

The Elephant Man

by Bernard
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SAMUEL FRENCH

The Elephant Man

SCENE 1

HE WILL HAVE 100 GUINEA FEES BEFORE HE'S FORTY

*The London Hospital, Whitechapel Rd. Enter GOMM,
enter TREVES.*

TREVES. Mr. Carr Gomm? Frederick Treves. Your new lecturer in anatomy.

GOMM. Age thirty-one. Books on Scrofula and Applied Surgical Anatomy—I'm happy to see you rising, Mr. Treves. I like to see merit credited, and your industry, accomplishment, and skill all do you credit. Ignore the squalor of Whitechapel, the general dinginess, neglect and poverty without, and you will find a continual medical riches in the London Hospital. We study and treat the widest range of diseases and disorders, and are certainly the greatest institution of our kind in the world. The Empire provides unparalleled opportunities for our studies, as places cruel to life are the most revealing scientifically. Add to our reputation by going further, and that'll satisfy. You've bought a house?

TREVES. On Wimpole Street.

GOMM. Good. Keep at it, Treves. You'll have an FRS and 100 guinea fees before you're forty. You'll find it is an excellent consolation prize.

TREVES. Consolation? I don't know what you mean.

GOMM. I know you don't. You will. (*Exits.*)

TREVES. A happy childhood in Dorset.

A scientist in an age of science.

In an English age, an Englishman. A teacher and a doctor at the London. Two books published by my thirty-first year. A house. A wife who loves me, and my god, 100 guinea fees before I'm forty.

Consolation for what?

As of the year AD 1884, I, Freddie Treves, have excessive blessings. Or so it seems to me.

Blackout.

SCENE 2

ART IS AS NOTHING TO NATURE

Whitechapel Rd. A storefront. A large advertisement of a creature with an elephant's head. Ross, his manager.

Ross. Tuppence only, step in and see: This side of the grave, John Merrick has no hope nor expectation of relief. In every sense his situation is desperate. His physical agony is exceeded only by his mental anguish, a despised creature without consolation. Tuppence only, step in and see! To live with his physical hideousness, incapacitating deformities and unremitting pain is trial enough, but to be exposed to the cruelly lacerating expressions of horror and disgust by all who behold him—is even more difficult to bear. Tuppence only, step in and see! For in order to survive, Merrick forces himself to suffer these humiliations, I repeat, humiliations, in order to survive, thus he exposes himself to crowds who pay to gape and yawp at this freak of nature, the Elephant Man.

(Enter TAEVES who looks at advertisement.)

ROSS. See Mother Nature uncorseted and in malignant rage! Tuppence.

TAEVES. This sign's absurd. Half-elephant, half-man is not possible. Is he foreign?

ROSS. Right, from Leicester. But nothing to fear.

TAEVES. I'm at the London across the road. I would be curious to see him if there is some genuine disorder. If he is a mass of papier-maché and paint however—

ROSS. Then pay me nothing. Enter, sir. Merrick, stand up. Ya bloody donkey, up, up.

(They go in, then emerge. TAEVES pays.)

TAEVES. I must examine him further at the hospital. Here is my card. I'm Treves. I will have a cab pick him up and return him. My card will gain him admittance.

ROSS. Five bob he's yours for the day.

TAEVES. I wish to examine him in the interests of science, you see.

ROSS. Sir, I'm Ross. I look out for him, get him his living. Found him in Leicester workhouse. His own ma put him there age of three. Couldn't bear the sight, well you can see why. We—he and I—are in business. He is our capital, see. Go to a bank. Go anywhere. Want to borrow capital, you pay interest. Scientists even. He's good value though. You won't find another like him.

TAEVES. Fair enough. *(He pays.)*

ROSS. Right. Out here, Merrick. Ya bloody donkey, out!

Lights fade out.

WHO HAS SEEN THE LIKE
OF THIS?

TREVES lectures. MERRICK contorts himself to approximate projected slides of the real Merrick.

TREVES. The most striking feature about him was his enormous head. Its circumference was about that of a man's waist. From the brow there projected a huge bony mass like a loaf, while from the back of his head hung a bag of spongy fungous-looking skin, the surface of which was comparable to brown cauliflower. On the top of the skull were a few long lank hairs. The osseous growth on the forehead, at this stage about the size of a tangerine, almost occluded one eye. From the upper jaw there projected another mass of bone. It protruded from the mouth like a pink stump, turning the upper lip inside out, and making the mouth a wide slobbering aperture. The nose was merely a lump of flesh, only recognizable as a nose from its position. The deformities rendered the face utterly incapable of the expression of any emotion whatsoever. The back was horrible because from it hung, as far down as the middle of the thigh, huge sacklike masses of flesh covered by the same loathsome cauliflower stain. The right arm was of enormous size and shapeless. It suggested but was not elephantiasis, and was overgrown also with pendant masses of the same cauliflower-like skin. The right hand was large and clumsy—a fin or paddle rather than a hand. No distinction existed between the palm and back, the thumb was like a radish, the fingers like thick tuberous roots. As a limb it was useless. The other arm was remarkable by contrast.

It was not only normal, but was moreover a delicately shaped limb covered with a fine skin and provided with a beautiful hand which any woman might have envied. From the chest hung a bag of the same repulsive flesh. It was like a dewlap suspended from the neck of a lizard. The lower limbs had the characters of the deformed arm. They were unwieldy, dropsical-looking, and grossly misshapen. There arose from the fungous skin growths a very sickening stench which was hard to tolerate. To add a further burden to his trouble, the wretched man when a boy developed hip disease which left him permanently lame, so that he could only walk with a stick. (To MERRICK.) Please. (MERRICK walks.) He was thus denied all means of escape from his tormentors.

VOICE. Mr. Treves, you have shown a profound and unknown disorder to us. You have said when he leaves here it is for his exhibition again. I do not think it ought to be permitted. It is a disgrace. It is a pity and a disgrace. It is an indecency in fact. It may be a danger in ways we do not know. Something ought to be done about it.

TREVES. I am a doctor. What would you have me do?

VOICE. Well. I know what to do. I know.

Silence. A policeman enters as lights fade out.

SCENE 4

THIS INDECENCY MAY NOT CONTINUE

Music. A fair. PINHEADS huddling together, holding a portrait of Leopold, King of the Congo. Enter MAN.

MAN. Now my pinheaded darlings, your attention please. Every freak in Brussels Fair is doing something to celebrate Leopold's fifth year as King of the Congo. Him. Our King. Our Empire. (*They begin reciting.*) No, don't recite yet, you morons. I'll say when. And when you do, get it right. You don't, it's back to the asylum. Know what that means, don't you? They'll cut your heads. They'll spoon out your little brains, replace 'em in the dachshund they were nicked from. Cut you. Yeah. Be back with customers. Come see the Queens of the Congo! (*Exits.*)

(*Enter MERRICK, ROSS.*)

MERRICK. Cosmos? Cosmos?

ROSS. Congo. Land of darkness. Hoho! (*See PINS.*) Look at them, lad. It's freer on the continent. Loads of indecency here, no one minds. You won't get coppers sent round to roust you out like London. Reckon in Brussels here's our fortune. You have a little tête-à-tête with this lot while I see the coppers about our license to exhibit. Be right back. (*Exits.*)

MERRICK. I come from England.

PINS. Allo!

MERRICK. At home they chased us. Out of London. Police. Someone complained. They beat me. You have no trouble? No?

PINS. Allo! Allo!

MERRICK. Hello. In Belgium we make money. I look forward to it. Happiness, I mean. You pay your police? How is it done?

PINS. Allo! Allo!

MERRICK. We do a show together sometime? Yes? I have saved forty-eight pounds. Two shillings. Nine pence. English money. Ross takes care of it.

PINS. Allo! Allo!

MERRICK. Little vocabulary problem, eh? Poor things. Looks like they put your noses to the grindstone and forgot to take them away.

