SAMUEL FRENCH SAMPLE PERUSAL

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SF PERUSALS

Samuel French Acting Edition

Strider

A Play with Music by
Mark Rozovsky

Adapted from a Story by
Leo Tolstoy

English Stage Version by
Robert Kalfin & Steve Brown

Based on a Translation by
Tamera Bering Sunguroff

Music Originally Composed by
Mark Rozovsky & S. Vetkin

Original Russian Lyrics by
Uri Riashentsev

Adaptor, Composer of New Additional Music
Norman L. Berman

New English Lyrics by
Steve Brown

SAMUEL FRENCH

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(Name of Producer)

presents

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STEVE BROWN

THE CHELSEA THEATER CENTER PRODUCTION
***Originally produced on Broadway by* ARTHUR WHITELAW**
***and* MIRIAM BIENSTOCK *in association with* LITA STARR**

HELEN HAYES THEATRE

OPERATED BY LESTER OSTERMAN

ARTHUR WHITELAW *and* **MIRIAM BIENSTOCK**

in association with **LITA STARR**

present

The Chelsea Theatre Production of

GERALD HIKEN

in

STRIDER

A Play with Music by

MARK ROZOVSKY

Adapted from a Story by

LEO TOLSTOY

also starring

GORDON GOULD **PAMELA BURRELL** **BENJAMIN HENDRICKSON**

ROGER DeKOVEN **IGORS GAVON** **RONNIE NEWMAN** **SKIP LAWING**

English Stage Version by

ROBERT KALFIN & STEVE BROWN

Based on a Translation by

TAMARA BERING SUNGUROFF

Music Originally Composed by

M. ROZOVSKY, S. VETKIN

Original Russian Lyrics by

URI RIASHENTSEV

Adaptor, Composer of New Additional Music

Vocal and Instrumental Arrangements & Musical Director

NORMAN L. BERMAN

New English Lyrics by

STEVE BROWN

Production Design by

WOLFGANG ROTH

Costume Designs by

ANDREW B. MARLAY

Lighting Design by

ROBBY MONK

Production Stage Manager

ZOYA WYETH

Sound Design by

GARY HARRIS

Directed and Staged by

ROBERT KALFIN and LYNNE GANNAWAY

CAST OF CHARACTERS
(in order of speaking)

Vaska/Mr. Willingstone ..... Roger DeKoven
Prince Serpuhofsky ..... Gordon Gould
General/Announcer ..... Ronnie Newman
Viazapurikha/Mathieu/Marie ..... Pamela Burrell
Strider ..... Gerald Hiken
Actor ..... Katherine-Mary Brown
Actor ..... Jeannine Khoutieff
Actor ..... Vicki Van Grack
Groom ..... Skip Lawing
Gypsy ..... Nina Dova
Count Bobrinsky/Darling/The Lieutenant .....
Benjamin Hendrickson
Feofan/Fritz ..... Igors Gavon
Bet Taker ..... Vincent A. Feraudo
Vendor ..... Charles Walker
Actor ..... John Brownlee
Actor ..... Nancy Kawalek
Gypsy ..... Karen Trott
Actor ..... Tad Ingram
Gypsy ..... Steven Blane

DIRECTOR'S NOTE

The production is deliberately sparse. The intention is for the audience to do most of the work, filling the stage with their imaginations.

The set consists of a plain white canvas backdrop, three sets of white legs on each side of the stage used for entrances (stalls, etc.), a post downstage right with a water barrel, and a grindstone downstage left. The orchestra sits downstage left as well, left of the grindstone.

The only other major scenic pieces consist of several lengths of long ropes that are used for the castration scene, a chair that is brought on for the horse-selling scenes of both acts, two small tables with props that are used in the PRINCE-toilette/STRIDER-grooming scene in Act I, a small stool or table that the bet-taker stands on for the race track scene, and an oriental rug and pillows that are MATHIEU's boudoir.

When forming the PRINCE's carriage in both acts, the actors attach a long length of leather rope encircling them which attaches to STRIDER's harness, and which they step into. A variation of this is used for the troika scene at the end of Act I. Only, this time, instead of leather, the sleigh is formed by a long length of blue ribbon attached to a blue ribbon harness.

