SCRIPTS FOR TEACHING ENGLISH SKILLS

by

Muriel Engler
A. B. (University of California at Berkeley) 1931

THESIS

Submitted in partial satisfaction of the requirements for the degree of

MASTER OF ARTS

AT THE

SACRAMENTO STATE COLLEGE

Approved:

George W. Creel, Chair
Baxter M. Geeting

Date: January 27, 1935
**TABLE OF CONTENTS**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>CHAPTER</th>
<th>PAGE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>I.  THE PROJECT AND DEFINITION OF TERMS USED</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Project</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Statement of the project</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Importance of the project</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Definitions of Terms Used</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Suitable scripts</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A tape recording</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>II. THE SCRIPTS</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III. THE NEED FOR APPROPRIATE SCRIPTS</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV. ADVANTAGES OF TAPE RECORDING</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>V. ACCOMPLISHMENTS POSSIBLE IN TERMS OF ACCEPTED TEACHING OBJECTIVES</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VI. SUMMARY AND CONCLUSION</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Summary</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Conclusion</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BIBLIOGRAPHY</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>APPENDIX</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SCRIPTS</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NUMBER</td>
<td>SCRIPTS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>--------</td>
<td>------------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I.</td>
<td>TWO FRIENDS by Guy de Maupassant</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>II.</td>
<td>THE POPE'S MULE by Alphonse Daudet</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III.</td>
<td>THE PIECE OF STRING by Guy de Maupassant</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV.</td>
<td>THE BELL by Jules Lemaître</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>V.</td>
<td>THE NECKLACE by Guy de Maupassant</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VI.</td>
<td>THE LAST CLASS by Alphonse Daudet</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VII.</td>
<td>THE JUGGLER OF NOTRE DAME by Anatole France</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
CHAPTER I

THE PROJECT AND DEFINITION OF TERMS USED

I. THE PROJECT

Statement of the project. It was the purpose of this project (1) to present seven specific scripts suitable for the teaching of English, speech, and radio broadcasting at the secondary level by recording on magnetic tape; (2) to show the need for scripts of this particular type; (3) to point out several advantages to both teacher and student of the use of tape recording; and (4) to determine in terms of accepted teaching objectives some accomplishments possible through the use of appropriate scripts in conjunction with the tape recorder.

Importance of the project. It has long been conceded that the ability to speak, read, write, and--more recently--to listen with understanding is basic to the further pursuance of knowledge and skill in all areas. In spite of the fact that schools have provided many tools as aids in teaching these various English skills and in spite of the fact that teachers have developed many techniques which make learning processes more efficient, the ability to communicate with understanding is still underdeveloped in the average American high school student today. Yet at the high school level exists
the opportunity to teach toward this ability and to use four approaches to it at once. Surely the age at which the Russian child is successfully combining the study of at least one foreign language with the study of Russian is not too early an age at which to expect the American child to be able to combine successfully the four skills necessary to the efficient use of his own language. In this project an attempt was made to present material and to suggest techniques the combined use of which will offer a four-way approach to proficiency in the four English skills.

II. DEFINITIONS OF TERMS USED

Suitable scripts. The teacher's judgment is still the criterion of the suitability of the scripts just as it has been the criterion of the suitability of teaching material and teaching tools since primer and blackboard days. Experience has taught the teacher to select "almost automatically . . . materials that are useful, understandable, and appropriate" in providing learning experiences.¹

A tape recording. A tape recording was interpreted as meaning a length of magnetic tape on which speech, music,

¹ Walter Wittich and Gertie L. Hanson, Educators Guide to Free Tapes, Scripts, and Transcriptions (second edition; Randolph, Wisconsin: Educators Progress Service, 1956), p. XVI [sic, i.e., not xvi].
or other sound has already been recorded. A tape recording can be made and never heard; it may be listened to by only one student; it may be presented before the group involved in its preparation, another group within the school, or the entire school at an assembly; it may be broadcast from a local or distant radio station; or it may be mailed to almost any spot on the globe by means of the International Tape Exchange Program "launched by Educational Screen and Audio-Visual Guide in October, 1954, with the help of Ruth Y. Terry of Muskegon, Michigan."² The potential uses of the tape recorder extend from a single student's recording of material completely devoid of learning significance to a group's recording of material of tremendous import. Since all of these possibilities exist, "tape recording" is in many cases almost synonymous with "radio."

CHAPTER II

THE SCRIPTS

The seven scripts presented in this project are original adaptations of original translations by the writer of seven classic French short stories: (1) "Two Friends," by Guy de Maupassant; (2) "The Pope's Mule," by Alphonse Daudet; (3) "The Piece of String," by de Maupassant; (4) "The Bell," by Jules Lemaître; (5) "The Necklace," by de Maupassant; (6) "The Last Class," by Daudet; and (7) "The Juggler of Notre Dame," by Anatole France.

These particular stories were selected because of their long-established literary merit; because of their presentation of main themes readily understandable to high school students; because of their length, which lent itself to scripts that could be taped and listened to within the average high school period; and because of their special appeal to the writer.

Several of the scripts were provided with an opening that attempts to relate a high school situation to the story itself. Similar openings for the remaining scripts could be projects of students within the class that is reading and recording the story or of students from another class.

One script, de Maupassant's "Two Friends," used as little of the original narration as possible because of an
attempt to confine all seven scripts to an equal reading time, because of the fact that large sections of narration are difficult to read well, and because variety in voices and sounds is in general more effective in this medium. It was felt later that the story-telling flavor of the original must be kept to as great an extent as possible, in order to preserve the very quality for which the particular work was chosen in the first place. It was felt also that high school students might well wonder what made the story a classic. It was felt finally that these scripts were intended to be used as teaching vehicles rather than as performance vehicles. In the other scripts, therefore, more delineations of character, more descriptions of fairs and countryside, more bits of simple pleasantness and humor which set the scene for action were preserved. The narration then is a challenge to the better student, to that "gifted child" spoken of in today's newspapers, magazines, and forum groups.

The scripts were written to provide classroom teaching material to be used in conjunction with the tape recorder in the teaching of English, speech, and radio broadcasting at the secondary level. French short stories were chosen for these scripts in the hope that the content would be new to most secondary students in English, speech, and radio broadcasting.

The scripts were written with the idea of keeping as close to the original story as possible for the particular
purpose of the scripts. French idioms were preserved here and there; they are easily discernible to students of French. Simplified approximations of the French pronunciation of proper names—oversimplified, perhaps—have been introduced for the benefit of the teacher or the student who cares to make use of them.3

3 A few suggestions for the utilization and production of these scripts in the classroom by means of the tape recorder are offered in the Appendix, page 28. The combined ingenuity of teacher and students will devise many additional techniques.
CHAPTER III

THE NEED FOR APPROPRIATE SCRIPTS

That there is a dearth of scripts suitable for tape recording in the teaching of English, speech, and radio broadcasting at the secondary level is attested to by the scarcity of radio scripts of any kind in "regular textbooks" as they appear on the State List of High School Textbooks. Six of the twenty-three texts listed in speech and public speaking were examined; one offered one one-act play—not of course intended for sound recording—and one radio script, "How Does the City Manage?" Of three drama texts only one was available for examination; it offered a one-act play and twenty-three scenes from modern and classical plays, all of which were planned for visual production only. Only three

4 "Inclusion in this list does not indicate approval by the State Board of Education nor the State Department of Education." According to law "all books classifiable as 'regular textbooks' under the rules and regulations of the State Board of Education are listed upon application for listing submitted by publishers." State List of High School Textbooks: California State Department of Education (Sacramento: July, 1957), cover.


texts are named in the category of radio writing and production texts. In the one text examined there was only one script, "The Sun Has Set," but it was written by Robert Morgan while he was still attending Summit High School in Summit, New Jersey! This incomplete survey of "regular textbooks" points out not only the need for appropriate scripts but also the ability of the high school student to write and to write well under proper motivation, in an area in which his interest lies, and with the necessary facilities. According to Charles Siepmann,

Writing for radio is altogether relevant to the teaching of English literature. In radio workshops, this may incidentally lead to the recruitment to the industry of new talent and new ideas for the perfection of a new art form. In ordinary nonvocational classes . . . the use of radio as illustration will not only enliven interest in the subject; it may indirectly achieve something far more important. It may raise a new generation of listeners with higher standards of expectation of what the radio offers, a stronger sales resistance to unwarranted or deceptive advertising claims, and a much broader, more alert conception of radio's role and immense possibilities. Schools and colleges may be decisive in the contribution they thus indirectly make to the future quality and integrity of radio. Radio as a tool of education is an essential part of the plan of the future.7

The Bureau of Audio-Visual Education of the State of California says that appropriate scripts are needed. There are one hundred and sixty audio-visual service centers in California and many libraries that provide magnetic tape loan

---

services. Here in the classroom of the secondary teachers of English, speech, and radio broadcasting lies an opportunity to develop the skill of writing and an outlet for the practical application of that skill.

Sources other than textbook companies fail to supply teachers with appropriate scripts. The comprehensive Educators Guide to Free Tapes, Scripts, and Transcriptions lists materials that are for the most part sponsored by commercial, civic, and welfare organizations. The 1958 edition includes approximately three hundred scripts ranging from "Bill Scott, Forest Ranger" to "The Safety Story Lady." Scripts listed under language arts and creative dramatics are suitable for the elementary level exclusively. The dramatization of the classic short story does not appear among them.

Commercial companies have been offering nonmusical tape recordings for some time, but literary tape recordings are relatively new. A-V Tape Libraries, Incorporated, offers tapes of Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn; the Livingston Company has a single nonmusical recording of The Tempest; the EMC Company's offerings range from Virgil's The Seasons through selections from Walt Whitman to excerpts from the Old Testament, and the National Company offers Moliere's Bourgeois Gentilhomme and Dante's Divine Comedy. These companies do not supply scripts.

---

Seventy-six pages of the 1957 edition of the *National Tape Recording Catalog*, the publication of the Department of Audio-Visual Instruction of the National Education Association for Education by Radio-Television, list tape recordings for use at elementary, secondary, and adult levels. They concern the air age, art, citizenship, the point-four program, recreation, and social studies. No tape recordings of classic short stories for the secondary level are listed. There is no mention of scripts.

*Radio and the School: A Guidebook for Teachers and Administrators* offers this information:

Broadcasts involving dramatizations have gained wide popularity among schools in which program-distribution systems and recording facilities are available. Many schools are known to be producing dramatizations from the script exchange of the United States Office of Education, while others produce their own scripts. Experiences reported by schools where student broadcasting is done would seem to indicate that dramatizations have a somewhat wider appeal, both for students who take part in the broadcasts and for those who make up the listening groups, than do other types of broadcasts.

---


12 *Educational Radio Script Exchange Catalog* (Federal Radio Education Committee, United States Office of Education, Washington, D.C.). (Note: This service, according to a printed form received by the writer in April, 1958, "was discontinued some time ago.").
Listings of available nonmusical tape recordings appear from time to time in the *Saturday Review of Literature* and in the *High Fidelity Magazine*, but there are no references to available scripts. *Educational Screen and Audio-Visual Guide*, the most comprehensive monthly periodical in this field, has no heading for scripts in its monthly "Trade Directory for the Audio-Visual Field."¹³

This incomplete survey of sources of scripts that could be used in teaching English, speech, and radio broadcasting at the secondary level shows that there are few such scripts available. It shows also, however, an opening for the teaching of writing at the secondary level—writing that does not die with corrections and rewrites and grades but that, good or bad, may become live and real for the writer, his fellow students, his teacher, and perhaps many others.

"There are already numerous instances of programs by unknown writers and producers presented with unknown casts which have won larger audiences than competing programs in big money categories."¹⁴


CHAPTER IV

ADVANTAGES OF TAPE RECORDING

The use of the tape recorder as a teaching device offers advantages to both students and teachers in the development of the skills of speaking, writing, reading, listening to, and understanding English. William Dow Boutwell urges that teachers of English, speech, and radio broadcasting include both radio and television among the materials to be taught.

For the teacher “radio English” is more than a subject of high motivation. All the fundamentals of English suddenly become more than lessons for students; they become compulsion. Every student knows that his grammar must be correct at the microphone. He makes startling discoveries about his own voice and that of others. He must learn to collect information and search for proper words. . . . He learns to organize what he writes, to be fresh, to be brief. And finally, the student in radio English must face the acid test of audiences, whether it be the classroom or the school or the community audience. Radio, in academic terms, makes English functional.

In short, radio is one of the most perfect avenues of learning ever offered the teachers and students of English. More and more teachers prepare themselves for radio. . . . More high schools provide facilities. Equipment can be as simple as a tape recorder and a microphone. . . . To students and teachers I would say: Do not underestimate what you can do with radio and television. . . .

All stations, large and small, commercial and non-commercial, eat up programs with the unabated appetite of a healthy silkworm. Programs--any programs that will attract audiences--are welcome.15

William Carr counts radio among the tools that "will be considered just as necessary items of classroom equipment as pencil and paper, chalk and blackboard are today." The tape recorder is fast becoming as necessary to the classroom as the radio.

The prevalence of tape recorders in homes has made the average high school student familiar with using them. This familiarity has noticeably diminished their appeal as toys to be played with. Students are creating tape recording libraries of their own and are experimenting with tape recordings of their own. Administrators are making tape recorders available in increasing quantities. Publishing houses that watch trends and anticipate needs are going into the record and tape recording business. Harcourt, Brace and Company is introducing an extensive series of long-playing records--they might just as well be tape recordings--designed specifically for grades seven through twelve. These records, entitled "Many Voices," are to serve three functions:

(1) To add new and different interpretations and meanings to some of the memorable literary pieces students read and study; (2) to serve as a teacher resource for motivating, extending, or summarizing classroom

work; and (3) to help make the reading and studying of literature a pleasant experience as well as an educational one.17

The tape recording offers tremendous potential for active participation in and creation of programs based on instructional material appropriate to the age level, background, and abilities of students. The scope of the subject matter, teaching techniques, and objectives is infinite. The use of the tape recording offers teachers an excellent opportunity to apply the age-old rule of thumb, "teach, examine, and re-teach." The techniques of tape recording makes it simple for a teacher to keep the results of an oral quiz or examination, to present the student's own work to him in such a way that he becomes his own audience and his own critic. The approval and criticism of his peers are important to him; his own standards are even higher. The tape recording gives him a completely objective example of his own work; he can learn a great deal if he can become an objective audience. Never is he inclined to listen with such eagerness as when he listens to the sound of his own voice.

This aural-oral approach, used so successfully in the recent teaching of foreign languages, has much to offer the teacher of English, speech, and radio broadcasting. Performing and listening to one's own performance is a revelation.

People professionally concerned with good speech find the tape recorder a trustworthy teacher. Diction in both senses of the word has never had a more qualified protagonist than the tape recorder. Reading aloud is excellent training, but being able to listen to oneself read aloud is infinitely preferable for learning; the inevitable ego is involved in a variety of ways and is forced to pass judgment on itself according to its own ability at the time.

Increasing stress is being placed on the ability to listen with comprehension. People are listening more than ever before. People are being obliged to listen with more discrimination than ever before. Ursula Hogan, Consultant in Education for the Sacramento County Schools, insists that research in the area of student listening "is giving us more and more basis for believing that this is one of the most effective instructional procedures."18 In an article written for KFMB Goes to School Miss Hogan says:

One of the most important language skills and the one most frequently used by children and adults is the ability to listen. It is an established fact that elementary school children learn more through listening than through reading. The development of good listening habits doesn't just happen. Both purpose and practice are very important. . . . Essential, too, is the use of a variety of types of listening behavior. It may be a story for enjoyment, a science discussion for main ideas, or a news broadcast for sequence or inference. . . . Listeners should understand clearly that this is a language experience, what it is they are about to hear, what use they are going to make of the material, and meanings of unusual or specific vocabulary. . . .