(MAN enters.)

MAN. They're coming. (*People enter to see the girls' act.*) Now.

PINS. (*Dancing and singing*):

We are the Queens of the Congo,
The Beautiful Belgian Empire
Our niggers are bigger
Our miners are finer
Empire, Empire, Congo and power
Civilizuzu's finest hour
Admire, perspire, desire, acquire
Or we'll set you on fire!

MAN. You cretins! Sorry, they're not ready yet. Out please. (*People exit.*) Get those words right, girls! Or you know what. (*MAN exits. PINS weep.*)

MERRICK. Don't cry. You sang nicely. Don't cry. There there.

(*Enter Ross in grip of two POLICEMEN.*)

ROSS. I was promised a permit. I lined a tour up on that!

POLICEMEN. This is a brutal, indecent, and immoral display. It is a public indecency, and it is forbidden here.

ROSS. What about them with their perfect cone heads?

POLICEMEN. They are ours.

ROSS. Competition's good for business. Where's your spirit of competition?

POLICEMEN. Right here. (Smacks MERRICK.)

ROSS. Don't do that, you'll kill him!

POLICEMEN. Be better off dead. Indecent bastard.

MERRICK. Don't cry girls. Doesn't hurt.

PINS. Indecent, indecent, indecent, indecent!!

(POLICEMEN escort MERRICK and Ross out, i.e., forward. Blackout except spot on MERRICK and Ross.)

MERRICK. Ostend will always mean bad memories. Won't it, Ross?

ROSS. I've decided. I'm sending you back, lad. You're a flop. No, you're a liability. You ain't the moneymaker I figured, so that's it.

MERRICK. Alone?

ROSS. Here's a few bob, have a nosh. I'm keeping the rest. For my trouble. I deserve it, I reckon. Invested enough with you. Pick up your stink if I stick around. Stink of failure. Stink of lost years. Just stink, stink, stink, stink.

(Enter CONDUCTOR.)

CONDUCTOR. This the one?

ROSS. Just see him to Liverpool St. Station safe, will you? Here's for your trouble.

MERRICK. Robbed.

CONDUCTOR. What's he say?

ROSS. Just makes sounds. Fella's an imbecile.

MERRICK. Robbed.

ROSS. Bon voyage, Johnny. His name is Johnny. He knows his name, that's all, though.

CONDUCTOR. Don't follow him, Johnny. Johnny, come on boat now. Conductor find Johnny place out of sight. Johnny! Johnny! Don't struggle, Johnny. Johnny come on.

MERRICK. Robbed! Robbed!

Fadeout on struggle.

SCENE 5

POLICE SIDE WITH IMBECILE AGAINST THE CROWD

Darkness. Uproar, shouts.

VOICE. Liverpool St. Station!

(Enter MERRICK, CONDUCTOR, POLICEMAN.)

POLICEMAN. We're safe in here. I barred the door.

CONDUCTOR. They wanted to rip him to pieces. I've never seen anything like it. It was like being Gordon at bleedin' Khartoum.

POLICEMAN. Got somewhere to go in London, lad? Can't stay here.

CONDUCTOR. He's an imbecile. He don't understand. Search him.

POLICEMAN. Got any money?

MERRICK. Robbed.

POLICEMAN. What's that?

CONDUCTOR. He just makes sounds. Frightened sounds is all he makes. Go through his coat.

MERRICK. Je-sus.

POLICEMAN. Don't let me go through your coat, I'll turn you over to that lot! Oh, I was joking, don't upset yourself.

MERRICK. Joke? Joke?

POLICEMAN. Sure, croak, croak, croak, croak.

MERRICK. Je-sus.

POLICEMAN. Got a card here. You Johnny Merrick? What's this old card here, Johnny? Someone give you a card?

CONDUCTOR. What's it say?

POLICEMAN. Says Mr. Frederick Treves, Lecturer in Anatomy, the London Hospital.

CONDUCTOR. I'll go see if I can find him, it's not far. *(Exits.)*

POLICEMAN. What's he do, lecture you on your anatomy? People who think right don't look like that then, do they? Yeah, glung glung, glung, glung.

MERRICK. Jesus. Jesus.

POLICEMAN. Sure, Treves, Treves, Treves, Treves.

(Blackout, then lights go up as CONDUCTOR leads TREVES in.)

TREVES. What is going on here? Look at that mob, have you no sense of decency. I am Frederick Treves. This is my card.

POLICEMAN. This poor wretch here had it. Arrived from Ostend.

TREVES. Good Lord, Merrick? John Merrick? What has happened to you?

MERRICK. Help me!

Fadeout.

SCENE 6

EVEN ON THE NIGER AND
CEYLON, NOT THIS

The London Hospital. MERRICK in bathtub. TREVES outside. Enter Miss SANDWICH.

TREVES. You are? Miss Sandwich?

SANDWICH. Sandwich. Yes.

TREVES. You have had experience in missionary hospitals in the Niger.

SANDWICH. And Ceylon.

TREVES. I may assume you've seen—

SANDWICH. The tropics. Oh those diseases. The many and the awful scourges our Lord sends, yes, sir.

TREVES. I need the help of an experienced nurse, you see.

SANDWICH. Someone to bring him food, take care of the room. Yes, I understand. But it is somehow difficult.

TREVES. Well, I have been let down so far. He really is—that is, the regular sisters—well, it is not part of their job and they will not do it. Be ordinarily kind to Mr. Merrick. Without—well—panicking. He is quite beyond ugly. You understand that? His appearance has terrified them.

SANDWICH. The photographs show a terrible disease.

TREVES. It is a disorder, not a disease; it is in no way contagious though we don't in fact know what it is. I have found however that there is a deep superstition in those I've tried, they actually believe he somehow brought it on himself, this thing, and of course it is not that at all.

THE ELEPHANT MAN

SANDWICH. I am not one who believes it is ourselves who attain grace or bring chastisement to us, sir.

TREVES. Miss Sandwich, I am hoping not.

SANDWICH. Let me put your mind to rest. Care for lepers in the East, and you have cared, Mr. Treves. In Africa, I have seen dreadful scourges quite unknown to our more civilized climes. What at home could be worse than a miserable and afflicted rotting black?

TREVES. I imagine.

SANDWICH. Appearances do not daunt me.

TREVES. It is really that that has sent me outside the confines of the London seeking help.

SANDWICH. "I look unto the hills whence cometh my help." I understand: I think I will be satisfactory.

(Enter PORTER with tray.)

PORTER. His lunch. *(Exits.)*

TREVES. Perhaps you would be so kind as to accompany me this time. I will introduce you.

SANDWICH. Allow me to carry the tray.

TREVES. I will this time. You are ready.

SANDWICH. I am.

TREVES. He is bathing to be rid of his odor. *(They enter to MERRICK.)* John, this is Miss Sandwich. She—

SANDWICH. I— *(Unable to control herself.)* Oh my good God in heaven. *(Bolts room.)*

TREVES. *(Puts MERRICK's lunch down.)* I am sorry. I thought—

MERRICK. Thank you for saving the lunch this time.

TREVES. Excuse me. *(Exits to Miss SANDWICH.)* You have let me down, you know. I did everything to warn you and still you let me down.

SANDWICH. You didn't say.

TREVES. But I—

SANDWICH. Didn't! You said—just words!

TREVES. But the photographs.

SANDWICH. Just pictures. No one will do this. I am sorry. (*Exits.*)

TREVES. Yes. Well. This is not helping him.

Fadeout.

SCENE 7

THE ENGLISH PUBLIC WILL PAY FOR HIM TO BE LIKE US

The London Hospital. MERRICK in a bathtub reading.

TREVES, BISHOP How in foreground.

BISHOP. With what fortitude he bears his cross! It is remarkable. He has made the acquaintance of religion and knows sections of the Bible by heart. Once I'd grasped his speech, it became clear he'd certainly had religious instruction at one time.