The actors are costumed in simple, rough, peasant-like shirts, leggings and leg-wrappings in colors that evoke the colors of horses.

All of the horse "miming" is derived from a basic undulating movement that is common to all animals, man included. The actor portrays the front of the horse using his body from the waist up as the horse's neck, with his arms becoming the horse's front legs when he rears up. Otherwise, the horse is conveyed by the actor's use of his legs as the hind part of the horse, and by a switchlike tail made from a stick with lengths of cloth attached. The latter is held in the actors' hands. It is laid down, picked up, or stuck in the actors' back pocket or behind them in the top of their pants. It is freely used as needed.

Strider

ACT ONE

A small gypsy orchestra plays the overture. Half-way through, the ACTORS *enter playing tambourines and clapping. They join in singing and dancing. As the overture ends, they all go to their places for the beginning of the play, while the actor who plays* STRIDER *enters and stands by a hitching post and water barrel Downstage Right. Simultaneously, the actor who plays* VASKA *enters and lies down on the other side of the stage near a grindstone. He is a strange, thin figure dressed in a dirt-spattered kaftan.*

VASKA. (*Sings.*)
OH JESUS—IT'S TIME TO TAKE OUT THE NAGS!
BECAUSE OF THIS DUMB ANIMAL IT SEEMS
I NEVER GET TO FINISH HALF MY DREAMS
OH JESUS—IT'S TIME TO TAKE OUT THE NAGS!

(VASKA *falls asleep again.*)

CHORUS/HERD. (*A* MALE ACTOR.) Higher and higher rose the light of the sky. (*Another* MALE ACTOR/SERPUHOVSKY.) Wider and wider spread the streak of the dawn. (*A* FEMALE ACTOR/VIAZAPURIKHA.) Whiter grew the pale silver of the dew.

STRIDER. The piebald gelding stood alone. (*Carrying a make-up towel over his shoulder,* STRIDER *puts on make-up that gives his face brown and black piebald spots as the* CHORUS *describes him.*)

CHORUS/HERD. (*Another* FEMALE ACTOR.) His big, bony head with its deep hollowed eyes, and a drooping black underlip that had once been torn, hung heavy and low on his neck. (*A* THIRD FEMALE ACTOR.) A neck which was so lean that it bent, and seemed to be carved of wood.

VASKA. (*Sings.*)
THIS CRAZYQUILT—SHOULD I HARNESS HIM
TODAY?

HIS BETTER DAYS ARE BURIED IN THE PAST
WHEN YOU'RE OLD YOU SHOULD BE DIGNIFIED
OR NASTY
BUT PIEBALD—HE MEANS TO BE BOTH AT ONCE!

(VASKA *falls asleep again.*)

CHORUS/HERD. (SECOND MALE ACTOR.) His forelegs were crooked, bowed at the knees. (THIRD MALE ACTOR.) There were swellings over both hoofs, and on one leg—where the piebald spot reached half-way down—there was a lump behind the knee as big as a fist. (FOURTH MALE ACTOR.) The hocks of his hind legs and the tail were stained from a chronic bowel disorder.

VASKA. (*Sings.*)

THIS PIEBALD IS STRANGE IN OTHER WAYS—
HE'S DEEP—WITH SPECIAL FEELINGS FOR A
BEAST
LOOK, THERE'S THE SUN—A RASPBERRY IN THE
EAST
OH JESUS—IT'S TIME TO TAKE OUT THE NAGS!

(*He sleeps again.*)

STRIDER. Yet, in spite of the loathsome old age to which this horse had come, anyone looking at him could not help thinking, and an expert would have said so at once, that in his day this must have been a remarkably fine horse.