---

18 Letter written to the writer, February 17, 1958.
Immediately following the broadcast the purpose of the lesson should be recalled and discussion sharply focused on it. Group or individual follow-up may be the result.19

Not only listening but all the language arts skills can be involved in carefully planned instruction in English, speech, and radio broadcasting at the secondary level. Wittich points out that there are many ways of arranging learning experiences toward the mastery of subject matter, information, and skills.

Obviously the most efficient learning activities will combine many opportunities to learn. I believe that through the use of carefully selected scripts we can at once gain useful information and at the same time gain practice in the useful skills of reading and oral communication.

We can do this in our language arts activities if we use devices which not only give learners the opportunity to practice language arts skills of speaking, interpreting, and possibly acting, but which, in addition, through the substance of the words and meanings interpreted, teach socially useful ideas and attitudes of social living, conservation, safety. . . . Such scripts can be both the means of exciting language arts classroom activity and the source of learning useful information.20

---


20 Wittich, op. cit., p. 98.
CHAPTER V

ACCOMPLISHMENTS POSSIBLE IN TERMS
OF ACCEPTED TEACHING OBJECTIVES

Many classroom teachers have recognized as valid teaching objectives the seven cardinal principles set down by the Commission on the Reorganization of Secondary Schools in its report, "Cardinal Principles of Education": health, command of fundamental processes, worthy home membership, vocational education, civic competence, worthy use of leisure, and the development of ethical character. 21 These are, it must be admitted, admirable objectives—objectives well worth striving toward. Closer to the immediate problem of the secondary teacher of English, speech, and radio broadcasting, however, is the need to involve the student himself in this long-term plan by interesting him in the material and subject matter through which the teacher plans to achieve these distant goals. As soon as the student loses himself in the pursuit of knowledge, the teacher's problems become simpler. The teacher of English, speech, and radio broadcasting is helped

in his plan to stimulate interest by the fact that most students enjoy the make-believe of taking part in a play and by the fact that all students enjoy listening to the sound of their own voices.

Taking full advantage of these human characteristics, the teacher of English, speech, and radio broadcasting concentrates first on immediate objectives. He works constantly to increase the variety and intensity of interests of the secondary student and

... to develop the ability to listen; to sharpen the appreciation of and critical attitude toward programs; to provide opportunities for analysis, experiment, and application in all types of radio work; to provide a stimulus toward better oral and written expression; to stimulate creative writing; to help develop a self-discipline; and to learn to work within a group in a cooperative venture.22

The teacher can work toward all these objectives by producing appropriate scripts and recording them on tapes. Individual and group listening increases not only ability in speech work but ability to judge and analyze. Reading aloud and participating in group work open the way for experimentation—the beginning of creative effort. Oral reading, for which there are too few opportunities in most classes, is stressed here. The ability to read aloud well creates confidence. Students admire such ability; they develop their own

criteria, their own aims commensurate with their own stage of development. They have a frank approach to the fact that some members of the group are less able in some respects and more able in others. Each student is interested in his own improvement, in the improvement of his fellow students, and in the improvement of the group. This interest in improvement coupled with the normal pleasure in participating carries over into the repetition necessary for greater improvement.

Improvement in speech and performance may well prompt improvement in choice of reading material. High school students are eager to be considered adult and can, through this medium of performing what they read, easily become interested in reading better material than that which satisfied them a short time before. The realization of the importance of polishing and improving and trying again can be made clear in work with scripts and recordings. All phases of the production and performance of a script on tape offer added teaching and learning opportunities. To a student an audience of his peers is very demanding, but its acclaim is the most to be desired.

Sumner C. Powell has had much experience with the benefits of the use of the tape recorder as a teaching tool. An electronics expert, Powell is also Professor of American Civilization and History at Choate School, Wallingford, Connecticut. He reports in the Saturday Review of Literature
on a twelve hundred dollar experiment in the teaching value of individual earphones and headsets and of the use of tape recordings at the student's own speed, an experiment which has been begun at the St. Scholastica Convent in Covington, Louisiana:

What have the results been? Briefly, great enthusiasm on the part of the teachers, students, and parents; impressive student achievement, measured by standard tests and teacher evaluation; and an opportunity for many teachers to rethink their entire curricula.

Individual electronic recorders, as many have found, can be a valuable asset in teaching. At present I make periodic recordings of class discussions in my courses and, on playing them, can evaluate student improvement, measure by vocabulary, maturity of concepts, and participation in class discussion. The Choate Senate, the debating organization, together with the Sound-scribe Corporation of New Haven, plans to send recorders to various schools throughout the world to promote students' discussion.

It seems to us who have been experimenting a bit that all educators can benefit by the current revolution in teaching techniques. The shortage of experts is no new phenomenon. It is, and always will be, a constant in most civilizations. But what is new is our ability, if aroused, to carry wisdom and inspiration to the ears of all our students, so eager to listen.

With this plan of sending recorders to schools throughout the world and with the International Tape Exchange Program, teachers are now within closer range than ever of some of the distant objectives of the "Cardinal Principles of Education," considered at the time they were issued as altogether too remote. UNESCO, too, feels that radio—which can just as well

---

be a tape recording—has great potential in working toward the distant objective of world understanding. In its work toward the improvement of mass communication, UNESCO is seeking to identify tastes and to motivate trends. One of its subcommittees has articulated these opinions:

1. There is an ever-increasing demand among peoples throughout the world for more and wider knowledge, which can be met most effectively through the medium of sound radio. . . . Sound radio can best continue to play a significant role in society through increasing broadcasts of the highest intellectual or artistic quality.

2. Each country has tried to meet this demand for cultural broadcasts according to its social structure and its traditions. . . .

3. While there is already a considerable international exchange of programmes, especially in some areas of the world, an increase—particularly in programmes of a cultural nature—is highly desirable. Each country should make its best programmes freely available to all other countries wishing to use them.

4. In view of the urgent necessity to make the leaders in all cultural fields aware of the potentialities of the radio medium, closer cooperation between them and broadcasting organizations should be developed. This becomes especially important both in the field of art and humane studies and by reason of the increasing emphasis throughout the world on scientific and technological education.24

CHAPTER VI

SUMMARY AND CONCLUSION

I. SUMMARY

This project was to present seven radio scripts based on original adaptations of original translations of classic French short stories. These scripts were to be suitable for use at the secondary level in the teaching of English, speech, and radio broadcasting by means of tape recordings.

The chief problem was concerned with preserving the literary value of the original short stories while adapting them for use in an entirely different medium. A secondary problem involved the limiting of the scripts to a length that would be suitable for teaching in the average high school period.

The two problems were resolved by using passages of narration—occasionally somewhat long for the best use of the sound medium. It was felt that since a short story is narration, much of the original narration was essential to the script in order not to misrepresent the original masterpieces themselves.

Various advantages of the use of tape recordings in teaching students to speak, to write, to read, to listen to, and to understand good English were then presented.
II. CONCLUSIONS

The ultimate importance of this project lies in the teaching value of the scripts used in conjunction with the tape recording—an importance that has yet to be determined.

(1) There is a need for appropriate scripts to be used in conjunction with tape recordings in teaching English skills at the secondary level; (2) tape recordings offer special advantages in teaching English skills at this level; and (3) classic French short stories have the literary merit and the appeal of new material which are necessary in the teaching of English skills at the secondary level.

One script, de Maupassant's "Two Friends," was recorded through the courtesy of KFBK in Sacramento. Three students from Elk Grove High School--Larry Crawford, Bill Watson, and Jack Lewis--read three of the roles. The recording was broadcast over Station KFBK, Sacramento, during Public Schools Week in April, 1958.
BIBLIOGRAPHY


State List of High School Textbooks: California State Department of Education. Sacramento: July, 1957, cover.


APPENDIX
MUSIC: Musical bridges can be played by students in the class or by members of the school orchestra. French songs or special French expressions can be contributed by members of the French classes.

Professional musical bridges are available from (1) EMIL ASCHER, INC., New York, and (2) STANDARD RADIO, 1 East 54th Street, New York 22.

SOUND: Sound effects are best achieved by members of the class--nonparticipating students can enter into the spirit of the script: walking, crackling brush or fire (crunching of cellophane paper), doors opening and closing, gun firing, bird sounds, etc.

Professional recorded sound effects of all kinds are available from (1) THOMAS J. VALENTINO, 160 West 46th Street, New York 36, and STANDARD RADIO, 1 East 54th Street, New York 22.

Two different groups of students might record the same script and criticize both presentations for mutual benefit.

Tape recordings might be kept for several weeks for comparison with later work.

English, speech, and radio broadcasting groups might exchange texts and information relevant to tape recording problems--academic as well as technical.

Professional radio announcers or producers from local radio stations might be asked to visit, to listen to tapes, and to make suggestions.

An especially successful tape recording might be broadcast from a local radio station.

Tapes might be exchanged with students throughout the world through the International Tape Exchange Program. (See Educational Screen and Audio-Visual Guide for April, 1957.)
SCRIPTS
TWO FRIENDS

by

Guy de Maupassant
TWO FRIENDS: A short story by Guy de Maupassant.
Translated and adapted into script form for tape recording in the classroom.

CAST

Announcer
Mr. Maupassant (narrator)
Don, a student
Ken, a student
M. Morrisot, a middle-aged Frenchman
M. Sauvage, a middle-aged Frenchman
A German officer

MUSIC

To interpret and punctuate "The Marseillaise" to open and close

SOUND

Footsteps on the pavement
Footsteps on rough ground
Door opening and closing
Glasses and coins on counter
Country sounds: stream, birds, rustling of leaves, etc.
Rustling of bushes
Thud of distant cannon
Shots from firing squad
Splash of body thrown in river (twice)
ANNOUNCER: The Speech Class of presents an adaptation of "Two Friends," a short story by Guy de Maupassant. But first, Ken Foreman and Don Howe, two members of the class, are going to give us a little background on the selection of this particular story—and of this particular narrator. Don?

DON: The whole idea began when we were discussing famous men in an English class the other day. The teacher asked us to name twenty important historical figures as quickly as we could think of them.

KEN: We had twenty in no time at all—from Alexander the Great to Columbus and from Christ to Einstein. Then Beth suggested that we match those twenty men—they were all men, by the way—with great accomplishments by men whose names are not known.

DON: We listed the invention of the wheel, the engineering feat of the pyramids, the measurement of time by the clock, masterpieces left to the world by unknown writers and musicians and sculptors, and achievements in science and medicine. Ken—well, Ken, you tell it.
KEN: I just asked if we could think about ordinary people, too—people who do fine things that nobody knows about—little things as far as the world is concerned but big things as far as the people who do them are concerned.

DON: Giving blood came up . . . and willing eyes to blind people.

KEN: We talked about parents who make sacrifices every day and say nothing about them.

DON: And that brought up the sacrifices soldiers make—the quiet sacrifices that never make the headlines. And then the bell rang.

KEN: Don and I kept on talking about soldiers and courage and loyalty all the way home. We're both going into the army soon. We wondered whether we would be brave in an emergency . . . under fire.

DON: Or whether we'd run from responsibility!

KEN: That made us remember our assignment in Speech.

DON: We tried every way we knew to get out of it. We called each other cowards and decided to look for a story based on courage—courage that can face anything.

KEN: My sister is taking French in college, and she had been telling me about some of Maupassant's short stories. She says that he is considered the greatest French short story writer.
Our English teacher says that a dozen of the world's greatest short stories would include one--or even two--by Maupassant.

Well, my sister had to write out translations of three Maupassant stories, and she let us read them that night. We found exactly what we were looking for in "Two Friends," which Maupassant wrote about an incident during the Franco-Prussian War of 1870. The Prussians won that war, remember. And the French people had to watch while the victorious German Army, throwing their spiked helmets in the air and singing "The Watch on the Rhine," marched under the Arch of Triumph in Paris.

Our story took place before the end of the war, however--as you will hear. Maupassant was a soldier during that war... and he was only twenty... not much older than Don and I are now. Many of his stories are concerned with war. He hated war and what it did to people.

His skill as a writer lay chiefly in his ability to picture people and events as they were--without preaching and without literary embellishment. He himself said that he wanted to create a complete picture--truer than reality itself, if possible.
KEN: When we were working on the script for this show, we tried to think of the best person to be the narrator. Don's father said that it was too bad we couldn't go back about seventy years and get Maupassant himself to tell the story.

DON: We thought that was a wonderful idea—and in this age of miracles, why not? ... Now, Mr. Announcer, will you please repeat the opening ... and go on from there?

ANNOUNCER: The ____________ Speech Class of __________ presents an adaptation of "Two Friends," a short story by Guy de Maupassant ... narrated by the author himself. Mr. Maupassant!

MUSIC: "MARSEILLAISE" ... SUSTAIN BRIEFLY, FADE AND UNDER FOR

MAUPASSANT: ... Paris was blockaded, starved, and gasping her last. All but a few sparrows had disappeared from the roofs, and most of the rats in the sewers had been caught. ...

MUSIC: CROSS FADE TO FOOTSTEPS

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS FADE IN AND UNDER

MAUPASSANT: ... People were eating anything ... A man is strolling sadly along a boulevard on the edge of Paris, his hands in the trouser pockets of his old uniform, his stomach empty. M. Morrisot, a watchmaker by trade and a stay-at-home by choice ...
MAUPASSANT: ... steps short in front of a colleague whom he recognizes.

MORRISOT: (WITH ENTHUSIASM SUSED BY WAR) Sauvage! Well, well ... Good morning, good morning.

SAUVAGE: Morrisot! (SIGH) How long has it been?

MORRISOT: It's hard to remember ... The war ... the war ...

SAUVAGE: The war has changed everything.

MORRISOT: (GROAN) And what beautiful weather ... for war.

SAUVAGE: (UNENTHUSIATIC) Today is the first fine day this year.

MORRISOT: (UNENTHUSIATIC) Not a cloud in the sky.

SAUVAGE: May I walk along with you?

MORRISOT: Remember when we used to go fishing?

SAUVAGE: (DREAMY) Hm ... What times we had!

MORRISOT: (DULL) All that is over now.

SAUVAGE: (DULL) Will we ever be able to fish again, do you think?

MORRISOT: Who knows? ... Who knows?

SAUVAGE: Let's go in here and have a drink!

SAUVAGE: (UNENTHUSIATIC) Today is the first fine day this year.

MORRISOT: (UNENTHUSIATIC) Not a cloud in the sky.

SAUVAGE: May I walk along with you?

MORRISOT: Remember when we used to go fishing?

SAUVAGE: (DREAMY) Hm ... What times we had!

MORRISOT: (DULL) All that is over now.

SAUVAGE: (DULL) Will we ever be able to fish again, do you think?

MORRISOT: Who knows? ... Who knows?

SAUVAGE: Let's go in here and have a drink!
MORRISOT: Absinthe, please.

SAUVAGE: Absinthe—for me, too, please.

SOUND: GLASSES ON COUNTER, COINS ON COUNTER

MORRISOT: (FLAT) Your health, Sauvage.

SAUVAGE: (FLAT) To yours, Morrisot.

MORRISOT: Do you remember when . . . (FADE) we used to spend the whole day . . .

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS IN UNISON AND UNDER

SAUVAGE: How about another?

MORRISOT: Fine . . . fine . . . as you wish . . .

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS SLOW DOWN, DOOR OPENS, STEPS ENTER,

DOOR CLOSES, STEPS STOP

MORRISOT: (SLIGHTLY MORE CONFIDENT) Absinthe!

SAUVAGE: (SLIGHTLY MORE CONFIDENT) The same!

SOUND: GLASSES ON COUNTER, COINS ON COUNTER

MORRISOT: (LESS FLAT THAN BEFORE) Here's to you, Sauvage!

SAUVAGE: (LESS FLAT THAN BEFORE) Your health, Morrisot!

SOUND: STEPS TOWARD DOOR, DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES, STEPS UNDER

MORRISOT: . . . It is a little warmer now, isn't it?

SAUVAGE: Yes . . . it's warmer . . . That breeze feels good.

MORRISOT: (THICK, QUIETLY EXCITED) What if we'd go now?

SOUND: STEPS STOP

SAUVAGE: Go? . . . Go where?

