say --- no. On the other hand, I did find some such hair. To be sure, the sergeant of your army has taken it along. He wanted to return the hair to the gentleman who lost it.

(JIP in the box, moans)

POLLY

What is that, sir?

WANG

This is my milk cow. She has fallen asleep.

URIA

Your milk cow seems to have bad dreams.

POLLY

Hey, this is the same palanquin into which we crammed Jip. With your kind permission, we shall investigate it a little further.

WANG

It will probably be best if I tell you the whole truth. You see, this is actually a different palanquin.

POLLY

(Looking into the palanquin)

It's as full as a spitoon on Ascension Day. Jesse, it is obvious that Jip was in here.

WANG

You will admit that he could not have been in there because who would sit in such a filthy palanquin.

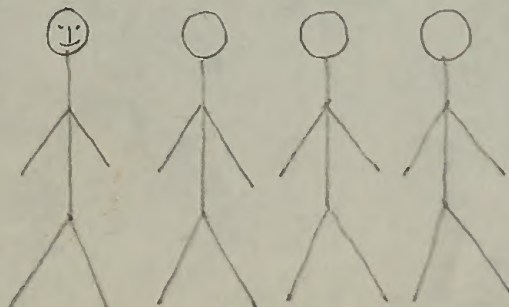
(JIP in the box, moans)

URIA

We've got to have our fourth man even if we have to slaughter our grandmother to get him.

WANG

But the man for whom you are looking, is not here. In order to show you that the man of whom you say that he is here, and of whom I do not know that he is here, in order to show, I say, that he is not your man, allow me to explain it all with the help of a little drawing.



WANG (Cont'd)

Kindly permit your unworthy servant to draw with chalk the figures of four criminals.

(He is drawing on the door
of the prayer-box)

One of the criminals has a face, so one can see who he is. But three of them do not have faces. One cannot recognize them at all. Now the one with the face has no money. Consequently he is not a thief. The others, who have the money, have no face, consequently one does not know them. That remains the situation as long as they don't get together. But when they get together, reunited so to speak, the ones without heads suddenly begin to grow faces and we shall find money on them which does not belong to them. Never would I believe that the man, who might possibly be here, could be your man.

(The THREE take up threatening positions, but WANG claps into his hands, and the MESMER appears with a few CHINESE TEMPLE VISITORS)

JESSE

Forgive us for breaking up the party. We don't want to disturb your peaceful evening any more, sir. Also your tea does not agree with us. But your drawing is certainly very artistic. Let's go!

WANG

I'm heartbroken to see you leave.

URIA

Do you imagine sir, that even ten horses could prevent our dear comrade from returning to us whenever he wakes up, wherever he wakes up?

WANG

Ten honorable horses may not mean very much in this particular case. But the small part of a horse --- who knows?

URIA

When the beer leaves his head, he comes, sir.

(A lot of bowing and
the THREE leave)

JIP

(In the box)

Hello!

(WANG draws the attention of
the GUESTS to his god)

VI

THE CANTEEN

Late at night. GALY GAY still sits on the wooden stool, fast asleep. The THREE SOLDIERS appear in the window.

POLLY

He still sits there and waits. Is he not like an Irish mammoth?

URIA

Maybe he didn't leave because it was raining.

JESSE

We may never know. In any case now we need him again.

POLLY

And you don't think that Jip will come back?

JESSE

Uria, I feel it in my bones, Jip will never come back, never.

POLLY

It's hardly decent to talk to this packer once again.

JESSE

What do you think, Uria?

URIA

I think I'm going to sleep.

POLLY

But when this packer now wakes up and has an idea, and walks out of this door, and goes home, then our heads hang on a very thin piece of skin.

JESSE

That's certain. But nevertheless, I too am going to have a snooze. One can't ask too much from a human being.

POLLY

Maybe it is really the best if we all lie down for a while. It is all very depressing and the rain is probably to blame for the whole thing.

(The THREE walk off)

VII

INTERIOR OF THE YELLOWMAN PAGODA

It is morning. Big posters all over the place. The sound of an old-fashioned gramophone and a drum. In the background, some religious ceremonies are apparently taking place.

WANG

(He walks up to the prayer-box and says to the Mesmer:)
Turn the balls of camel manure faster, you bum!
(To the box)
Are you still sleeping? Mr. Soldier?

JIP

(From inside)
When do we get out of here, Jesse? This ~~strange~~ train shakes something terrible and it is so close in here like in a water-closet.

WANG

Mr. Soldier, don't imagine that you are in a train compartment. It is just the beer which rocks around like that in your honorable head.

JIP

Nonsense, what kind of voice is that coming out of that lousy telephone? Can't you stop that noise?

WANG

Why don't you come out and have a little meat from a cow?

JIP

(Inside)
Yes Polly. Could I have a little meat?
(He screams and bangs furiously against the walls of the box)

WANG

(He runs upstage to the congregation)
Silence you miserable creatures. Our God, whom you heard knocking against the wall of the holy shrine is asking for five taels. You're lucky to find him in a merciful mood. Collect the money, Mah Sing.

JIP

(Inside)

Uria, Uria -- where am I?

WANG

Bang a little more, Mr. Soldier. On the other wall, with both feet. And violently.

JIP

(Inside)

Hello, who is this? Where am I? Where are you? Uria --- Jesse --- ~~and~~ Polly ---

WANG

Your humble servant desires to know what your orders are concerning food and strong drinks, Mr. Soldier.

JIP

Helloooo --- who the hell is this? What kind of voice is this, which sounds like the ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ squeaking of a fat rat?

WANG

This moderately fat rat, Mr. Colonel, is your friend Wang from Tientsin.

JIP

(Inside)

What is the name of the city in which I am?

WANG

A miserable city, Honorable Patron. A little hole called Kilkoa.

JIP

(Inside)

Let me out.

WANG

(Shouting to the temple warden
off stage)

When you are finished making the camel maure balls, put them on a large plate, light them, ^{and} beat the drums.

(To Jip)

Right away, Mr. Soldier, if you will just promise that you will not run away.

JIP

(Inside)

Open up, you voice of a muskrat, open up, do you hear?

WANG

One moment, just one moment.

(To the congregation)

Faithful ones, stay where you are for one minute and listen to the god who talks to you with claps of thunder. Listen and count the claps. Three -- four ---- no five ---- no -- what a pity! You are to offer only five taels.

(He knocks on the shrine,
friendly)

Mr. Soldier, here is a beefsteak to put in your mouth.

JIP

(Inside)

Ohooooo --- now I feel it --- my intestines are all eaten away. I must have ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ poured pure gasoline into myself. It is quite possible that I drank too much and now I must have lots of food.

WANG

You may eat a whole cow, Mr. Soldier, and the beefsteak is already prepared. But I'm worried that you might run away Mr. Soldier. Will you promise that you won't run away?

JIP

(Inside)

First show me the meat.

(WANG opens the door and JIP
crawls out)

How the devil did I get here?

WANG

You flew like a bird, Mr. General. You flew right through the air.

JIP

Where was I when you found me?

WANG

Exalted One, you were resting in an old palanquin.

JIP

And where are my comrades? Where is the Eighth Regiment? Where is the Machine-gun Detachment? Where are the twelve railroad trains and the four elephant parking stations? Where is the whole god-damned British Army? Where did they all go to, you grinning yellow spittoon.

WANG

Departed. Departed across the Pandshab Mountains last month. But here's a beefsteak.

JIP

Impossible. And I? Where was I? What did I do when they marched off?

WANG

Beer. Lots of beer. Many thousands of bottles of beer and you also made some money.

JIP

Did anybody come to look for me?

WANG

Fortunately no.

JIP

That is quite embarrassing.

WANG

If some people should come now and ask me whether I have come across a man dressed in the uniform of the white soldiers, should I show them in here, Mr. Secretary of War?

JIP

No, that's not necessary.

WANG

If you don't wish to be disturbed, Johnny, when these people come, you just step into this box and you don't have to be insulted by their presence.

JIP

Where is the beefsteak?

(He sits down and eats)

Much too small. What disgusting sound is this?

(As the sound of drumming gets louder, the smoke of the burning camel manure balls rises)

WANG

That's the prayer of the faithful ones. They're kneeling down back there.

JIP

It's made from the tough part of a cow. To whom do they pray?