CHORUS/HERD. (*In unison.*) A remarkably fine horse. (*The* CHORUS *leaves.* VASKA *remains sleeping. Crickets are heard. The actor playing* STRIDER *remains. He is wearing a costume that is worn and spotted brown and black like a piebald horse, above the shoes up to his knees, the legs are wrapped in old linen rags as worn by Russian soldiers. The* ACTOR *places around his neck a rope that is hitched to the post. Then he gazes at his tail. He looks at it as if studying it. Then he switches it back and forth, swatting himself with it several times, the way people switch themselves in a steam bath, but he does it lazily. The* ACTOR *then walks over to the barrel of water and bends over to drink, flicking his tail. Having noisily drunk his fill, he begins to rub his back against the post.*)

STRIDER. (*Scratching himself.*) Something itches me terribly. Something's itching me terribly. (*Scratches one leg against the other, flicks his tail. A barn door is heard banging open. A shaft of light streaks into the barn.* COUNT BOBRINSKY *enters*

singing a tune to himself. He goes to a horse—a member of the CHORUS, *leads it out from a stall created by the legs of the set, and begins to harness it. Other horses stand in some of the other stalls.*)

BOBRINSKY. (*Sings.*)

OH NEVER HAVE I THIRSTED FOR LIFE SO MUCH
BUT NOW THE HOUR HAS COME
AND NOW I MUST DIE. . . .

(*Goes to* STRIDER *and notices his condition.*) Damn. Vaska!

STRIDER. It itches me terribly.

BOBRINSKY. (*As though he has heard a sound somewhere else in the barn.*) What?

STRIDER. Itches. (VASKA *snores.*)

BOBRINSKY. Vaska! Are you asleep?

VASKA. (*Sleepily.*) Huh? What? No, I'm just . . .

BOBRINSKY. (*Indicating* STRIDER.) Look at him! (*Cracking his whip.*) Look at him!

VASKA. (*Goes to* STRIDER *feels his stomach and looks into his mouth.*) It's the mange, your Excellency. Let me sell him to the Gypsies.

BOBRINSKY. The gypsies? What's the use? Cut his throat.

VASKA. Cut his throat, we'll do that.

BOBRINSKY. Only get it done today. (*He leaves, singing the tune as he leads his horse off.*)

VASKA. Cut his throat. So that's how it is, eh? (*Swings at* STRIDER. STRIDER *neighs.* VASKA *crosses toward the grindstone, stops and pulls a knife from his boot.*) Now you're going to get it! (*He goes to the grindstone and begins to sharpen it. The audience hears the natural unpleasant grating sound of the knife sharpening.* STRIDER, *tied to the post, calmly and dispassionately watches* VASKA. *He gives the impression that he does not understand the proceedings, and therefore does not react at all. He closes his tired eyes. It seems that he is sleeping—like a horse—standing up. The music begins to play, blending the sound of the leitmotif. The* CHORUS *enters. In the course of the play, the actors are transformed into various characters; at the same time acting collectively as the* NARRATOR. *Members of the* HERD *are dressed approximately the same way as* STRIDER: *in peasant shirts and pants with leggings. But they differ from* STRIDER *in being young and energetic. They come together and, on a chord, look toward the audience.*)

CHORUS/HERD. (*Singing a cappella.*)
OH MORTAL—LIFE IS OVER QUICKLY
IT MAY BE BETTER THAT YOU CANNOT
COMPREHEND HOW VERY BRIEF THE SPAN—
HOW QUICK THE PASSING
THIS ONE REMEMBERS HE'S A CHURCHMAN
THIS ONE A LAWYER CALLS HIMSELF
AND THIS ONE MAY BE RICH—OR TSAR!
YET EV'RYONE FORGETS HE'S MORTAL!

POOR PIEBALD—YOU THOUGHT THAT YOU WERE
HAPPY
IT LASTED ONLY FOR A MOMENT IN YOUR
MINDLESS STATE OF BLISS
TIL MANKIND TAUGHT YOU SORROW
YOUR WEARY EYES SPEAK ONLY SADNESS
YOUR SOUL'S ASLEEP
AND THOUGH WE'RE GRIEVING FOR YOUR LIFE,
YOU MUST REMEMBER WHAT YOU ARE
ONLY MORTAL!