TREVES. I believe it was in the workhouse, Dr. How.

BISHOP. They are awfully good about that sometimes. The psalms he loves, and the book of Job perplexes him, he says, for he cannot see that a just God must cause suffering, as he puts it, merely then to be merciful. Yet that Christ will save him he does not doubt, so he is not resentful.

(*Enter GOMM.*)

GOMM. Christ had better; be dammed if we can.

BISHOP. Ahem. In any case Dr. Treves, he has a

religious nature, further instruction would uplift him and I'd be pleased to provide it. I plan to speak of him from the pulpit this week.

GOMM. I see our visiting bather has flushed the busy Bishop How from his cruciform lair.

BISHOP. Speak with Merrick, sir. I have spoken to him of Mercy and Justice. There's a true Christian in the rough.

GOMM. This makes my news seem banal, yet yes: Frederick, the response to my letter to the *Times* about Merrick has been staggering. The English public has been so generous that Merrick may be supported for life without a penny spent from Hospital funds.

TREVES. But that is excellent.

BISHOP. God bless the English public.

GOMM. Especially for not dismembering him at Liverpool St. Station. Freddie, the London's no home for incurables, this is quite irregular, but for you I permit it—though god knows what you'll do.

BISHOP. God does know, sir, and Darwin does not.

GOMM. He'd better, sir; he deformed him.

BISHOP. I had apprehensions coming here. I find it most fortunate Merrick is in the hands of Dr. Treves, a Christian, sir.

GOMM. Freddie is a good man and a brilliant doctor, and that is fortunate indeed.

TREVES. I couldn't have raised the funds though, Doctor.

BISHOP. Don't let me keep you longer from your duties, Mr. Treves. Yet, Mr. Gomm, consider: is it science, sir, that motivates us when we transport English rule of law to India or Ireland? When good British churchmen leave hearth and home for missionary hardship in Africa, is it science that bears

them away? Sir it is not. It is Christian duty. It is the obligation to bring our light and benefices to benighted man. That motivates us, even as it motivates Treves toward Merrick, sir, to bring salvation where none is. Gordon was a Christian, sir, and died at Khartoum for it. Not for science, sir.

GOMM. You're telling me, not for science.

BISHOP. Mr. Treves, I'll visit Merrick weekly if I may.

TREVES. You will be welcome, sir, I am certain.

BISHOP. Then good day, sirs. (*Exits.*)

GOMM. Well, Jesus my boy, now we have the money, what do you plan for Merrick?

TREVES. Normality as far as is possible.

GOMM. So he will be like us? Ah. (*Smiles.*)

TREVES. Is something wrong, Mr. Gomm? With us?

Fadeout.

SCENE 8

MERCY AND JUSTICE ELUDE OUR MINDS AND ACTIONS

MERRICK in bath. TREVES, GOMM.

MERRICK. How long is as long as I like?

TREVES. You may stay for life. The funds exist.

MERRICK. Been reading this. About homes for the blind. Wouldn't mind going to one when I have to move.

TREVES. But you do not have to move; and you're not blind.

THE ELEPHANT MAN

MERRICK. I would prefer it where no one stared at me.

GOMM. No one will bother you here.

TREVES. Certainly not. I've given instructions.

(PORTER and SNORK peek in.)

PORTER. What'd I tell you?

SNORK. Gawd almighty. Oh. Mr. Treves. Mr. Gomm.

TREVES. You were told not to do this. I don't understand. You must not lurk about. Surely you have work.

PORTER. Yes, sir.

TREVES. Well, it is infuriating. When you are told a thing, you must listen. I won't have you gaping in on my patients. Kindly remember that.

PORTER. Isn't a patient, sir, is he?

TREVES. Do not let me find you here again.

PORTER. Didn't know you were here, sir. We'll be off now.

GOMM. No, no, Will. Mr. Treves was precisely saying no one would intrude when you intruded.

TREVES. He is warned now. Merrick does not like it.

GOMM. He was warned before. On what penalty, Will?

PORTER. That you'd sack me, sir.

GOMM. You are sacked, Will. You, his friend, you work here?

SNORK. Just started last week, sir.

GOMM. Well, I hope the point is taken now.

PORTER. Mr. Gomm—I ain't truly sacked, am I?

GOMM. Will, yes. Truly sacked. You will never be more truly sacked.

PORTER. It's not me. My wife ain't well. My sister has got to take care of our kids, and of her. Well.

GOMM. Think of them first next time.

PORTER. It ain't as if I interfered with his medicine.

GOMM. That is exactly what it is. You may go.

PORTER. Just keeping him to look at in private. That's all. Isn't it?

(SNORK and PORTER exit.)

GOMM. There are priorities, Frederick. The first is discipline. Smooth is the passage to the tight ship's master. Merrick, you are safe from prying now.

TREVES. Have we nothing to say, John?

MERRICK. If all that'd stared at me'd been sacked—there'd be whole towns out of work.

TREVES. I meant, "Thank you, sir."

MERRICK. "Thank you sir."

TREVES. We always do say please and thank you, don't we?

MERRICK. Yes, sir. Thank you.

TREVES. If we want to properly be like others.

MERRICK. Yes, sir, I want to.

TREVES. Then it is for our own good, is it not?

MERRICK. Yes, sir. Thank you, Mr. Gomm.

GOMM. Sir, you are welcome. (Exits.)

TREVES. You are happy here, are you not, John?

MERRICK. Yes.

TREVES. The baths have rid you of the odor, have they not?

MERRICK. First chance I had to bathe regular. Ly.

TREVES. And three meals a day delivered to your room?

MERRICK. Yes, sir.

TREVES. This is your Promised Land is it not? A roof. Food. Protection. Care. Is it not?

MERRICK. Right, Mr. Treves.

TREVES. I will bet you don't know what to call this.

MERRICK. No, sir, I don't know.

TREVES. You call it, Home.

MERRICK. Never had a home before.

TREVES. You have one now. Say it, John: Home.

MERRICK. Home.

TREVES. No, no, really say it. I have a home. This is my. Go on.

MERRICK. I have a home. This is my home. This is my home. I have a home. As long as I like?

TREVES. That is what home is.

MERRICK. That is what is home.

TREVES. If I abide by the rules, I will be happy.

MERRICK. Yes, sir.

TREVES. Don't be shy.

MERRICK. If I abide by the rules I will be happy.

TREVES. Very good. Why?

MERRICK. Why what?

TREVES. Will you be happy?

MERRICK. Because it is my home?

TREVES. No, no. Why do rules make you happy?

MERRICK. I don't know.

TREVES. Of course you do.

MERRICK. No, I really don't.

TREVES. Why does anything make you happy?

MERRICK. Like what? Like what?

TREVES. Don't be upset. Rules make us happy because they are for our own good.

MERRICK. Okay.

TREVES. Don't be shy, John. You can say it.

MERRICK. This is my home?

TREVES. No. About rules making us happy.

MERRICK. They make us happy because they are for our own good.

TREVES. Excellent. Now: I am submitting a follow-up paper on you to the London Pathological Society.

It would help if you told me what you recall about your first years, John. To fill in gaps.

MERRICK. To fill in gaps. The workhouse where they put me. They beat you there like a drum. Boom boom: scrape the floor white. Shine the pan, boom boom. It never ends. The floor is always dirty. The pan is always tarnished. There is nothing you can do about it. You are always attacked anyway. Boom boom. Boom boom. Boom boom. Will the children go to the workhouse?

TREVES. What children?

MERRICK. The children. The man he sacked.

TREVES. Of necessity, Will will find other employment. You don't want crowds staring at you, do you?

MERRICK. No.

TREVES. In your own home you do not have to have crowds staring at you. Or anyone. Do you? In your home?

MERRICK. No.

