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SF PERUSALS

Moby Dick - Rehearsed

A Drama in Two Acts

by Orson Welles

Being an adaptation - for the most part in blank verse - of the novel by Herman Melville

A Samuel French Acting Edition



New York Hollywood London Toronto
SAMUELFRENCH.COM

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MOBY-DICK—REHEARSED; presented at the Ethel Barrymore Theatre; an adaptation in two acts by Orson Welles of Herman Melville's novel, entire production staged by Douglas Campbell, lighting by Klaus Holm, incidental music by Harold Glick, presented by Jerry Adler and Samuel Liff with the following cast:

YOUNG ACTOR, later ISHMAEL ..... *Bruno Gerussl*

AN ACTOR *with a newspaper* ..... *Hugh Webster*

A MEMBER OF THE COMPANY ..... *Bill Fletcher*

A MEMBER OF THE COMPANY, *later the* MASTHEADER *and the* VOICE OF THE BACHELOR ..... *John Horton*

A SERIOUS ACTOR ..... *Roy Poole*

A CYNICAL ACTOR ..... *Max Helpmann*

A MEMBER OF THE COMPANY ..... *Lex Monson*

A MEMBER OF THE COMPANY ..... *Melvin Scott*

A MIDDLE-AGED ACTOR ..... *Louis Zorich*

AN OLD "PRO" ..... *David Thomas*

YOUNG ACTRESS ..... *Frances Hyland*

STAGE MANAGER, VOICE OF THE RACHEL, *William Needles*

YOUNG ACTRESS'S UNDERSTUDY ..... *Judith Doty*

THE ACTOR MANAGER ..... *Rod Steiger*

Moby Dick—Rehearsed

ACT ONE

SCENE: *An American theatre at the end of the last century. Theatres are often cold during rehearsals, and the actors do not shed their long, dark overcoats except when the action, or the parts they are playing, would seem to demand shirt-sleeves. No stage properties are used. Harpoons, oars, lances, gold-pieces, prayer-books, charts and telescopes, all are to be indicated in gesture and mime. For easier reading only a minimum of stage directions are given in the text. The chase in the whale-boat, for example, is referred to briefly as literal action, with no attempt to describe the means by which the actors will suggest this in performance. It would not be true to say that there is no scenery. The stage is not bare; it is interestingly and even romantically dressed with all the lumber of an old-fashioned theatre.*

AT RISE: *An empty stage. Behind the usual forest of hanging ropes, suspended sandbags, battens, borders, furled back-drops and stacked wings, there is glimpsed the bare brick wall of the theatre. Here and there are the skeletons of stage platforms, on one of which stands a rather seedy-looking throne. At least two tables, a number of plain kitchen chairs and the sort of small upright organ called an harmonium. (This is actually an electric organ in disguise.) Beneath the shaded work-light a* YOUNG ACTOR *is studying a prompt-book. A* YOUNG ACTRESS *sits nearby, listening as he reads aloud:*

THE YOUNG ACTOR.
"Call me Ishmael. . . .

Some years ago—never mind how long—
I thought that I would sail about a little
and see the watery part of the world.
Whenever I grow grim about the mouth,
and hazy in eyes; whenever
it's a damp November in my soul;
I count it time to get to sea.
Almost all men, sometime or other,
cherish these same feelings toward the ocean. . . ."

(*Several* ACTORS *come on to the Stage during the following. They have arrived for a rehearsal.*)

". . . Here now is our island city
of a dreamy Sabbath afternoon;
what do you see? On every dock and wharf;
on the extremest limits of the land;
posted like sentinels: thousands of landsmen,
fixed in ocean reveries. . . ."

(*In partial silhouette, the mute figures of the* ACTORS *grouped near the edge of the Stage suggest an illustration of the spoken words.*)

"Inlanders of week-days tied to counters,
nailed to benches, clinched to desks.
Does the magnetic virtue of the compasses
of all those ships attract them thither?

Why did the old Persians hold the ocean
holy?—and the still deeper meaning
of that story of Narcissus, who, because
he could not grasp the mild, tormenting image
in the fountain, plunged into it, and drowned.
That same image we ourselves see in all rivers,
in oceans and in lakes and wells. The image
of the un-graspable—the phantom of life;
and this is the key to it all. . . ."

(*A short silence, then a burst of THUNDER! The* ACTORS *pay no attention to this, some lighting cigars*

or cigarettes, and one relaxing with a newspaper. The THUNDER abruptly subsides and the STAGE MANAGER, *in shirt-sleeves, pops his head out of the prompt-side of the proscenium arch.*)

THE STAGE MANAGER. How's that?

THE YOUNG ACTOR. Fine. (*Turning to the* ACTRESS *as he closes the prompt-book.*) That was a sort of prologue. There are real scenes later on, of course—with dialogue.

A MIDDLE-AGED ACTOR. We know, laddie, we know. God deliver us, we've been asked to learn enough of it!

(*Another sudden loud rumble of THUNDER, followed immediately by the reappearance of the* STAGE MANAGER.)

THE STAGE MANAGER. That was with the thunder sheet instead of the drums.

THE YOUNG ACTOR. Fine.

