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No Exit

A Play in One Act

by Jean Paul Sartre

Adapted from the French
By Paul Bowles

A Samuel French Acting Edition



New York Hollywood London Toronto
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NO EXIT

STORY OF THE PLAY

(2 males; 2 females)

Produced with great success in Paris, London, and numerous other capitals of Europe, *No Exit* was first presented in New York at the Biltmore Theatre with Claude Dauphin, Annabella, and Ruth Ford. Two women and one man are locked up together for eternity in one hideous room in hell. The windows are bricked up; there are no mirrors; the electric lights can never be turned off; and there is no exit. The irony of this hell is that its torture is not of the rack and fire, but of the burning humiliation of each soul as it is stripped of its pretenses by the cruel curiosity of the damned. Here the soul is shorn of its secrecy, and even the blackest deeds are mercilessly exposed to the fierce light of hell. It is an eternal torment.

HERMAN LEVIN and OLIVER SMITH
Present

NO EXIT

A New Play
By Jean-Paul Sartre
Adapted from the French by Paul Bowles
With
ANNABELLA CLAUDE DAUPHIN RUTH FORD
Directed by JOHN HUSTON
Setting and Lighting designed by FREDERICK KIESLER

CAST
(In order of appearance)

CRADEAU ---------- *Claude Dauphin*
BELLBOY ---------- *Peter Kass*
INEZ ---------- *Annabella*
ESTELLE ---------- *Ruth Ford*

SCENE
A room. Time, the present.

No Exit

SCENE: *A room. Sparsely furnished. Looks rather like dentist's waiting room. The room is set on a platform that rakes from back down stage. The walls slant outward from back to down stage and the ceiling rakes from middle stage to the back. There is a fireplace and mantel in Right wall; on the mantel are a statue of Cupid and a letter opener. The door is in Center of back wall. There is a window in the Left wall; when the curtains are opened we see that the window has been bricked up. A chandelier hangs Center from ceiling, there being a hole in the ceiling large enough for the chandelier to go through. There is a large ornate gold chair Down Center; a red divan Right and a green divan Left of Center chair.*)

(CRADEAU *enters, looks around. Speech nervous, clipped.* BOY *follows.*)

CRADEAU. So this is it.

BOY. This is it.

CRADEAU. (*Musingly.*) And this is the way it looks.

BOY. This is the way it looks.

CRADEAU. I—I suppose in the end you get used to the furnishings.

BOY. That depends. Some people do.

CRADEAU. Are all the rooms like this?

BOY. (*Contemptuously.*) No, of course not. We get Chinese, Hindus, blacks, everything. What would they want with stuff like this?

CRADEAU. (*Vigorously.*) And what do they think I

want with it? God, it's hideous. Oh, well, I was always living with furniture I couldn't stand, anyway. And ideas. And people. I liked it.

BOY. (*Uncomprehending.*) Oh, you won't find it so bad here. You'll see.

CRADEAU. (*Mechanically.*) Good. Fine, fine. (*He looks around.*) Just the same, it seems funny to me—you've heard all the stuff they tell back there.

BOY. What about?

CRADEAU. Oh— (*Making a vague, wide gesture.*) All this.

BOY. You don't believe all that crap! People who've never been anywhere near here. Because if they had—

CRADEAU. Yes!

(*They* BOTH *laugh.*)

(*Becoming suddenly serious again.*) Where are the thumbscrews?

BOY. What?

CRADEAU. The thumbscrews, the whips, the racks?

BOY. Are you serious?

CRADEAU. (*Looking at him.*) Ah? Oh, good. Yes, I was serious. (*Silence; he walks about. With sudden violence.*) No mirrors, no windows, of course. Nothing breakable. (*With sudden violence.*) And why'd they take away my toothbrush?

BOY. Aha! There's your human dignity coming back!