TREVES. Then Mr. Comm was merciful. You yourself are proof. Is it not so? (*Pause.*) Well? Is it not so?

MERRICK. If your mercy is so cruel, what do you have for justice?

TREVES. I am sorry. It is just the way things are.

MERRICK. Boom boom. Boom boom. Boom boom.

Fadeout.

SCENE 9

MOST IMPORTANT ARE WOMEN

MERRICK asleep, head on knees. TREVES, MRS. KENDAL foreground.

THE ELEPHANT MAN

TREVES. You have seen photographs of John Merrick, Mrs. Kendal. You are acquainted with his appearance.

MRS. KENDAL. He reminds me of an audience I played Cleopatra for in Brighton once. All huge grim head and grimace and utterly unable to clap.

TREVES. Well. My aim's to lead him to as normal a life as possible. His terror of us all comes from having been held at arm's length from society. I am determined that shall end. For example, he loves to meet people and converse. I am determined he shall. For example, he had never seen the inside of any normal home before. I had him to mine, and what a reward, Mrs. Kendal; his astonishment, his joy at the most ordinary things. Most critical I feel, however, are women. I will explain. They have always shown the greatest fear and loathing of him. While he adores them of course.

MRS. KENDAL. Ah. He is intelligent.

TREVES. I am convinced they are the key to retrieving him from his exclusion. Though, I must warn you, women are not quite real to him—more creatures of his imagination.

MRS. KENDAL. Then he is already like other men, Mr. Treves.

TREVES. So I thought, an actress could help. I mean, unlike most women, you won't give in, you are trained to hide your true feelings and assume others.

MRS. KENDAL. You mean unlike most women I am famous for it, that is really all.

TREVES. Well. In any case. If you could enter the room and smile and wish him good morning. And when you leave, shake his hand, the left one is usable, and really quite beautiful, and say, "I am very pleased to have made your acquaintance, Mr. Merrick."

MRS. KENDAL. Shall we try it? Left hand out please. *(Suddenly radiant.)* I am very pleased to have made your acquaintance Mr. Merrick. I am very pleased to have made your acquaintance Mr. Merrick. I am very pleased to have made your acquaintance Mr. Merrick. I am very pleased to have made your acquaintance Mr. Merrick. Yes. That one.

TREVES. By god, they are all splendid. Merrick will be so pleased. It will be the day he becomes a man like other men.

MRS. KENDAL. Speaking of that, Mr. Treves.

TREVES. Frederick, please.

MRS. KENDAL. Freddie, may I commit an indiscretion?

TREVES. Yes?

MRS. KENDAL. I could not but help noticing from the photographs that—well—of the unafflicted parts—ah, how shall I put it? *(Points to photograph.)*

TREVES. Oh. I see! I quite. Understand. No, no, no, it is quite normal.

MRS. KENDAL. I thought as much.

TREVES. Medically speaking, uhm, you see the papillomatous extrusions which disfigure him, uhm, seem to correspond quite regularly to the osseous deformities, that is, excuse me, there is a link between the bone disorder and the skin growths, though for the life of me I have not discovered what it is or why it is, but in any case this—part—it would be therefore unlikely to be afflicted because well, that is, well, there's no bone in it. None at all. I mean.

MRS. KENDAL. Well. Learn a little every day don't we?

TREVES. I am horribly embarrassed.

MRS. KENDAL. Are you? Then he must be lonely indeed.

Fadeout.

THE ELEPHANT MAN

SCENE 10

WHEN THE ILLUSION ENDS HE
MUST KILL HIMSELF

MERRICK *sketching*. Enter TREVES, MRS. KENDAL.

TREVES. He is making sketches for a model of St. Phillip's church. He wants someday to make a model, you see. John, my boy, this is Mrs. Kendal. She would very much like to make your acquaintance.

MRS. KENDAL. Good morning Mr. Merrick.

TREVES. I will see to a few matters. I will be back soon. (*Exits.*)

MERRICK. I planned so many things to say. I forget them. You are so beautiful.

MRS. KENDAL. How charming, Mr. Merrick.

MERRICK. Well. Really that was what I planned to say. That I forgot what I planned to say. I couldn't think of anything else I was so excited.

MRS. KENDAL. Real charm is always planned, don't you think?

MERRICK. Well. I do not know why I look like this, Mrs. Kendal. My mother was so beautiful. She was knocked down by an elephant in a circus while she was pregnant. Something must have happened, don't you think?

MRS. KENDAL. It may well have.

MERRICK. It may well have. But sometimes I think my head is so big because it is so full of dreams. Because it is. Do you know what happens when dreams cannot get out?

MRS. KENDAL. Why no.

MERRICK. I don't either. Something must. (*Silence.*) Well, You are a famous actress.

MRS. KENDAL. I am not unknown.

MERRICK. You must display yourself for your living then. Like I did.

MRS. KENDAL. That is not myself, Mr. Merrick. That is an illusion. This is myself.

MERRICK. This is myself too.

MRS. KENDAL. Frederick says you like to read. So: books.

MERRICK. I am reading *Romeo and Juliet* now.

MRS. KENDAL. Ah. Juliet. What a love story. I adore love stories.

MERRICK. I like love stories best too. If I had been Romeo, guess what.

MRS. KENDAL. What?

MERRICK. I would not have held the mirror to her breath.

MRS. KENDAL. You mean the scene where Juliet appears to be dead and he holds a mirror to her breath and sees—

MERRICK. Nothing. How does it feel when he kills himself because he just sees nothing?

MRS. KENDAL. Well. My experience as Juliet has been—particularly with an actor I will not name—that while I'm laying there dead dead dead, and he is lamenting excessively, I get to thinking that if this slab of ham does not part from the hamhock of his life toute suite, I am going to scream, pop off the tomb, and plunge a dagger into his scene-stealing heart. Romeos are very undependable.

MERRICK. Because he does not care for Juliet.

MRS. KENDAL. Not care?

MERRICK. Does he take her pulse? Does he get a doctor? Does he make sure? No. He kills himself. The illusion fools him because he does not care for her.

He only cares about himself. If I had been Romeo, we would have got away.

MRS. KENDAL. But then there would be no play, Mr. Merrick.

MERRICK. If he did not love her, why should there be a play? Looking in a mirror and seeing nothing. That is not love. It was all an illusion. When the illusion ended he had to kill himself.

MRS. KENDAL. Why. That is extraordinary.

MERRICK. Before I spoke with people, I did not think of all these things because there was no one to bother to think them for. Now things just come out of my mouth which are true.

(TREVES enters.)

TREVES. You are famous, John. We are in the papers. Look. They have written up my report to the Pathological Society. Look—it is a kind of apotheosis for you.

MRS. KENDAL. Frederick, I feel Mr. Merrick would benefit by even more company than you provide; in fact by being acquainted with the best, and they with him. I shall make it my task if you'll permit. As you know, I am a friend of nearly everyone, and I do pretty well as I please and what pleases me is this task, I think.

TREVES. By god, Mrs. Kendal, you are splendid.

MRS. KENDAL. Mr. Merrick I must go now. I should like to return if I may. And so that we may without delay teach you about society, I would like to bring my good friend Dorothy Lady Neville. She would be most pleased if she could meet you. Let me tell her yes? (MERRICK nods yes.) Then until next time. I'm sure your church model will surprise us all. Mr. Mer-

rick, it has been a very great pleasure to make your acquaintance.

TREVES. John. Your hand. She wishes to shake your hand.

MERRICK. Thank you for coming.

Mrs. KENDAL. But it was my pleasure. Thank you.
(*Exits, accompanied by TREVES.*)

TREVES. What a wonderful success. Do you know he's never shook a woman's hand before?

As lights fade MERRICK sobs soundlessly, uncontrollably.