A SERIOUS ACTOR. (*Speaking to one of the others.*) I was wondering about my role— Oh, I beg your pardon,— I don't think we've been introduced.

AN OLD "PRO." (*With cordiality.*) I know *you,* of course;—Kent, Richmond, Iago, Mercutio, our new Second Lead. (*Introducing himself.*) Eccentric Character, First Comics and General Utility.

(*They shake hands.*)

THE SERIOUS ACTOR. How d'ye do.—Now, about this "Starbuck" character I've been asked to memorize—

THE YOUNG ACTOR. (*Joining the group.*) That's the First Mate, an honest, God-fearing sort of fellow. You might say he's the only voice of sanity in the play.

A CYNICAL ACTOR. Sanity . . . ?

(*A sharp gust of WIND is heard; then sudden silence and the* STAGE MANAGER *re-enters.*)

THE STAGE MANAGER. All right?

THE YOUNG ACTOR. Fine.

THE CYNICAL ACTOR. I didn't think there was anything about this whole project that wasn't every bit as certifiable—excuse me, laddie—as that one-legged old Captain in your book.

THE YOUNG ACTOR. Don't call it *my* book.

THE CYNICAL ACTOR. (*Rather huffily.*) Well, I can't call it anybody's *play;*—and the Governor is *your* Governor, laddie. You're the only one who could have talked him into this,—*whatever* it is.

THE YOUNG ACTRESS. As I understand it, this is to be a sort of reading—or rather a dress rehearsal without costumes or scenery.

THE YOUNG ACTOR. (*Briskly.*) That's right. Stop grousing, everybody; if it doesn't work we'll never do it again.

THE OLD "PRO." I'm thirsty. Isn't the Governor coming?

THE YOUNG ACTOR. Of course; he's doing Father Mapple's sermon and Ahab. We're all doubling parts, as you know. That's nothing new for this company. The stage manager's reading a few assorted voices in the ship's crew. You're Peleg—

THE OLD "PRO." (*Interrupting.*) Maybe, but I'm also thirsty.

THE YOUNG ACTOR. Don't worry, we'll take the curtain down after the second cabin scene—

THE STAGE MANAGER. Only one beer, gentleman, please —don't forget, we must be out of here in time to give the stagehands a chance to set up for tonight.

THE CYNICAL ACTOR. (*To the* YOUNG ACTOR.) Just as a point of information, laddie—have you led the Governor to believe that we can deliver him a shipwreck, a typhoon and a great white whale in this theatre—at a two-dollar top?

THE YOUNG ACTRESS. A white whale?

THE CYNICAL ACTOR. The title-role, my dear. One might have expected the Governor to be playing Moby

Dick himself, but no, I understand he's to be invisible throughout. The whale, that is—not the Governor.

THE OLD "PRO." Of course it's invisible. My God, how could you put a thing like that on the stage?

THE ACTOR WITH THE NEWSPAPER. We could try. Uptown in Barnum's Museum there's a stuffed whale does more business on a Monday morning than we get in a week of Shakespeare—including matinees.

THE YOUNG ACTOR. (*Still speaking more to the* YOUNG ACTRESS *than to anyone else.*) The white whale is like the storm in "Lear"—it's real, but it's more than real;—it's an idea in the mind.

THE CYNICAL ACTOR. It's an idea in *your* mind, old boy.

THE YOUNG ACTRESS. "Lear's" what I was called to rehearse; but if you're doing this "Moby Dick" instead, there aren't any women's parts, so I guess I'm only needed for some music.

THE OLD "PRO." I remember when this company used to travel an orchestra.

THE ACTOR WITH THE NEWSPAPER. Yes, but the last few seasons the Governor's been economising with that harmonium.

(*The* GOVERNOR *enters during this last.*)

THE SERIOUS ACTOR. (*Who hasn't seen him.*) Harmonium—?

THE GOVERNOR. Why not?—Tum-tee-tum, Tum-tee-tum! On I come, and they love it. (*Murmurs of "Hello, Governor." The seated* ACTORS *rise.* THE GOVERNOR, *in his late sixties and with a noble mane of silver hair, is the classic actor-manager of the old school. His Inverness is high-buttoned and of such a sombre black as to be almost clerical. Until the "rehearsal" begins his face is shadowed by a broad-brimmed hat. He carries a stick which he now suddenly raises, pointing it at the* YOUNG ACTRESS.) "How now, Cordelia; mend your speech a little, Lest it may mar your fortunes." Three steps down

right and bow. (*He makes the transition from Shakespeare to stage directions without a pause for breath.*)

THE YOUNG ACTRESS. "Good, my Lord,—"

THE GOVERNOR. Bow, dear—*bow;* don't duck. (*He sits in the throne.*)

THE YOUNG ACTOR. "You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me."

THE GOVERNOR. *Stand up* to me!

THE YOUNG ACTRESS. "I return those duties back as are right fit, Obey you—"

THE GOVERNOR. Last night you sounded like a parlour-maid who's broken a tea-cup—

THE YOUNG ACTRESS. (*A slight note of asperity creeping into the reading.*) "Obey you, love you, and most honor you— Why have my sisters, husbands,—"

THE GOVERNOR. Look to Goneril Left, speech, speech, look to Regan Right on "marry like my sisters to love my father all." "But goes thy heart with this?"