CRADEAU. (*Pounds angrily once on the back of the divan.*) Save your familiarity, my friend. I know where I am and I know why I'm here, but I'll be damned if I'm going to stand for—

BOY. Take it easy. No harm meant. But what do you expect, all the guests ask the same thing. Right away they ask: "Where's the thumbscrews?" And when they say that, I can tell you they're not thinking about that Pepsodent smile of theirs. Then you get 'em calmed down, and about that time they start wanting their toothbrush. Now all I ask is, just stop and think: *why* in hell would you want to brush your teeth here?

CRADEAU. (*Quieted.*) Yes, I suppose that's true. Why

should I? (*Looks around.*) And why would I want to look in the mirror? As far as the statue goes, fine. There'll probably be plenty of times when I won't be able to look at it enough. (*Working himself up.*) Not enough, see? What the hell, there's nothing to hide. I tell you I'm quite aware of my status here. And why I was sent. Do you want to know what it's like to be here? Is that why you were looking at me like that? All right, I'll tell you. It's like drowning in hot water, with your eyes above the water. (*Whirls about to face mantel.*) And what do you see? A statue of Napoleon! (*Pause.*) What a nightmare! (*Pause.*) That's all right, *you* don't have to say anything. You're probably not allowed to, anyway. I know, I'll shut up. But just don't think it's a shock to me. I knew what was coming. I know the whole score backwards and forwards, behind me and ahead of me. (*He begins walking again. Reflectively.*) So it's no toothbrush. No beds either. You never sleep. Right?

BOY. Right.

CRADEAU. I was sure of it! Why *would* you sleep anyway? You feel sleepy, it creeps up on you behind the ears first. You feel your eyes shutting, but—sleep? You lie down on the couch, and—fttt!. All gone, you're not sleepy any more. You have to rub your eyes, get up and go through the whole thing over again.

BOY. You've got some imagination.

CRADEAU. Shut up. I'm not going to make any fuss; I just want to look the whole thing straight in the face. I don't want to give it a chance to knife me from behind where I can't see it. Imagination? Well, then, how's this? You don't get sleepy. Why sleep if you're not sleepy? Correct. Wait a minute, wait a minute! I've got it! Why is it painful to be here? Why would it naturally have to be torture? I've got it! Just because it's life without time off, without a break.

BOY. What d'you mean, break?

CRADEAU. What do I mean? (*Suspiciously.*) Look at me. I knew it! That's why you've got that smug, cocky

expression on your face. (*Pause. To himself.*) My God, they're atrophied.

BOY. Just what are you talking about?

CRADEAU. Your eyelids. *We* used to close ours. We called it blinking your eyes. A second of darkness, a little black curtain falls and goes back up, and your break is made. It keeps your eyeball moist and blots out the world. Think how restful it would be. A hundred rests in an hour. A hundred little escapes— So? I'm going to live without eyelids? You know it's all the same thing, without eyelids, without sleep. (*Pause.*) No more sleep— But how'm I going to put up with myself? Just try to understand. Try hard. I've got a mean, nasty kind of disposition, you see, and I—I'm sort of used to teasing myself. But I can't— I can't go on doing that all the time. Back there, there were nights. I used to sleep. A wonderful soft sleep, to make up for it. I made myself have simple dreams. There would be a field. A field of grass, that's all. I'd dream I was walking through it. (*Pause.*) Is it daytime?

BOY. Daytime?

CRADEAU. Is it light?

BOY. Don't you see the lights are lit?

CRADEAU. (*Pause. Then quietly.*) I see. But outside?

BOY. (*Flabbergasted.*) Outside?

CRADEAU. Outside! On the other side of the wall?

BOY. There's the hall.

CRADEAU. And at the end of the hall?

BOY. More rooms and more halls and stairs.

CRADEAU. And then what?

BOY. That's all.

CRADEAU. You must have a day off once in a while. Where do you go?

BOY. To see my uncle on the third floor. He's Bell Captain on that floor.

CRADEAU. I should have guessed. (*Pause.*) Where's the light-switch here?

BOY. There isn't any.

CRADEAU. You mean you can't turn the light off?

BOY. The management can shut off the juice. But I don't remember they ever did it on this floor. We have unlimited service.