MORRISOT: Fishing . . . as we used to.
SAUVAGE: ... But where could we fish?
MORRISOT: At our old island, of course.
SAUVAGE: But could we get through ... 
MORRISOT: The French outposts are near Colombe. And Colonel Dumoulin is a friend of mine.
SAUVAGE: But will he let us by ... to go fishing?
MORRISOT: He'll let us by.
SAUVAGE: (CHUCKLING, A LITTLE TIPSY) All right ... let's go!

SOUND: STEPS FADE IN
MORRISOT: Come on!
SOUND: STEPS INCREASE, PACE INCREASES, FADE OUT
MAUPASSANT: The two men separate to get their fishing tackle. Every Sunday before the war Morrisot used to leave his home at dawn, his bamboo cane in one hand, his tin box slung across his back. He would take the train to Colombe and walk from there to Marante Island ... the place of his dreams. And there he would meet Sauvage, another fishing fanatic. They used to fish until nightfall, side by side, their feet dangling above the water of the Seine. They often fished for hours without exchanging a word. They understood each other. They became friends ...

SOUND: COUNTRY SOUNDS: BIRDS, WATER, RUSTLING OF LEAVES
MAUPASSANT: 0 those beautiful Sundays before the war ...

SOUND: COUNTRY SOUNDS UNDER

MORRISOT: (HAPPY) Spring is almost here ...

SAUVAGE: (LAZY, CONTENT) The sun feels good ...

MORRISOT: (SAME) What peace ...

SAUVAGE: (SAME) I don't know anything better ... (FADE)

SOUND: COUNTRY SOUNDS FADE AND UP AGAIN AND UNDER

SAUVAGE: It's autumn again.

MORRISOT: Look at that sky!

SAUVAGE: What a spectacle! The colors ...

MORRISOT: Better than the boulevards, eh? ... (FADE)

SOUND: FADE OUT

MAUPASSANT: ... Colonel Dumoulin smiled when Morrisot asked for a pass, but he finally agreed. And soon Morrisot and Sauvage reached the outposts, crossed the abandoned town of Colombe, and found themselves at the edge of a vineyard which stretched toward the bank of the Seine...

SOUND: STEPS ON GROUND FADE IN RUSTLING OF BUSHES

MAUPASSANT: It was about eleven o'clock ...

SOUND: STEPS STOP

SAUVAGE: (SLOW, UNBELIEVING) Everything has been destroyed ... destroyed ...

MORRISOT: (SLOW, UNBELIEVING) The cherry orchard ... it's nothing but stumps ...
SAUVAGE: (WITH HATE) The Prussians are up there!
MORRISOT: (WITH HATE) They've been there so long . . .
SAUVAGE: (DESPAIRING) They'll always be there!
MORRISOT: (RESIGNED) They have ruined France.
SAUVAGE: Have you seen any of them?
MORRISOT: Not for months . . . But they're all around. . .
SAUVAGE: (STARTLED) What if we meet some of them?
MORRISOT: (NERVOUS LAUGH) We'll offer them a fry!
SAUVAGE: . . . Let's move on . . .

SOUND: STEPS ON GROUND, RUSTLING OF BUSHES UNDER
MORRISOT: Keep down! . . .
SAUVAGE: . . . Under the bushes! . . .
MORRISOT: Now . . . run for the bank!
SAUVAGE: Hide in the reeds . . . there . . .
MORRISOT: (WHISPER) Don't move!
SAUVAGE: This is the place!
MORRISOT: Yes . . . there's our island.

SOUND: FADE OUT FOR
SAUVAGE: Listen! . . .
MORRISOT: Not a sound! . . .
SAUVAGE: (REASSURED) There's nobody around here . . .
MORRISOT: We're lucky . . .

SOUND: COUNTRY SOUNDS FADE IN: BIRDS, WATER, RUSTLING
SAUVAGE: Let's fish!

SOUND: FADE OUT FOR
MAUPASSANT: . . . Sauvage catches a little gudgeon. Then
Morrisot catches one . . . and then another.
They put the fish into a net that bobs up and
down in the water at their feet. The sun warms
their backs. They are no longer listening.
They are no longer thinking. A delicious joy
takes hold of them—-the joy of an almost forgotten
pleasure . . .

SOUND: COUNTRY SOUNDS OF FISHING SCENE FADE IN AND UNDER

MAUPASSANT: . . . They are fishing.

SOUND: DULL THUD OF DISTANT CANNON, THEN A SECOND, A

THIRD

SAUVAGE: They're beginning again.

MORRISOT: (SUDDENLY ANGRY) People must be crazy to kill
each other like that!

SAUVAGE: (ANGRY) Worse than animals!

MORRISOT: (RESIGNED) There'll always be war . . . as long
as there are governments.

SAUVAGE: (BELLIGERENTLY) The Republic would not have de-
clared war.

MORRISOT: (RESIGNED) With kings, there's war outside the
country; with the Republic, there's war inside.

SAUVAGE: (RESIGNED) We'll never be free.

SOUND: ANOTHER THUD FROM THE DISTANT CANNON, TWO MORE,

THEN A FOURTH
SAUVAGE: (IN DESPAIR) That's life!

MORRISOT: (JOKING BITTERLY) You mean that's death!

MAUPASSANT: ... Morrisot and Sauvage are suddenly aware of movement behind them. When they must, they turn and see four men directly behind them—men in uniform, in flat helmets, with guns raised. Morrisot and Sauvage let their fishing poles slip from their hands and on down the bank. In a few seconds they are seized, carried away, thrown into a boat, and taken over to the island. Behind a house which they had thought abandoned, they see eighteen or twenty German soldiers. An officer—a giant of a man who is smoking a pipe—strides up to them.

OFFICER: (CALM, SARCASTIC) Well, gentlemen, have you had good luck fishing? ... Yes, I see you have ... Good man, Wilhelm, to think of bringing these fish, too. Now, you two! ... Listen to me! ... As far as I'm concerned, you're two spies ... I take you, and I have you shot. You were pretending to fish ... as a cover up. I caught you ... So much the worse for you! That's war! ... But since you went past the outposts, you certainly have the password ... Give me the password, and I'll let you go.
OFFICER: No one will ever know. You will go back quietly. The secret will disappear with you. . . If you refuse, it's death—and at once! . . . Choose!

(STILL CALM, NOW HARD) Remember that in five minutes you will be at the bottom of the river. . . See those ropes over there? . . . and those stones? . . . In five minutes! . . . (PRETENDING TO SOFTEN) You must have relatives? . . .

OFFICER: (HARD AGAIN--TO SOLDIERS) MEN! . . . Get ready!

(ENRAGED--TO MORRISOT AND SAUVAGE) Gentlemen, I give you one minute . . . not one second more.

. . . You! . . . Over here! . . . (WHISPER) Quickly, the password! Your friend will never know . . . It will look as if I've changed my mind . . . (FULL VOICE, ENRAGED) All right! . . . Take him away!

Now the other one . . . over here! You! . . . (WHISPER) Give me the password. No one will tell your friend. He'll think I am softening up . . .

No? . . . Fool! Fools, both of you! France is done for, anyway! . . . just like those fish there in the net . . . (TO SOLDIERS) Men! Ready! . . .

Aim!
MORRISOT: (LOW, SLOWLY) Good-by, M. Sauvage!
SAUVAGE: (LOW, PATHETIC) Good-by, M. Morrisot!
OFFICER: ... Fire!

SOUND: SHOTS

OFFICER: That's right! ... Tie them up in a hurry! ...
That's enough stones ... They don't weigh much, do they? ... Carry them down to the bank! ...
Two of you take that one by the head ... You two take him by the feet ... That's it ... One ...
... two ... three!

SOUND: SPLASH

OFFICER: ... A little farther out with the next one ... One ... two ... three! ... Perfect that time! Good eating to the fish in the river! (WITH PLEASURE) And now it's my turn! Wilhelm! Have those fish fried for me ... right away ... while they're still alive ... 

SOUND: UP WITH "THE MARSEILLAISE"

OFFICER: They'll be delicious!

SOUND: STILL UP WITH "THE MARSEILLAISE" THEN FADE AND UNDER FOR

ANNOUNCER: This concludes the radio adaptation of "Two Friends" by Guy de Maupassant, presented by the Speech Class of ___________________.
MUSIC: "THE MARSEILLAISE" STILL UNDER FOR

ANNOUNCER: The roles were played by the following students:

M. Morrisot, ___________; M. Sauvage, ______;
the German officer, ___________; Mr. Maupassant,
______________; Don, Don Howe; Ken, Ken Fore-
man; and your announcer, ________________.

MUSIC: "THE MARSEILLAISE" UP AND END
THE POPE'S MULE

by

Alphonse Daudet
THE POPE'S MULE: A short story by Alphonse Daudet

Translated and adapted into script for tape recording in the classroom

CAST

Announcer
Daudet, a middle-aged Frenchman
Tisted Vedène, a young Frenchman—bold, almost impertinent
The Pope, a middle-aged Frenchman
The mule (woman's voice)
Voice 1
Voice 2
Voice 3
French students to sing "Sur le pont d'Avignon"

MUSIC

To interpret and punctuate
Strains of instrumental version of "Sur le pont d'Avignon"
ANNOUNCER: The Class of presents an adaptation of "The Pope's Mule," by Alphonse Daudet (AL FAWNS DÖ DAY). One of the members of our class, impersonating the author, gives Daudet's (DÖ DAZE) own explanation of how he came to write this well-known short story:

DAUDET: Of all the pretty sayings or proverbs with which the peasants of Provence (PRŐ VANS') adorn their conversation, I know of none more singular than this one. Within a radius of fifteen leagues around my mill when someone speaks of a vindictive man, he says, "That man! Beware of him! ... He is like the Pope's mule who saved her kick for seven years."

I sought for a long time to find out where this proverb might come from—what this papal mule and this kick kept for seven years were about. No one around here was able to tell me, not even Francet Mammi (FRAN SEH MA MA EE), my old fife player ... 

FRANCE: No, monsieur Daudet. That is a saying I cannot explain.

DAUDET: But, Francet, you have all the old stories about events around here on the tip of your tongue.
FRANCET: But not this one, my friend. Without doubt it has something to do with the time when there were popes in Avignon (À VEE GNON) instead of Rome.

DAUDET: But that was back in the Fourteenth Century, wasn't it?

TISTET: Yes, monsieur Daudet . . . from 1309 to 1377. But while I have heard the saying—and have even used it myself—I have never known where it came from.

DAUDET: Have you a suggestion as to where I might go to try to trace it?

FRANCET: . . . Well (LAUGHING GENTLY) . . . yes, my friend. Why don't you go to the Locusts' Library?

DAUDET: The Locusts' Library?

FRANCET: (LAUGHING FADES OFF MIKE AND OUT)

DAUDET: What does the fellow mean? Do you suppose (BEGINNING TO FADE) he means (FADING) that I should (OUT) . . .

. . . And so I went to the Locusts' Library. It's a marvelous library, admirably equipped, open to poets day and night . . . where little librarians make music all the time. I spent some delicious days there, and after a week of research—on my back—I finally found what I wanted, that is to say the story of my mule and the famous kick kept
for seven years. The story is a pretty one--although a little naive--and I am going to try to tell it to you just as I read it yesterday morning in a weather-colored manuscript that smelled of lavender.

MUSIC: TRANSITION TO INDICATE BEGINNING OF ACTUAL STORY

UP AND UNDER FOR

DAUDET: Whoever hasn't seen Avignon in the time of the popes, hasn't seen anything. For gaiety, animation, festivities, there never was a city like it.

From morning to night there were processions, pilgrimages. The streets were strewn with flowers and carpeted with pieces of tapestry. Cardinals arrived by the Rhone, banners fluttered in the wind, galleys were decked with flags, and soldiers of the Pope sang Latin in the squares. From top to bottom of the houses which crowded around the papal palace, buzzing like bees, there came the tic-tac of the lace looms, the songs of the weaving women. And above it all floated the sound of the bells and the rolling of the tambourines from the direction of the bridge over there. For with us . . .

MUSIC: FADE IN WITH "SUR LE PONT D'AVIGNON"
DAUDET: When the people are happy, they have to dance... they have to dance.

MUSIC: IF FRENCH STUDENTS ARE AVAILABLE: HUM THEN SING
"SUR LE PONT D'AVIGNON" IN THE BACKGROUND THEN
HUM AND UNDER FOR

DAUDET: And as the streets are too narrow for square dancing, fife players and tambourine beaters take their places on the Avignon Bridge in the fresh breeze from the Rhone, and day and night people keep dancing and dancing.

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

VOICE 1: What a happy time! What a happy city!

VOICE 2: Those swords—we see them only at dress parades now. (LAUGHING MERRILY)

VOICE 3: And the dungeons—we use them only to cool our wine now. (LAUGHING MERRILY)

VOICE 2: No more famine! ... No more war!

VOICE 1: That shows how well the popes know how to govern their people.

VOICE 3: May there always be a Pope in Avignon!

VOICES 1, 2 and 3: Long live the Pope! (FADING) Long live the Pope!

(OUT)
DAUDET: There is one pope, one especially. His name is Boniface (BAW NEE FAS). Ah, how many tears will be shed at his death! He is a prince—so lovable, so kind. He smiles at you so pleasantly when he rides by on his mule. And when you pass near him, he always gives you his benediction so politely—no matter who you are. A real pope—a pope as popes are meant to be—with something special in his laugh, a sprig of marjoram in his cap. And with no one of his own to love!

VOICE 1: He gives much affection to his vineyard, doesn't he?

VOICE 2: And why shouldn't he? He planted it himself.

VOICE 3: And it's only about three leagues from Avignon... at Chateau-Neuf (SHA TO NEF).

VOICE 2: Every Sunday after vespers he goes to pay his respects to that vineyard of his.

VOICE 1: And when he's up there in the good sun with his mule near him...

VOICE 3: And his cardinals stretched out all around him...

VOICE 2: He has a bottle of the grape juice opened.

VOICE 1: Oh, that delicious Château Neuf of the Popes!

VOICE 2: What color! What aroma! (FADING) What taste!

VOICES 1, 2 and 3: Delicious! (FADING) Wonderful! (OUT)
DAUDET: And the good Pope Boniface sips the grape juice and glances tenderly over his vineyard. Then as the afternoon lengthens, he comes gaily back to town, followed by his whole chapter. And when he passes across the Avignon Bridge, his mule, excited by the music, goes into a little skipping gait—while he himself beats time with his cap. A thing which scandalizes the cardinals but which makes all the people say, "Ah! the good Pope! Ah! What a prince!"

Next to his vineyard the thing that the Pope loves most in the world is his mule. The worthy gentleman is ecstatically fond of her.

VOICE 1: Every evening before he goes to bed, the good Pope goes to see if her stable is properly closed.

VOICE 2: Or if she needs more hay.

VOICE 3: And he never gets up from the table without having a big bowl of grape juice prepared for her.

VOICE 2: In the French way—with sugar and spices and slightly warm.

VOICE 1: And then he carries it to her himself.

VOICE 3: In spite of the remarks of the cardinals . . .

DAUDET: And it must be admitted that the animal is worth his trouble. She is a beautiful black mule, sure-footed, with a gleaming coat. Her delicate little
head is adorned with pompons, bows, and little silver bells. And she carries her head proudly. With all this she is as gentle as an angel. Her eyes are without guile, and her two long ears--always in motion--give her the appearance of a good child. All of Avignon respects her. And when she goes down the street, she is shown every little attention possible, for everyone knows that this is the best way to be in favor with the Pope. In spite of her innocent air, the Pope's mule has led more than one man to good fortune. For example, there's Tistet Védène (TEES TAY VAY DEN) and his prodigious adventure.

VOICE 1: Tistet Védène always was a shameless good-for-nothing--basically.

VOICE 2: Guy (GHEE) Védène, the goldsmith, is his father, you know.

VOICE 3: He had to put his own son out of the house because he was demoralizing the apprentices.

VOICE 2: For the last six months he has been loafing in all the gutters in Avignon.