(STRIDER *unhitches himself from the post and slowly exits. To a musical transition, the* CHORUS *gradually transform into horses before our eyes; the animals created through movement and individual mannerisms—tossing their heads, snorting, etc.* VIAZAPURIKHA, *an old mare who is the leader of the group, eventually rallys them with a whinny into a tightly moving, galloping* HERD. *During the following song, the* HERD *changes direction as they seem to gallop over a field.*)

SONG OF THE HERD

OVER MEADOW—OVER PASTURE
ROAMS THE HUNDRED-HEADED STALLION
WITH A HUNDRED MANES IN MOTION
AND HIS SWEAT PERFUMES THE SUMMER
THOUGH A HUNDRED HEADS ARE TOSSING
THEY ARE TOSSING ALL AS ONE
AND IT COULDN'T BE MORE NAT'RAL
IN THE LOGIC OF THE HERD

WE'RE THE HERD—THE HERD—THE HERD

HEY-HO
WE'RE THE HERD—THE HERD—THE HERD
HEY-HO

(STRIDER *enters. The* HERD *senses his presence and begins to taunt him.* STRIDER *remains passive, somewhat confused at their behavior.*)

FIRST MALE HORSE. (FEOFAN.) Hey you! Gelding!

SECOND MALE HORSE. He's strange!

FIRST FEMALE HORSE. He's different!

THIRD MALE HORSE. He's not one of us—he's an outsider!

SECOND FEMALE HORSE. *We're* all related to Smetanka, the famous race horse!

THIRD FEMALE HORSE. Nobody knows where *he* came from!

FOURTH FEMALE HORSE. (*Laughing.*) They bought him at a fair—for eighty paper rubles!

FOURTH MALE HORSE. He's old!

FIFTH MALE HORSE. He's a gelding!

SIXTH MALE HORSE. (SERPUHOVSKY.) He's a nobody!

SEVENTH MALE HORSE. (*The* GENERAL.) Hey, you! Ugly one!

FIRST MALE HORSE. Come on, fellows, kick him!

EIGHTH MALE HORSE. (*The* GROOM.) Not like that. Look how I do it! (*He does a handstand, kicking with his hind legs.*)

THE MALE HERD MEMBERS. (*Chanting.*)
EV'RY MEMBER OF THE HERD BEHAVES EXACTLY
LIKE HIS BROTHER
(*Female horses join the males.*)
WHETHER NEIGHING, WHETHER PLAYING
EACH THE IMAGE OF THE OTHER

CHORUS/HERD.
AND IF ANYONE IS DIFF'RENT HE'LL BE KICKED
FROM MORN TO NIGHT
THAT'S WHY HOOVES ARE FOUND ON HORSES
IN THE LOGIC OF THE HERD

(*The* HERD *begins to toss* STRIDER *from one to another beating and kicking him.* STRIDER *does not kick back but only breathes harder.*)

WE'RE THE HERD—THE HERD—THE HERD
THE HERD HEY-HO
WE'RE THE HERD—THE HERD—THE HERD
THE HERD HEY-HO
WE'RE THE HERD—THE HERD—THE HERD
THE HERD HEY-HO
WE'RE THE HERD—THE HERD—THE HERD
THE HERD HEY-HO

(*The* OLD MARE, VIAZAPURIKHA, *enters just as the* HERD *have thrown* STRIDER *to the ground. Her whinny "freezes" them. As she goes toward* STRIDER, *they all back away. She approaches* STRIDER *and sniffs him.*)

VIAZAPURIKHA. Strider . . .

HERD. (*Echoing, some with surprise, some with derision.*) Strider!

VIAZAPURIKHA. Of course, it's Strider. He's come back. Don't you recognize me? Why should you, I'm an old mare now . . . Viazapurikha! (*Laughs.*) Remember? (*They rub their manes, one against the other and both laugh.*) You remember me now.

STRIDER. Yes. I was born here. I am the son of Amiable-the-First. Baba was my dam. My pedigree name is Muzhik-the-First. My nickname is Strider.

HERD. Strider?!

VIAZAPURIKHA. (*Delighted.*) The crowd called him that because of his long stride—a stride as long as an arm's length of cloth measure—the likes of which was not to be found in all Russia.