CRADEAU. All right, so you have to live with your eyes open.

BOY. (*Maliciously, ironically.*) Live?

CRADEAU. Let's not split hairs about words. With your eyes open. Forever. Broad daylight in my eyes. And inside my head. (*A wait. Then suddenly.*) And if I were to send that statue through the chandelier, do you think it'd do the trick?

BOY. It's too heavy.

CRADEAU. (*Tries to take the statue in his hands.*) You're right. It is too heavy.

(*A silence.*)

BOY. Well, if you won't be needing me any longer, I'll—

CRADEAU. (*Jumping.*) You going? (*Pause.*) So long.

(*The* BOY *reaches the door.*)

Wait!

(*The* BOY *makes an affirmative gesture.*)

I can ring for you when I want and you have to come?

BOY. Well, yes. But something seems to be wrong with it. Sometimes it works and sometimes it doesn't.

(CRADEAU *goes to the button and presses it.* BELL *rings.*)

CRADEAU. It works!

BOY. (*Surprised.*) That's right. So it does! (*He rings.*) But don't get your hopes up; it won't last. Well, excuse me—

CRADEAU. (*Makes a movement to detain him.*) I—uh—

BOY. Huh?

CRADEAU. No, nothing. (*He goes to the mantel and takes the paper knife.*) What's this?

BOY. Why, a letter-opener.

CRADEAU. You have no mail delivery here?

BOY. No.

CRADEAU. Then what good is it?

(BOY *shrugs his shoulders.*)

That's all right. You can go.

(BOY *goes out.* CRADEAU *is alone. He goes to the statue and pats it with his hand. Sits down. Gets up. Exhibits extreme nervousness as he examines room in detail. At one point walks to window at stage Left, jerks curtains aside, disclosing solid brick wall in place of glass. Goes to the bell and pushes button. Bell does not ring. Tries two or three times. In vain. Then goes to the door and tries to open it. It does not open. He calls, frantically.*)

Boy! Boy!

(*No answer. His fists rain blows on the door, and he continues to call the boy. Then suddenly he becomes calm, goes back and sits down. At this point, the door opens and* INEZ *comes in, followed by the* BOY.)

BOY. (*To* CRADEAU.) You call?

CRADEAU. (CRADEAU *is about to reply, but glances at* INEZ.) No.

BOY. (*Turning toward* INEZ.) Here you are, Madame.

(*Silence from* INEZ.)

If you have anything you want to ask—

(*Continued silence.*)

(*Disappointed.*) Usually the guests want a little information— It's all the same to me— Besides, as far as the toothbrush goes, and the statue, and the bell, this gentleman knows all about it and he can answer your questions as well as I can.

(BOY *goes out. Silence.* CRADEAU *does not look at* INEZ. *She looks about, then goes brusquely toward* CRADEAU.)

INEZ. Where is Florence?

(CRADEAU *does not answer.*)

I'm asking you a question. Where is Florence?

CRADEAU. I haven't any idea.

INEZ. Is that the best you can do? Torture by separation? Well, it's a failure as far as I'm concerned. Florence was a little fool and I don't miss her.

CRADEAU. (*Moves to* INEZ.) I'm sorry, but— Who are you taking me for?

INEZ. You? You're the torturer, I suppose.

CRADEAU. (*Jumps, then begins to laugh. Moves down.*) That's very funny! You came in, you took one look at me, and you thought: "That's the man who's going to torture me." What a mistake! That stupid bellboy should have introduced us. Torturer! Let me do the honors. Vincent Cradeau, journalist and writer. Since we seem to be sharing the same quarters, Madame—? (*Moves to sit Center.*)

INEZ. (*Drily.*) Inez Serrano—Mademoiselle.

CRADEAU. Good, fine! Well, the ice is broken. Now do you find I have the face of a torturer? (*Pause.*) And would you kindly tell me just how you can recognize one?

INEZ. They look as if they were afraid.

CRADEAU. Afraid. That's crazy. And of whom? Of their victims?