VOICE 3: But mainly in the neighborhood of the Pope's palace . . .
DAUDET: For the rascal has had an idea about the Pope's mule for a long time, and you are going to see what a shrewd idea it is. One day His Holiness is out walking all alone with his mule. Master Tistet goes up to him, clasps his hands together in admiration, and says:

TISTET: (YOUNG SMARTY) Oh, my goodness, great holy Father! What a fine mule you have there! The Emperor of Germany doesn't have a mule like her.

POPE: That's right, my son ... Pat her gently! ... She likes to be caressed.

TISTET: (SLY, OFF MIKE) Come here, my little precious one ... my treasure ... my pearl ...

POPE: (TOUCHED ... CLOSE TO MIKE) What a good little boy, this Tistet! ... How nice he is with my mule!

DAUDET: And then do you know what happens the next day? Tistet Védène exchanges his old yellow jacket for a beautiful lace robe, a cape of violet silk, and shoes with buckles. And he enters the Pope's own choir school in which never before have any but the sons of noblemen been accepted ... But Tistet doesn't stop there. Once in the service of the Pope the rascal keeps up the game which has succeeded so well. Insolent with everyone else, he
DAUDET: (cont)

is attentive and courteous to the mule. Someone is always meeting him in the courts of the palace with a handful of oats or a little bundle of timothy grass which he shakes carefully--while keeping one eye on the balcony of the Holy Father as if to say: "Hmm! . . . Who do you think is going to get this?"

His plan succeeds so well that finally the good Pope--who feels that he himself is getting old--gives over to Tistet the watching of the stable and the carrying of the bowl of grape juice to the mule . . . which doesn't amuse the cardinals at all. And it doesn't amuse the mule, either!

But wait! Let her tell you, herself!

THE MULE: Alas! . . . Now when it's time for my grape juice, five or six little choir boys come to the stable and hide in the straw. Then a lovely warm smell of caramel fills the stable, and Tistet Vedène appears, carefully carrying the bowl of French wine. And then my martyrdom begins! . . . This perfumed grape juice which I love so, which keeps me warm, which gives me wings--they bring it right into my stall, let me smell it, and then--when my nostrils are full of it--presto, down it goes into the throats of those little
THE MULE:  
(cont)  
good-for-nothings! . . . And if that were all! . . . But they're all little devils! . . . One pulls my ears, another my tail. Quiquet (KEE KAY) gets up on my back; Beluguet (BAY LU GAY) tries his cap on me . . . And it doesn't seem to occur to one of those little scamps that with a single kick I could send all of them to the North Star--and even farther! . . . But no! . . . I am not the Pope's mule for nothing . . . the mule of the benedictions and of the pardons. Let them do what they will: I shall not get angry . . . And anyway, my grudge is not against the others--only against Tistet. Ah, that one! When I feel him behind me, my hoof itches--and for good reason! That good-for-nothing Tistet plays such mean tricks on me!

DAUDET:  
One day Tistet gets it into his head to have the mule climb up into the steeple with him--all the way up--to the very top of the palace! . . . And what I am telling you is not a tale: two hundred thousand people of Provence see it! . . . Can you imagine the terror of that unfortunate mule? . . . After turning around and around for an hour in the dark of the stair well and after climbing I don't know how many steps, she suddenly
DAUDET: finds herself on a platform—dazzled by the sudden light. And a thousand feet below her she sees the entire city of Avignon . . . a fantastic Avignon: the market booths no bigger than a hazel nut, the soldiers of the Pope like so many red ants, and over there—across a thread of silver—a microscopic bridge on which people are dancing, dancing. Ah, the poor beast! . . . What panic! . . . From the shriek that she utters, all the windows in the palace tremble.

THE POPE: What's the matter? . . . What are they doing to her? . . . Let me go out onto the balcony . . .

TISTET: Oh, Holy Father!

THE POPE: Tistet? . . . Is that you down there in the court? . . . What is happening?

TISTET: Your mule . . . Good heavens! . . . What will become of us? . . . Your mule has climbed up into the steeple.

THE POPE: All alone? . . .

TISTET: Yes, Holy Father! . . . all alone! . . . Wait! Look at her up there! . . . Do you see the ends of her ears sticking out? . . . They look like a couple of swallows from here, don't they? . . .
THE POPE: Goodness gracious . . . She must have gone mad! . . . But she'll kill herself. (CALLING) Will you come down from there, you unfortunate creature? Poor dear! . . . She wants nothing more than to get down . . . but which way? The stairway--she shudders to think of it: one can go up that thing, but as for going down--it's enough to break one's legs a hundred times . . . And the poor mule is in despair! As she roams around on the platform, her big eyes dizzy from the height, she thinks of Tistet Vedene.

THE MULE: Ah, you bandit! . . . If I escape from this . . . what a blow from my hoof for you tomorrow morning! . . . Just thinking of it gives me a little courage. Now I'll be able to stand this torture.

DAUDET: Finally they are able to get her down, but it is quite an affair. They have to use a jack, ropes, and a stretcher. And you can imagine what humiliation it is for the mule--the Pope's mule!--to see herself suspended at this height, kicking her feet in the air like a beetle on the end of a string. . . . And with all of Avignon looking at her! . . . The miserable animal doesn't sleep all night. It seems to her that she is still going around on that accursed platform with the village
DAUDET:
(cont)
down below laughing at her . . . Then she remembers Tistet Vedene and the beautiful kick that she is going to deliver to him the next day. . . Ah, my friends, what a kick! . . . But do you know what Tistet Vedene is doing? He is going down the Rhone in a papal galley! . . . He is on his way to the court of Queen Jeanne at Naples to learn the diplomacy and courtesy of noblemen. Tistet is of course not a nobleman. But the Pope is anxious to reward him for his attentions to the mule—especially for his help in bringing the mule down from the tower . . . What a disappointment awaits the mule the next day!

THE MULE: Ah, the bandit! . . . He has suspected something! But that's all right. Go on, you rascal! You'll find my kick waiting for you when you come back. . . . I am saving it for you . . .

DAUDET: And she saved it for him! . . . After Tistet's departure the mule resumes her former tranquil life. No more Quiquet! No more Beluguet at the stable. The beautiful days have come back—the cheerfulness, the long siestas, and the little dance step when she goes across the bridge . . . Ever since her adventure, however, people show her a little coolness. There are whisperings
along the road; the old people shake their heads; the children laugh and point to the steeple . . .

Even the Pope doesn't have as much confidence in his friend as before. When he takes his little nap on her back on Sundays, coming back from the vineyard, he thinks:

What if I were to wake up—up there on the platform?

The mule realizes the Pope's feeling, and she suffers from it . . . without saying anything. But if anyone mentions Tistet Védène in her presence, her long ears tremble, and she sharpens her iron-shod hoofs against the cobble stones . . .

Thus seven years go by. And then suddenly Tistet Védène is on his way back to Avignon. He has heard that the Pope's first mustard maker has suddenly died, and he is hurrying home to become a candidate for the office. Tistet has grown up, and the Pope has grown old.

(BOLDLY) Great Holy Father, don't you recognize me any more? . . . It's I . . . Tistet Védène.

Védène? . . .

Yes, of course! You remember . . . the boy who

used to take the bowl of grape juice to your mule.
THE POPE: Ah, yes ... yes ... I remember ... A good little boy, that Tistet Vedene! ... And now, what does he wish of us?

TISTET: Oh, very little, Holy Father ... I would like to ask you ... Oh, by the way, do you still have her--your mule? ... You do? ... And she is fine? Ah, so much the better! ... I would like to ask you for the office of first mustard maker to Your Holiness.

THE POPE: First mustard maker? You? ... But you are too young! ... How old are you, anyway?

TISTET: Twenty years and two months, illustrious pontiff--just five years older than your mule. Oh, heavens ... if you knew how I loved her ... how I missed her in Italy. Won't you let me see her?

THE POPE: (TOUCHED) But of course, my son, you will see her. And since you love her so much, I do not want you to have to live away from her. From this very day, then, you are my first mustard maker ... My cardinals will protest, but so much the worse! ... I am used to that ... Come tomorrow at the end of vespers. We shall lay on you the insignia of your new rank in the presence of our whole chapter ... And then I shall take you to see the mule, and you will come to the vineyard with both of us (LAUGHING, PLEASED). You may go now.
DAUDET: How impatient Tistet is for the ceremony of the following day, I do not need to tell you. There is in the palace, however, someone who is even happier and more impatient. It is of course the mule. From Tistet's return until the vespers of following day she has not ceased to stuff herself with oats and to practice kicking with her hind hoofs. The next day after vespers Tistet Vedène enters the court of the Pope's palace. All the members of the high clergy are there, the cardinals in their red robes, the priests from the monasteries, the churchwardens from Saint-Agrico, the choir boys in their violet capes, the low clergy, the Pope's soldiers in dress uniform, the hermits from Mount Ventoux (VAN TOO), and the altar boy, and the sextons elaborately garbed—everybody was there—even the giver of holy water and the one who lights the candles and the one who puts them out. Nobody is missing! Oh, it is a beautiful ordination. Bells, fireworks, sun, music, and always the drummers who lead the dance over there—on the bridge of Avignon...

When Tistet appears in the middle of the assembly, his noble bearing and his good looks draw murmurs
of admiration from the crowd. He is a handsome man—blond, with long curled hair and a fine silky beard. Rumor has it that in this blond beard the fingers of Queen Jeanne have sometimes played... Today—in honor of his native Provence—he has replaced his Neapolitan clothes with a jacket bordered in pink, and on his cap trembles a tall ibis (Ibis) feather... Once inside the first mustard maker bows gallantly and moves toward the stairs where the Pope has been waiting to lay on him the insignia of his office: the yellow spoon and the saffron robe. The mule is at the bottom of this stairway, all harnessed and ready to leave for the vineyard. As Tistet Vedene passes her, he smiles and stops to give her two or three friendly pats—watching the Pope out of the corner of his eye at the same time... The position is good... The mule takes aim...

Here... take that, you bandit!... I have been keeping it for you for seven years!...

And she lets go at him such a terrible kick that even from Timbuctoo one can see its smoke—a whirlwind of blond smoke in which there flutters an ibis feather... all that is left of the unfortunate Tistet Vedene... A mule's kick is not
DAUDET: ordinarily so powerful as that, but this mule is the mule of a Pope... And then just think! She has been saving it for him for seven years!

MUSIC: UP WITH "SUR LE PONT D'AVIGNON" AND UNDER FOR

ANNOUNCER: You have been listening to a radio adaptation of "The Pope's Mule" by Alphonse Daudet. The parts were played by the following students: Daudet, ; Tistet Vedene, ; The Pope, ; The Mule, ; Voices, , , , and .

Your announcer has been .

(NOTE: If music has been furnished by members of this class or of another class, acknowledgment should be made before the announcer gives his own name.)
THE PIECE OF STRING

by

Guy de Maupassant
THE PIECE OF STRING: A short story by Guy de Maupassant
Translated and adapted into script form for tape recording
in the classroom.

CAST

Announcer
Mary, a student and also the narrator
Ron, a student
Master Hauchecorne, an elderly Frenchman
Master Malandain, an elderly Frenchman
Town crier
Monsieur le Mayor, a middle-aged Frenchman
Monsieur Houlbrèque, a middle-aged Frenchman
A young man
Voice 1
Voice 2
Servant
Nurse
Doctor

MUSIC

To interpret and punctuate

SOUND

Drum roll to precede town crier's announcement
Noises of fair crowd (i.e., crowd at market place)

MUSIC: OPENING FOR

RON: Well, Mary! I thought you'd forgotten our date for lunch. How was the French test?

MARY: Oh, not too bad . . . at least, I think I got along all right. But something terribly unpleasant happened. That's why I'm late.

RON: What on earth happened?

MARY: Mr. Lenoir caught Bob cheating.


MARY: I know. That's what we all tried to tell Mr. Lenoir. We all went up to his office after class. That's where I've been ever since eleven o'clock.

RON: It's too bad Lenoir doesn't know Bob as well as we do. He's not only too honest to cheat . . . He's too proud . . . What happened, anyway?

MARY: Well, we were all writing like mad. No one was paying any attention to anyone else . . . our minds were all on the test. Mr. Lenoir was standing at his lectern--just as he always does during a test.

RON: Was he reading?
MARY: No, just standing there. Then he started to walk around the room, I guess, for suddenly he was right in front of Bob's desk. I looked up because there was a queer stillness in the room.

RON: What did Lenoir say?

MARY: Nothing for a minute or two. Everybody had stopped writing. Everybody was looking at him.

RON: Bob, too?

MARY: Yes, Bob, too. Mr. Lenoir had two or three pieces of paper in his hand, and he kept looking at them--first at one and then at the other.

RON: What were they?

MARY: Typewritten lists of French words and expressions with the English meanings--just what the test was on.

RON: Whose were they?

MARY: That's just it! Mr. Lenoir thought they were Bob's, but Bob said they weren't.

RON: Where did Lenoir get them?

MARY: That's the strange part of it. You know how wide the window sills are on that side of the building? These papers had been on the window sill right beside Bob's desk. The wind blew one of them onto the floor, and Mr. Lenoir picked it up. He looked at it--naturally--and then he took the others from the sill. And--well, you can see what he thought.
Ron: And Bob does type out his notes—and lots of his homework.

Mary: Why, Ron Adams! Do you mean to say that you . . .

Ron: Oh, no! Of course I don't. I know Bob too well. And lots of us type our notes, as far as that goes.

Mary: That's what we told Mr. Lenoir.

Ron: What did Lenoir say to that?

Mary: That's the worst part! He didn't say anything. He reached over and picked up Bob's quiz paper, put the typewritten pages down on Bob's desk, and then walked back to the lectern with Bob's paper in his hand.

Ron: What did Bob do?

Mary: He just sat there. He looked shaken. The rest of us tried to go on writing, but we all felt sick. We were all glad when the bell rang. We walked outside and waited for Bob—all of us.

Ron: All of you—including a rat!

Mary: Yes, I know. And that's the very worst part of the whole thing. Somebody else put those papers there and won't admit it.

Ron: Somebody must be trying to get Bob into trouble.

Mary: I know . . . Finally Bob came out looking absolutely crushed. He walked right past all of us.
MARY: (cont) I started to follow him, but he walked faster—in the direction of the parking lot. So I came back.

RON: I don't blame him—poor guy!

MARY: Then Mr. Lenoir came out, and we all followed him up to his office. We've been there ever since.

RON: Does Lenoir still think Bob's guilty?

MARY: I'm afraid he does. He says he doesn't want to, but . . .

RON: He can't convict a guy on circumstantial evidence.

MARY: At least, he shouldn't. But people do! There's always that little doubt.

RON: Let's not talk about it any more, Mary. There's nothing we can do about it—not now, anyway . . . What was the test on?

MARY: Maupassant's (MO PA SSAN'S) "La Ficelle" (LA FEE SELL).

RON: "La Ficelle"?

MARY: Yes . . . literally "The String," but in this particular story "la ficelle" refers to a little scrap of string. The English translations generally call the story "The Piece of String."

RON: What is it about?

MARY: Maupassant begins it at an old-fashioned market place in Normandy . . . On all the roads around
Mary: (cont)

Goderville peasants and their wives were coming toward the village, for it was market day. The men were walking along easily—literally "at a tranquil pace"—bending their entire bodies forward at each movement of their long, twisted legs—legs deformed by hard labor, by pressing down on the plow which makes the left shoulder go up and at the same time twists the waist out of shape, by mowing the grain with a scythe which spreads the knees apart to get a good stance, by all the slow and painful tasks of the farm. Their long blue smocks, starched and shining as if varnished, adorned at the collar and at the wrists by a little design embroidered with white thread, puffed up around their bodies, looked like balloons ready to fly away—balloons from which protruded a head, two arms, and two feet. . . Some were pulling at the end of a long rope a cow, a calf. And behind the animal their women were switching its hindquarters with a leafy branch in order to hasten its gait. They were carrying on their other arms large baskets from which protruded here heads of chickens, there heads of ducks. . . The women were walking with a shorter and livelier step than their men, their figures gaunt, erect, draped in
scanty shawls pinned on their flat chests, their heads wrapped in white linen cloths pulled tightly over their hair and topped with caps ... On the town square of Goderville there was a crowd, a mass of humans and animals all mixed together. The horns of the steers, the high hats of the wealthy peasants, the head-dresses of their women, emerged from the surface of the gathering. And their shouting voices, shrill and strident, created a continuous and wild clamor, dominated occasionally by a great outburst from the robust chest of a tipsy rustic or by the long bellowing of a cow attached to the wall of a house ...