STRIDER. Yes. In all the world there's not a horse with better lineage than mine. I would never have told you this. Why should I? You would never have known me: even Viazapurikha didn't recognize me till just now.

VIAZAPURIKHA. Strider, you're so . . . different . . . And still I did recognize you! Oh my!

STRIDER. I should never have told you this. I have no need to be pitied by my own kind . . . you insisted upon it.

HERD. (*An older Male Horse/*SERPUHOVSKY.) There is a majestic old age . . . (*Another Male Horse/The* GENERAL.) There is a repulsive old age . . .

A FEMALE HORSE. There is a pitiful old age. . . .

A YOUNG MALE HORSE. (DARLING.) There is also an old age that is both majestic and repulsive.

A YOUNG FEMALE HORSE. The old age which the piebald gelding had reached was of just that sort.

Song: CONVERSATION OF STRIDER AND THE HERD

STRIDER.
COAL-BLACK STALLION—COULD YOU EVER UNDERSTAND A PIEBALD STEED?
COAL-BLACK STALLION.
NO—NEVER UNDERSTAND YOU!
STRIDER.
CHESTNUT FILLY—COULD YOU NEVER KNOW AN ANCIENT WRECK LIKE ME?
CHESTNUT FILLY.
NO—SO I MUST DESPISE YOU!

A MALE HORSE. (*The* GENERAL.) He was old . . .

STRIDER. They were young.

A FEMALE HORSE. He was gaunt.

STRIDER. They were sleek.

VIAZAPURIKHA. He was sad.

STRIDER. They were gay.

A MALE HORSE. And so, he was a strange, alien, utterly different creature; and it was impossible for them to have compassion for him.

STRIDER. Horses pity only themselves, and very occasionally those in whose skins they might easily imagine themselves to be.

A FEMALE HORSE. He was old.

ANOTHER FEMALE HORSE. —And gaunt.

A MALE HORSE (SERPUHOVSKY.) —And ugly.

STRIDER. But am I to blame for that?

A YOUNG MALE HORSE. (DARLING.) One would think not . . . (*General laughter.*) But according to equine ethics he is to blame!

HERD. (ALL.) He is to blame!

THE SAME YOUNG MALE HORSE. —Because only those are blameless who are strong, young and happy.

A FEMALE HORSE. Those who have life still before them!

ANOTHER YOUNG MALE HORSE. (*The* GROOM *rearing up and demonstrating.*) Whose every muscle quivers with over-abundant energy!

A YOUNG FEMALE HORSE. And whose tails stand straight up in the air!

STRIDER. The piebald gelding was the butt of every joke and the laughing stock of the stud farm.

AN OLDER MALE HORSE (SERPUHOVSKY.) He suffered more from the young horses than he did from humans.

A YOUNG FEMALE HORSE. *People* needed him.

STRIDER. He never harmed a living thing. Why then did these young horses torment him so? (*Sings.*)

JUST LIKE WOLVES THESE YOUNGER STALLIONS
AIM TO TEAR SOMEONE APART

HERD. (ALL.)

WE DON'T CARE FOR OLD ONES!

STRIDER.

EVEN NOW THEIR YOUTH IS PASSING
THEY DON'T KNOW THEIR TIME IS SHORT

HERD.

WE DON'T CARE TO HEAR IT!

STRIDER. Yes, I agree I am to blame because I have lived out all my life! I agree I must pay for this life.

A FEMALE HORSE. But he was, after all, only a horse.

A MALE HORSE. And he could not keep from feeling hurt, and melancholy . . .

STRIDER. . . . and offended by all these young horses who tormented him for the very thing that would befall them at the end of their lives. (*Sings.*)

NO, IT ISN'T YOUTH'S ABANDON
THAT MOST TERRIFIES ME NOW—

STRIDER and HERD.

THAT'S THE WAY OF HORSES

STRIDER.

WHAT IS FRIGHT'NING IS THE EVIL
THAT GOES HAND-IN-HAND WITH YOUTH!

STRIDER and HERD.

LIFE IS NEVER EASY!