THE YOUNG ACTRESS. "Ay, good my Lord."

THE GOVERNOR. "So young and so untender?" Chin up, eyes flashing—

THE YOUNG ACTRESS. "So young, my Lord, and true."

THE GOVERNOR. (*Rising.*) "Let it be so, thy truth then be thy dower. Here I disclaim all my paternal care, Propinquity and property of blood—" Fall to your knees on blood, dear— "And as a stranger to my heart and me, Hold thee from this for ever. The barbarous Scythian"— You take that *down*stage, my dear—"Or he that makes his generation messes To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom"— *Well down*stage, dear,—with your back to the audience; very bad for you, very good for me. Speech—speech "pitied and reliev'd As though my sometime daughter!"

THE SERIOUS ACTOR. (*As "Kent."*) "Good, my liege—"

THE GOVERNOR. (*Quietly business-like.*) Strike the throne.

THE SERIOUS ACTOR. (*Disappointed.*) Oh—we're not going on?

THE GOVERNOR. Today we're running through the new piece—

THE SERIOUS ACTOR. But regarding my role—

THE GOVERNOR. (*Cutting in.*) Your parts have all been assigned and, I trust, committed to memory. (*Turning back to the* YOUNG ACTRESS.) We'll try to squeeze in the "Tent" scene, my dear, sometime later. You really mustn't sob aloud, y'know, *all* through my "We two like birds i' the cage." It's distracting. (*Hands the* ASSISTANT STAGE MANAGER *a ring of keys.*) —Brandy.

(THE ASSISTANT STAGE MANAGER *departs. The throne is moved off and there is a preparatory bustle as* THE GOVERNOR *lights a cigar.*)

THE OLD "PRO." (*Under his breath.*) Pity . . .

THE ACTOR WITH THE NEWSPAPER. (*Folding the paper and putting it under his chair.*) What's a pity?

THE OLD "PRO." That we aren't going on with that; a real play, anyway—something you can *act.*

THE YOUNG ACTOR. (*Who has overheard this muttered exchange.*) Critics have even said that "Lear" can't be acted.

THE GOVERNOR. (*Who overheard* that.) Critics!

(*Several* VOICES *take up the war-cry.*)

THE STAGE MANAGER. Now, everybody! Let's not get started on the critics. There isn't time.—Places, please.

THE CYNICAL ACTOR. Well, at least "King Lear" was meant to be acted. This whale business was intended to be read.

THE YOUNG ACTOR. To be read aloud. There are things in it that simply have to be heard—

THE CYNICAL ACTOR. The Governor never should have allowed you to go to University, laddie—God deliver the Theatre from educated actors!

THE SERIOUS ACTOR. Because they're always trying to educate the public, you mean? Well—

(THE GOVERNOR *at his table has been occupying himself with the bottle of brandy* THE ASSISTANT STAGE MANAGER *has brought him, but at this last he turns on the other* ACTORS.)

THE GOVERNOR. Impertinence! We are the servants of the public! Just that;—servants. My God, gentlemen—how would you like to have to listen to uplifting lectures from your cook?

THE SERIOUS ACTOR. (*Rather intensely.*) Well, at least, sir,—you won't deny that the Theatre *needs poetry*—

THE GOVERNOR. (*Setting down the brandy bottle, with noisily impressive emphasis.*) When it *is* Theatre—the Theatre *is* poetry. True, when we do chestnuts like "The Bells" or "Spartacus," we aren't speaking poetry, but we are trying to make it. After all, that's our profession; one in which nothing is absolutely required except the actor:—and, of course, he only needs an audience.

THE CYNICAL ACTOR. (*Under his breath.*) Ask any unemployed actor—

THE YOUNG ACTOR. (*With a grin.*) And when the audience decides it doesn't need us—?

THE GOVERNOR. (*With massive deliberation.*) The audience—? Boy, they *never* need us! Nobody ever *needed* the Theatre, at all, except the people up on the stage. Did you ever hear of an unemployed audience? (*To the* STAGE MANAGER.) Shall we begin?

THE STAGE MANAGER. Places, please—

THE GOVERNOR. We'll be grateful for whatever help you can improvise for us with the lighting, Mr. Stage Manager, and for any sound effects you can manage. (*Shading his eyes from the glare of the footlights and peering out into the auditorium of the Theatre.*) Is the scenery fellow there?—Perhaps he'll get some notions from this run-through—

THE STAGE MANAGER. We used to do a pretty good ocean for the escape scene in "Monte Cristo," Governor.