WANG

They usually keep it a secret.

JIP

(He eats faster now)

That's a great beefsteak, but it is not right that I should sit here. Surely Polly and Jesse have been waiting for me somewhere. They may still be waiting for me. This very

JIP (Cont'd)

minute. It tastes like butter. It is very bad of me to sit here and eat. Listen --- now Polly says to Jesse: Jip will come, you can rely on that, when he's sober he'll come. Uria of course will not have the strength to wait quite so long. That's because Uria is, well, he is a bad man. But Jesse and Polly will say: Jip will come, you can bet on it. There is no question that after all the drinking, this is a very fitting meal for me. If only Jesse would not have this touching trust in his Jip. But no, he'll say ~~for sure~~: Jip won't let us down, and naturally that is something I can hardly endure. It is all very difficult. It is all wrong that I am sitting here, but the meat is excellent.

VIII

THE CANTEEN

Early morning. GALY GAY sleeps on his stool. The THREE are having breakfast.

POLLY

Jip will come, you can rely on that.

JESSE

Jip won't let us down.

POLLY

When he's sober, he will come. You can bet on that.

URIA

One can never be sure. In any case, we won't let this packer out of our hand while Jip is still in the bush.

JESSE

He didn't leave.

POLLY

He must be quite cold. He slept all night on that stool.

URIA

But we slept like logs and are in good shape again.

POLLY

And Jip will come. With my wide-awake, healthy soldier brain, I can see this whole thing very clearly. When Jip wakes up, he'll want his beer and then Jip will come.

(MR. WANG enters. He goes to the counter and rings a bell. WIDOW BEGBICK enters behind the counter)

BEBBICK

No service here for native stinkers. Not even yellow ones.

WANG

For ^aEuropean, ten bottles of light good beer.

(She puts up ten bottles)

BEGBICK

Ten bottles of light beer for a European.

WANG

Yes, for a European.

(WANG with profuse bowing to
all FOUR, exits)

(JESSE, URIA and POLLY stare at
each other)

URIA

Jip won't come now. This is where we fill up with beer.
~~AND IN THE MEANTIME~~ Widow Begbick, from now on, ~~reserved~~ *keeps*
twenty bottles of beer and ten whiskies *in reserve* at all times.

(THE BEGBICK fills three glasses
of beer and exits behind counter.
The THREE drink, then they look
at the sleeping Galy Gay)

POLLY

How are we going to pull this off, Uria? We have nothing
but Jip's passport.

URIA

That's sufficient. We'll have to make a new Jip. One
makes too much fuss over people. One, is nobody. About
less than two hundred together, there is simply nothing
to say. A different opinion, anybody can have of course,
but one opinion doesn't mean a thing. A well balanced
person can easily walk around with three or four opinions.
All different.

JESSE

I agree, as far as I'm concerned, I always get pissed off
with so-called characters.

POLLY

But what will he say when we change him into the soldier
Jeriah Jip?

URIA

Actually a fellow like that changes without any trouble
all by himself. If you throw this one into a small puddle
of dirty water, in two days he'll have webs between his
fingers and a fish bladder. That is because he has nothing
to lose.

we JESSE

Well, whatever it is, *we* you've got to get the fourth man.
Wake him up.

POLLY

(Wakes up GALY GAY)

Dear sir, it is just as well that you didn't leave. Circumstances have entered the picture which have prevented our Comrade Jip to appear at the agreed hour.

URIA

Are you of Irish descent, by any chance?

GALY GAY

I believe I am.

URIA

That is of great advantage. It is to be hoped that you are not over forty years of age, Mr. Galy Gay.

GALY GAY

I'm not that old.

URIA

That is splendid. Are you by any chance flat-footed?

GALY GAY

A little.

URIA

That tips the scale and settles the entire matter. Your fortune is made. You may stay with us for the time being.

GALY GAY

Unfortunately my wife is expecting me because of a fish.

POLLY

We understand your concern. It does you credit and it is to be expected from an Irishman. But you see your ^{whole} appearance has made ~~a great~~ impression on us as it were, and it gives us great pleasure.

JESSE

And what is more important ~~xxxxxx~~ even --- it fits. There's a great chance that you might become a soldier.

(GALY GAY is silent)

URIA

The life of a soldier is quite agreeable. Every week we get a hand full of money ^{for} ~~for the sole reason that we are,~~ promenading up and down this India and look ^{at} the streets and the pagodas. Kindly ~~don't neglect to~~ observe these comfortable sleeping bags made of leather which we soldiers receive without extra charge, and just take a minute to study this beautiful rifle with the stamped label of the

URIA (Cont'd)

firm Everett & Company. We are principally occupied with fishing. Just for amusement. And Mammi, that's how we call the army jokingly during ~~the~~ more affectionate moments, Mammi buys all the fishing equipment while a few brass bands alternate playing nice background music to all this. Then, the rest of the day, you sit in your bungalow and smoke. Occasionally you walk up and down the countryside and make eyes at one of those golden palaces of some Maharadja, whom you can shoot, incidentally, if you feel like it. The ladies, of course, expect a lot from us soldiers, but never money. And you will admit, without further argument, that this is a great ~~XXXXXXXX~~ comfort.

(GALY GAY is silent)

POLLY

The life of a soldier during war time is even more interesting. Only in battle does the man grow to real stature. Do you realize that you are actually going through such a great period of time? Before every attack upon the enemy, the soldier is handed a large glass of whiskey which causes his courage to grow into gigantic proportions, immense, Mr. Gay.

GALY GAY

I can see now that the life of a soldier is a pleasant life.

URIA

No question about it. And so you can without further argument stay in your uniform with ^{the} nice brass buttons and you can demand from now on that you're being addressed as ~~Mr. Jip~~ Mr. Jip.

GALY GAY

You wouldn't want to make a poor packer unhappy, would you? You wouldn't want to ruin his life?

JESSE

(More to himself)

Why not?

URIA

So you insist on leaving us?

GALY GAY

Yes, I must go now.

JESSE

Polly, go and get his clothes.

POLLY

(With his clothes)

Actually, why don't you want to be Jip?

(FAIRCHILD appears at the window.)

GALY GAY

Well, because I am Galy Gay.
(He goes toward the door.
The THREE look at each other)

URIA

One moment, please. Just one little moment, *Mr. Mr*

POLLY

Maybe you know the famous saying: Hurry, but don't rush?

URIA

You are dealing here with men who do not like to accept presents from strangers.

JESSE

Whatever your name is *Mr. Mr* it is only fair to give you something in return for the favor you have done us.

URIA

We are talking here about --- no, no, you can leave your hand on the doorknob --- we are talking here about a little business transaction.

(GALY GAY remains at the door)

JESSE

This little business *deal* is probably the best ~~business~~ around ~~Am~~ Kilkoa these days. Am I speaking the truth, Polly? Do you know that if we could lay our hands on this transaction, we could --- *clean up*.

URIA

It is my duty to open your eyes to this tremendous opportunity and to offer you a participation because you have been of such great service to us.

GALY GAY

Business? Business transaction? Did you say business transaction?

URIA

Possibly. But you have no time unfortunately. Isn't that what you said?

GALY GAY

Well, to have time and to have time is not always the same thing.

URIA

Well now, since you put it that way, you probably would have time for this. When you hear what this deal is about, I am certain that you would make time. Lord Kitchener also had time. He had time to conquer Egypt.

GALY GAY

That's what I think too. So you're really talking about a big deal.

(He comes back from the door)

POLLY

My answer to that is that it probably is too big for the Maharadja of Petshawar. To a great man like you, it might seem like a very small deal.

GALY GAY

(Rubbing his hands)

Well now, let's see. What is expected from my side if I want to participate.

JESSE

(Looks him straight in the eye)

Nothing.

POLLY

At best, you may have to sacrifice your beard because it could cause unnecessary attention. Which is always dangerous.

GALY GAY

I see.

(He ~~gaa~~ takes his things and goes to the door again)

POLLY

What an elephant.

GALY GAY

(Pricking his ears)

Elephant? Did you say elephant? An elephant is of course, a gold mine. If you have an elephant, then of course, then you don't perish in a flop house.

(He suddenly gets very excited, takes himself a chair and sits down among the THREE)

URIA

What did you think we were talking about? I said it was very big, didn't I? Naturally we were talking about an elephant.