(STRIDER *sings this at a slower tempo, so that his is the last voice heard, ending the song.*)

STRIDER. It was as if they were learning something new and extraordinary from him.

A FEMALE HORSE. (*Who becomes butterfly prop handler.*) And, indeed, something new and extraordinary was learned from him. (*She exits as the other horses sit.*)

STRIDER. This is what they learned . . . (*A violin plays. The* HERD *gathers around* STRIDER *to listen to and watch the telling of his story.*) When I was born I didn't understand what they meant when they called me a piebald: I thought I was a horse. I remember I kept wanting something. Everything seemed to me very surprising and yet perfectly simple. After nosing around under my mother's belly, I found what I wanted and began to suck. I must have been foaled in the night. Towards dawn, I was already licked clean by my mother, and was standing on my own legs. (*Music.* STRIDER *transforms into a foal on all fours. His tail is retrieved by* VIAZAPURIKHA. *He wobbles and then rolls onto the floor kicking his legs. A member of the* HERD *enters with a paper butterfly on a string attached to a stick. The butterfly is manipulated like a puppet, and* STRIDER *curiously plays with it, finally swallowing it. The butterfly handler exits. The barn door bangs open and casts a shaft of light into the barn. The* GROOM *enters dragging a sack.* STRIDER *comes up behind him and nudges him, as the rest of the* HERD *continue to watch.*)

GROOM. (*Turning around and noticing* STRIDER.) What the . . . why, Baba has foaled! Come look, Vaska! See what she's done—a piebald colt! Just look at all those colors—a perfect magpie! Ekh! The General won't keep him in the stud—he'd ruin the line! Vaska, wake up! (*The* GROOM *and* STRIDER *roll around playing.*) What a shame—a piebald. Why he's completely piebald! We've never had a piebald in the line before! (*He tickles* STRIDER.)

STRIDER. (*Imitating him as if learning to speak.*) P-pie-bald, Ne-i-gh-bald!

GROOM. P-pie-bald.

STRIDER. Neigh-bald.

GROOM. Oh, you want to play do you? (*He flicks his whip slightly at* STRIDER—*the horse's first feeling of pain, the first blow.*)

STRIDER. N-ei-gh-bald.

GROOM. That's more like it! See what a lively one he is! There's no holding him! What kind of devil was his sire? He's just like a peasant's horse—a regular muzhik! Stand still a minute! "Muzhik," that's what we'll call him. (*Calling to* VASKA *who continues to sleep.*) You should feel his hide, Vaska! (*He gets the colt to stand still in a racing pose.*) Muzhik-the-First,

by Amiable out of Baba. Such a fine horse—but what a goddamn shame you're so piebald!

STRIDER. "Piebald." (*The barn door bangs open. The* GENERAL *enters.*)

GROOM. Vaska! Wake up, the General is coming! (VASKA *awakens with great effort and jumps up.*)

VASKA. The best of health to you, your Excellency!

GENERAL. (*Spotting the colt.*) And what is this?

GROOM. Baba foaled last night, your Excellency.

GENERAL. Damn it all, just what I needed—a piebald! What a shame. He's a fine colt, remarkably fine! Damn! There's never been a piebald in the line before! (STRIDER *neighs, everyone laughs.*) Let's see, what will we do with him? . . . Ah, for the time being we'll keep him in the stall with Darling. I'm not keeping him. For now I'll give him to you, Groom! But when he's old enough to breed, I'm warning you, Groom, watch out!

GROOM. Thank you, your Excellency. Thank you very much. He's a fine horse—I'll take good care of him!

GENERAL. But don't forget to take care of *my* horses. They're mine, not yours. That is to say, they are Count Bobrinsky's horses. Remember that. It's very witty. (GENERAL *laughs.* STRIDER *laughs.*)

GROOM. Yes, your Excellency, I will remember that! You'll see—I'll serve you even better than before! I promise, you won't have to worry about anything!