THE GOVERNOR. I don't know—this is more like one of the Greek pieces. There are bound to be places where

we'll have to leave it to the words—and the imagination. (*Turning to the* CAST.) Gentlemen, your various roles have been assigned to you. Miss Jenkins, failing a small negro child we're going to ask you to read "Pip" the cabin-boy for us, just for today, and also to provide appropriate music— We'll run straight through no matter what happens—that is, unless we break down altogether, or our friends out there decide they've had enough. This time we're asking quite an extra bit of cooperation from them: They are to provide a ship, fully rigged, and a couple of oceans for us to sail it in. To crudely paraphrase a far more elegant apology than ours: (*He has turned frankly toward the audience by now and is speaking directly to them*—)

"Piece out our imperfections with your mind;
Think—when we speak of whale-boats, whales and oceans,
That you see them—For 'tis your thoughts
That now must deck our stage; jumping o'er time;
Turning the accomplishments of many years
Into an hour-glass . . ."

(*A moment's pause, the impressiveness of which is rather spoiled by:*)

THE SERIOUS ACTOR. Excuse me, just one word—

THE GOVERNOR. (*Not pleased.*) Well—?

THE SERIOUS ACTOR. About my role, this part of "Starbuck," I've been asked to get up in—

THE GOVERNOR. (*With elaborate patience.*) Well—?

THE SERIOUS ACTOR. I wondered just how you *see* it—the characterisation—?

THE GOVERNOR. (*Rather brusquely.*) First Mate of the whaling ship; stands up to the Captain—that's me—

THE SERIOUS ACTOR. (*Breaking in earnestly.*) Yes, I know, but what I *mean* is—since we're playing it together, what exactly do you want me to *do?*

THE GOVERNOR. *Do?* Stand six feet away and do your damndest!

(*He turns briskly Upstage. The WORK-LIGHT at the*

same moment switches out, and THE YOUNG ACTRESS *plays a kind of "hurry music" by way of overture on the harmonium. Led by* THE STAGE MANAGER, *there is a flurry of efficient chair-moving and other preparations; then—at his signal—the movement freezes, and after a short silence—the play begins. MUSIC: One of the* ACTORS *plays a mouth-organ in the background.*)

THE STAGE MANAGER. (*Reading from his prompt-book.*) "Scene: The wharf in Nantucket, the whaling ship 'Pequod' in the background. The owner Mister Peleg discovered. Enter to him Ishmael.

ISHMAEL. Is this the Captain of the "Pequod"?

PELEG. S'posin' it be?

ISHMAEL. I was thinking of shipping.

PELEG. Ye were, were ye?—ever been in a stove boat?

ISHMAEL. No, sir, I never have.

PELEG. Know nothin' at all about whalin', I daresay —eh?

ISHMAEL. I've no doubt I shall soon learn.

PELEG. Flukes! Man, what makes ye want to go a'whalin'? Let me hear that afore I think of shippin' ye.

ISHMAEL. Well, sir. I want to see what whaling is.

PELEG. Are ye a man to pitch a harpoon down a live whale's throat, and then jump in after it. Answer quick!

ISHMAEL. I am, sir, if it should be positively indispensable to do so.

PELEG. Want to see what whalin' is, eh? Have ye clapped eyes on Cap'n Ahab?

ISHMAEL. Who is Captain Ahab, sir?

PELEG. Captain of this ship.

ISHMAEL. I've mistaken me; I thought you were the captain.

PELEG. Mister Peleg—that's who ye're speakin' to, young man, I'm owner of the "Pequod." But if ye want to know what whaling is I can put you in the way of finding out. Clap eye on Cap'n Ahab, young man—and ye'll find that Ahab only has one leg.

ISHMAEL. What do you mean, sir; was the other lost by a whale?

PELEG. Lost by a whale? Young man, come nearer to me: it was devoured, chewed up, crunched by the monstrousest, parmacetty that ever chipped a boat!—Still feel inclined for whaling?

ISHMAEL. I do, sir.

PELEG. Why?

ISHMAEL. I want to see the world, sir.

PELEG. Look out there—what d'ye see there?

ISHMAEL. Not much. Nothing but water; considerable horizon though, and a squall coming up.

PELEG. See the world, young feller? D'ye wish to go around Cape Horn to see any more of it? Can't ye see the world from where ye stand? (ISHMAEL *is at a loss for a reply.*) Think again, young feller—and once more again —afore ye bind yerself to anything past backin' out!

(*Exit* PELEG. *The mouth-organ has fallen silent.* ISHMAEL *remains Center Stage for the following soliloquy.*)

ISHMAEL.
What is it that so draws me now
to put down for a whaling voyage?—
The nameless undeliverable perils
of the great beast itself?—
The wild and distant seas wherein he rolls
his island bulk? I have an itch
for things remote . . . I'm quick to see a horror,
and be friendly with it, too;
for I prefer to be on friendly terms
with all the inmates of the place I lodge in. . . .

The flood-gates of the wonder-world
swing open; endless processions of the whale
float toward me; and above them all;
one grand and hooded phantom,
like a snow-hill in the air. . . .

(*MUSIC:* THE YOUNG ACTRESS *playing the harmonium; the other* ACTORS *singing.*)

ACTORS. (*Song.*)

"The ribs and terrors of the whale,
Arched over me a dismal gloom,
While all God's sun-lit waves rolled by,
And lift me deepening down to doom."

THE STAGE MANAGER. (*Reading from the prompt-book. The MUSIC continuing under his words.*)
"Scene—The Whaleman's Chapel in Nantucket.
Discovered: a small congregation.
Enter to them—Ishmael."