INEZ. (*Stubbornly, looking away. Crosses above divan Right.*) I know what I'm talking about. I've seen my own face in the mirror.

CRADEAU. In the mirror? (*Looks around.*) This place is impossible. They've taken everything that looks remotely like a mirror out of here. (*A pause.*) Well, anyway, I can assure you *I'm* not afraid. I don't take the situation lightly, and I'm fully aware of its seriousness, but I'm not afraid.

INEZ. (*Shrugging her shoulders.*) That's your business. (*A pause. Insolently.*) Do you ever, by any chance, go out for a stroll?

CRADEAU. The door's bolted.

INEZ. (*Sits divan Right.*) Well, so much the worse.

CRADEAU. I can understand that you're not exactly happy to find me in here with you. And as a matter of fact I'd rather be alone myself. I'd like the chance to get a few things straight in my mind. Put my life in order, as it were. But I'm sure we can get used to each other. I don't talk, I don't even move around much, and I make very little noise. The only thing is, if you don't mind my suggesting it, we should keep up the greatest politeness toward each other. It will be our best defense.

INEZ. (*In a dead voice.*) I'm not a polite person.

CRADEAU. I'll be polite for both of us.

(*A silence.* CRADEAU *is seated. His mouth twitches.* INEZ *walks back and forth in the room.*)

INEZ. (*Stopping to look at him, with intense distaste.*) Your mouth.

CRADEAU. (*Coming out of a dream.*) I beg your pardon?

INEZ. Do you think it would be possible to stop twitching your mouth? It's going around like a top there, under your nose.

CRADEAU. I'm extremely sorry. I didn't realize.

INEZ. That's just the trouble.

(CRADEAU *resumes his tic automatically.*)

There! You make a point of being polite, but you leave your face out in the open. You're not alone, and you have no right to inflict the sight of your fear on me.

CRADEAU. (CRADEAU *rises and walks toward her.*) *You're* not afraid?

INEZ. What good would it do? Fear was for *before,* while we still had hope.

CRADEAU. (*Gently.*) There's no more hope, that I know, but we're still *before.* Whatever it's to be, it hasn't begun yet, you know, Mlle. Serrano.

INEZ. I know. (*A wait.*) And so? What's going to happen?

CRADEAU. I don't know. I'm just waiting.

(*A silence.* CRADEAU *goes back and sits down.* INEZ *resumes her striding about.* CRADEAU'S *mouth still twitches, then, after a glance at* INEZ, *he buries his face in his hands. The door opens and* ESTELLE *and the* BOY *enter.* ESTELLE *looks at* CRADEAU, *with his face still in his hands.*)

ESTELLE. (*Hysterically to* CRADEAU.) No! No, no! Don't take your hands away! I know what's behind! You have no face!

(CRADEAU *takes his hands away.*)

Oh! (*A pause. With surprise.*) I don't know you.

CRADEAU. I'm not the torturer, Madame.

ESTELLE. I didn't think that's who you were. I— I thought someone was trying to play a joke on me. (*To the* BOY, *anxiously.*) Are you still expecting someone else?

BOY. No one else is coming.

ESTELLE. (*Calmed.*) Oh! Then we're going to be all alone, just the three of us? Oh! (*She begins to laugh.*)

CRADEAU. (*Dryly.*) It's not a laughing matter.

ESTELLE. (*Continuing her laughter. Moves back of divan Left.*) Oh, I know, but these divans are so hideous. And look how they've set them out in a row. I feel as if it were New Year's and I were visiting my Aunt Marie. Each one has his own divan, I suppose. This one's mine? (*To the* BOY.) But I shall *never* be able to sit down on it! It's frightful! I'm in turquoise and it's upholstered in spinach *green.*

INEZ. Would you like mine?

ESTELLE. (*Going to Right of divan.*) That burgundy one? It's awfully nice of you, but I'm afraid it wouldn't be much better. Oh, well, what can one expect? Each one gets his little prize. Mine's the green one. I'll keep it. (*Pause. Reflectively.*) Actually the only one that could possibly match at *all* is the one this gentleman's sitting on.