GALY GAY

Well then, this business with the elephant that's quite interesting. Are we talking about an elephant which is on hand, so to say?

POLLY

He is getting an appetite. Elephants, he seems to fancy.

GALY GAY

Let's get this straight, gentlemen, you do have an elephant on hand?

POLLY

Have you ever heard of a case where you sell an elephant which you don't have on hand?

GALY GAY

If that is the case then, of course, I would like to claim my pound of flesh from ~~this~~ elephant.

URIA

(Hesitating)

Well, it's only because -- you see -- it's because of the Devil of Kilkoa.

GALY GAY

What's that? What do you mean? The Devil of Kilkoa?

POLLY

Sh, sh, sh, sh, sh! Talk softly, Mr. Gay. You're pronouncing the name of the Human Typhoon, the Bloody Fiver, in short the name of our Sergeant.

GALY GAY

What does he do to get such a name?

POLLY

Oh, ~~sh, oh~~ Nothing really. Just that sometimes he puts a man who calls out a false name during the roll-call, into a piece of sail-cloth, three yards square, wraps him up and puts him under the elephants.

GALY GAY

So what is needed here is a man with a head.

URIA

The head, I would say, you have.

POLLY

Yes, ~~sir~~, there's a lot of room in a head like that. It's probably full of ideas.

GALY GAY

Not worth speaking of. To be sure, I know a riddle in which you might possibly be interested, purely as educated men.

JESSE

You see indeed, men around you who are very strong when it comes to solving riddles.

GALY GAY

This is the way it goes: It is white, it is a mammal and it can see in front as well as in the rear.

JESSE

That is very difficult.

GALY GAY

This riddle you couldn't solve, no matter what. This riddle I couldn't even solve myself. A mammal, white, eyesight same in front and rear. --- A blind horse.

URIA

This riddle is fabulous.

POLLY

And you keep all that in your head? Just like that?

GALY GAY

Yes mostly; because my writing is very bad. But I think that I am the right man for almost any kind of transaction.

(The THREE go to the counter,
GALY GAY gets one of the cigar
boxes and offers cigars to them)

URIA

Light!

(GALY GAY lights their cigars
and speaks as he does so:)

GALY GAY

Allow me, gentlemen, to prove to you that you have not chosen a bad partner for your business deal. Have you by any chance, a few heavy things around?

JESSE

(He points to a few weights
and clubs which are lying in
a corner next to the door)

There!

GALY GAY

(Gets hold of the heaviest weight
and lifts it way up)

I'm actually a member of the Kilkoa Wrestling Club.

URIA

(Hands him a glass of beer)

It shows. I guessed that much from your manners.

GALY GAY

(Drinks)

Oh we wrestlers, we have our own peculiar ^{behavior} ~~manners~~. They are all part of the regulations and rules. For instance, when a wrestler comes into a room where you have a medium size party going on, let us say, the moment he comes through the door, he will raise his shoulders, like this you see, arms shoulder high, then he lets his arms fall, dangling down. And like this, arms and hands dangling loosely from the square shoulders, that's how he enters the room.

(He drinks)

With me you can steal horses.

FAIRCHILD

(Enters)

There's a woman outside looking for a man named Galy Gray.

GALY GAY

Galy Gray. The man's name whom she is looking for is Galy Gay.

(FAIRCHILD looks at him
for a moment, then he goes
to call Mrs. Galy Gay)

GALY GAY

(To the Three)

Don't worry, she's a very warm-hearted person and comes from a district where practically only friendly people live. You can rely on me, because now Galy Gay has tasted blood.

FAIRCHILD

Come in, Mrs. Gray. There's a man here who knows your husband.

(He comes back with Mrs. Galy Gay)

MRS. GALY GAY

Forgive me, gentlemen, for disturbing you and forgive me for the way I am dressed. I left home in a hurry and was rushing all the way and now I am a little out of breath. Oh, there you are Galy Gay, oh my goodness, how funny you look. Is that you, dressed up like that?

GALY GAY

No.

MRS. GALY GAY

I don't understand. How did you get into that uniform? You don't look at all good in it, anybody will agree with *me* that. Why don't you change and get into your old clothes and come home with me now. You are a funny man, Galy Gay. *Heavens,* What will you do next?

URIA

She isn't quite right in her head.

MRS. GALY GAY

It isn't easy to have a man like that, a man who can't say no.

GALY GAY

Whom is she talking to; I'd like to know.

URIA

She's probably insulting you.

FAIRCHILD

I believe that Mrs. Gray is quite clear in her head. Please continue to talk, Mrs. Gray. I could listen to your voice for hours. It sounds better than Grand Opera to me.

MRS. GALY GAY

I would like to know what you're trying to achieve with your bragging and this high and mighty talk. But I do know nothing good will come of it. So come now, let's go home --- Why don't you talk? Are you hoarse or something?

GALY GAY

I think that you are saying all this in my direction, and I say to you that you have me mixed up with somebody else and that all this twaddling about me is stupid and in bad taste.

MRS. GALY GAY

Did you say I mix you up with somebody else? Did you have something to drink? Because that doesn't agree with him.

GALY GAY

If you say that I'm Galy Gay, then you can just as well say that I am the Commanding General of the whole Army.

MRS. GALY GAY

I put the water in the kettle yesterday at about this time and the water was boiling, but you never brought the fish. You never came home.

GALY GAY

Now what is all this about a fish? You know you talk as if you had no brains at all, and in front of these gentlemen here.

FAIRCHILD

A very strange case. I'm getting the most terrible ideas, so terrible in fact, that I'm chilled to the bone. My body is numb like ice. Do you know this woman?

(The THREE are shaking their heads)

And you?

(This to Galy Gay)

GALY GAY

I have seen a lot in my life, from Ireland to Kilkoa, but this woman has never crossed my path. I never saw her before.

FAIRCHILD

Tell this woman your name.

GALY GAY

Jeriah Jip.

MRS. GALY GAY

This is monstrous. Actually, Sergeant, if I look very closely, there is something, it seems to me, that is a little different about him. Just a little different from my Galy Gay, the packer, although I couldn't say what it is.

FAIRCHILD

We will soon know what it is. Very soon.
(He exits with Mrs. Galy Gay)

GALY GAY

(He jumps into the centre of the room and sings: "THE MOON OF ALABAMA". Then he steps up to Jesse, beaming)

They say about the Galy Gays in Ireland, that they always know how to drive a nail deep into the wood, no matter where they are.

URIA

(To Polly)

Before the moon sets the seventh time, this man must be another man.

POLLY

You think that can be done, Uria? Make another man out of this man?

URIA

Yes, Polly. Because one man is like the other. Man is man.

POLLY

But the Army can depart any minute now.

URIA

Of course it can depart any minute. But the Canteen is still here as you see. And as you also know, the Artillery is still having horse races. I am telling you God doesn't leave people like us in the lurch by letting the Army walk off just like that. He would think it over at least three times.

POLLY

Listen!

(At this moment, trumpets and drums signal the embarkation of the Army. The THREE immediately stand in rank and file)

FAIRCILD

(Screaming off stage)

The Army embarks for the Northern Frontier. Time of departure tonight at ten minutes past two A.M.

(SONG interlude, saying approximately:
Mr. Brecht maintains that man is man.
Anybody can say that of course, so
Mr. Brecht goes on to prove that you
can do almost as you please with man.
Tonight a man will be dismantled and
remounted like an automobile. And as
we go a little nearer, we will see
how he is put together again as some-
thing else. You will see how the
ground on which the man with the fish
stands, will melt away like snow.
And you will see on the example of
Galy Gay how dangerous life really is)

IX

THE ARMY CANTEEN

A loud voice from off stage.

VOICE

The War has started as was anticipated some time ago. The Queen's Army is embarking ~~for~~ the Northern Frontiers *and the* ~~The~~ Queen orders her soldiers to go with the elephants and guns into the trains and she orders the trains to begin rolling toward the Northern borders. That is why the Queen orders you to be inside the trains and to be seated before the moon rises.