Master Hauchecorne (ŌSH CORN) of Bréauté (BRAY OH TAY) had just arrived in Goderville, and he was on his way to the market place when he noticed on the ground a little piece of string. Master Hauchecorne (ŌSH CORN), thrifty—like all Normans—thought everything that can be of use was worth picking up, and he stooped down painfully, for he suffered from rheumatism. He took from the ground the piece of string, and he was just about to roll it up carefully when he noticed, on the threshold of his front door, Master Malandain (MĀ LAN DĀN), the harness maker, who was watching him. They
MARY: had had a quarrel some time before about a halter (BEGIN TO FADE) and they were both still bitter about it. (FADE OUT)

HAUCHECORNE: You ... why, you are a cheat, Master Malandain (MALANDAIN). ... My horse will never have a new halter if I have to pay that much for it.

MALANDAIN: And you, Master Hauchecon (USH CORN) ... You are a skinflint. Everybody knows you are too stingy to buy one of my fine halters.

HAUCHECORNE: Don't call me stingy! I can pay! ... I can pay! ... But I want a good halter.

MALANDAIN: My halters are the best in Goderville (GO DARE VEEL). I don't need your business. ... Be off with you.

HAUCHECORNE: Don't tell me to be off! You don't own the whole market place—even if you are the biggest harness maker in the village. But you want too much for that harness, Master Malandain. You won't get my business. (WALKING AWAY, THEN UP TO MIKE TALKING TO HIMSELF) Humph! ... Try to make me pay too much, will you? ... Does he think I'm a fool? I have better use for my money. (BEGINNING TO FADE) My horse will have to wait, (FADING) a little longer for his halter. (FADE OUT)
MARY: Master Hauchecorne felt ashamed to have his old enemy see him thus--picking up from the mud a little piece of string. He hid his find hurriedly under his smock, then he put it in the pocket of his trousers, and then he pretended to look on the ground again for something that he didn't find. At last he went away toward the market place, his head forward, his body bent double by pain, and lost himself in the throng.

MUSIC: UP WITH TRANSITIONAL CHORDS--CROSSFADE INTO SOUNDS FOR MARKET PLACE

SOUND: DRUM ROLL FOR QUIET FOR TOWN CRIER'S ANNOUNCEMENT AND OUT.

TOWN CRIER: Hear ye! Hear ye! It is hereby made known to the inhabitants of Goderville (GO DARE VEEL), and in general to all persons present at the market that there was lost this morning between nine and ten o'clock on the road by the market place a black leather pocketbook containing five hundred francs and some business papers. The finder is requested to return the pocketbook at once either to the city hall or to the office of Fortuné Houlbrèque (FOR U MAY Hoola Breck) of Manneville (MAN VEEL). There will be a reward of twenty francs.
MARY: Then the man went away. They heard once again in the distance the muffled beatings of the drum and the faint voice of the town crier... Then they began to talk about the incident, enumerat­ ing the chances that Master Houlbrèque had of finding again—or of not finding again—his pocket­ book. They were finishing their coffee when the police sergeant appeared on the threshold.

POLICE SERGEANT: Is Master Hauchecorne of Bréauté (BRAY OH TAY) here?

HAUCHECORNE: (SURPRISED AND PUZZLED--SLIGHTLY OFF MIKE) Here I am... Here, monsieur. ('COMING CLOSER TO MIKE)

What is it that you wish?

POLICE SERGEANT: Master Hauchecorne, will you be so kind as to ac­ company me to the city hall? Monsieur the Mayor would like to speak to you.

MARY: The peasant, surprised, anxious, swallowed the rest of his coffee in one gulp, stood up. He was even more stooped over than he had been that morn­ ing, for the first steps after each meal were par­ ticularly difficult. He kept repeating, "Here I am!... Here I am!" as he walked along behind the police sergeant... The mayor was waiting for him, seated in a comfortable chair. He was the town notary, too—a heavy man, serious, and given to pompous phrases.
MAYOR: Monsieur, you were seen picking up the pocket-book lost by Master Hourlbrique of Manneville . . . this morning on the road near the market place.

MARY: The poor fellow was speechless with astonishment. He looked at the mayor, frightened already by this suspicion that weighed on him—without understanding why.

HAUCHECORNE: (COMPLETELY ASTONISHED AND SHOCKED) Me? . . . Me? . . . I picked up a pocketbook?

MAYOR: Yes, you . . . you, yourself.

HAUCHECORNE: But, monsieur le mayor . . . my word of honor . . . I didn't even know there was a pocketbook.

MAYOR: Somebody saw you.

HAUCHECORNE: Somebody saw me . . . me? Who is it who saw me?

MAYOR: Monsieur Malandain, the harness maker.

HAUCHECORNE: (REMEMBERING, UNDERSTANDING, GROWING ANGRY) Ah, he saw me . . . that rascal! Malandain . . . so he's the one . . . He saw me pick up a piece of string (SPEAKS AS IF LOOKING INTO HIS COAT) here . . . this little piece of string, monsieur le Mayor.

MAYOR: (UNBELIEVING) You are not going to try to make me believe, Master Hauchecorne, that Monsieur Malandain, who is a man of honor, mistook this little piece of string for a pocketbook . . . are you?
HAUCHECORNE: (DESPERATE) That is nevertheless the truth, monsieur le Mayor . . . the sacred truth. I swear it. I repeat--on my soul and on my hope of salvation . . . I swear it.

MAYOR: After you picked up the pocketbook, you even kept looking around in the mud to see if some small coin might have fallen out of the pocketbook.

HAUCHECORNE: (CHOKED NOW WITH INDIGNATION AND FEAR) How can anyone say a thing like that? . . . How can anyone say that? Lies like that . . . to take away an honest man's reputation? How can anyone tell such lies? Monsieur le Mayor . . . have someone search me . . .

MAYOR: Good idea! Here, search this man!

SOUND OF LIGHT HITTING OF CLOTHES AS IF SEARCHING WHILE OLD MAN SPEAKS

HAUCHECORNE: You see! You see? There is nothing . . . Someone has lied. The harness maker has lied.

MUSIC: UP WITH DRAMATIC CHORDS CROSSFADE FOLLOWING

VOICE 1: Sure the old man found it. The harness maker saw him pick it up.

VOICE 2: But the old man said he picked up a piece of string.

VOICE 1: (LAUGHING LOUDLY AND COARSELY) What a story! A piece of string. Ah, here he comes now! Where's the piece of string, grandpa? (LAUGHS)
HAUCHECORNE: It is all lies ... lies. I did pick up a piece of string.

VOICES 1, 2: (LAUGHING) Aww, get along, you old rascal. (LAUGHING FADES)

NARRATOR: They all said the same thing to him: "You sly old fox, you!" "You old rascal!" ... And each time he became angry, lost his patience, grew feverish, felt hurt that they wouldn't believe him. He didn't know what to do. He kept telling his story over and over. Night came. He had to start homewards. He set out with three neighbors to whom he showed the place where he had picked up the scrap of string. And all the way home he talked about his adventure. He encountered only skeptics ... All night long he was sick from it.

MUSIC: TRANSITION UP AND OUT

SERVANT: Yes, this is the home of Monsieur Houlbrèque. Come in! (CALLING OFF MIKE) Monsieur Houlbrèque, there's a young man to see you.

HOULBREQUE: Send him in! Send him in!

YOUNG MAN: Good day, monsieur.

HOULBREQUE: What can I do for you, young man?

YOUNG MAN: Is this ... your pocketbook, monsieur?
HOULENRQUE: Let me see . . . why, yes . . . yes, it is. But where did you get it?

YOUNG MAN: I found it, monsieur, lying in the road near the market place.

HOULENREQUE: You found it? . . . Young man, why didn't you bring it back sooner?

YOUNG MAN: Monsieur . . . you'll pardon me . . . I cannot read . . . and it was only today that I learned whose pocketbook it was.

HOULENRQUE: Here (AS IF LOOKING IN POCKETBOOK FOR MONEY) here is the reward that was promised . . . twenty francs.

YOUNG MAN: Thank you, monsieur . . . thank you very much.

HOULENREQUE: Monsieur le Mayor said that an old man had been seen picking up the pocketbook, but the old man denied it . . . Perhaps (FADEING) this will explain things. (FADE OUT)

MARY: The news spread to the suburbs. Master Hauchecorne was informed of it. He started off on a round of visits and began to tell the whole story . . . complete with an ending. He was triumphant.

HAUCHECORNE: The thing that hurt me the most . . . it wasn't so much the affair itself. It was the lying. There is nothing that hurts a person so much as to be accused of lying.
MARY: All day long he talked of his adventure. He told it on the roads to people who passed by, at the cafe to the people who were drinking coffee, at the door of the church as people were leaving the following Sunday. He stopped people he didn't know to tell it to them. Now he was calm again, yet something bothered him without his knowing exactly what it was. People gave the impression of joking while they listened to him. They didn't appear to be convinced. It seemed to him that he almost felt remarks being made behind his back . . . The following Tuesday he went back to the fair at Goderville, pushed only by his need to plead his cause. Malandain, standing in his doorway, began to laugh when he saw him pass by. Why? He saw a friend of his . . . a farmer from Criquetot (KREEK TOE) . . .

HAUCHECORNE: Good day . . . good day, my friend.

FARMER: Good day, monsieur Hauchecorne.

HAUCHECORNE: Did you hear about the pocketbook they said I picked up?

FARMER: Yes, yes . . . I heard about it . . . many times already.

HAUCHECORNE: No . . . no. I mean did you hear that they found it?
FARMER: Yes, you old rascal, you! . . . Are you the smart one. (FADING) You old fox! (FADE)

MARY: Master Hauchecorne stood there speechless. His old friend had walked away without letting him finish his story. Master Hauchecorne became increasingly anxious. Why had his friend called him an "old rascal," he wondered. When he was sitting at his table in the inn of M. Jourdain (JOOR DAN), he started to explain the whole thing once more.

VOICE 1: Come now, you old fox . . . I know your story . . . I know all about your old piece of string.

HAUCHECORNE: But since they found it . . . the pocketbook.

VOICE 1: Oh, be quiet, old man . . . there's one who finds something . . . and there's another one who brings it back . . . and no one is the wiser.

MARY: The peasant was speechless with indignation. At last he understood. They were accusing him of having the pocketbook returned by a confederate, by an accomplice. He tried to protest. Everyone at the table began to laugh. He couldn't finish his dinner. He got up and left . . . in the middle of their scoffing and their jeering . . . He returned home, ashamed and outraged, choked by anger and confusion . . . all the more crushed
since he was capable—with his Norman cunning—of doing the very thing they accused him of ... and even of bragging of it as of a clever trick. He realized dimly that he couldn't possibly prove his innocence since they knew his craftiness. And he felt stricken, sick at heart, by the injustice of the suspicion. ... And then he began to tell his adventure all over again ... making it longer each day ... adding new reasons each time, more energetic protests, more solemn oaths which he thought up and went over in his hours of solitude. His mind was occupied with nothing but the story of the piece of string. The more complicated his defense and the more subtle his arguments, the less they believed him ... "Those are the explanations of a liar," they said behind his back. He felt all this, he fretted, he wore himself out in futile efforts. He was wasting away visibly ... And now the town jokers made him tell the "string story" for their amusement as people get an old soldier to tell his favorite war story again and again. His mind, seriously affected, began to grow weaker. Toward the end of December, he took to his bed.
MUSIC: TRANSITION DOWN . . . TO SILENCE. THEN

NURSE: Yes, monsieur le docteur . . . He has been like this for hours.

DOCTOR: He's feverish . . . Try to keep him quiet.

HAUCHECORNE: (AD LIB MUMBLING)

DOCTOR: (KIND) Quiet, monsieur Hauchecorne . . . Don't try to speak! . . . Rest . . . Just rest!

HAUCHECORNE: (WHISPERING INTO MIKE) A piece of string . . . a little piece of string . . . Look! Here it is, monsieur le Mayor . . . a little piece of string.

MUSIC: UP WITH FINALE

ANNOUNCER: The roles in "The Piece of String" were played by the following students:

Mary and the narrator, __________________________;
Ron, __________________________;
Master Hauchecorne, __________________________;
Master Malandain, __________________________;
Town crier, __________________________;
Monsieur le Mayor, __________________________;
Monsieur Houlbrèque, __________________________;
A young man, __________________________;
Voices 1 and 2, the Servant, the Nurse, and the Doctor, __________________________;
________________________;
and __________________________.

Your announcer has been __________________________.
THE BELL

by

Jules Lemaitre
THE BELL: A short story by Jules Lemaître
Translated and adapted into script form for tape recording in the classroom.

CAST

Announcer
Narrator
Father Corentin, an old French Priest
1st Parishioner
2nd Parishioner
3rd Parishioner
Scholastica, an elderly female servant of Father Corentin
Gypsy girl, a girl of fifteen
Several voices--men and women

MUSIC

Transitions
Punctuations
Religioso theme with bells

SOUND

Church bell and bells
Walking
Door opening
Door closing
ANNOUNCER: The __________________ Class of __________________
presents an adaptation of "The Bell" by Jules Lemaître (JULIUS LEMAITRE).

MUSIC: INTRODUCTION OF CHURCH BELLS UP AND UNDER FOR

NARRATOR: Whenever I hear church bells ringing, I am reminded of the story which Jules Lemaître wrote about an old priest, his little parish of Lande-Fleurie (LAND FLEUREE) --and a bell. If you'll listen, I'll tell you the story . . .

The old bell in the church tower was so worn and cracked that its ring sounded like the cough of an old woman. It hurt the people of Lande-Fleurie to hear it, and it saddened the shepherds and the workers scattered in the fields.

Their priest, Father Corentin (CORENTIN), was still strong and hearty in spite of his seventy-five years. He had the face of a child--wrinkled, perhaps, but still pink--framed in white hair that looked like the skeins of wool spun by the good women of the village. Father Corentin was adored by his flock because of his good nature and his charity. Now he was approaching the fiftieth year of his priesthood. His parishioners gathered (FADING) together in secret . . .
PARISHIONER #1: My friends, we must plan to give our dear Father Corentin a present of some importance on this, his fiftieth anniversary.

PARISHIONER #2: But what shall it be? How shall we pay for it?

PARISHIONER #3: I suggest that we go to each household in our village and collect as much money as we can. When we get one hundred crowns, we'll have enough.

PARISHIONER #2: Enough? ... Enough for what?

PARISHIONER #3: Enough for Father's present ... enough for a new bell for his church.

PARISHIONER #1: A new bell ... of course! That's a fine idea! It grieves us all to listen to the old bell.

PARISHIONER #2: Yes ... yes. A new bell will please Father.

PARISHIONER #1: But we must get to work at once ... if we are to collect one hundred crowns.

MUSIC: TRANSITION TO SHOW FAST WALKING UP AND OUT

NARRATOR: The three parishioners took up a collection secretly in all the houses of the village; and when they had accumulated the one hundred crowns, they took them to the good Father.

PARISHIONER #1: Father, we present you with this gift in honor of your fifty years in the service of God and
PARISHIONER #1 (cont): for your many kindnesses to all of us. Please take these hundred crowns and buy a new bell for the church. You must go to the city; you must choose the bell yourself.

THE FATHER: My children . . . my dear, dear children (BREAKING SLIGHTLY). It is obviously the good Lord who . . . as it were . . . in some way . . . has made this possible (MURMURING). And now, O Lord, let thy servant depart in peace according to thy word.