SCENE 11

HE DOES IT WITH JUST
ONE HAND

Music. MERRICK working on model of St. Phillip's church. Enter DUCHESS. At side TREVES ticks off a gift list.

MERRICK. Your grace.

DUCHESS. How nicely the model is coming along. Mr. Merrick. I've come to say Happy Christmas, and that I hope you will enjoy this ring and remember your friend by it.

MERRICK. Your grace, thank you.

DUCHESS. I am very pleased to have made your acquaintance. (*Exits.*)

(*Enter COUNTESS.*)

COUNTESS. Please accept these silver-backed brushes and comb for Christmas, Mr. Merrick.

MERRICK. With many thanks, Countess.

COUNTESS. I am very pleased to have made your acquaintance. (*Exits.*)

(*Enter LORD JOHN.*)

LORD JOHN. Here's the silver-topped walking stick, Merrick. Make you a regular Piccadilly exquisite. Keep up the good work. Self-help is the best help. Example to us all.

MERRICK. Thank you, Lord John.

LORD JOHN. Very pleased to have made your acquaintance. (*Exits.*)

(*Enter TREVES and PRINCESS ALEXANDRA.*)

TREVES. Her Royal Highness Princess Alexandra.

PRINCESS. The happiest of Christmases, Mr. Merrick.

TREVES. Her Royal Highness has brought you a signed photograph of herself.

MERRICK. I am honored, your Royal Highness. It is the treasure of my possessions. I have written to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales to thank him for the pheasants and woodcock he sent.

PRINCESS. You are a credit to Mr. Treves, Mr. Merrick. Mr. Treves, you are a credit to medicine, to England, and to Christendom. I am so very pleased to have made your acquaintance.

(*PRINCESS, TREVES exit. Enter MRS. KENDAL.*)

MRS. KENDAL. Good news, John, Bertie says we may use the Royal Box whenever I like. Mrs. Keppel

says it gives a unique perspective. And for Christmas, ivory-handled razors and toothbrush.

(Enter TREVES.)

TREVES. And a cigarette case, my boy, full of cigarettes!

MERRICK. Thank you. Very much.

MRS. KENDAL. Look Freddie, look. The model of St. Phillip's.

TREVES. It is remarkable, I know.

MERRICK. And I do it with just one hand, they all say.

MRS. KENDAL. You are an artist, John Merrick, an artist.

MERRICK. I did not begin to build at first. Not till I saw what St. Phillip's really was. It is not stone and steel and glass; it is an imitation of grace flying up and up from the mud. So I make my imitation of an imitation. But even in that is heaven to me, Mrs. Kendal.

TREVES. That thought's got a good line, John. Plato believed this was all a world of illusion and that artists made illusions of illusions of heaven.

MERRICK. You mean we are all just copies? Of originals?

TREVES. That's it.

MERRICK. Who made the copies?

TREVES. God. The Demi-urge.

MERRICK. (Goes back to work.) He should have used both hands shouldn't he?

Music. Puts another piece on St. Phillip's. Fadeout.

THE ELEPHANT MAN

SCENE 12

WHO DOES HE REMIND
YOU OF?

TREVES, MRS. KENDAL.

TREVES. Why all those toilet articles, tell me? He is much too deformed to use any of them.

MRS. KENDAL. Props of course. To make himself. As I make me.

TREVES. You? You think of yourself.

MRS. KENDAL. Well. He is gentle, almost feminine. Cheerful, honest within limits, a serious artist in his way. He is almost like me.

(Enter BISHOP HOW.)

BISHOP. He is religious and devout. He knows salvation must radiate to us or all is lost, which it's certainly not.

(Enter GOMM.)

GOMM. He seems practical, like me. He has seen enough of daily evil to be thankful for small goods that come his way. He knows what side his bread is buttered on, and counts his blessings for it. Like me.

(Enter DUCHESS.)

DUCHESS. I can speak with him of anything. For I know he is discreet. Like me.

(All exit except TREVES.)

TREVES. How odd. I think him curious, compassionate, concerned about the world, well, rather like myself, Freddie Treves, 1889 AD.

(Enter MRS. KENDAL.)

MRS. KENDAL. Of course he is rather odd. And hurt. And helpless not to show the struggling. And so am I.

(Enter GOMM.)

GOMM. He knows I use him to raise money for the London, I am certain. He understands I would be derelict if I didn't. He is wary of any promise, yet he fits in well. Like me.

(Enter BISHOP HOW.)

BISHOP. I as a seminarist had many of the same doubts. Struggled as he does. And hope they may be overcome.

(Enter PRINCESS ALEXANDRA.)

PRINCESS. When my husband His Royal Highness Edward Prince of Wales asked Dr. Treves to be his personal surgeon, he said, "Dear Freddie, if you can put up with the Elephant bloke, you can surely put up with me."

(All exit, except TREVES. Enter LORD JOHN.)

LORD JOHN. See him out of fashion, Freddie. As he sees me. Social contacts critical. Oh—by the way—ignore the bloody papers; all lies. (Exits.)

THE ELEPHANT MAN

TREVES. Merrick visibly worse than 86-87. That, as he rises higher in the consolations of society, he gets visibly more grotesque is proof definitive he is like me. Like his condition, which I make no sense of, I make no sense of mine.

Spot on MERRICK placing another piece on St. Philip's. Fadeout.

SCENE 13

ANXIETIES OF THE SWAMP

MERRICK, in spot, strains to listen: TREVES, Lord JOHN outside.

TREVES. But the papers are saying you broke the contracts. They are saying you've lost the money.

LORD JOHN. Freddie, if I were such a scoundrel, how would I dare face investors like yourself. Broken contracts! I never considered them actual contracts—just preliminary things, get the old deal under way. An actual contract's something between gentlemen; and this attack on me shows they are no gentlemen. Now I'm only here to say the company remains a terribly attractive proposition. Don't you think? To recapitalize—if you could spare another—ah. (Enter GOMM.) Mr. Gomm. How good to see you. Just remarking how splendidly Merrick thrives here, thanks to you and Freddie.

GOMM. Lord John. Allow me: I must take Frederick from you. Keep him at work. It's in his contract. Wouldn't want him breaking it. Sort of thing makes the world fly apart, isn't it?

Lord JOHN. Yes. Well. Of course, mmm.

GOMM. Sorry to hear you're so pressed. Expect we'll see less of you around the London now?

Lord JOHN. Of course, I, actually—ah! Overdue actually. Appointment in the City. Freddie. Mr. Gomm. (*Exits.*)

TREVES. He plain fooled me. He was kind to Merrick.

GOMM. You have risen fast and easily, my boy. You've forgot how to protect yourself. Break now.

TREVES. It does not seem right somehow.

GOMM. The man's a moral swamp. Is that not clear yet? Is he attractive? Deceit often is. Friendly? Swindlers can be. Another loan? Not another cent. It may be your money, Freddie; but I will not tolerate laboring like a navvy that the London should represent honest charitable and compassionate science, and have titled swindlers mucking up the pitch. He has succeeded in destroying himself so rabidly, you ought not doubt an instant it was his real aim all along. He broke the contracts, gambled the money away, lied, and like an infant in his mess, gurgles and wants to do it again. Never mind details, don't want to know. Break and be glad. Don't hesitate. Today. One-man moral swamp. Don't be sucked in.

(*Enter Mrs. KENDAL.*)

Mrs. KENDAL. Have you seen the papers?

TREVES. Yes.

GOMM. Yes, yes. A great pity. Freddie: today. (*Exits.*)

Mrs. KENDAL. Freddie?

TREVES. He has used us. I shall be all right. Come. (*Mrs. KENDAL, TREVES enter to MERRICK.*) John: I

THE ELEPHANT MAN

shall not be able to stay this visit. I must, well, unravel a few things. Nurse Ireland and Snork are—?

MERRICK. Friendly and respectful Frederick.

TREVES. I'll look in in a few days.

MERRICK. Did I do something wrong?