(*Silence.*)

INEZ. (*Snaps.*) Did you hear, Cradeau?

CRADEAU. (*Jumping.*) The divan. Oh, excuse me! (*He gets up.*) It's yours, Madame. (*Crosses down to divan Left.*)

ESTELLE. Thank you. (*Moves up of chair Center. She takes off her coat and throws it on the chair. A wait.*) Since we're all going to live together, I think we should make each other's acquaintance. I am Estelle Delaunay.

(CRADEAU *bows and is about to introduce himself, but* INEZ *steps stolidly in front of him.*)

INEZ. (*To* ESTELLE.) Inez Serrano. I'm delighted!

CRADEAU. (*Bows again.*) Vincent Cradeau. (*Sits Left.*)

BOY. Do you need me for anything?

ESTELLE. No, that's all. I'll ring for you.

(BOY *bows and goes out.*)

INEZ. (*In the tone one uses to soothe a child who has fallen down.*) You're very lovely to look at, and I'm very happy. I wish I had some flowers to make you feel more at home.

ESTELLE. Flowers? Oh, yes. I always loved flowers. But they'd wither here, it's so hot. Oh dear! The important thing, I suppose, is to keep in a good humor. You, ah—

INEZ. Yes, last week, and you?

ESTELLE. I? Yesterday. The funeral isn't over yet. (*She speaks perfectly naturally, looking out over audience's heads as if she were seeing the things she describes.*) The wind is blowing my sister's veil around. She's doing *all* she can to cry. Oh, come, try a little harder than that! There! *Two* tears, two tiny little tears shining under the crepe. Gabrielle is terribly ugly this morning. She's holding onto her sister's arm. She doesn't dare cry because it would make her mascara run. I must say that in her place, I'd— Well, after all, she *was* my best friend.

INEZ. (*Fascinated.*) Did you suffer very much?

ESTELLE. No. I was barely conscious.

INEZ. What did you—

ESTELLE. Pneumonia. (*Continuing the same business as before.*) Well, it's over. They're leaving. Good morning! Good morning! Such a lot of handshaking! My husband is absolutely ill, he's so unhappy. He stayed at home. (*To* INEZ.) And you?

INEZ. Gas.

ESTELLE. (*To* CRADEAU.) And you?

CRADEAU. Twelve bullets in my carcass.

(ESTELLE *makes a gesture, shocked.*)

I'm sorry. (*Rises—moves up Left.*) I'm afraid I'm not a very high-class corpse.

ESTELLE. Oh, no, but I mean, if you only wouldn't use such crude words. It's—it's a little *disgusting!* And after all, what does it mean? You know, it may very well be that we've all never been so much alive as we are right now. If we must absolutely give a name to this—state of affairs, I suggest we call it absence. It *sounds* so much nicer. Have you been absent long?

CRADEAU. About a month.

ESTELLE. Where are you from?

CRADEAU. (*Crosses to Right Center.*) Paris.

ESTELLE. Have you anyone left back there?

CRADEAU. My wife. (*Looking out over audience.*) She came to the jail every other day. They wouldn't let her in. She's looking in through the bars, now. Doesn't know yet that I'm absent, but she suspects. Now she's leaving. She's all in black. So much the better, she won't have to change. The sun is nice and bright and she's in black, there in the empty streets, with those big eyes, like a victim's— Agh! She gets on my nerves!

(*A silence.* CRADEAU *goes and sits down in the Right divan and buries his face in his hands.*)

INEZ. Estelle!

ESTELLE. (*Rises, crosses Left of* CRADEAU.) Excuse me, Monsieur Cradeau!

CRADEAU. I beg your pardon?

ESTELLE. You're sitting on my divan.

CRADEAU. I'm sorry. (*He gets up; crosses to divan Left.*)

ESTELLE. You look so wrapped up.

CRADEAU. (*Sits Left.*) I'm putting my life in order.

(INEZ *bursts out laughing.*)

(*With vexation.*) It might be better for some people if they did the same thing.