(WIDOW BEGBICK sits behind the counter ~~and sings~~)

BEGBICK

In Jehoo, the city which is always full, and where nobody ever settles down, they know a song about the flow of things which begins like this:

Song About The Flow of Things

(She goes back behind the Canteen and ~~The~~ THREE together with other soldiers, march on stage. Their faces now look white and cruel)

URIA

Comrades, war has broken out. The time of disorder is over. So we can't worry any more about piddling personal problems. That is why packer Galy Gay has to be changed into Jeriah Jip on the double. In order to achieve this, we shall involve him in a business deal, such as we are all familiar with. For this deal, we shall now fabricate an artificial elephant. Polly, take this pipe and take the head of this elephant down from the wall. You, Jesse, take your water canteen and shake some water out of it every time Galy Gay looks at the elephant, so he can see that it is a healthy animal. Now I will spread this cloth over you and here we have an elephant.

(THEY build an enormous artificial elephant) ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~

URIA (Cont'd)

This elephant you shall give him as a present and then you shall bring in a buyer. When Galy Gay sells the elephant, then we put him under arrest. And we shall say to him: How is it that you sell an elephant which is the property of the Army? And then he'll prefer to be Jeriah Jip, the soldier who goes to war at the Northern borders. And he will not want to be Galy Gay, the crook, who might, under the circumstances, be court-martialed and be shot to death.

A SOLDIER

You ~~KA~~ think he'll believe this is an elephant?

JESSE

What's wrong with it?

URIA

I'm telling you he'll believe it. He would believe this beer bottle is an elephant, if someone would point at it with a finger and say: I am in the market to buy this elephant.

A SOLDIER

So you need a buyer?

URIA

(Calls)

Widow Begbick.

(The BEGBICK enters)

Do you want to be the buyer?

BEGBICK

Yes, because otherwise you scoundrels will leave me here with my beer wagon and I need your help to dismantle it.

URIA

~~Now~~ you will say to the man, who will now come, that you would be interested to buy this elephant. And we will help you with the loading of the canteen. That's called tit-for-tat.

BEGBICK

All right.

(SHE goes back to her place behind the canteen)

GALY GAY

(Enters)

Is the elephant here?

URIA

Mr. Gay, business is in full swing. Basically it consists in selling the supernumerary and none-registered army elephant, Billy Humph. The deal itself is a matter of auctioning off - to private ~~buyers~~ of course - this said Billy Humph without causing too much fuss.

GALY GAY

Makes sense. Who is going to auction him off?

URIA

Someone who will sign as owner.

GALY GAY

Naturally. Who will sign as owner?

URIA

Do you wish to sign as the owner, Mr. Gay?

GALY GAY

Is there a buyer, that's the point.

URIA

Yes.

GALY GAY

My name must not be mentioned of course.

URIA

Of course. Would you like a cigar?

GALY GAY

(Suspicious)

Why?

URIA

Just so you keep your even temper and a cool head. The elephant has a slight cold.

GALY GAY

Who is the buyer?

BEGBICK

(Steps forward)

Oh, Mr. Galy Gay, I am looking for a nice elephant, have you got one by any chance?

GALY GAY

Widow Begbick, you are a lucky woman. It is quite possible that I may have something for you.

BEGBICK

But first you better help me to carry off this canvas frame.
The heavy guns are coming soon.

SOLDIERS

Yes sir, Widow Begbick.

(The SOLDIERS dismantle part
of the Canteen. The elephant
is standing there vaguely)

JESSE

(To Begbick while the dismantling
takes place)

And I'm telling you, Widow Begbick, looking ~~far~~ at this
from a little further away, and objectively, what happens
here is an historical event. Because, what happens here?
The personality is put under a magnifying glass, we step
closer, and we examine a habitual character. Here is
where so-called progress begins and makes a clean sweep
of everything. Here everything adds up. Behind the
assembly line or behind the drill, every character, ~~the~~
small or large, is the same, looking at it from a practical
point of view. The personality! The ancient Assyrians,
Widow Begbick, described the personality as a tree whose
branches unfold. So let him unfold. We shall fold it ^{right} back
again, very simple, Widow Begbick. What does Copernicus
say? What rotates? The earth rotates, and consequently man
rotates. According to Mr. Copernicus. And so man is not
the center of things. Now you look at it closely, if you
please, How could we ever believe that this ~~should~~ should ever be
the center of ~~thing~~ anything. Historical, Widow Begbick,
whatever happens here is history in the making. Man is
nothing. Modern science has proof that everything is
relative. Now what does that mean? It means that the
table, the bench, the water, the trash-can, the latrine,
even you, Widow Begbick and I are relative. Look me in
the eyes, Widow Begbick, ~~the~~ historic moment. If man stands
in the center of things --- it's only relative.

Number I

URIA

(Announcing in a loud voice)

Number One: the Elephant Deal. The M.G. detachment hands
over to the man who does not want his name mentioned, one
elephant.

GALY GAY

Another shot of brandy, another draw from the Felix Brazil
and then let's face life.

URIA

(Introducing the elephant)

Billy Humph, champion of Bengal, senior elephant in the
service of the Queen's great army.

GALY GAY

(Looks at the elephant and
gets the fright of his life)

This is the elephant?

A SOLDIER

He has a bad cold, that's why he has ^a~~that~~ scarf around his
neck.

GALY GAY

(Walks around the elephant)
(With a worried look on his face)

The scarf isn't the worst.

BEGBICK

I am the buyer, Mister. I want to buy this elephant.

GALY GAY

Are you ~~sure~~? Are you sure you want to buy this elephant?

BEGBICK

I don't care if he's small or large, that's unimportant.
But ever since I was a little girl, I wanted to ~~buy~~^{have} an elephant.

GALY GAY

Well -- is this really what you imagined him to look like?

BEGBICK

As a child I always wanted a big elephant, as large as Hindukush;
but right now this one will do.

GALY GAY

Well, Widow Begbick, if you're so set on buying this elephant,
I'm the owner.

A SOLDIER

(Running on stage)

Pst, pst! The Bloody Fiver is coming through the camp inspect-
ing the train cars. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~

ALL SOLDIERS

The Human Typhoon!

BEGBICK

Wait, I'm not going to let this elephant slip through my fingers.

(The BEGBICK and the SOLDIERS run off)

URIA

(To Galy Gay)

Here, hold on to the elephant for a moment.

(He gives ~~them~~ the rope that is tied to the elephant)

GALY GAY

And I, Mr. Uria, where do I go?

URIA

You stay right here.

(HE runs off with the SOLDIERS)

(GALY GAY holds on to the very end of the rope, which at the other end, is tied around the elephant's neck)

GALY GAY

(Alone)

My mother often said to me: ^{One} You never know for certain. But you, you know nothing, she said. Yesterday morning, Galy Gay, you left home to procure a small fish and now you already have a large elephant on your hands and who knows what happens tomorrow. You don't care, Galy Gay. As long as you get your check, that's the only thing that matters.

URIA

(Looking carefully in)

It's unbelievable. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ He doesn't even look over here. Can you imagine that? Walks across the camp and looks right into the other direction. Look at him!

(We see FAIRCHILD in the background pass by)

The Tiger of Kilkoa has just passed by.

(URIA, the BEGBICK and the other SOLDIERS quickly return)

Number II

URIA

(Announcing in a loud voice)
Now comes Number Two! The Elephant Auction. The man who does not want his name mentioned sells the elephant.

(GALY GAY picks up a hand bell.
The BEGBICK brings a wooden pail
and puts it upside down on the
floor, right in the middle of the
stage)

A SOLDIER

Do you still have any reservations in regard to the elephant?

GALY GAY

If he can be sold, I can't afford to have reservations.

URIA

Isn't it the truth? If it can be sold, it ~~is got to~~^{must} be genuine.

GALY GAY

Who can say **No** there. An elephant is an elephant, particularly when there is a buyer.

(He stands on top of the pail
and starts to auction off the
elephant who is now standing
next to him)

Hear ye! Hear ye!

(He rings the bell)

I herewith offer Billy Humph, Champion of Bengaly, to the highest bidder. He was born, the way you see him now, in the Southern District of Pandshab. Around his baby crib stood seven Maharadjas. His mother was white and he is now sixty-seven years old, which for an elephant, is the age of puberty. His weight is thirteen hundred pounds and he can mow down a large forest as if it were the grass of your front lawn. Billy Humph, the way you see him now, represents a small fortune to anybody who owns him.