MRS. KENDAL. No.

TREVES. This is a hospital. Not a marketplace. Don't forget it, ever. Sorry. Not you. Me. (*Exits.*)

MRS. KENDAL. Well. Shall we weave today? Don't you think weaving might be fun? So many things are fun. Most men really can't enjoy them. Their loss, isn't it? I like little activities which engage me; there's something ancient in it. I don't know. Before all this. Would you like to try? John?

MERRICK. Frederick said I may stay here for life.

MRS. KENDAL. And so you shall.

MERRICK. If he is in trouble?

MRS. KENDAL. Frederick is your protector, John.

MERRICK. If he is in trouble? (*He picks up small photograph.*)

MRS. KENDAL. Who is that? Ah, is it not your mother? She is pretty, isn't she?

MERRICK. Will Frederick keep his word with me, his contract, Mrs. Kendal? If he is in trouble.

MRS. KENDAL. What? Contract? Did you say?

MERRICK. And will you?

MRS. KENDAL. I? What? Will I?

MERRICK *silent.* Puts another piece on model. *Fadeout.*

SCENE 14

ART IS PERMITTED BUT NATURE
FORBIDDEN

Rain. MERRICK *working.* MRS. KENDAL.

MERRICK. The Prince has a mistress. (Silence.) The Irishman had one. Everyone seems to. Or a wife. Some have both. I have concluded I need a mistress. It is bad enough not to sleep like others.

MRS. KENDAL. Sitting up, you mean. Couldn't be very restful.

MERRICK. I have to. Too heavy to lay down. My head. But to sleep alone; that is worst of all.

MRS. KENDAL. The artist expresses his love through his works. That is civilization.

MERRICK. Are you very shocked?

MRS. KENDAL. Why should I be?

MERRICK. Others would be.

MRS. KENDAL. I am not others.

MERRICK. I suppose it is hopeless.

MRS. KENDAL. Nothing is hopeless. However it is unlikely.

MERRICK. I thought you might have a few ideas.

MRS. KENDAL. I can guess who has ideas here.

MERRICK. You don't know something. I have never even seen a naked woman.

MRS. KENDAL. Surely in all the fairs you worked.

MERRICK. I mean a real woman.

MRS. KENDAL. Is one more real than another?

MERRICK. I mean like the ones in the theater. The opera.

MRS. KENDAL. Surely you can't mean they are more real.

MERRICK. In the audience. A woman not worn out early. Not deformed by awful life. A lady. Someone kept up. Respectful of herself. You don't know what fairgrounds are like, Mrs. Kendal.

MRS. KENDAL. You mean someone like Princess Alexandra?

MERRICK. Not so old.

MRS. KENDAL. Ah. Like Dorothy.

MERRICK. She does not look happy. No.

MRS. KENDAL. Lady Ellen?

MERRICK. Too thin.

MRS. KENDAL. Then who?

MERRICK. Certain women. They have a kind of ripeness. They seem to stop at a perfect point.

MRS. KENDAL. My dear she doesn't exist.

MERRICK. That is probably why I never saw her.

MRS. KENDAL. What would your friend Bishop How say of all this I wonder?

MERRICK. He says I should put these things out of my mind.

MRS. KENDAL. Is that the best he can suggest?

MERRICK. I put them out of my mind. They reappeared, snap.

MRS. KENDAL. What about Frederick?

MERRICK. He would be appalled if I told him.

MRS. KENDAL. I am flattered. Too little trust has maimed my life. But that is another story.

MERRICK. What a rain. Are we going to read this afternoon?

MRS. KENDAL. Yes. Some women are lucky to look well, that is all. It is a rather arbitrary gift; it has no really good use, though it has uses, I will say that. Anyway it does not signify very much.

MERRICK. To me it does.

MRS. KENDAL. Well. You are mistaken.

MERRICK. What are we going to read?

MRS. KENDAL. Trust is very important you know. I trust you.

MERRICK. Thank you very much. I have a book of Thomas Hardy's here. He is a friend of Frederick's. Shall we read that?

MRS. KENDAL. Turn around a moment. Don't look

MERRICK. Is this a game?

MRS. KENDAL. I would not call it a game. A surprise. (*She begins undressing.*)

MERRICK. What kind of a surprise?

MRS. KENDAL. I saw photographs of you. Before I met you. You didn't know that, did you?

MERRICK. The ones from the first time, in '84? No, I didn't.

MRS. KENDAL. I felt it was—unjust. I don't know why. I cannot say my sense of justice is my most highly developed characteristic. You may turn around again. Well. A little funny, isn't it?

MERRICK. It is the most beautiful sight I have seen. Ever.

MRS. KENDAL. If you tell anyone, I shall not see you again, we shall not read, we shall not talk, we shall do nothing. Wait. (*Undoes her hair.*) There. No illusions. Now. Well? What is there to say? "I am extremely pleased to have made your acquaintance?"

(*Enter TREVES.*)

TREVES. For God's sakes. What is going on here? What is going on?

MRS. KENDAL. For a moment, Paradise, Freddie. (*She begins dressing.*)

TREVES. But—have you no sense of decency? Woman, dress yourself quickly. (*Silence. MERRICK goes to put another piece on St. Phillip's.*) Are you not ashamed? Do you know what you are? Don't you know what is forbidden?

Fadeout.

INGRATITUDE

Ross in MERRICK's room.

ROSS. I come actually to ask your forgiveness.

MERRICK. I found a good home, Ross. I forgave you.

ROSS. I was hoping we could work out a deal. Something new maybe.

MERRICK. No.

ROSS. See, I was counting on it. That you were kind-hearted. Like myself. Some things don't change. Got to put your money on the things that don't, I figure. I figure from what I read about you, you don't change. Dukes, Ladies coming to see you. Ask myself why? Figure it's same as always was. Makes 'em feel good about themselves by comparison. Them things don't change. There but for the grace of. So I figure you're selling the same service as always. To better clientele. Difference now is you ain't charging for it.

MERRICK. You make me sound like a whore.

ROSS. You are. I am. They are. Most are. No disgrace, John. Disgrace is to be a stupid whore. Give it for free. Not capitalize on the interest in you. Not to have a manager then is stupid.

MERRICK. You see this church. I am building it. The people who visit are friends. Not clients. I am not a dog walking on its hind legs.

ROSS. I was thinking. Charge these people. Pleasure of the Elephant Man's company. Something. Right spirit is everything. Do it in the right spirit, they'd pay happily. I'd take ten percent. I'd be okay with ten percent.

MERRICK. Bad luck's made you daft.

ROSS. I helped you, John. Discovered you. Was that daft? No. Only daftness was being at a goldmine without a shovel. Without proper connections. Like Treves has. What's daft? Ross sows, Treves harvests? It's not fair, is it John? When you think about it. I do think about it. Because I'm old. Got something in my throat. You may have noticed. Something in my lung here too. Something in my belly I guess too. I'm not a heap of health, am I? But I'd do well with ten percent. I don't need more than ten percent. Ten percent'd give me a future slightly better'n a cobblestone. This lot would pay, if you charged in the right spirit. I don't ask much.

MERRICK. They're the cream, Ross. They know it. Man like you tries to make them pay, they'll walk away.

ROSS. I'm talking about doing it in the right spirit.

MERRICK. They are my friends. I'd lose everything. For you. Ross, you lived your life. You robbed me of forty-eight pounds nine shillings, tuppence. You left me to die. Be satisfied Ross. You've had enough. You kept me like an animal in darkness. You come back and want to rob me again. Will you not be satisfied? Now I am a man like others, you want me to return?

ROSS. Had a woman yet?

MERRICK. Is that what makes a man?

ROSS. In my time it'd do for a start.

MERRICK. Not what makes this one. Yet I am like others.