MUSIC: TRANSITION TO INDICATE SLOW WALKING UP AND OUT

NARRATOR: The very next day Father Corentin set out for the city to buy the bell. He had to go on foot as far as the little village of Rosy-les-Roses (RO ZEE LAY ROZ) in order to take the stage coach which would take him to the city of Pont-l'Archevêque (PON LARSH VECK), the county seat. The weather was fine.

MUSIC: SNEAK IN BACKGROUND MUSIC

NARRATOR: The growing sounds of trees and birds, of vegetables and flowers rustled gently in the sunshine on both sides of the road. And the old priest, his head already full of the beautiful chimes of the future, walked along briskly, praising God--as did St. Francis--for the gaiety of all creation . . .
MUSIC: UP AND OUT

NARRATOR: As he was drawing near to Rosy-les-Roses, he saw at the edge of the road an unharnessed carriage of the type used by strolling players. Not far from this carriage lay an old horse, his long legs stretched out stiffly, his worn skin punctured by his pointed bones and hoop-like ribs, his nostrils filled with blood, his head dangling, and his eyes white...

An old man and an old woman clothed in fantastic rags were sitting at the side of the road, weeping over the dead horse. Up from the bottom of a nearby ditch came a young girl of about fifteen. She ran over toward the good Father.

GIRL: (CALLING OUT HARSHLY, SWEETLY) Charity, Father!
Charity, for the love of heaven!

HARRATOR: The child, whose skin was the color of newly tanned leather, was not dressed any better than the old people; but her black eyes were wide and like velvet, and her lips were like ripe cherries. Her yellow arms were tattooed with blue flowers, and a circle of copper held back her black hair which spread out like a fan from both sides of her thin face in the style of Egyptian women...

Father Corentin slowed his pace. He took a few
NARRATOR: (cont) sous from his purse, but as his eyes met those of the child, he paused.

THE FATHER: What is your trouble, my child?

GIRL: My brother is in prison because somebody said that he stole a chicken. He's the one who supported us, and now ... we haven't had anything to eat for two days.

NARRATOR: The good Father put the sous back into his purse and took from it a silver coin.

GIRL: (PLEADING AND SOMEWHAT SAD) I am a juggler, and my mother tells fortunes. But we are not allowed to practice our profession in the cities and villages any more because we are too wretched looking. And now, look! ... There is our horse ... dead. What is to become of us?

THE FATHER: But can't you look for work in the country?

GIRL: The people are afraid of us ... They throw rocks at us. ... And we haven't learned to do anything else to earn money—all we know is our tricks. If we had a horse and a little money to dress ourselves decently, we could earn our living again in our own profession. ... But now there's nothing left for us to do ... but to die.

NARRATOR: The good Father put the silver coin back in his purse.
THE FATHER: My child, do you love God?
GIRL: I shall love him if He comes to our aid.
THE FATHER: Are you virtuous?
GIRL: Virtuous? ... I do not understand ...
THE FATHER: Say this after me, my child: My God, I love you.
NARRATOR: The child remained silent, her eyes full of tears.
The good Father had loosened his cloak and was bringing out the coarse little sack full of silver. The little gypsy'd eyes followed the movement, and when the good Father tossed her the sack, she caught it with the gesture of a monkey.
GIRL: Dear Father, I love you ... for you are good.
NARRATOR: And she hurried away toward the two old people who hadn't moved and who were still weeping over their dead horse. The good Father continued his way toward Rosy-les-Roses.
THE FATHER: (CLOSE TO MIKE TO DENOTE THINKING) Oh Holy Virgin, bring light to this little gypsy girl who has had no religious training, it seems ... who has perhaps not even received holy baptism. The good Lord seems to keep some of his creatures in such deep misery! ... (SUDDENLY REALIZING THE SITUATION) Why ... there is no longer need for me to go on to Pont-l'Archevêque, for I no longer have any money for the bell.
NARRATOR: Father Corentin retraced his steps. He had difficulty now in understanding how he had been able to give an unknown beggar girl such an enormous sum of money—money which didn't even belong to him. He hastened his steps, hoping to see the little gypsy girl again. But only the unharnessed gypsy wagon and the dead horse remained now at the side of the road.

THE FATHER: (CLOSE TO MIKE. IN MEDITATIVE MOOD) They have moved on. I have without doubt sinned seriously. I have betrayed the confidence of my flock. I have embezzled funds entrusted to my care. Why, I... I, Father Corentin, have committed a kind of theft...

This is a terrible thing I have done. How can I hide it? How can I make amends for it? How can I get one hundred crows again? And how will I answer all the questions I'll be asked? What explanation can I give for what I have done?

NARRATOR: The sky grew cloudy. The trees were of a green that was depressing and harsh against the ashen horizon. Large drops of rain began to fall. Father Corentin was struck by the sadness of all creation... He walked slowly and sadly and was able to get back into the parish house without being noticed.
SCHOLASTICA: Is it you already, holy Father? Then you didn't go to Pont-l'Archeveque?

THE FATHER: I missed the stage coach at Rosy-les-Roses... I shall go back another day. But listen, my good Scholastica! Do not tell anyone that I have come back already.

NARRATOR: Father Corentin did not go to mass the next day. He remained closed up in his room and didn't dare even to go walking in his orchard. The following day he was sent for to administer the last sacrament to a sick man in a neighboring village.

SCHOLASTICA: I am sorry, but the good Father has not come back yet.

THE FATHER: (OFF MIKE AND WALKING TOWARD IT) Scholastica is mistaken; here I am. I will go with you.

NARRATOR: On his way back from the sick man Father Corentin encountered one of his (FADING) most pious parishioners...

PARISHIONER #3: Well, holy Father, did you have a good trip?

THE FATHER: (CLOSE TO MIKE AS IF THINKING ALOUD) Now I must lie for the second time! (FULL VOICE) Excellent, my friend... excellent.

PARISHIONER #3: And the bell?
THE FATHER: (CLOSE TO MIKE AS IF THINKING ALOUD AGAIN) Now another lie, alas! I've gold so many I can hardly count them. (FULL VOICE) Superb, my friend... superb. One would say it was made out of fine silver. And what a lovely sound! From a mere tap of the finger it rings so long that there doesn't seem to be an end of it!

PARISHIONER #3: And when shall we see it?

THE FATHER: Soon, my son... soon. But first of all its baptismal name must be engraved into its metal... and the names of its godfather and godmother... and a few verses of holy Scripture... and of course all that takes time... I must go into the parish house now.

SOUND: WALKING, DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING

THE FATHER: (CALLING) Scholastica!... Oh, there you are! Tell me, Scholastica... if we were to sell the armchair... and the big clock... and the wardrobe... do you think that we could get a hundred crowns for them?

SCHOLASTICA: We wouldn't get thirty crowns, good Father.

With due reverence to you, holy Father, all your furniture put together isn't worth much.

THE FATHER: Alas, I feared as much. Scholastica, I shall eat no more meat. Meat isn't good for me.
SCHOLASTICA: Oh good Father, all this isn't natural. There is something wrong. Ever since the day you left for Pont-l'Archevêque ... Father, what on earth happened to you that day?

NARRATOR: The unhappy Father told his servant all that had happened. She listened sympathetically, and then answered:

SCHOLASTICA: Ah, that doesn't surprise me at all. It is your good heart that will ruin you. But don't worry, holy Father. I'll take care of explaining the situation ... until you have had time to gather together another hundred crowns.

NARRATOR: It was then that the good Scholastica began to invent stories and to relate them to all comers. They had cracked the new bell while packing it, and it had been necessary to recast it. Once recast, the good Father had had the inspiration to send it to Rome so that it might be blessed by His Holiness the Pope. And it was a long way to Rome ... The good Father let her see whatever she pleased, but she grew more and more miserable. He kept reproaching himself for his own lies, and now he felt responsible for Scholastica's lies, too.

All this—added to the embezzlement from his
parishioners--finally created a terrifying mass of sins. He began to bend under the burden, and little by little an earthy pallor began to appear on his cheeks that had now become emaciated—a pallor that replaced the roses of his innocent and robust old age.

The day set for Father Corentin's Golden Jubilee and for the baptism of the bell had long since passed by. The inhabitants of Lande-Fleurie were astonished at such a delay. Rumors began to spread. Father Corentin had been seen in bad company the day he went to the city to buy the bell. He had squandered the money that had been given to him for the bell.

Some of the townspeople were forming a group against the good Father. When he walked along the streets, there were hats that remained on heads, and he heard hostile murmurs as he passed by. The poor Father was overwhelmed with regret. He realized the full extent of his sin. Because of it he experienced the most painful remorse. Nevertheless—no matter how hard he tried—he could not reach the state of complete penitence...
NARRATOR: It was because he really felt that this unwise charity--this charity with the money of others--had been given in spite of himself... before he had had time to think about it. He kept saying to himself:

THE FATHER: (CLOSE TO MIKE) Perhaps this unreasonable charity might have been--for the ignorant souls of the gypsies--the best revelation of God and the beginning of the light within. And I can still see--so black, so soft, so full of tears--the eyes of that little gypsy girl!

NARRATOR: The anguish of his conscience became unbearable. His sin kept getting bigger as time went on. One day--after hours of prayer--he decided to unburden himself to his parishioners... to rid himself of his sin by confessing publicly... The following Sunday he read the Gospel and then ascended the pulpit. He was paler than usual. He stiffened himself for the ordeal by an effort more sublime than the effort of the martyrs in the arenas of Rome. He was about to speak when a clear, limpid, silver

SOUND: CHURCH BELL IN BACKGROUND
sound sang in the bell tower and filled the whole church . . . All heads turned toward the sound, and an amazed whispering ran through the pews of the faithful!

CHORUS OF WHISPERING VOICES: The new bell! . . . It is the bell! . . . The new bell! . . .

MUSIC: RELIGIOSO THEME WITH CHURCH BELLS UP AND UNDER FOR

NARRATOR: Was it a miracle? And had God's angels brought the new bell in order to save the honor of His servant . . . his minister of charity? Or had Scholastica confided the embarrassment of the good Father to those two American ladies, Suzie and Bettina Percival, who lived in such a beautiful château seven miles from Lande-Fleurie, and had these excellent ladies arranged this surprise for Father Corentin?

In my opinion the second explanation would offer even more difficulties than the first. Be that as it may, the good people of Lande-Fleurie never knew what it was that Father Corentin was about to confess.

MUSIC: RELIGIOSO THEME WITH CHURCH BELLS UP AND CLOSE
ANNOUNCER: The roles in "The Bell" were played by the following students: Narrator, ___________; Father Corentin, _______________; Parishioner #1, _______________; Parishioner #2, _______________; Parishioner #3, _______________; Scholastica, _______________; Gypsy girl, _______________; Voices, _______________; _______________; and _______________.

Your announcer has been _______________.
THE NECKLACE

by

Guy de Maupassant
THE NECKLACE: A short story by Guy de Maupassant

Translated and adapted into script form for tape recording in the classroom.

CAST

Announcer
Narrator
Mme Loisel, a young Frenchwoman
M. Loisel, a young Frenchman
Mme Forestier, a young Frenchwoman
1st Jeweler
2nd Jeweler
3rd Jeweler

MUSIC

Dramatic bridges

SOUND

Sound of tearing envelope
Sound of jewels and jewel box
The Class of presents an adaptation of "The Necklace" by Guy de Maupassant (GHEE DEH MOH PAH SAH).

Maupassant's stories, based on every conceivable theme, reflect his skill in depicting a variety of people in a variety of situations. Maupassant prided himself on showing people as they actually are rather than as he thinks they are—or should be. The bitterness and despair that he pictures in many of his stories are characteristic of the people in his stories—not of Maupassant himself. We now present one of his best known short stories, "The Necklace."

INTRODUCE FRENCH FLAVOR UP AND OUT

She was one of those pretty and charming girls, born—as if by an error of destiny—into a family of working people. She had no dowry, no future, no means of being known, understood, loved by, or married to a wealthy and distinguished man; she let herself be married, therefore, to a petty clerk in the Department of National Education. She dressed simply, being unable to afford any finery; she was
NARRATOR: (cont) MME LOISEL: miserable because she had no social standing. Women do not have caste nor race: their beauty and their charm, their shrewdness and their instinct for style make the daughters of the people equal to the greatest ladies.

MME LOISEL: (CLOSE TO MIKE, AS IF THINKING OUT LOUD) How miserable I am! I should be surrounded by every luxury—but no, I live in wretched lodgings. These shabby furnishings... these ugly materials...

NARRATOR: The sight of the little maid who did her simple housework made her think of the servants of the wealthy and the homes of the wealthy.

MME LOISEL: (CLOSE TO MIKE) I can see the satin hangings, the comfortable chairs, the soft cushions. I can almost feel the delicate ornaments on the carved tables. The women are beautifully gowned; the men are sought after by everyone...

M. LOISEL: Ah, Matilda! What a good beef stew!

MME LOISEL: (SURPRISED, CONFUSED) Oh... Oh, you startled me.

M. LOISEL: Daydreaming again? Oh Matilda, why can't you be content with what we have?

MME LOISEL: These lodgings? These furnishings? Beef stew? Ugh!
M. LOISEL: It is delicious. I know of nothing better.

MME LOISEL: (BEGINNING TO WEEP) You like this place! You wouldn't care if we had beef stew every day . . . (WEEPING FADES)

NARRATOR: And the thought of plates of silver and the pink flesh of trout or the delicate breast of pheasant that she dreamed of tasting . . . She had no beautiful gowns, no jewels, nothing. She loved only such things; she felt that she had been created for such things. She had a wealthy friend, a companion of her convent days, whom she didn't want to visit any more because she suffered so much after she came home. She wept for whole days at a time--from sorrow, regret, and despair . . . One evening her husband came home with a look of triumph on his face and a large envelope in his hand.

M. LOISEL: (EXCITED WITH PLEASURE) Here . . . here, Matilda, is something for you.


M. LOISEL: Read it! . . . Read it!

MME LOISEL: "The Minister of Public Instruction and Madame Georges Ramponneau (RÄN PUH NŌ) pray
MME LOISEL: (cont) M. et MME Loisel (LWA ZELL) to do them the honor of coming to spend the evening at the Education Building on Monday, the eighteenth of January.

M. LOISEL: ... Well, Matilda ... aren't you going to say anything? I thought you'd be delighted.

MME LOISEL: Delighted? What do you expect me to do with it?

M. LOISEL: I thought you'd be pleased. You never go out, and this is a fine opportunity. I had great difficulty in getting the invitation. Everybody wants one. They are very much in demand. Very few of the clerks get them. You will see all the officials there.

MME LOISEL: (IMPATIENT, IRRITATED) And just what do you expect me to wear to such an affair?

M. LOISEL: I hadn't thought about that, but (STAMMERING) why not the dress you wear to the theater? It seems very nice ... to me ... .

MME LOISEL: (BEGINNING TO SOB, THEN WEEP)

M. LOISEL: (STAMMERING) But what is the matter? ... .

MME LOISEL: (CALMING HERSELF) Nothing. Only I have no gown to wear, and consequently I cannot go to this
MME LOISEL: party. Give your invitation to one of your colleagues . . . whose wife will be better dressed than I.

M. LOISEL: (CRUSHED) Come now, Matilda. How much would it cost . . . a suitable gown which you could wear on other occasions . . . something very simple?

MME LOISEL: (AD LIB MUMBLING OF FIGURES--THEN HESITATING) I don't know exactly, but it seems to me that I might manage with four hundred francs.

M. LOISEL: (OFF MIKE--AS IF TO HIMSELF) That's exactly what I have saved to buy that hunting rifle for next summer. (ALOUD TO HIS WIFE) All right. I'll give you four hundred francs. But try to get a beautiful dress.

NARRATOR: The day of the reception was approaching, and Mme Loisel seemed sad, restless, anxious. Her gown was ready, however. Her husband decided to find out why she looked so unhappy.

M. LOISEL: What's the matter with you? You haven't been quite yourself for three days.

MME LOISEL: It bothers me not to have any jewels, not one single stone to wear. I will look poverty-stricken. I would almost prefer not to go to the party.
You can wear fresh flowers. It's very chic (SHEEK) this season. For ten francs you can get two or three magnificent roses.