URIA

And ~~there~~^{here} is Widow Begbick, with a checkbook in her hand.

BEGBICK

Does this elephant belong to you?

GALY GAY

Like my own foot.

A SOLDIER

Billy must be much older than you say he is. He has a remarkably stiff behavior.

BEGBICK

In that case, you have to come down with the price.

GALY GAY

I haven't mentioned the price, but I paid two hundred rupies for him myself. That's what he costs me and that's what he is worth until he sinks into his grave.

BEGBICK

(Begins to examine the elephant)

Two hundred rupies? With this paunch hanging down like that?

GALY GAY

But I also believe that for a widow, he is the perfect pet.

BEGBICK

All right. And how about his health?

(BILLY HUMPH loses some water)

That's good enough for me. I see he is a healthy animal. I am offering five hundred rupies.

GALY GAY

Five hundred rupies for the first time -- is there any other bid -- and the second and the third time. Sold!

(He rings the bell)

Widow Begbick, let me be the first one to congratulate you and let me have the check. The elephant is yours.

BEGBICK

Your name?

GALY GAY

Must not be mentioned.

BEGBICK^a

All right. Mr. Uria, please, ^alone me a pencil so that I can make out a check to this gentleman here, who does not want his name to be mentioned.

URIA

(Gives her a pencil and says to the soldiers)

The moment he takes the check, lay hands on him.

BEGBICK

Here's your check, Mr. Nobody.

GALY GAY

And here, Widow Begbick, is your elephant.
(He hands the rope to the Begbick
and reaches out for the check)

A SOLDIER

(Puts his hand on Galy Gay's shoulder)
In the name of the British Army, what do you think you're doing?

GALY GAY

Who? Me? Nothing!
(He laughs stupidly)

A SOLDIER

What kind of elephant is that you got there?

GALY GAY

Which one? I don't know what you mean?

A SOLDIER

The one right behind you, mainly. No foul excuses, Mister.

(GALY GAY turns around)

GALY GAY

You mean this one? I never met this elephant!

THE SOLDIERS

Hah!

that A SOLDIER

We are witnesses ~~at~~ this man said the elephant belongs to him.

BEGBICK

Like his own foot, he said.

GALY GAY

(Wants to leave)

I'm sorry, but I've got to go now. I'm very late and my wife
expects me urgently.

(He breaks through the group)

I'll be back, gentlemen, and we'll talk the whole thing over.
Good evening!

(To BILLY, who follows him)

Stay here, Billy, don't be stubborn. Over there, the sugar-
cane is growing over there.

URIA

Halt! Aim your rifles at this thief, because that's what he is.
Men, we are dealing with a criminal.

(POLLY, inside Billy Humph,
bursts out laughing) URIA
kicks him with a rifle butt)

URIA (Cont'd)

Shut up, Polly!

(The top canvas starts to slide down off the elephant and Polly's head appears)

POLLY

Damn it!

(GALY GAY, thoroughly confused, stares at POLLY and then looks bewildered from one soldier to another. The structure of the elephant, without skin now, begins to run away.)

BEGBICK

What is going on here? This is no elephant! This is just canvas and soldiers. This is all a big swindle. For my good money -- a phoney elephant!

(Screaming)

I've been robbed! I've been robbed!

URIA

Widow Begbick, this criminal will be tied up with heavy ropes and thrown into the latrine.

(The SOLDIERS tie him up and stick him into a hole, so that just his head remains visible above the stage floor. We hear the heavy artillery roll by)

BEGBICK

There, the heavy artillery is leaving and my canteen has not been packed yet. You promised to help me with my wagon.

(The SOLDIERS begin to ^{dis}mantle the canteen and fold the canvas sheets, which they put into a basket Widow Begbick has brought on stage. She now sings.)

SONG ABOUT THE DIRTY LINEN

(Then SHE goes off. The SOLDIERS now gather around URIA)

Number III

URIA

(Announcing in a loud voice)

Now comes Number Three: The case against the man who did not want his name mentioned. You there, form a circle around the accused and let's cross-examine him. Do not stop to question him until you arrive at the naked truth.

GALY GAY

I would like to ask your kind permission to say something.

URIA

You have already said a lot tonight, man. Who knows the name of the man who auctioned off the elephant in public?

A SOLDIER

His name was Galy Gay.

URIA

Any witness?

THE SOLDIERS

We all heard it.

URIA

What does the accused say to that?

GALY GAY

It was somebody who did not want his name to be known.

A SOLDIER

I heard him say his name was Galy Gay.

URIA

Are you not that man?

GALY GAY

(Trying to be shrewd)

Well, of course, if I would be Galy Gay, then I might be the one whom you looking for.

URIA

Do you mean to say you are not this Galy Gay?

GALY GAY

(Mumbling)

No I'm not.

URIA

And -- maybe you were not even present when Billy Humph was auctioned off?

GALY GAY

No -- that's right -- I was not even present.

URIA

But you did see that it was somebody named Galy Gay who sold the elephant?

GALY GAY

Yes -- I can testify to that.

URIA

Well -- then you were present, nevertheless.

GALY GAY

I can testify to that too.

URIA

You heard it. You all heard it. The moon is ^{coming} up ~~in the sky~~ and he is still linked up with this foul deal over an elephant. And as far as Billy Humph is concerned, he was not even a regular elephant.

JESSE

That he certainly was not.

A SOLDIER

The man said it was an elephant. But it was a fraud made of canvas, paper and people inside.

URIA

And so he sold a counterfeit elephant. The punishment is naturally death. What you have to say to that?

GALY GAY

Well, maybe an elephant would not have taken him for an elephant. It is very difficult to make a distinction there. These things are always a great problem, your Honor.

URIA

It certainly is complicated and entangled. Still, I think we shall have to shoot you, because you have made yourself extremely suspicious in this case.

(GALY GAY is silent)

You know I heard of a soldier called Jip, who on several occasions, during a roll call, for instance, admitted that he was ~~JIP~~ Jip. But on other occasions, he wanted to make believe that his name was Galy Gay. Maybe you are this soldier Jip?

GALY GAY

No, certainly not.

URIA

So your name is not Jip? Well, what is your name? --- you don't answer. So you are one who does not want his name to be known. Are you by any chance the one who did not want to give his name at the Elephant Auction? Again you are silent. No answer. That is enormously suspicious and almost amounts to a conviction. The criminal elephant ~~trainer~~ *dealer* is also supposed to have worn a beard. You have such a beard. Well, let's go now and hold council.

(He goes upstage with the
SOLDIERS, **TWO** remain with
GALY GAY)

(As he walks upstage)

He is already not so sure whether he wants to be Galy Gay.

GALY GAY

(To the TWO SOLDIERS, after
a while)

Can you hear what they are saying?

A SOLDIER

No.

GALY GAY

Do they say I am this Galy Gay?

A SOLDIER

They say that it isn't certain any more who you are.

GALY GAY

Remember, Mr. Soldier, some one is no one.

A SOLDIER

Is it already out against whom the war is declared?

THE OTHER SOLDIER

If they want cotton, then it's Tibet and if they want wool, then it will be Pamir.

JESSE

(Comes downstage)

Hello, isn't this Mr. Galy Gay who sits here all roped up?

FIRST SOLDIER

Hey there. Answer!

GALY GAY

I think you have me mixed up with some one, Jesse. Look closer. Just look closer Jesse, and you'll see.

JESSE

My goodness, aren't you Galy Gay?

(GALY GAY shakes his head.
To the Soldiers)

Leave us alone for a moment. I must speak to him a little.
They have just given him the death penalty.

(The TWO SOLDIERS go upstage)

GALY GAY

Is this it? Oh Jesse, Jesse, help me, you are such a great
soldier!

JESSE

How did it all happen?

GALY GAY

Well you see, Jesse, I don't know. We had a smoke, we had
a few drinks and I sold my conscience.

JESSE

I just heard over there, that this was all about a Galy Gay
who has to be shot to death.

GALY GAY

It couldn't be, it couldn't be.

JESSE

Well, aren't you Galy Gay?

GALY GAY

Wipe the sweat off my face, Jesse.

JESSE

(He does it)

Look into my eyes. I'm Jesse, your friend. You are Galy
Gay from Kilkoa, aren't you?

GALY GAY

Jesse, I'm telling you. You are making a mistake.