(*The* ACTORS *have removed their hats.* ISHMAEL *takes his place beside them. The HARMONIUM continues the melody of the hymn.*)

ISHMAEL. Few are the moody fishermen, shortly bound for the Indian Ocean or the Pacific, who fail to make a Sunday visit here. . . . The Chaplain has not yet arrived and silent islands of men and women steadfastly eye the tablets, black-bordered, masoned into the wall on each side of the pulpit.

(THE YOUNG ACTRESS *speaks up from her place at the harmonium, pronouncing "in character" the words of the first and last of the "tablets." A* CHORUS OF MEN, *from the midst of the congregation reads the legend on the second.*)

(VOICE OF WIDOW:)

SACRED
TO THE MEMORY
OF
THE LATE
CAPTAIN EZEKIEL HARDY
Who in the bows of his boat was
killed by a Sperm Whale on the
coast of Japan
August 3rd, 1833.

THIS TABLET
Is erected to his Memory
BY
HIS WIDOW.

. . . . . .

(CHORUS:)

SACRED
TO THE MEMORY
OF
ROBERT LONG, WILLIS ELLERY,
NATHAN COLEMAN, WALTER CANNY,
SETH MACY, AND SAMUEL GLEIG
Forming one of the boats' crews
of
THE SHIP ELIZA,
Who were towed out of sight by a
Whale, On the Off-shore Ground in the
PACIFIC
December 31st, 1839.
THIS MARBLE
Is here placed by their surviving
SHIPMATES.

. . . . . .

(WOMAN'S VOICE:)

SACRED
TO THE MEMORY
OF
JOHN TALBOT
Who, at the age of eighteen
was lost overboard, near the
Isle of Desolation, off Patagonia
November 1st, 1836.

THIS TABLET
Is erected to his Memory
BY HIS SISTER.

(*The hymn again:*)

ALL. (*Singing.*)
"In black distress, I called my God,
When I could scarce believe him mine,
He bowed his ear to my complaints—
No more the whale did he confine."

THE STAGE MANAGER. (*Reading.*) "Enter Father Mapple. He ascends to the pulpit."

(THE GOVERNOR *has risen from his place by the prompter's table. He faces directly forward towards the auditorium of the theater, his hands turning a page of the prompt-book.*)

ALL. (*Singing.*)
"With speed he flew to my relief,
As on a radiant dolphin borne;
Awful, yet bright, as lightning shone
The face of my Deliverer God."

(*The hymn is finished. The* CONGREGATION *seat themselves, and after a pause, the* OLD MAN, *as* "FATHER MAPPLE," *begins the sermon.*)

FATHER MAPPLE. Beloved shipmates, clinch the last chapter of the first verse of Jonah—"And God has prepared a great fish to swallow up Jonah."

Shipmates, the sin of Jonah was in his wilful disobedience of the command of God. He found it a hard command; and God's command *is* hard, shipmates—for in obeying God, we must disobey ourselves. But Jonah still further flouts at God by seeking to flee from him. Jonah thinks that a ship, made by men, will carry him into countries where God does not reign! With slouching hat and guilty eye, prowling among the shipping like a vile

burglar hastening to cross the seas, at last, after much dodging search, he finds a ship receiving the last items of her cargo. As he steps aboard the sailors mark the stranger's evil eye. . . . "Point out my state-room," says Jonah. "I'm travel-weary; I need sleep." . . . "Ye looks it," says the Captain, "there's your room." . . . All dressed and dusty as he is, Jonah throws himself into his berth.

He finds the ceiling almost resting on his forehead; the air is close, and Jonah gasps. In that contracted hole he feels the heralding presentiment of that stifling hour when the whale shall hold him in the smallest of his bowels' wards.

And now the time of tide is come; the ship, careening, glides to sea. . . . But soon the sea rebels. It will not bear the wicked burden. A dreadful storm comes on; the ship is like to break, the bo'sun calls all hands to lighten her; boxes, bales and jars are clattering overboard; the wind is shrieking; the men are yelling. "I fear the Lord!" cries Jonah. "The God of Heaven who hath made the sea and the dry land!"—

Again the sailors mark him. The God-fugitive is now too plainly known. And wretched Jonah cries out to them to take him and cast him overboard,—for he knew that for *his* sake this dreadful tempest was upon them.

"And now behold Jonah taken up as an anchor and dropped into the sea"—into the yawning jaws awaiting him; and the whale shuts—to all his ivory teeth like so many white bolts upon his prison. Then Jonah prayed unto the Lord out of the fish's belly. But observe his prayer, shipmates. He doesn't weep and wail. He feels his punishment is just and leaves his deliverance to God.

Shipmates, sin not; but if ye do, take heed ye repent of it like Jonah.

And now—how gladly would I come down there and sit with you and listen while some one of *you* reads *me* the more awful lesson Jonah teaches me as a pilot of the living God. How, bidden by the Lord to preach unwelcome truths in the ears of the wicked, Jonah sought to

escape his duty and his God by taking ship. But God is everywhere; and even "out of the belly of hell" God heard him when he cried. Then God spake unto the fish; and from the shuddering cold and blackness of the sea, the whale came breaching up to the sun, and "vomited out Jonah" upon the dry land; and Jonah—bruised and beaten—his ears, like two sea-shells, still multitudinously murmuring of the ocean—Jonah did the Almighty's bidding. And what was that, shipmates?—To preach the truth to the face of Falsehood!