(NOT CONVINCED) No . . . no . . . There is nothing more humiliating than to have the look of poverty in the middle of women of wealth.

(LOUD) How stupid you are! . . . If that's the way you feel, why don't you go to see your friend Mme Forestier (FOR ESS TEE YEA) and ask her to lend you some jewels? You know her well enough for that.

(DELIGHTED) That's true. I hadn't thought about that.

The next day she went to see her friend and told her her trouble. Mme Forestier went to her mirrored dresser, lifted a large jewel box, brought it to her friend, opened it, and said:

Choose, my dear.

(HESITATING, LOOKING AT EVERYTHING FIRST) Those bracelets are beautiful . . . and that pearl necklace . . .

CLINKING OF JEWELRY

Oh, no, wait! Those earrings . . . May I try them on?
MME FORESTIER: Yes, of course. By all means, try them on first!

MME LOISEL: They are lovely . . . but have you anything else . . . anything I haven't seen?

MME FORESTIER: Yes, here are two smaller boxes. Look through them. I don't know what you'll like the best.

SOUND: OPENING BOX

MME LOISEL: That black satin box . . . That is the last one! Let me see . . . Oh, that diamond necklace! . . . How exquisite! . . . Please help me fasten it around my neck . . . There! Now I'll look in the mirror! . . . How it sparkles! . . . May I borrow this . . . just this . . . nothing else?

MME FORESTIER: But of course, my dear.

NARRATOR: Matilda threw her arms around her friend, embraced her warmly, and fled with her treasure. The day of the reception arrived. Mme Loisel was the belle of the evening. She was prettier than all the other women, she was beautifully gowned, she was gracious, smiling, and mad with delight. All the men kept watching for her, asking who she was, and seeking to be presented to her. All the cabinet attachés wanted to dance with her. Even the cabinet minister noticed her . . .
NARRATOR: She danced with abandon, intoxicated by pleasure, in a kind of cloud of happiness created by all the admiration . . . by such a complete victory. . . She left at about four in the morning. Her husband--ever since midnight--had been sleeping in a little salon (SAL O') that was deserted except for three other husbands whose wives were having a good time. He put her cloak around her shoulders--an everyday garment that contrasted strangely with her ball gown. She wanted to leave immediately in order not to be noticed by the other women who were enveloped in furs, but Loisel held her back.

M. LOISEL: Wait . . . wait a minute! . . . You'll catch cold outside. I'll go call a cab.

MME LOISEL: No, no! . . . I want to leave now . . . right now!

NARRATOR: When they were in the street, they couldn't find a cab. They began to look everywhere, calling to cabmen who were passing by in the distance. They walked down to the Seine (SENN) --discouraged, shivering from the cold. Finally they found one of those old night-going cabs that appear in Paris only at night--as if they
were ashamed of their shabbiness in the day
time. It took them to their door, and they
went upstairs sadly. For her, it was all
over. For him, he thought about being at
work early ... in a few hours. Mme Loisel
took off her cloak and went to the mirror . . .
to see herself one last time ... in her
glory.

MME LOISEL: (CRYING OUT IN DISTRESS) The necklace . . .
where is the necklace? . . . It's gone . . .
gone.

M. LOISEL: (OFF MIKE--AS IF SOME DISTANCE AWAY) What's
the matter? What happened?

MME LOISEL: (IN ANGUISH) I haven't the necklace any more
. . . the necklace . . . Mme Forestier's
necklace!

That's impossible! Let me look! It is prob-
ably caught in your dress somewhere. Shake
the folds of your skirt!

MME LOISEL: No . . . It's not there . . . Maybe in my
coat! ... No, not there, either.

M. LOISEL: Here . . . in the pockets . . . no, it's not
there. You are sure that you had it on when
you left the ball?
MME LOISEL: Yes, I touched it when I was putting my coat on.

M. LOISEL: But if you had lost it in the street, we would have heard it fall. It must be in the cab.

MME LOISEL: Yes. That's very probable. Did you get the number?

M. LOISEL: No. And you? You didn't look?

MME LOISEL: No . . . (HORROR STRICKEN) What are we going to do?

M. LOISEL: I am going to go back the way we came . . . on foot . . . to see if I can find it.

NARRATOR: And he went out. She stayed there, dressed in her evening gown, without enough strength to go to bed, stretched out on a chair, without a fire, without thoughts. Her husband came back in toward seven o'clock. He had found nothing . . .

He went to police headquarters, to the newspapers to offer a reward, to the cab companies --everywhere that a ray of hope pushed him. She waited all day long in the same state of terror. Loisel came home in the evening--his face drawn, pale. He had discovered nothing.
M. LOISEL: You'll have to write to your friend that you broke the clasp of her necklace and that you are having it repaired. That will give us the time to look around.

NARRATOR: She wrote what he dictated. At the end of a week they had lost all hope. Loisel, grown five years older, declared:

M. LOISEL: We'll have to take steps to replace the necklace.

NARRATOR: The next day they took the box that had contained the necklace and went to the jeweler whose name appeared inside.

1st JEWELER: (FADE IN) . . . No, madame. I sold only the jewel box to Mme Forestier. But the necklace . . . I do not know where Mme Forestier bought that diamond necklace. (FADING) You might try . . .

2nd JEWELER: Mme Forestier? No, I do not know Mme Forestier. She did not buy such a necklace here. (FADING) Why don't you ask . . .

3rd JEWELER: Yes, yes . . . we have a diamond necklace almost exactly like that one. Here . . . you see . . .

MME LOISEL: And the price?

3rd JEWELER: Thirty-six thousand francs.
(ALMOST WHISPERING) Thirty-six thousand francs! Could you hold ... this necklace ... for three days. We would like ... to buy it.

Mme Loisel returned the necklace to Mme Forestier.

(STALLERING, ILL AT EASE) I am sorry that I didn't bring it back sooner ... the clasp, you know ... It took a long time.
MME FORESTIER: (IRRITATED) You should have brought it back sooner, you know. I might have needed it.

MME LOISEL: (OFF MIKE--TO HERSELF) Thank goodness! She didn't open the case. If she had noticed the substitution, what would she have thought? What would she have said? Would she have thought I was a thief?

NARRATOR: Mme Loisel came to know the life of the poverty stricken. She played her part--suddenly--heroically. It was necessary to pay this frightful debt. She would pay it. They dismissed the maid. They moved to lodgings under the roof. She did all the heavy work of the household, the hateful tasks of the kitchen. She washed the dishes--wearing out her pink finger nails on the greasy earthenware and the bottoms of the stewpans. She washed the clothes, she dried them on a rope, she took the garbage down every morning, she carried the water up--stopping at each floor to catch her breath. And dressed like a woman of the lower classes, she did her shopping--bargaining, insulted, saved her wretched money a sou at a time. They had to pay notes each month, renew others, ask for more time. M. Loisel
NARRATOR: (cont)

worked in the evening on the accounts of a merchant, and often at night he copied manuscript at five sous a page... And this life lasted ten years. At the end of ten years they had paid back everything—including the interest and the accumulation of compound interest. Mme Loisel seemed old now. She had become a woman of poverty—strong, harsh, rough. Bedraggled, with skirts askew, her hands red from scrubbing floors, she spoke in a loud, high-pitched voice... Sometimes, when her husband was at the office, she would sit down near the window and think about the evening long ago and about the ball where she had been so beautiful and so honored...

What would have happened if she had not lost the necklace? Who knows?... who knows? How little it takes to change life completely. One evening when she had gone for a stroll on the Champs-Élysées (SHAN ZAY LEE ZAY) to relax from the tasks of the week, she noticed a woman who was taking a child out for a walk. It was Mme Forestier—still young, still beautiful, still attractive. Mme Loisel felt moved.
NARRATOR: Should she speak to her? Yes, certainly. And now that she had paid, she would tell her the whole story. She went up to her.

MME LOISEL: Hello, Jeanne (ZHAN).

MME FORESTIER: (NOT RECOGNIZING HER, HESITATING) But ... madame, you must be mistaken. I don't know you.

MME LOISEL: No, I am not mistaken. I am Matilda Loisel.

MME FORESTIER: (CRYING OUT, HORRIFIED) Oh! ... my poor Matilda, how you have changed! ... 

MME LOISEL: Yes, I have had some very hard times ... and many hardships ... and all on account of you!

MME FORESTIER: On account of me? ... I don't understand.

MME LOISEL: Do you remember the diamond necklace that you lent me to go to the reception?

MME FORESTIER: Yes, I remember ... Well?

MME LOISEL: Well, I lost it.

MME FORESTIER: How can that be ... since you brought it back.

MME LOISEL: I brought back another just like it. And we have been paying for it for the last ten years. You understand that it was not easy for us ... We didn't have any money ... Well, anyway, it's finished now ... and I am awfully glad.
MME FORESTIER: You say that you bought a diamond necklace to replace mine?

MME LOISEL: Yes. You didn't notice, did you? They were almost identical. (PROUD)

MME FORESTIER: (TOUCHED, SYMPATHETIC) Oh, my poor Matilda! But mine was false. It was worth--at the most--five hundred francs.

MUSIC: CLOSING BRIDGE

ANNOUNCER: The roles in "The Necklace" were played by the following students:

Narrator, __________________________;

M. Loisel, __________________________;

Mme Loisel, ________________________;

Mme Forestier, ______________________;

1st Jeweler, ________________________;

2nd Jeweler, ________________________;

3rd Jeweler, ________________________;

Your announcer has been ____________.
THE LAST CLASS
by
Alphonse Daudet
THE LAST CLASS: A short story by Alphonse Daudet

Translated and adapted into script form for tape recording in the classroom.

CAST

Announcer
Robert, a student
Jane, a student
Frantz, a little French boy from Alsace
M. Hamel, a French schoolmaster
Blacksmith, a middle-aged Frenchman
Five voices—overlapping

MUSIC

"La Mareillaise" (sung by French class)
Several trumpets in the distance and then closer

SOUND

Town clock striking twelve
Church bells ringing the Angelus
Crowd sounds
Writing on blackboard
Walking
ANNOUNCER: The Class of presents an adaptation of "The Last Class" by Alphonse Daudet (AL FAWNS DÔ DAY).

TWO STUDENTS ARE TALKING AS THEY PREPARE TO STUDY THEIR HISTORY LESSON TOGETHER:

ROBERT: Why don't we ride down to the drive-in and get a milk shake ... and then get at this dumb history. Grrr ... how I hate it!

JANE: No! Let's study first and eat afterward. No matter what we do, we still have to study for the history final.

ROBERT: O.K., Mrs. Simon Legree! Where do we start?

JANE: Top of page 340. You read some, and then I will. We can discuss important points as we go along.

ROBERT: (TURNING PAGES, MOCKINGLY) 328, 337, 340 ... All right ... top of the page ... and here I begin ... Sure you wouldn't rather take a ride ... ?

JANE: Be serious, Bob—just for an hour! Maybe then we'll be able to answer at least one question.

ROBERT: All right. (READING) "By the Treaty of Frankfurt-on-the-Main, May 20, 1871, France was compelled to give up to Germany ... Alsace and Lorraine, two provinces situated along the west bank of the
Rhine River. Although many of the inhabitants spoke only German, they were French at heart. The substitution of German for French as the official language of the annexed provinces began on July 1, 1872."

Jane, does this treaty mean that instead of learning or speaking their own French language the provinces had to speak German instead?

That's right. After July 1, 1872, every French classroom was turned into a German classroom.

Wonder how we'd feel if old Miller said in his history class tomorrow, "Sorry, students. No more English after today. From now on we shall speak the language of our enemy--or our captors . . ."?

In the first place, I don't think Mr. Miller would say it that way. And I think that all of us would be shocked into silence--and remorse.

Remorse? . . . What do you mean?

I don't imagine that we are any different from the little French class that Alphonse Daudet wrote about in one of his short stories called "La Dernière Classe" (LA DERR NEE AIRE KLASS).

What's that in English?

"The Last Class." Daudet wrote this story about a little Alsatian boy who experienced just what
JANE: (cont) we are talking about . . . being told that you can never use your own language again. We read this story in our French class last semester.

ROBERT: Tell me what happened?

JANE: I will—never help you get away from the history we’re supposed to be studying but because I think Daudet’s story points up what happened after the Treaty of Frankfur-am-Main. The little French boy actually tells the story. (FADING) He was on his way to school . . .

FRANTZ: That morning I was very late in getting started to school, and I was afraid of being scolded—M. Hamel had told us that he would question us on the rule of the participles and I didn’t know a thing about it. The weather was so warm . . . the day was so bright that for a moment I thought I would just miss class and run across the fields. I could hear the blackbirds whistling at the edge of the wood—and I could also hear the Prussians drilling behind the sawmill in the meadow. All this attracted me much more than the participles, but I finally had the strength to resist. I started running in the direction of the school. As I approached the front of the city hall a crowd . . .
SOUND: FADE IN CROWD SOUNDS, KEEP UNDER FOR

FRANTZ: had gathered in front of the board where announcements were always posted.

VOICES: (VARIOUS TYPES, NOT TOO DISTINCT, OVERLAPPING)
This is not fair! . . . Why do they do this to us? . . . It is no use: the Prussians have control of everything . . . For two years nothing but bad news! . . . Always this board has bad news! . . .

FRANTZ: I was going to stop to ask, "What is it this time?" but everybody was too busy looking at the announcement to pay any attention to me. So I started to run on to school as the blacksmith shouted:

BLACKSMITH: Don't hurry so much, little one; you will get there soon enough . . . to your school!

FRANTZ: I thought the blacksmith was making fun of me, and I hurried on into the courtyard of M. Hamel. I was counting on the noise of the beginning of class to get to my bench without being noticed. Always the reciting of lessons and the opening and closing of desks and the master tapping his big ruler on the desks--for silence--could be heard as far away as the street. But today everything was as quiet as on a Sunday morning.
I looked through the open window. All my comrades were in their places, and M. Hamel was passing back and forth with the terrible iron ruler under his arm. I opened the door. And into the middle of this great calm I walked—afraid and red-faced.

Go quickly to your seat, my little Frantz; we were going to begin without you.

I jumped over the back of the bench and sat down at my desk. And then I noticed that our master had on his beautiful green frock coat, his jabot (ZHÁ BOW) --his finely pleated one--and his skull cap of embroidered black silk which he wore only on inspection days and on days when prizes were being distributed. Besides, there was something unusual and solemn about the whole class. But the thing which surprised me the most was to see in the back of the room, on the benches which ordinarily remained empty, people of the village --sitting down and silent like us . . . Old Hauser with his three-cornered hat, the former mayor, the former postman, and then other people besides. All of them seemed sad. Hauser had brought an old primer--badly worn at the edges--which he held open on his knees with his great spectacles spread
across the pages. Then, standing by his
teacher's chair, M. Hamel spoke:

M. HAMEL: (GENTLY) My children, this is the last time
that I shall be teaching your class. The order
has come from Berlin to teach only German from
now on in the schools of Alsace and Lorraine . . .
The new teacher is arriving tomorrow. Today is
your last French lesson. I ask you to be very
attentive.

FRANTZ: M. Hamel's words upset me completely. So that
was what the wretches had posted at the city
hall. And this . . . was my last French lesson!
Why I, I scarcely knew how to write! It would
be necessary for me to stop where I was then.
How angry I was at myself for the time I'd lost
hunting birds' nests or diving into the Saar--
instead of being in my classes. My books--heavy
and boring a little while ago--now seemed like
old friends. My grammar, my church history . . .
How sad to leave them! And M. Hamel! . . . He,
too, would be going away. I would never see him
again. This made me forget his punishments, the
blows from his big ruler. . . . Poor man! It was
in honor of this last class then that M. Hamel
had put on his beautiful Sunday clothes. That
is why the old people of the village are sitting at the back of the room! They are sorry they haven't come oftener to school. In a way they are thanking M. Hamel for his forty years of teaching. Perhaps, too, they were doing honor to their country . . . which was going away.