JESSE

We were four when we came from Kankerdan. Were you with us?

GALY GAY

Yes, Jesse, yes. From Kankerdan.

JESSE

(Joins the other soldiers)

And now the moon has not yet risen all the way and he
wants to be **Jeriah** Jip.

URIA

I think we should threaten him just a little more with the death penalty.

(The guns are rolling by)

BEGBICK

(Enters)

The guns, Uria, go on with the packing of my canteen. Get those frames ~~sent~~ down.

(The SOLDIERS continue to dismantle the Canteen and drag the pieces into the railroad wagon. URIA and the BEGBICK fold a few more of the canvas pieces. Only one wall remains standing now.)

The BEGBICK continues the Song of the Dirty Linen. This time the lyrics express the thought that only one thing is certain and that is doubt.)

GALY GAY

Widow Begbick, I beg of you, bring me a pair of scissors and please cut off my beard quickly, please.

BEGBICK

Why?

GALY GAY

Don't ask why. I know why.

(The BEGBICK takes out a pair of scissors and cuts Galy Gay's beard off. She puts it into her kerchief and carries the little bundle off with her. The SOLDIERS return downstage to Galy Gay)

Number IV

URIA

(Announcing in a loud voice)

Now comes Number Four: The execution of Galy Gay in the Army Barracks at Kilkoa.

BEGBICK

(Walks up to Uria)

Mr. Uria, I have here something for you.

(She whispers into his ear and gives him the little bundle with the beard)

URIA

(Goes to Galy Gay in the latrine)
Accused, is there anything you wish to say?

GALY GAY

Your Honor, if it pleases the court, I heard that the man, the criminal, who sold the elephant, was a man with a beard. Your Honor, I have no beard.

URIA

(Unfolds silently the little bundle which contains Galy Gay's beard and shows it around.
The SOLDIERS laugh)

And what is this? Now my dear man, you are certainly convicted, because the fact that you took off your beard proves that you have a bad conscience. Come now, man without a name, and listen to the sentence of this Court of Justice. **Know** then that you are to be shot to death by five rifles.

(The SOLDIERS drag GALY GAY out of the latrine hole)

GALY GAY

No, no, please! You can't! This cannot be done.

URIA

My dear man, listen well, because I cannot repeat it, it can be. And it shall be. This Military Court finds you guilty of one, stealing an elephant belonging to the Queen's Army and then selling it, which is first degree theft. Two, you sold an elephant which was no elephant which is fraud. Three, you have no name, nor do you have any papers of identification and it is even possible that you are a spy, which is treason.

GALY GAY

Uria, oh Uria, why are you like that to me?

URIA

Come, come now, fellow, behave like a good soldier, the way the army taught you. Now go on, get a grip on yourself, so that we can get this over with. On the double, man.

GALY GAY

Oh, please, don't rush it so. I'm innocent. I'm not the one you are looking for. I don't even know the man. My name is Jip, I can testify to that under oath. And what is an elephant compared to the life of a man. I never even looked at the elephant. All I did was hold on to a piece of rope, which somebody gave me to hold and that's what I held in my hand. Please don't go away from me now. Stay here, please, I'm somebody quite different. I swear I'm not Galy Gay -- honestly I'm not.

JESSE

Yes, you are, nobody else is. Under the three gum trees of Kilkoa, Galy Gay will see his blood ooze away. Go now, Galy Gay.

GALY GAY

Oh dear God help me!

(He screams)

No, there must be protocol, it has to be written down properly, that it wasn't me and that my name is not Galy Gay. It all has to be thought over carefully and all the reasons have to be recorded. I have a right to demand proper procedure, your Honor. You can not do a thing like this between noon and mid-day, when a human being is butchered off just like that.

JESSE

Forward, March!

GALY GAY

What do you mean march? I'm not the one you think I am. What I wanted was to buy a fish, but where is fish around here? What are all these guns doing, rolling down the road and making a noise like battle music, braying and blaring. No, I'm not going to take another step. I shall hold on to every blade of grass. I demand that all this nonsense be stopped immediately. Why is everybody leaving me alone, and why is nobody helping me, when a man is butchered off?

BEGBICK

When they load the elephants and you're not done with my canteen, soldiers, it will be all over with you.

(She walks off)

(GALY GAY walking like the hero of a tragedy, is being led upstage, then turned around and led downstage again.)

JESSE

Make room for the criminal whom the Military Tribunal has sentenced to die.

SOLDIERS

Look, somebody is being led off to be shot by a firing squad. What a shame. He can't be too old, either. Probably doesn't know how he got into this.

URIA

Company halt! Do you want to go to the john once more?

GALY GAY

Yes.

URIA

Guard him!

GALY GAY

I overheard that they have to leave when the elephants are coming. I must delay them as long as possible, so the elephants have a chance to get here.

(He turns his back
to the audience)

SOLDIERS

Hurry, hurry up!

GALY GAY

I can't, I can't. Is that the moon up there?

SOLDIERS

Yes, it's getting late.

GALY GAY

And isn't this the place of the Widow Begbick where we always had a drink together?

URIA

No, my boy, this is the shooting range, and this is the Johnny-are-you-dry wall. So let's not loose any more time. You there, one, two, three, four, five. You five get your rifles and line up over there.

SOLDIERS

It is hard to see anything in this light.

URIA

Yes, that's true. It's getting quite dark.

GALY GAY

Do you hear that? That's out of the question! You've got to see when you ~~should!~~
shoot

URIA

(to Jesse)

Take that lantern there and hold it next to his face.

(He blindfolds Galy Gay
with a handkerchief)

Load the guns!

(Whispering)

What are you doing, Polly, have you lost your mind? You're putting a bullet into your rifle. Take it out, you crazy lunatic.

POLLY

Gee, I'm sorry! Can you imagine I nearly loaded the damn thing. That would have been a nice little accident, if we had shot him dead. Don't you think?

(The elephants are passing the
Camp on the way to the trains.
The SOLDIERS stand frozen stiff
for a moment)

BEGBICK

(Shouting from off stage)

The elephants!

URIA

That can't be helped now. He's got to be ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ executed!
I'm counting till three. One ---

GALY GAY

Now it's really enough, Uria. The elephants are here too.
Do you still want me to stand around here? Uria, answer me.

(Screaming)

Why don't you answer me? Why is everything so terribly quiet?
Answer me.

URIA

Two ---

GALY GAY

(Begins to laugh)

You're really so funny, Uria, I can't even see you, because you
put this cloth in front of my eyes and I can't see a thing.
But your voice sounds as if you are in bitter earnest.

URIA

And one is ---

GALY GAY

Stop. Don't say it. Don't say **Three** because you'll be sorry.
If you start shooting now, you'll hit me.

(Screaming)

Stop, wait a while. Listen to me. I confess. I admit that
I don't know just what happened with me. Please believe me,
and don't laugh, I'm a man who doesn't know who he is. But
Galy Gay, that I'm not. That I know. The man who is to be
shot is not I. Who am I? I'm not even sure, because I have
forgotten. Yesterday evening, when it started to rain, I
still knew it. It rained last night, didn't it? I beg of
you, when you look here, or when you look there, whichever
~~this~~ corner this voice comes from, that's me, I beg of you.
Please. Call in the direction of that corner, say Galy Gay
to that corner, or some other words, anything. Have pity,
have pity and give me a piece of meat. And that is Galy
Gay, where the meat goes into and also where it comes out of.
At least that, please, so you see someone who has forgotten
who he is, and that's me. And let the one you see, let him
off once more. Just this time.

(URIA has said something into POLLY's ear and now POLLY goes behind GALY GAY and raises ~~the~~ a heavy club)

URIA

And one is Three!

(GALY GAY screams loud)

Fire!

(GALY GAY faints)

POLLY

Stop. He fell all ~~by~~ himself.

URIA

(Screams)

Shoot. So he can still hear that he is dead.

(The SOLDIERS shoot straight in the air)

Let him lie there and get ready to march.

(GALY GAY stays crumpled up, as the FOUR SOLDIERS sing the War Song)

X

THE CANTEEN WAGON

Loaded, ready to be ^{coupled} ~~covered~~ to
the Army train. There is still
a table and five chairs.

The BEGBICK and the THREE are
sitting. GALY GAY is covered
with a cloth.