Shipmates, woe to him who seeks to pour oil on the troubled waters when God has brewed 'em into a gale!—Who seeks to please rather than to appal! Yea, woe to him whose good name is more to him than goodness, and who—as the great Pilot Paul has it,—while preaching to others, is himself a castaway!

But oh, shipmates! Delight is to him—who, against the proud gods and commodores of this earth, stands forth, his own inexorable self!—who gives no quarter in the truth, and who destroys all sin though he pluck it out from under the robes of Senators and Judges! Delight—Top-gallant delight is to him who acknowledges no law or lord, but the Lord his God, and is only a patriot to Heaven. And eternal delight and deliciousness will be his, who, coming to lay him down can say—O Father!—mortal or immortal—here I die. I have striven to be Thine more than to be this world's, or mine own. Yet this is nothing; I leave eternity to Thee; for what is man that he should live out the lifetime of his God?

(*A silence. Then* THE STAGE MANAGER *speaks.*)

THE STAGE MANAGER. "Father Mapple remains at the pulpit until all the people have departed, and he is left alone in the chapel." (*A moment's silence. A change of LIGHTS.* ACTORS *re-enter at the back in shirt-sleeves to represent the crew of the "Pequod"; they busy themselves among the platforms and hanging lines—which are taken to be the ship. MUSIC: The mouth organ again.*

"FATHER MAPPLE" *has quietly left the Stage.* THE STAGE MANAGER *reads again from the prompt-book.*) "Scene—The whaling ship 'Pequod' upon the very point of starting for the voyage. Enter Ishmael, and afterwards to him Elijah, an old, mad sailor."

ISHMAEL. (*Looking at the ship, and cheerfully addressing the audience.*)

You may have seen many a queer craft
in your day, but take my word for it,
you've never seen a rare old craft
like this same rare old "Pequod"—
Weather-stained in the typhoons
of all the four oceans, her venerable bows
look bearded, and her three masts
stand like the spines of the three old kings
of Cologne. All worn and wrinkled
are her ancient decks; they made you think
of altar-stones in Canterbury
where Becket bled.

A noble craft, but somehow melancholy. . . .
All noble things are touched like that.

ELIJAH. (*Approaching* ISHMAEL.)

Have ye shipped in her?

ISHMAEL.

I've just now signed the articles. Good morning, sir.

ELIJAH.

Anything down there about your soul?

ISHMAEL.

About *what?*

ELIJAH.

Mebbe ye haven't got any. No matter though.
Many young fellers haven't got any.
Good luck to 'em; they're all the better off for it.
A soul's a sort o' fifth wheel to a wagon.
He's got enough, though. *He's* got soul enough
to make up the deficiency of an entire crew.
Ye haven't *seen* Old Thunder, have ye?

ISHMAEL.
Old Thunder? And who's that?
ELIJAH.
Ahab. Cap'n Ahab.
Old Thunder is the name he goes by with some of us
old sailors. Ye haven't *seen* him, have ye?
ISHMAEL. He's sick, I'm told. But getting better.
ELIJAH.
Is he now? 'Morning to ye, shipmate—'morning.
Goin' aboard?
ISHMAEL.
Hands off, will ye?
ELIJAH.
'Morning to ye. . . .
Ain't goin' aboard, then?
ISHMAEL.
What's that to you?
ELIJAH.
'Morning to you, shipmate.
(ISHMAEL *starts away.*)
Shipped, have ye?
Name down on the papers? Well, what's signed is signed,
and what's to be will be; and then again
maybe it won't be quite. Anyhow it's fixed for
and arranged already, and there's got to be
some sailors go with him, I guess; God pity 'em!
'Morning to ye, shipmate!
ISHMAEL.
If you've anything
important, out with it! Or stop bamboozling—
ELIJAH. (*Cutting in.*)
I like to hear a man talk up that way—I like it.
You're just the man for him, the likes of you.
ISHMAEL.
If it's Cap'n Ahab you're referring to,
I've heard he's a good whale hunter—
ELIJAH.
That's true;

but better jump, shipmate; jump quick to his orders!
Step and growl,—growl and go's the word with Ahab.

ISHMAEL.

So I've heard.

ELIJAH.

Ye've heard that, have ye?
But nothing about that thing that happened to him
off Cape Horn, when Ahab lay like dead three days
and nights? Nothing about that deadly scrimmage
with the Spaniard, eh?—before the altar down in Santa?
Heard nothing about that, eh? Nor about the holy
silver calabash he spat into? Nor the leg—
the leg he lost according to the prophecy?

ISHMAEL.

Aye, I know all about the loss of Ahab's leg.

ELIJAH.

All about it,—*all?* Ye sure ye do?

ISHMAEL.

Pretty sure. And now, if you'll oblige me,—

ELIJAH.

How?

ISHMAEL.