M. HAMEL: Frantz, please explain the rule of the agreement of the past participles.

FRANTZ: (CLOSE TO MIKE, THINKING ALOUD) What wouldn't I have given to be able to recite in a full, clear voice that famous rule of the participles, but I got all mixed up in the first words, and I just remained standing there--swaying back and forth at my desk. My heart was heavy, and I couldn't even raise my head.

M. HAMEL: I shall not scold you, my little Frantz. You must be punished enough already. That is the way things are. Every day one says to himself: Bah! I have plenty of time--I shall learn tomorrow. And then you see what happens! Ah, that has been the great misfortune of our Alsace--always putting off its learning until tomorrow. Now those people are justified in saying to us: What! You claim to be Frenchmen--and you don't even know how to speak or write your own language! In all
that, my poor Frantz, it is not you who are the guiltiest one. We all have a good part of the reproaches to make to ourselves...

Your parents were not anxious enough to see you well educated. They preferred to send you to work in the fields or in the spinning mills—in order to have a few more sous. Myself, have I nothing to reproach myself for? Haven't I often had you water my garden instead of doing your school work? And when I wanted to go trout fishing, did I bother too much about giving you a day off? (FADING) Let us not forget...

Then M. Hamel began to talk to us about the French language, saying that it was the most beautiful language in the world—the clearest, the most solid, that it was necessary for us to guard it among us and never to forget it... because when a people falls slave—as long as it holds onto its own language—it is as if it held the key to its prison. Then he picked up a grammar and read us our lesson. I was astonished to see how well I understood. Everything that he said seemed to me easy... easy. I believe, too, that I never listened so attentively and
that he had never taught so patiently before.
One would have said that before going away the
poor man wanted to give us all his knowledge--
to make it go into our heads with one single
stroke.

M. HAMEL: Now that we have finished our grammar lesson,
let us practice our penmanship. On your papers
are new examples to copy. Write carefully now:
FRANCE,

SOUND: CHALK ON BLACKBOARD

M. HAMEL: ALSACE, FRANCE, ALSACE . . . (FAVING) FRANCE,
ALSACE . .

FRANTZ: Everyone applied himself. And what silence!
One heard nothing but the scratching of the pens
on the paper. At one moment the June bugs came
into the room, but no one paid any attention to
them--not even the youngest scholars who were
applying themselves to tracing their model hand-
writing strokes with a heart--a conscience--as
if there were still something that was French.
On the roof of the school some pigeons were coo-
ing softly, and I wondered if they were going to
be obliged to sing in German, too . .

From time to time I looked at M. Hamel. He stood
motionless at his desk. He stared at the objects
around him as if to carry away in his glance the entire little school house. For forty years he had been there at the same place . . . facing his courtyard and his class. The only changes were that the benches and desks had become polished --rubbed by wear; the walnut trees in the yard had grown larger, and the hop vine which he himself had planted was now in garlands around the windows up to the roof. . .

What heartbreak it must be for this poor man to leave all these things! We could hear his sister going back and forth upstairs as she packed their trunks . . . for they were leaving the next day to go away from Alsace forever. (WALKING OUT)

Even so, M. Hamel had the courage to hold class right up to the end of the hour. We finished the writing lesson, then on to the history lesson. . .

M. HAMEL: And now, my little friends, we shall have the singing lesson.

MUSIC: USE FRENCH STUDENTS TO SING "LA MARSEILLAISE"

FRANTZ: At the back of the room old Hauser had put on his spectacles, and holding his primer with both hands,
he was singing the words with the children. One could see that he, too, was applying himself. His voice trembled with emotion. It was so funny to hear him that we all wanted to laugh—and to cry!

The Prussians were coming back from their morning drill. . . . M. Hamel rose. . . . Never was he so pale . . . nor so tall . . .


But something choked him. He couldn't finish his sentence. Then he turned around toward the blackboard, took a piece of chalk, and—bearing down on it with all his strength—he wrote as large as he could: VIVE LA FRANCE!

Then he stood there, leaning his head against the wall, without speaking. With his hand he made a sign to us as if to say: It is finished now. . . . You may go.

CLOSE WITH "LA MARSEILLAISE"
ROBERT: I see now what you mean, Jane. That's a powerful story—and a frightening one. That could happen to a nation today.

JANE: Yes, Robert, it could. Let's get to work!

MUSIC: CLOSING BRIDGE

ANNOUNCER: Roles in "The Last Class" were played by the following students:

Robert, ___________________________;
Jane, ___________________________;
Frantz, ___________________________;
M. Hamel, ___________________________;
Blacksmith, ___________________________;

Five overlapping voices, ___________________________.

"The Marseillaise" was sung by members of the French class.

Your announcer has been ___________________________.
THE JUGGLER OF NOTRE DAME

by

Anatole France
THE JUGGLER OF NOTRE DAME: A short story by Anatole France
Translated and adapted into script form for tape recording
in the classroom.

CAST

Announcer
Narrator, a girl student
Barnabe, a middle-aged Frenchman
The Prior, an old French priest
Brother Marbode, a middle-aged Frenchman
Brother Alexander, a young Frenchman with halting speech

MUSIC

Transitions
Punctuations
"Ave Maria" of Schubert (ending)

SOUND

Walking
ANNOUNCER: The Class of presents an adaptation of "The Juggler of Notre Dame" (NŒ TR DAM) by Anatole France (À NÀ TÛL FRANS). France studied the Greek and Latin classics and was inspired by their great simplicity. His own clear style and diction, wit and irony, reflect his appreciation of literature and of people. In "The Juggler of Notre Dame" you will hear speech reminiscent of the language of the Bible. Indeed, you will hear actual passages from the Holy Scriptures.

MUSIC: SIMPLE HURDY-GURDY UP AND FADE UNDER FOR

NARRATOR: During the time of Louis the Ninth there was in France a poor juggler, a native of Compiègne (COM PE É GNE), named Barnabe' (BAR NÀ BAY). He used to go through the towns performing tricks of strength and skill. On days when there were fairs he would spread out an old worn rug in the public square. Then he would attract the children and the idlers by making droll remarks--remarks that he had learned from an old juggler, remarks of which he had never changed a word. Then, assuming ridiculous poses, he would balance a pewter plate on the end of his nose... At first the crowd looked on with indifference.
But when, standing on his hands, he threw six shining copper balls into the air and caught them again with his feet, a murmur of admiration rose from among the onlookers. Or when he made himself into a perfect wheel by bending backwards until the nap of his neck touched his heels and in this position juggled twelve knives, coins of all sizes rained on the old rug...

Even so, Barnabé of Compiègne had great difficulty in keeping alive. Earning his bread by the sweat of his brow, he bore more than his share of the miseries attached to the sin of Adam, our father. Yet when he entered a church, he never failed to kneel before the image of the Mother of God and to address her:

(BUENTLY AND REVERENTLY) Holy Virgin, take care of my life until it please God that I die. And when I am dead, make me to have the joys of Paradise.

Barnabé had never reflected upon the origin of wealth nor on the inequality of human conditions. He believed firmly that if this world were evil, the other world could not miss being good. This hope upheld him...
Now on a certain evening after a day of rain he was leaving the fair. Sad and bowed down, he walked along with the shining copper balls under his arm and the twelve knives hidden in his old rug.

Barnabé (THINKING ALOUD) No supper again . . . perhaps I can find some old barn along this road where I can rest . . . Perhaps tomorrow . . . when there is sun . . .

Barnabé needed the warmth of the sun and the light of the day to show his fine skill . . . even as do the trees to bear their flowers and fruit. In the winter Barnabe was no longer anything but a tree stripped of its leaves and practically dead. The frozen earth was hard to the juggler. Like the grasshopper that Marie of France talks about, he suffered from the cold and hunger in bad weather. But as he was simple in heart, he bore his ills in patience . . .

As he was walking along the road on this particular evening, he saw a monk who was going in the same direction.

Good evening, Father. May I walk with you?
THE PRIOR: Of course, my good friend. How does it happen that you are dressed all in green? Would it be from playing the part of a jester in some mystery play?

BARNABE: Not at all, Father. Such as you see me, I am a juggler by profession, and my name is Barnabe. It would be the most beautiful profession in the world if one ate every day.

THE PRIOR: Friend Barnabe, be careful what you say. There is no more beautiful profession in the world than the profession of a monk. One sings the praises of God, of the Virgin, and of the saints. The life of a monk is a perpetual hymn to the Lord.

BARNABE: (SIMPLY) I confess, Father, that I have spoken like an ignorant man. My profession can not be compared to yours. Although there is some merit in dancing while holding a coin on the end of a stick balanced on the tip of one's nose--this merit does not approach yours. Father, I would like to sing prayers every day like you, and especially to sing prayers to the Holy Virgin, to whom I have pledged a special devotion. I would gladly renounce my art--in which I am known from Soissons (SWÁ SSAWN) to Beauvais (BO VAYO and in more than six hundred cities and towns--in order to embrace the life of a monk.
Barnabe did not imitate the thieving and godless mountebanks who sold their souls to the devil. He never blasphemed the name of God; he lived honestly; and although he had no wife, he did not covet the wife of his neighbor—because woman is the enemy of strong men, as appears in the story of Samson, which is recorded in the Scriptures. In truth, his spirit was not turned toward carnal desires, and it cost him more to renounce the jug than to renounce women. He was a good man, fearing God and devoted to the Holy Virgin. . .

As the monk was not lacking in discernment, he was touched by Barnabe's simplicity; he sensed in him one of those men of good will of whom the Savior said: "Let peace be with them on earth!" And that is why the monk (FADING) said to Barnabe:

**THE PRIOR:** Friend Barnabe, come with me. I will have you enter the monastery of which I am the prior. He who led Saint Mary the Egyptian into the desert has put me on your path so that I can lead you into the way of salvation.

**MUSIC:** BRIDGE TO DENOTE PASSING OF TIME UP AND OUT FOR

**NARRATOR:** It was in this way that Barnabe became a monk. In the monastery into which the Prior took him, the monks were vying with each other in celebrating
the worship of the Holy Virgin. Each of them served her with all the knowledge and all the skill that God had given him. Barnabe wanted to know what each one of the monks did in her honor.

THE PRIOR: I, for my part, compose books which treat of the virtues of the Mother of God according to the rules of scholastic philosophy.

BARNABÉ: And what does Brother Alexander do?

THE PRIOR: Come! I will show you . . . These exquisite miniatures are painted by Brother Alexander. See this one—with the Queen of Heaven seated on the throne of Solomon.

BARNABÉ: I see . . . At the foot of the throne there are four lions. Are they keeping watch?

THE PRIOR: Yes . . . yes. And notice, too, that her head is surrounded by a halo and that seven doves are hovering above her. The doves are the gifts of the Holy Spirit.

BARNABÉ: (PROUDLY) They are the fear of God, knowledge, strength, counsel, piety, intelligence, and wisdom.

THE PRIOR: (SURPRISED) Why yes, Brother Barnabé, they are.

And here are the companions of Our Lady—the six virgins with golden hair: Humility, Prudence, Retreat, Respect, Virginity, and Obedience.
NARRATOR: The Prior went on showing Barnabé the wonderful work of Brother Alexander. On another page he showed Eve opposite Maria, so that one could see at the same time the Sin and the Redemption—the woman humiliated and the Virgin exalted. In the same book he had painted the Well of the Living Waters, the Fountain, the Lily, the Moon, the Sun, and the Closed Garden which is spoken of in the Song of Solomon, the Door of Heaven, and the City of God. And there were more pictures of the Virgin Maria... The Prior told Barnabé that some of the monks in the monastery were poets. They composed in Latin bits of prose—and hymns in honor of the blessed Virgin Maria. And there was a monk from Picady who put the miracles of Our Lady into the common language—French—and into rhymed verses.

THE PRIOR: And here is the work of one of the most devoted children of Our Lady: Brother Marbode. He carves unceasingly images of stone.

BARNABÉ: I have been watching him. His hair, his beard, even his eyebrows are white with dust, and his eyes are swollen and full of tears—from the marble dust.
THE PRIOR: But the Queen of Heaven protects the old age of her child, Brother Marbode, for he is full of strength and joy in his advanced age. See how he represents the Holy Virgin seated in a pulpit.

BARNABÉ: (AWED) Her forehead is circled with a halo adorned with pearls.

THE PRIOR: And see how careful he was that the fold of her robe should cover the feet of her of whom the prophet said, "My beloved is like a closed garden." Sometimes he shows her as a child full of grace. She seems to be saying, "Lord, thou art my God."

NARRATOR: When Barnabé had at last been shown all the beautiful harvest of works, he walked alone in the little unshaded garden of the monastery and lamented his own ignorance and simplicity.

BARNABÉ: (CLOSE TO MIKE TO INDICATE THINKING ALOUD) Alas! I am so unhappy not to be able to praise worthily the Holy Mother of God—as my brothers do—the Holy Mother of God to whom I have vowed all the devotion of my heart. Alas, alas! I am a rough man and without art, and I have neither inspiring sermons nor treaties to serve you, O Holy Virgin. Neither have I fine paintings nor well-carved statues, nor verses counted by feet and moving with measured step... (PAUSE)... I have, alas, nothing!
NARRATOR: He kept grieving in this way and gave himself over to sadness. One evening when the monks were talking, he overheard (FADING) one of them say:

That friar didn't know anything to recite but the AVE MARIA. And he recited it over and over . . . the same thing over and over. He was scorned for his ignorance. Yet when he died there came forth from his mouth five roses in honor of the five letters in the name of his blessed Maria, and his saintliness was manifested (FADING) in this miracle.

NARRATOR: Hearing this story, Barnabe admired once more the goodness of the Virgin. But he was not consoled by the example of that joyful death, for his heart was full of zeal, and he wanted to serve the glory of his Lady who is in heaven. He kept looking for a way, but he was unable to find one. He kept grieving more each day . . . And then one morning, having awakened full of joy, he ran to the chapel and stayed there alone for more than an hour. He returned there after dinner. And from that day on he went to the chapel every day at the hour when it was deserted. He used to spend there a great part of the time that the other monks consecrated to the pursuit of the liberal and mechanical arts.
He was no longer sad, and he no longer grieved. Such peculiar conduct aroused the curiosity of the rest of the monks.

BROTHER ALEXANDER: Holy Father, have you noticed that Brother Barnabe is going constantly to the chapel?

THE PRIOR: Yes, Brother Alexander, I have. And since it is my duty to know what all the monks in the monastery are doing, I shall have to observe Brother Barnabe. Come to the chapel... bring Brother Marbode with you. I'll meet you there.

NARRATOR: The Prior and the two monks walked quietly up to the door of the chapel. Through the cracks in the old door they were able to observe what was happening on the inside. They saw Brother Barnabe, in front of the altar of the Holy Virgin, his head down, his feet in the air, juggling with six copper balls and twelve knives. He was performing—in honor of the Holy Mother of God—the tricks which had brought him the greatest praise. Not understanding his knowledge and his skill to the service of the Holy Virgin, the two monks cried out:

(CRYING OUT) Oh, we are doomed! ... This is a sacrilege! ... Make him stop! ... God will punish us all! ...
THE PRIOR: Poor Barnabe has lost his mind.

NARRATOR: All three of them rushed into the chapel. They were getting ready to pull him forcibly from the chapel when--suddenly--they saw the Holy Virgin take a step from her pedestal. They stopped, their eyes fastened on the Virgin. She came down the steps of the altar . . . and gently with the fold of her blue cloak she wiped the dripping sweat from the forehead of the juggler . . . The prior prostrated himself on the flagstones in front of the altar and said:

THE PRIOR: Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God!

MONKS: Amen!

MUSIC: CLOSING RELIGIOUS THEME SCHUBERT'S "AVE MARIA"

THEME UP AND OUT

ANNOUNCER: The roles in "The Juggler of Notre Dame" were played by the following students:

The Narrator, ____________________________;
Barnabe, ________________________________;
The Prior, ________________________________;
Brother Marbode, ________________________;
Brother Alexander, ________________________;
Your announcer has been __________________.