GENERAL. That's better. (*As he exits.*) Yes, he's a fine fellow, but so piebald! I would even say—excessively piebald! (*Exits.* VASKA *then drifts off, following him.*)

GROOM. (*To* STRIDER.) Well, little devil, now you're mine! My horse! Did you hear what the General ordered? To put you in with Darling. But you better watch out! You can play with Darling all you like, lick him with your tongue, but I'm warning you in a nice way—if I see you going after a filly, if I catch you making love . . . (*A whinny from the* HERD, *perhaps from "Baba."*)

STRIDER. L-o-v-e?

GROOM. If I see you've gone after a filly, I'll beat you to death! Is that clear? You're going to be my horse, not the count's. Maybe the General will forget that he only gave you to me for a while. The old count won't miss you—he has a whole stud farm! And I'm going to raise you for myself! Oh, you can

bet I'll take care of you— (*Emotionally.*) you're my horse! Maybe I'll even keep you for your whole life! The General was right when he said, "He's a piebald . . . (*He goes back to the sack and starts to exit.*)

STRIDER. (*Overlapping.*) He kept on saying something to me for a long time . . .

GROOM. . . . but he's still a remarkably fine horse." (*Exits.*)

STRIDER. but I no longer listened. The words I had heard were enough. There was a great deal about human speech I did not understand. Particularly the word "love." (VIAZAPURIKHA, *who has been sitting, listening to the story with the other horses, now joins* STRIDER. *She affectionately offers him back his tail, which she had retrieved when he had fallen on all fours as a colt.*)

VIAZAPURIKHA. I was only a filly myself at the time, and I too . . . oh, what could I, a silly little thing understand then? Nothing. I understood nothing!

STRIDER. Do you remember, Viazapurikha, do you remember . . .

VIAZAPURIKHA. I remember how we learned to nibble grass.

STRIDER. And running around our mothers! Do you remember?

VIAZAPURIKHA. I remember everything. I remember that we were especially friendly at the beginning.

STRIDER. What?

VIAZAPURIKHA. I said, especially friendly . . .

STRIDER. Don't yell, I can hear you.

VIAZAPURIKHA. but towards the end of autumn . . .

STRIDER. Towards the end of autumn, I remember that you began to shy away from me.

VIAZAPURIKHA. No, it was you who began to shy away from me. You would walk clear to the other side.

STRIDER. No, it was you.

VIAZAPURIKHA. Oh, you just don't remember.

STRIDER. I remember.

VIAZAPURIKHA. I remember.

STRIDER. (*To the other horses and the audience.*) I will not try to tell you the whole story of my unhappy first love. (*Music.*) Viazapurikha herself remembers my senseless passion, which ended in the most important change for me. I fell in love!— And this caused a terrible thing to happen to me. (*On the*

music cue, VIAZAPURIKHA *has broken away from* STRIDER *and has transformed into young* VIAZAPURIKHA *by letting down her hair and throwing off her shawl.* STRIDER *also becomes a young horse.*)

DUET

VIAZAPURIKHA.
WARM AND TENDER FEELS THE SUN ON MY BACK
STRIDER.
HERE UPON MY SHOULDER, DEAR, LAY YOUR HEAD
VIAZAPURIKHA.
NIGHT'S ALMOST OVER—THE WOLVES DO NOT HOWL
SO WHY DO YOU LOOK AT ME SHYLY THAT WAY?
STRIDER.
SO WARM AND TENDER FEELS THE SUN ON MY BACK
VIAZAPURIKHA.
HERE UPON MY SHOULDER, DEAR, LAY YOUR HEAD
STRIDER.
THE WHIP OF THE GROOM HAS BEEN HUNG ON THE WALL
SO WHY DO YOU LOOK AT ME SHYLY THAT WAY?
VIAZAPURIKHA and STRIDER.
SO WARM AND TENDER FEELS THE SUN ON MY BACK
HERE UPON MY SHOULDER, DEAR, LAY YOUR HEAD.
VIAZAPURIKHA.
THE GENTLEST TOUCH—
STRIDER.
THE SOFTEST CARESS—
VIAZAPURIKHA.
THE STRANDS OF YOUR MANE—
STRIDER.
ALL ENTANGLED WITH MINE

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