By stepping aside! I'm going to the Indian
and Pacific oceans and don't want to be detained.

ELIJAH.

Comin' back before breakfast? . . . Goodbye, to ye.
Shan't see you very soon, I guess; unless it be
before the Grand Jury. Sharp frost this morning, ain't it?
(*Exit* ELIJAH.)

(*SONG: A sea shanty, as the* SAILORS *aboard the "Pequod" bring up the anchor and prepare to sail.*)

PELEG.

Now, Mr. Starbuck—

STARBUCK.

Captain Peleg, aye?

PELEG.

Sure everything is right, eh? and nothing more

is needed from the shore? Well, call all hands, then,—
muster
'em aft here, blast 'em!

STARBUCK.

Aye, sir. But what of Captain Ahab?

(*The question makes* PELEG *uncomfortable. He gropes for a reply and blusters it out.*)

PELEG.

Ahab?—
Ahab's ready. Muster all hands, Mr. Starbuck.
Aft here! ye sons of bachelors! Aft!

STARBUCK.

All hands, Mr. Stubb.

STUBB.

Aye, sir. (*Shouts as he goes.*)
All hands aft!

STARBUCK.

I'd like to see our captain at least once, sir,
before we sail. . . .

PELEG.

Don't think ye will, at present.
He keeps close inside the house,—a sort o' sick;
but not *sick,* either;—come aboard last night.
O, he's a queer man, Cap'n Ahab,
but a good one, too. A grand,
ungodly, god-like man—above the common.
Aye, Ahab's been in colleges,
as well as 'mongst the cannibals;
he's fixed his fiery lance in deadlier foes
n'whales. He's *Ahab,* man!—
The Bible Ahab, as ye know, was a crowned king.

STARBUCK.

Aye, and a very vile one, Mister Peleg.

PELEG.

What's that?

STARBUCK.

The Bible Ahab,—

when that wicked king was slain,
the dogs,—did they not lick his blood?

PELEG.

Don't ever speak those words again
on board the "Pequod"! No!
Don't say that anywhere!
Old Ahab didn't name himself.
I've sailed with him,—a mate like you,
and I know what he is:—a good man.
Not a pious good man, mebbe—
but a swearing good one.
Something, as ye'd say, like me!
only that there's more—much more of him.
Aye, aye, I know that on the passage home
he was—well, 'twas the bleeding stump
that brought that on . . . I know, too,
that ever since he lost that leg
last voyage by that cursed whale
he's been—well, been a kind o' moody—
savage sometimes. Aye. I know.
But that will all pass off.

STUBB. All hands are mustered, sir.

PELEG. Thankee, Mr. Stubb. (*Raising his voice to a cheerful bellow.*) Now, then—ye misbegotten whale-butchers! It'll be a short, cold Christmas for ye; but I hope ye'll have fine weather soon, so Cap'n Ahab can be moving out amongst ye— Ye harpooners, don't stove the boats in needlessly—white cedar plank is raised full three per cent this year!—Don't forget your prayers, either.—Mr. Starbuck, mind ye don't keep the cheese too long down in the hold, 'twill spoil, and cautious does it with the butter— Butter's gone to twenty cents the pound. Men—don't whale it too much o'Lord's days;—but don't miss a fair chance either, that's rejecting Heaven's own good gifts. Have an eye to the molasses, Mr. Stubb,—it's a might leaky.—If ye touch at the islands, for God's sake, Mr. Flask—beware of fornication!—Good luck to ye all! And this day, three years from now, I'll have a

good hot smoking supper waitin' for ye all in old Nantucket!—God bless ye, and have ye in His holy keeping, men!

(*MUSIC.*)

ISHMAEL.
Mister Peleg drops over the side
into the waiting boat. Our sails are set;
a screaming gull flies overhead;
we give three heavy-hearted cheers,
and blindly plunge, like fate,
into the lone Atlantic. . . .
(*MUSIC finishes.*)
For several days after we left Nantucket
nothing above hatches was seen of Captain Ahab.
The mates regularly relieved each other at the watches. . . .

(*The* THREE MATES *are together on the Forestage.*)

STARBUCK.
I don't much fancy shipping this way
to so long a voyage with a man I've never met. . . .
ISHMAEL. (*Half introduction, half aside.*)
Starbuck, the chief mate—a Quaker by descent:
STARBUCK. (*He stands with the other* MATES *but speaks more or less to himself.*)
I suspect some wrong . . .
STUBB. (*Briskly.*)
Well, wrong or right, we've got three years
before us to find out.
ISHMAEL. (*As before.*)
Stubb is the second mate,—
good humoured, easy careless; taking perils as they come—
STUBB.
I've heard whatever ship old Ahab sails in,
pays something extra for insurance policy.

(FLASK *laughs rather nervously at* STUBB'S *joke.*)

ISHMAEL.
The third mate, Flask,—of Tisbury in Martha's Vineyard;
a most pugnacious gentleman—concerning whales.
FLASK. (*Sighs.*)
O, I've heard tales;—who knows—?
STUBB.
Well,—be it what it will,
I'll go to it laughing, for a laugh's the easiest,
wisest way to all that's queer.