INEZ. My life is all in order. Completely in order. It did it all by itself back there, and I don't need to bother about it here. (*Sits Right.*)

CRADEAU. Really? You think it's that simple? (*He wipes his forehead with his hand; rises.*) What heat! May I? (*He starts to take off his jacket.*)

ESTELLE. Oh, don't! (*More gently.*) No, please. I can't *stand* men in their shirtsleeves.

CRADEAU. (CRADEAU *puts it back on.*) That's all right. (*A pause.*) I used to spend all night in the copy room. It was always hot as a jungle in there. (*Pause. Same business as before.*) It *is* hot as the jungle in there right now. It's night out.

ESTELLE. So it is. Already night. Millicent is getting undressed, getting ready for bed. How fast time flies, there.

INEZ. It's night. They've closed up my room and sealed the door. And the room is empty and dark.

CRADEAU. They've put their coats on the backs of the chairs and rolled their shirtsleeves up above their elbows. It smells of men and cigar smoke. (*Silence.*) I used to like to live that way, with men around in their shirtsleeves. (*Sits Left.*)

ESTELLE. (*Dryly.*) Well, we don't happen to have the same tastes. That's all *that* proves. (*To* INEZ.) And you, did *you* like men in shirtsleeves?

INEZ. (*Flatly, looking at her nails.*) Shirts or no shirts, I'm not very fond of men anyway.

ESTELLE. (ESTELLE *looks at them both with stupefaction.*) But *why, why* have they put us together?

INEZ. (*Suppressing a laugh.*) What's that?

ESTELLE. I look at you both and I think of how we're going to live together— I somehow expected to find friends, relatives.

INEZ. A lovely friend with a hole in the middle of his face!

ESTELLE. Yes, that one, too. He used to do a rhumba like an absolute professional— But why have they put us, *us,* together?

CRADEAU. Well, it's just chance. They put the people in wherever they can, in the order of their arrival. (*To* INEZ.) What are you laughing at?

INEZ. At you and your chance. Do you need to be reassured that badly? They leave nothing to chance

ESTELLE. (*Timidly.*) Perhaps we've met somewhere before?

INEZ. Never, I'd never have forgotten you.

ESTELLE. Or maybe we had friends in common. Don't you know the Dubois-Seymours?

INEZ. I doubt it very much.

ESTELLE. They're always entertaining. Everyone goes.

INEZ. What do they do?

ESTELLE. (*Surprised.*) Do? Why nothing. They have that big place at Cannes and—

INEZ. I was a secretary.

ESTELLE. (*With a little step backward.*) Oh, really? Well, then, of course!— (*A wait.*) And you, Mr Cradeau?

CRADEAU. I never left Paris. I found trouble enough right there.

ESTELLE. In that case you must be right. It's pure chance that brought us together.

INEZ. Chance! Then this furniture is here by chance. It's just an accident that the divan on the right is dark green and the one on the left is red. An accident? Well, then try changing them around and let me know how it comes out? And the statue, is that there by chance, too?

And this heat, this heat? (*Pause.*) I tell you, everything has been planned. Down to the last detail and with the greatest of care. This room was *made* for us. It was waiting for us.

ESTELLE. But why should it be? Everything about it is so ugly, so hard and angular. I always hated angles.

INEZ. D'you think *I* lived in a room like this?

(*A pause.*)

ESTELLE. Then you think everything has been arranged?

INEZ. Everything. And we're well matched, too.

ESTELLE. And it's not by chance that *you* happen to be sitting opposite *me?* (*A pause. Musingly.*) What are they waiting for?

INEZ. I don't know, but they're waiting, don't worry.

ESTELLE. I can't stand it when I think someone expects me to do something. Right away I have the most *awful* urge to do just the contrary.

INEZ. Well, go ahead! Do it! You don't even know what it is they want you to do.

ESTELLE. (*Tapping her foot.*) It's unbearable. And something's supposed to happen to me because of you two? (*She looks at them.*) Because of you two! I've seen faces that meant something to me right off. And yours say nothing at all.