ROSS. Then I'm condemned. I got no energy to try nothing new. I may well go to the dosshouse straight. Die there anyway. Between filthy dosshouse rags. Nothing in the belly but acid. I don't like pain, John. The future gives pain sense. Without a future—
(Pauses.) Five percent? John?

MERRICK. I'm sorry, Ross. It's just the way things are.

Ross. By god. Then I am lost.

Fadeout.

SCENE 16

NO RELIABLE GENERAL
ANESTHETIC HAS APPEARED
YET

TREVES, reading, makes notes. MERRICK works.

MERRICK. Frederick—do you believe in heaven? Hell? What about Christ? What about God? I believe in heaven. The Bible promises in heaven the crooked shall be made straight.

TREVES. So did the rack, my boy. So do we all.

MERRICK. You don't believe?

TREVES. I will settle for a reliable general anesthetic at this point. Actually, though—I had a patient once. A woman. Operated on her for—a woman's thing. Used ether to anesthetize. Tricky stuff. Didn't come out of it. Pulse stopped, no vital signs, absolutely moribund. Just a big white dead mackerel. Five minutes later, she fretted back to existence, like a lost explorer with a great scoop of the undiscovered.

MERRICK. She saw heaven?

TREVES. Well. I quote her: it was neither heavenly nor hellish. Rather like perambulating in a London fog. People drifted by, but no one spoke. London, mind you. Hell's probably the provinces. She was

shocked it wasn't more exotic. But allowed as how had she stayed, and got used to the familiar, so to speak, it did have hints of becoming a kind of bliss. She fled.

MERRICK. If you do not believe—why did you send Mrs. Kendal away?

TREVES. Don't forget. It saved you once. My interference. You know well enough—it was not proper.

MERRICK. How can you tell? If you do not believe?

TREVES. There are still standards we abide by.

MERRICK. They make us happy because they are for our own good.

TREVES. Well. Not always.

MERRICK. Oh.

TREVES. Look, if you are angry, just say so.

MERRICK. Whose standards are they?

TREVES. I am not in the mood for this chipping away at the edges, John.

MERRICK. That do not always make us happy because they are not always for our own good?

TREVES. Everyone's. Well. Mine. Everyone's.

MERRICK. That woman's, that Juliet?

TREVES. Juliet?

MERRICK. Who died, then came back.

TREVES. Oh. I see. Yes. Her standards too.

MERRICK. So.

TREVES. So what?

MERRICK. Did you see her? Naked?

TREVES. When I was operating. Of course—

MERRICK. Oh.

TREVES. Oh what?

MERRICK. Is it okay to see them naked if you cut them up afterwards?

TREVES. Good Lord. I'm a surgeon. That is science.

MERRICK. She died. Mrs. Kendal didn't.

TREVES. Well, she came back too.

THE ELEPHANT MAN

MERRICK. And Mrs. Kendal didn't. If you mean that.

TREVES. I am trying to read about anaesthetics. There is simply no comparison.

MERRICK. Oh.

TREVES. Science is a different thing. This woman came to me to be. I mean, it is not, well, love, you know.

MERRICK. Is that why you're looking for an anaesthetic.

TREVES. It would be a boon to surgery.

MERRICK. Because you don't love them.

TREVES. Love's got nothing to do with surgery.

MERRICK. Do you lose many patients?

TREVES. I—some.

MERRICK. Oh.

TREVES. Oh what? What does it matter? Don't you see? If I love, if any surgeon loves her or any patient or not, what does it matter? And what conceivable difference to you?

MERRICK. Because it is your standards we abide by.

TREVES. For God's sakes. If you are angry, just say it. I won't turn you out. Say it: I am angry. Go on. I am angry. I am angry! I am angry!

MERRICK. I believe in heaven.

TREVES. And it is not okay. If they undress if you cut them up. As you put it. Make me sound like Jack the, Jack the Ripper.

MERRICK. No. You worry about anaesthetics.

TREVES. Are you having me on?

MERRICK. You are merciful. I myself am proof. Is it not so? (Pauses.) Well? Is it not so?

TREVES. Well. I. About Mrs. Kendal—perhaps I was wrong. I, these days that is, I seem to. Lose my head. Taking too much on perhaps. I do not know—what is in me these days.

MERRICK. Will she come back? Mrs. Kendal?

TREVES. I will talk to her again.

MERRICK. But—will she?

TREVES. No. I don't think so.

MERRICK. Oh.

TREVES. There are other things involved. Very. That is. Other things.

MERRICK. Well. Other things. I want to walk now. Think. Other things. (*Begins to exit. Pauses.*) Why? Why won't she? (*Silence. MERRICK exits.*)

TREVES. Because I don't want her here when you die. (*He slumps in chair.*)

Fadeout.

SCENE 17

CRUELTY IS AS NOTHING TO KINDNESS

TREVES *asleep in chair dreams the following: MERRICK and GOMM dressed as Ross in foreground.*

MERRICK. If he is merely papier maché and paint, a swindler and a fake—

GOMM. No, no, a genuine Dorset dreamer in a moral swamp. Look—he has so forgot how to protect himself he's gone to sleep.

MERRICK. I must examine him. I would not keep him for long, Mr. Gomm.

GOMM. It would be an inconvenience, Mr. Merrick. He is a mainstay of our institution.

MERRICK. Exactly that brought him to my attention. I am Merrick. Here is my card. I am with the mutations cross the road.

THE ELEPHANT MAN

GOMM. Frederick, stand up. You must understand. He is very very valuable. We have invested a great deal in him. He is personal surgeon to the Prince of Wales.

MERRICK. But I only wish to examine him. I had not of course dreamed of changing him.

GOMM. But he is a gentleman and a good man.

MERRICK. Therefore exemplary for study as a cruel or deviant one would not be.

GOMM. Oh very well. Have him back for breakfast time as you feed him. Frederick, stand up. Up you bloody donkey, up!

TREVES, still asleep, stands up. Fadeout.

SCENE 18

WE ARE DEALING WITH
AN EPIDEMIC

TREVES asleep. MERRICK at lecturn.

MERRICK. The most striking feature about him, note, is the terrifyingly normal head. This allowed him to lie down normally, and therefore to dream in the exclusive personal manner, without the weight of others' dreams accumulating to break his neck. From the brow projected a normal vision of benevolent enlightenment, what we believe to be a kind of self-mesmerized state. The mouth, deformed by satisfaction at being at the hub of the best of existent worlds, was rendered therefore utterly incapable of self-critical speech, thus of the ability to change. The heart showed signs of worry at this unchanging yet

untenable state. The back was horribly stiff from being kept against a wall to face the discontent of a world ordered for his convenience. The surgeon's hands were well-developed and strong, capable of the most delicate carvings-up, for others' own good. Due also to the normal head, the right arm was of enormous power; but, so incapable of the distinction between the assertion of authority and the charitable act of giving, that it was often to be found disgustingly beating others—for their own good. The left arm was slighter and fairer, and may be seen in typical position, hand covering the genitals which were treated as a sullen colony in constant need of restriction, governance, punishment. For their own good. To add a further burden to his trouble the wretched man when a boy developed a disabling spiritual duality, therefore was unable to feel what others feel, nor reach harmony with them. Please. (TREVES shrugs.) He would thus be denied all means of escape from those he had tormented.

(PINS enter.)

FIRST PIN. Mr. Merrick. You have shown a profound and unknown disorder to us. You have said when he leaves here, it is for his prior life again. I do not think it ought to be permitted. It is a disgrace. It is a pity and a disgrace. It is an indecency in fact. It may be a danger in ways we do not know. Something ought to be done about it.

MERRICK. We hope in twenty years we will understand enough to put an end to this affliction.

FIRST PIN. Twenty years! Sir, that is unacceptable!

MERRICK. Had we caught it early, it might have been different. But his condition has already spread

both East and West. The truth is, I am afraid, we are dealing with an epidemic.