(*The* SAILORS *sing again. This time the shanty has a curiously savage ring, and under it there is a hint of MUFFLED DRUMS.*)

ISHMAEL.
The sailors:—Spaniards, Manxmen, Dutch,
Sicilian, Lascars and Icelandic—
picked and packed by some fatality
to sail our blessed whale-ship
from all sides of the seas,
and all the ends of earth.

Our tiger harpooneers:—
Queequeg, a tattooed island aboriginal;
the blood-skinned Iroquois Tashtego;
and great Daggoo, a giant, coal-black African. . . .

(*SONG continues, DRUMS predominating.*)

STARBUCK.
O, God—to sail with such a heathen crew
that have small touch of mothers in them—!
STUBB. (*With a twinkle.*)
Heathen, aye; but who can use a pious harpooneer?
Religion takes the shark out of 'em.
FLASK.
Well, all aboard this ship seems pretty sharkish!

(STUBB *joins him in a laugh.* SAILORS *are singing.*)

SAILORS.
Our captain stood upon the deck,
A spy-glass in his hand,
A viewing of those gallant whales
That blow at every strand,
O, your tubs in your boats, my boys,
And by your braces stand,
And we'll have one of those fine whales,
Hand boys, over hand!
So, be cheery, my lads! May your hearts never fail!
While the bold harpooner is striking the whale!

(*A pause.*)

STARBUCK.
Eight bells there, forward!
FLASK.
Eight bells there! D'ye hear, bell-boy? Strike the bell eight!

(*SHIP'S BELL strikes.*)

STUBB.
Eight bells there below! Tumble up!
ISHMAEL.
And there is also Pip, the cabin-boy; Black little Pip . . .
(THE YOUNG ACTRESS—*who will speak* PIP'S *words—at this lightly strikes a tambourine, without moving from her post at the harmonium.*)
Poor Alabama boy, beating his tamborine . . .
(*Another light stroke of the tamborine.*)
Once cast adrift, tossed by the billows
'Till the whitecaps drove him mad,
now on the Pequod's forecastle
he chants his songs:
PIP. (*Singing.*)
"Farewell and adieu to you, Spanish ladies!
Farewell and adieu to you, ladies of Spain!"
A SAILOR.
Got it, Pip! Bang it, bell-boy!

PIP. (*Singing.*)
"Be cheery, my lads, may your hearts never fail
While the bold harpooner is striking the whale!"
(PIP'S *voice trails away at the end of the song.*)

(*A silence.*)

ISHMAEL. (*In a half-whisper.*)
There on the quarterdeck stood Captain Ahab. . . .
("THE GOVERNOR" *has moved into a circle of LIGHT, he stands there motionless, and without speaking, in the character of* AHAB. *After a pause.*)
Cut away from the stake, he looked;
wasted by fire; but not yet consumed.
Moody and stricken he stood before us,
with a crucifixion in his face. . . .

(*Another silence.*)

AHAB.
There are whales hereabouts—I smell 'em.
Look sharp for whales, all of ye! And if ye see
a white one—split your lungs for him!
(*After a moment he turns and moves away into the darkness, the cane tapping on the wooden Stage floor like* AHAB'S *ivory leg.*)
STUBB. (*Under his breath.*)
What d'ye think of that now, Mr. Starbuck?
Ain't there a small drop o' something queer
about that, eh?
FLASK.
A white whale—!
STUBB.
Did ye mark that? There's something special
in the wind. Stand by for it. . . .
STARBUCK.
I fear me that you're right.
Ahab has that that's bloody on his mind. . . .

(*LIGHT change. A low sighing of WIND in the shrouds.*)

ISHMAEL.
Turning to eastward, the Cape winds began;
(*WIND louder.*)
They howled round us and we rose and fell
upon long, troubled seas. . . .

(*The SHIP'S BELL is heard.*)

THE STAGE MANAGER. (*Speaking the words as an announcement.*) "Midnight, Forecastle—Harpooneers and Sailors . . . lounging and lying in various attitudes, all singing in chorus. . . ."

(*During this last the* ACTORS *have grouped themselves at one side of the Stage.*)

ACTORS. (*Sing "Sailors' Song."*)
We'll drink tonight with hearts as light,
To love, as gay and fleeting
As bubbles that swam, on the breaker's brim
And break on the lips while meeting!

THE STAGE MANAGER. "French sailor— Hist, boys! Let's have a jig or two. What say ye? Pip—little Pip—your tambourine!" (*Change of tone.*) "Pip—sulky and sleepy—'Don't know where it is.'"

THE YOUNG ACTRESS. (*Repeating the line "in character."*) Don't know where it is.

THE STAGE MANAGER. "Beat thy belly, then, and wag thy ears! Jig it, men, I say. Damn me, won't you dance? . . . Maltese Sailor: 'Where's your girls?'—"

(*WIND louder.*)

AN ACTOR. (*Picking up the line.*) Where's your girls? Who but a fool would take his left hand by his right, and say to himself, how d'ye do? Partners! I need partners!

THE STAGE MANAGER. "Azore Sailor—"

ANOTHER ACTOR. (*"In character."*)
It's the snow-caps turn to jig now.

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