JESSE

That's the sergeant coming this way. Now I hope you can
keep him from sticking his nose into our affairs, Widow
Begbick.

(FAIRCHILD enters in
civilian clothes)

BEGBICK

Well, if it isn't a civilian coming in.
(To Fairchild, who stands
now in the door frame)
Come join us, Charley.

FAIRCHILD

There you sit, Gomerrah.
(Noticing Galy Gay)
Who is this stiff?

(Silence. He bangs his fist
on the table and screams:)

Attunnnnnnshunn!

URIA

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~

(Hits Fairchild's bowler hat
right over his face)

Pipe down! Civilian!
(Laughing)

~~XXXXXXXXXX~~

FAIRCHILD

Mutiny, go ahead you sons of bitches. Stare at my clothes
and laugh, you bastards. Tear up my name into little bits,
my reputation which is tremendous from Calcutta to Cooch-Behar.

FAIRCHILD (Cont'd)

A drink, and then I shoot you down!

URIA

Show us. You have to show us. Give us a little sample of your shooting.

FAIRCHILD

I don 't want to.

BEGBICK

Hardly one woman among ten can resist a sharpshooter.

POLLY

Go ahead. Fire away, Fairchild.

BEGBICK

You should, you know. Just for me.

FAIRCHILD

Oh you Babylon. All right, I'm putting this egg on the table. How many feet should I stay away?

POLLY

Four.

FAIRCHILD

(Walks ten steps away)

BEGBICK

(Counting)

One -two - three - four - five - six - seven - eight - nine - ten --

FAIRCHILD

Now I take this ordinary army revolver and take aim.
(He shoots)

JESSE

(Examines the egg)

It's just like it was before.

POLLY

Undamaged.

URIA

Possibly a little bigger.

FAIRCHILD

Isn't that funny. I was sure I could hit it.

(Big laughter)

FAIRCHILD (Cont'd)

Whiskey. I want a drink.
(He drinks)

I shall squash you like bugs, you vermin, all of you, as sure as my name is the Bloody Fiver.

URIA

Actually -- how did you acquire that name, Bloody Fiver, why don't you tell us the story of your life, Sergeant?

JESSE

Show us -- act it out.

FAIRCHILD

Shall I tell them, Mrs. Begbick?

BEGBICK

Which woman among seven wouldn't desperately fall in love with such a wild and bloody man?

FAIRCHILD

All right, so I tell you. So here is the Ishadse River. There are five Hindus standing here like this. Hands tied in the back. So there I come with an ordinary army revolver, like this, and I waive it around in front of their noses a little bit like this, and I say: This revolver has on a number of occasions misfired. We shall have to test it. So then I pull the trigger --- you there, bum -- dead! You there --- bummm --- dead! You there --- bummm --- dead! That's what I did five times. That's all. That's all there was to it, gentlemen.

(He sits down)

JESSE

And that's how you got that marvellous reputation and made a slave out of this widow here. Of course, from a standpoint of pure humanism, one could question your behavior and one might fear that your manners are a little unbecoming. One could say for instance, that you are a pig.

BEGBICK

Are you a monster?

FAIRCHILD

I would feel extremely sorry if you interpret it that way, because your opinion is very important to me.

BEGBICK

Yes, but is it also decisive?

FAIRCHILD

(Looks deep into her eyes)

Absolutely!

then
 BEGBICK
 Well, let me say this: In my opinion, my dear, I have to wrap up this canteen and get it hitched to the train and I have no more time for private palavas. I already hear the Mounted Lancers on their horses trotting by to get into the wagons. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~

(One hears the LANCERS pass by)

POLLY
 Are you by any chance insisting that this woman subjugates herself to your private desires, although the Lancers are loading the horses and although you have just heard that for military reasons the Canteen has to be ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ loaded into the wagon.

FAIRCHILD
 (Screaming)
 Yes, I insist, and I also want a drink.

POLLY
 Well, then, we won't make much fuss with you, my lad.

JESSE *under*
 Mister, not far away from here, ~~after~~ a rough sail cloth, lies a man in the uniform of the British Army. He rests from a hard day's work. Twenty-four hours ago, viewed from a military standpoint, this man was still crawling on all four. The voice of his wife gave him a shock. Without guidance, he was unable to buy a fish. For a cigar, he was willing to forget his father's name. A few decent people took an interest in him because by chance they knew of an opening, ~~for him~~. Now -- even though it was a painful process -- ~~he~~ now he has become a man. A man who, in the battles to come, will fill a position. But you -- on the other hand -- have sunk down to become a civilian. At a time when the army sets out for the Northern frontiers to create order there, for which you need beer, you heap of horse manure, you prevent the proprietor of the camp canteen to hitch ^{her} beer wagon to the army train.

POLLY
 How can you justify such unbecoming behavior? How will you be able to conduct a proper roll call in this condition? You wouldn't even be able to hold a pencil to write our name into the army records, you scum.

URIA
 How will you ever be able to face the company after this, when your soldiers are already wetting their lips to meet their innumerable enemies in a glorious battle. Stand up man.

(FAIRCHILD gets up staggering about)

POLLY

You call that standing up?
(He gives him a kick in the behind
and FAIRCHILD collapses)

URIA

Can you imagine, at one time this was called ~~X~~ the Human Typhoon?
Throw this wreck into the bushes, so it doesn't demoralize
the company.

(The THREE start dragging the
body to the rear.)

A SOLDIER

(Running in)
Is Sergeant Fairchild here? The General wants him to hurry
and get his men into the train.

FAIRCHILD

Don't say it's me.

JESSE

There's no sergeant by that name here.

NUMBER V

(The BEGBICK and the THREE look
now at Galy Gay who is still
under the cloth)

URIA

Widow Begbick, we have reached the end of the transformation.
I believe that our man has been rebuilt.

POLLY

What he still needs is a voice that sounds human.

JESSE

Have you got a voice in stock for an occasion such as this?

BEBBICK

Yes. And something to eat, too. Take this box now and mark
it with chalk: Galy Gay. And then draw a cross on it.

(THEY do it)

Now let's form a funeral procession and bury the box.

BEGBICK (Cont'd)

All this must not take more than nine minutes, because it is already one minute past two.

URIA

(Announcing in a loud voice)

Number Five: funeral and funeral procession for Galy Gay, the last character personality of the year 1925.

(SOLDIERS enter packing their knapsacks)

Lift that box there and let us arrange a pretty funeral procession.

(The SOLDIERS go upstage and line up ~~there~~ with the box lifted on their shoulders)

JESSE

I'm now going to ask him to make the funeral speech.

(To BEGBICK, who has brought some food)

He won't eat anything now.

BEGBICK

A fellow like him eats even if he is ^{not} ~~is~~ nobody right now.

(She ~~walks~~ ^{walks} over to Galy Gay, takes the cloth off and gives him food. GALY GAY starts eating at once)

GALY GAY

More.

(She gives him some more food and then she signals to Uria to start the funeral procession)

Who is this, whom they bring there?

BEGBICK

Somebody who was shot the last moment.

GALY GAY

What's his name?

BEGBICK

Wait a minute. If I'm not mistaken, it was Galy Gay.

GALY GAY

And what is going to happen to him now?

BEGBICK

To whom?

GALY GAY
To this Galy Gay.

BEGBICK
They'll bury him, naturally.

GALY GAY
Was he a good person or a bad one?

BEGBICK
Oh, he, he was a dangerous character.

GALY GAY
And so they finally shot him down. I know. I was there.

(The procession goes on.
JESSE steps out of line
and turns to GALY GAY)

JESSE
Well, well, if it isn't Jip. Jip, you've got to get up and
make a speech at the funeral of this Galy Gay. After all,
you knew him better than any of us.

GALY GAY
Hello. Can you see me at all. The way I am now.

JESSE
(Points his finger at Galy Gay)
~~XX~~
~~XX~~

GALY GAY
Yes, that's correct. What am I doing now?
(He bends his arm)

JESSE
You're bending your arm.

GALY GAY
Yes --- and now I did it twice. What am I doing now?
(He marches up and down)

JESSE
You walk like a soldier.

GALY GAY
You walk like that too?

JESSE
Of course.

GALY GAY
And what do you say when you want something from me?

JESSE

I say ~~call on~~ Jip! Jip I want you to do something for me.