CRADEAU. (*Who has been pondering, rises, crosses up of* INEZ. *Brusquely, to* INEZ.) Come, now, why are we together? You've already said too much. Go on to the end.

INEZ. (*A little astonished.*) I don't know anything about it.

CRADEAU. We've *got* to know. (*He reflects a moment.*)

INEZ. If only each one of us had the courage to tell—

CRADEAU. What?

(*Pause.*)

INEZ. Estelle?

ESTELLE. Yes?

INEZ. What did you do? Why have you been sent here?

ESTELLE. (*With animation.*) But I don't *know!* I haven't the vaguest *idea!* I even have a feeling it must be a mistake! (*To* INEZ.) Don't smile. Think of all the people who—who become absent every day. They come here by the thousands and are taken care of by mere underlings, uneducated employees. How could there help being an error now and then? Don't laugh at the idea. It's perfectly reasonable. (*To* CRADEAU.) And you, why don't you say something? Perhaps they didn't make a mistake in my case, but perhaps they did in yours. (*To* INEZ.) And yours, too, maybe. Don't you think it's *better* to think we're here by mistake?

INEZ. Is that all you have to tell us?

ESTELLE. What more do you want to know? I have nothing to hide. I was an orphan, had no money, and I was trying to bring up my younger brother. There was an old friend of my father's who wanted to marry me, and he had a good deal of money and was rather nice, so I accepted. What would you have done in my place? My brother's health was terribly delicate and it was frightfully difficult to give him the kind of care he needed. I lived six years with my husband without even a shadow of trouble or unhappiness. Then two years ago I met the man I was really meant for. We both knew it the minute we saw each other, and he wanted me to run off with him but naturally I wouldn't. After that I had my pneumonia. That's all. Of course I suppose I *could* be blamed in a way, for having sacrificed my youth to an old man. (*To* CRADEAU.) Do you think that's wrong?

CRADEAU. Certainly not. (*Pause.*) Do *you* think it's wrong to live according to your principles?

ESTELLE. I don't see how anyone could be blamed for it.

CRADEAU. I edited a newspaper that had a reputation for telling the truth. I had a bold policy. The truth, whether they liked it or not, and the hell with conse-

quences. That was my motto. They called me a fearless journalist. I always came out against war. Pacifist, not the milksop kind, but militantly against all war, any war. After Danzig I went right ahead preaching the gospel of peace. France fell. Was I supposed to change all my principles because they happened to find favor with the Germans? My enemies denounced me as a traitor. They said I had sold out. Fools! I was for the brotherhood of man. But mine was a lost cause. And the fools had their way in the end. They shot me. I folded my arms and they shot me. Where's the blame there? What did I do wrong?

ESTELLE. (*Puts her hand on his arm.*) You did nothing wrong. You're —

INEZ. (*Rises, finishes in a tone of sarcasm.*) A hero. (*Pause.*) And so it was simple as that!

CRADEAU. Well, almost. Perhaps not quite. (*Moves to Left, sits.*)

INEZ. It was lucky you had no responsibilities toward anyone. You weren't married, I take it.

CRADEAU. (*Guiltily.*) Well, yes, I had a wife. (*Defiantly.*) What about her? I took her out of the gutter to marry her.

ESTELLE (*Triumphantly, to* INEZ.) You see! You see!

INEZ. (*Moves up of divan Right. Grimly.*) I see. (*A pause.*) Who are you putting this act on for anyway? We're all in this together.

ESTELLE. (*Insolently.*) Together?

INEZ. (*With brutality.*) Criminals together. We're in hell, my little friend, and there's never any mistake there. People are not damned for nothing.

ESTELLE. Stop it!

INEZ. (*Raising her voice.*) In hell! Damned! Damned!

ESTELLE. Stop! Will you stop? I forbid you to use coarse words like that.

INEZ. (*Quietly. Moving up of* ESTELLE *to Left Center.*) I said damned. Did you hear that, Salvation Nell? And you, too, you great big clean-cut hero. (*Persuasively.*) We had our day, didn't we? People suffered, they went

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