GALY GAY

Say: Jip walk around a little.

JESSE

Jip, walk around a little. Walk under that gum tree and prepare the funeral speech for Galy Gay.

GALY GAY

(Walks up to the box slowly)

Is this the box where he is now?

(He walks around the procession which holds up the box. He walks faster and faster and attempts to run away, but the WIDOW BEGBICK steps in ~~the~~ way)

BEGBICK

Anything I can do for you? Anything you need? I have medication for everything, any kind of illness, even against cholera for which the army prescribes castor oil. Soldiers never have any illness for which castor oil isn't the right medicine. You want castor oil?

GALY GAY

(Shakes his head)

My mother made a mark in the calendar the day I came out. The one who cried, that was me. This package of flesh, hair and skin, that is I, it is I.

JESSE

Yes, Jeriah Jip. Jeriah Jip from Tipperary.

GALY GAY

One, who carried cucumbers for small tips. An elephant betrayed him and he had to sleep quickly on a small stool because he had no time. And the fish water was boiling at home. Another one forgot to clean the machine gun and wasn't there when five rifles and his cigar was pushed into the face of a man who couldn't say no. The one who wasn't there, what was his name again?

URIA

Jip, Jeriah Jip.

(Train whistles)

SOLDIERS

The trains are leaving. Now you have to get along without us.

(THEY throw the box ~~down~~ and run away)

JESSE

Six minutes left. He's got to come the way he is.

URIA

Listen to me Polly, and you Jesse, my comrades. We are the only three left now and the thin thread on which we all hang is being nibbled away. So listen well to what I am saying now under the last wall of Kilkoa at approximately four minutes past two in the morning. This man, whom we need, he must have a little more time, because he is transforming for eternity, which is a very long time. And because there is this necessity I am now pulling out my gun and I'm threatening you with immediate death, if you make the slightest move.

POLLY, ^{then} ~~and~~

But if he looks into the box, ~~and~~ it is all over.

GALY GAY

(Sits on the box)

(He has a SONG here, explaining why he couldn't look into the box and face the man GALY GAY, who is no more. The railway trains begin to move.)

And the trains, where are they going.

BEGBICK

The army is departing to face the fire spitting guns of the enemy in the North. Hundred thousand are marching north and when a man finds himself in a stream like that, then ~~and~~ he looks for two who will march with him. One on the left, another on the right. He looks around for a gun, and a food bag, and a dog tag to put around his neck, and a number on the tag, so you know where you belong ~~and~~ ^{when} they find you. Do you have a tag?

GALY GAY

Yes.

BEGBICK

What's on it?

GALY GAY

Jeriah Jip.

BEGBICK

All right, Jeriah Jip, go and wash your face because you look like a dung heap and you can't create order in the northern towns with a dirty face.

GALY GAY

Who is the enemy?

BEGBICK

It has not been announced yet, but it looks more and more as if it's going to be Tibet.

URIA

Your funeral speech, comrade Jip, Your funeral speech!

GALY GAY

Over
(~~About~~ the casket)

Raise this box, which belongs to Widow Begbick and which contains a mysterious corpse, two feet and lower it six feet deep into the earth of Kilkoa. Listen to the funeral speech made by Jeriah Jip from Tipperary, which is very difficult, because I am not prepared. Still let us proceed: Here rests Galy Gay, a man who was shot dead. He walked out of the kitchen one fine morning to buy a flounder and he ~~ent~~ up with an elephant on his neck. That same night he was shot. Don't believe for a moment, my dear friends, that this was just the next best man while he was still among the living. No -- he even owned a little straw hut on the edge of the city, and a few other things about which the less said, the better. It was not a big crime that this man committed, my friends, and he was a good man. One can say whatever one wishes to say about it, but it was just a small mistake, if you really examine it closely -- and I was too drunk, gentlemen, but man is man as we say and that is why he had to be shot. And now it has stopped raining and the wind is considerably cooler, which it always is toward morning -- and I think we better leave now, because it is getting chilly and a bit uncomfortable.

(He walks away from the casket)

But why are you all in full battle dress?

POLLY

We are leaving right away for the Northern Frontier.

GALY GAY

Then why am I not dressed?

JESSE

Yes, why isn't he dressed? Here are your things, Captain.

(THEY stand in front of GALY GAY while he dresses into battle dress. Loud and ghastly battle music accompanies the change. In the end GALY GAY appears dressed like the other SOLDIERS, with pale face, and a knife between his teeth. The music grows and the FOUR begin to walk forward with their machine gun as one unit)

GALY GAY

(Taking the knife out of his mouth.
He shouts)

What is this terrible sound in the air?

URIA

That is the thunder of guns. We are approaching the hills of Tibet.

GALY GAY

(Shouting)

Let's run or we'll be late.

(As THEY start running in quick step formation, another SOLDIER runs after them.)

JIP

Uria! Hello Jesse, hello Polly! Here I am!

(The THREE SOLDIERS behave as if they don't see him)

URIA

You can't hear your own voice any more.

POLLY

Keep your eyes out front and don't listen to the noise.
(THEY slow down and march again)

JIP

(Marching alongside)

Hello, Jesse, hello Uria, hello Polly. How are you? I haven't seen you for a long time. I was detained, you know. I hope you didn't have any trouble because of me. I just couldn't get away. You know, I'm glad I'm back. --- Why don't you say something?

(THEY stop marching)

POLLY

What can we do for you, sir?

JIP

Your voice has changed, Polly, but you're still Polly. I was engaged in a very prosperous project, but I left to get back to you. Are you angry, by any chance?

URIA

I think that you have probably the wrong address, sir.

POLLY

We don't know you, sir.

JESSE

We may have met somewhere, as a matter of fact, your face looks familiar, but the army is big and you meet many people.

JIP

You really have changed.

URIA

That's the army.

JIP

But I am Jip, your good old Jip.

(The THREE begin to laugh.
After a while, GALY GAY
starts laughing too. At
that moment, the THREE stop)

Who is this laughing idiot?

JESSE

You see, you could never be our Jip, because Jip would never have left us. He could never have betrayed us. Our Jip would never have been detained, that's why you could not be our Jip.

JIP

Sure I'm Jip.

URIA

Prove it. Prove it.

JIP

So you don't want to know me. There is nobody here who wants to know me. Then listen to me, and listen to what I have to say. You're very hard pepple and the way you'll end, you can count out on five fingers. Give me my passport.

GALY GAY

You're making a mistake and you should not get all upset.

(He walks over to the SOLDIERS)

You mustn't upset him.

(Now back to JIP)

You probably haven't eaten for a long time. Would you like some water?

(He offers his water
canteen to Jip)

GALY GAY (Cont'd)

You don't know any more where you belong. That's not important. Why don't you sit down and rest until the battle is over. Just don't walk around like that in the middle of the fire. It requires great courage and you may get hit.

(To the SOLDIERS)

He's completely lost and doesn't know what to think.

(Back to JIP)

Naturally you need a passport. Who would want you to run around without identification? Polly, why don't we give him the old passport of this Galy Gay with whom you always pulled my leg. I know how valuable a name is. Oh you laddies, do you remember how you always made fun of me. Dangerous jokes. Could have ended up very badly.

(He hands JIP the passport)

Here, take it -- any other problems?

JIP

You're the best one of the lot. You have a heart. But you -- I curse you! I curse you! Even the devil, your teacher, won't have anything to do with you when you're old and rotten and when you march through the desert and to the end of the world. Because you have betrayed a friend in need and you will shrivel up until you die, you sons of bitches! You dogs!

(HE runs off and the THREE
are silent. The battle noise
begins again)

GALY GAY

You can't keep the army waiting. Come on, Jesse, Uria, Polly. The battle has started and I already feel the desire to bury my teeth deep into the throat of the enemy. A man right -- a man to the left -- and a man behind. Let's go!

(Shouting)

Polly Baker!

POLLY

Here!

GALY GAY

Jesse Mahoney!

JESSE

Here!

GALY GAY

Uria Shelley!

URIA

Here!

GALY GAY

And -- Galy Gay! -- Here! -- Forward March! One--two -- one--two--
one--two-- one--two--one--two-----

(MUSIC catches up with rhythm
and, as the SOLDIERS march
forward with mounted bayonets,
it swells up to a crescendo of
battle noise)