MERRICK puts another piece on St. Phillip's. PINS exit.
TREVES starts awake. Fadeout.

SCENE 19

THEY CANNOT MAKE OUT
WHAT HE IS SAYING

MERRICK, BISHOP How in background. BISHOP gestures, MERRICK on knees. TREVES foreground.
Enter GOMM.

GOMM. Still beaver away for Christ?

TREVES. Yes.

GOMM. I got your report. He doesn't know, does he?

TREVES. The Bishop?

GOMM. I meant Merrick.

TREVES. No.

GOMM. I shall be sorry when he dies.

TREVES. It will not be unexpected anyway.

GOMM. He's brought the hospital quite a lot of good repute. Quite a lot of contributions too, for that matter. In fact, I like him; never regretted letting him stay on. Though I didn't imagine he'd last this long.

TREVES. His heart won't sustain him much longer. It may even give out when he gets off his bloody knees with that bloody man.

GOMM. What is it, Freddie? What has gone sour for you?

TREVES. It is just—it is the overcare of things, quite inescapable that as he's achieved greater and greater

normality, his condition's edged him closer to the grave. So—a parable of growing up? To become more normal is to die? More accepted to worsen? He—it is just a mockery of everything we live by.

GOMM. Sorry Freddie. Didn't catch that one.

TREVES. Nothing has gone sour. I do not know.

GOMM. Cheer up, man. You are knighted. Your clients will be kings. Nothing succeeds my boy like success. (*Exits.*)

(*BISHOP comes from MERRICK's room.*)

BISHOP. I find my sessions with him utterly moving, Mr. Treves. He struggles so. I suggested he might like to be confirmed; he leaped at it like a man lost in a desert to an oasis.

TREVES. He is very excited to do what others do if he thinks it is what others do.

BISHOP. Do you cast doubt, sir, on his faith?

TREVES. No, sir, I do not. Yet he makes all of us think he is deeply like ourselves. And yet we're not like each other. I conclude that we have polished him like a mirror, and shout hallelujah when he reflects us to the inch. I have grown sorry for it.

BISHOP. I cannot make out what you're saying. Is something troubling you, Mr. Treves?

TREVES. Corsets. How about corsets? Here is a pamphlet I've written due mostly to the grotesque ailments I've seen caused by corsets. Fashion overrules me, of course. My patients do not unstrap themselves of corsets. Some cannot—you know, I have so little time in the week, I spend Sundays in the poor-wards; to keep up with work. Work being twenty-year-old women who look an abused fifty with worn-outedness; young men with appalling industrial conditions

I turn out as soon as possible to return to their labors. Happily most of my patients are not poor. They are middle class. They overeat and drink so grossly, they destroy nature in themselves and all around them so fervidly, they will not last. Higher up, sir, above this middle class, I confront these same—deformities—bulged out by unlimited resources and the ruthlessness of privilege into the most scandalous dissipation yoked to the grossest ignorance and constraint. I counsel against it where I can. I am ignored of course. Then, what, sir, could be troubling me? I am an extremely successful Englishman in a successful and respected England which informs me daily by the way it lives that it wants to die. I am in despair in fact. Science, observation, practice, deduction, having led me to these conclusions, can no longer serve as consolation. I apparently see things others don't.

BISHOP. I do wish I understood you better, sir. But as for consolation, there is in Christ's church consolation.

TREVES. I am sure we were not born for mere consolation.

BISHOP. But look at Mr. Merrick's happy example.

TREVES. Oh yes. You'd like my garden too. My dog, my wife, my daughter, pruned, cropped, pollarded and somewhat stupefied. Very happy examples, all of them. Well. Is it all we know how to finally do with—whatever? Nature? Is it? Rob it? No, not really, not nature I mean. Ourselves really. Myself really. Robbed, that is. You do see of course, can't figure out, really, what else to do with them. Can we? (*Laughs.*)

BISHOP. It is not exactly clear, sir.

TREVES. I am an awfully good gardener. Is that clear? By god I take such good care of anything, anything you, we, are convinced—are you not convinced,

him I mean, is not very dangerously human? I mean how could he be? After what we've given him? What you like, sir, is that he is so grateful for patrons, so greedy to be patronized, and no demands, no rights, no hopes; past perverted, present false, future nil. What better could you ask? He puts up with all of it. Of course I do mean taken when I say given, as in what, what, what we have given him, but. You knew that. I'll bet. Because. I. I. I. I—

BISHOP. Do you mean Charity? I cannot tell what you are saying.

TREVES. Help me. (*Weeps.*)

(BISHOP consoles him.)

MERRICK. (*Rises, puts last piece on St. Phillip's.*) It is done.

Fadeout.

SCENE 20

THE WEIGHT OF DREAMS

MERRICK alone, looking at model. Enter SNORK with lunch.

SNORK. Lunch, Mr. Merrick. I'll set it up. Maybe you'd like a walk after lunch. April's doing wonders for the gardens. (*A funeral procession passes slowly by.*) My mate Will, his sister died yesterday. Twenty-eight she was. Imagine that. Wife was sick, his sister nursed her. Was a real bloom that girl. Now wife okay, sister just ups and dies. It's all so—what's

that word? Forgot it. It means chance-y. Well. Forgot it. Chance-y'll do. Have a good lunch. (*Exits.*)

(*MERRICK eats a little, breathes on model, polishes it, goes to bed, arms on knees, head on arms, the position in which he must sleep.*)

MERRICK. Chancey? (*Sleeps.*)

(*Enter PINHEADS singing.*)

PINS.

We are the Queens of the Cosmos
Beautiful darkness' empire
Darkness darkness, light's true flower,
Here is eternity's finest hour
Sleep like others you learn to admire
Be like your mother, be like your sire.

(*They straighten MERRICK out to normal sleep position. His head tilts over too far. His arms fly up clawing the air. He dies. As light fades, SNORK enters.*)

SNORK. I remember it, Mr. Merrick. The word is "arbitrary." Arbitrary. It's all so—oh. Hey! Hey! The Elephant Man is dead!

Fadeout.

SCENE 21

FINAL REPORT TO THE INVESTORS

GOMM reading, TREVES listening.

GOMM. "To the Editor of the Times. Sir; In November, 1886, you were kind enough to insert in the Times a letter from me drawing attention to the case of Joseph Merrick—"

TREVES. John. John Merrick.

GOMM. Well. "—known as the Elephant Man. It was one of singular and exceptional misfortune" et cetera et cetera ". . . debarred from earning his livelihood in any other way than being exhibited to the gaze of the curious. This having been rightly interfered with by the police . . ." et cetera et cetera, "with great difficulty he succeeded somehow or other in getting to the door of the London Hospital where through the kindness of one of our surgeons he was sheltered for a time." And then . . . and then . . . and . . . ah. "While deterred by common humanity from evicting him again into the open street, I wrote to you and from that moment all difficulty vanished; the sympathy of many was aroused, and although no other fitting refuge was offered, a sufficient sum was placed at my disposal, apart from the funds of the hospital, to maintain him for what did not promise to be a prolonged life. As—"

TREVES. I forgot. The coroner said it was death by asphyxiation. The weight of the head crushed the windpipe.

GOMM. Well. I go on to say about how he spent his time here, that all attempted to alleviate his misery, that he was visited by the highest in the land et cetera, et cetera, that in general he joined our lives as best he could, and: "In spite of all this indulgence, he was quiet and unassuming, grateful for all that was done for him, and conformed readily to the restrictions which were necessary." Will that do so far, do you think?

TREVES. Should think it would.

GOMM. Wouldn't add anything else, would you?

TREVES. Well. He was highly intelligent. He had an acute sensibility; and worst for him, a romantic imagination. No, no. Never mind. I am really not certain of any of it. (*Exits.*)

GOMM. "I have given these details thinking that those who sent money to use for his support would like to know how their charity was used. Last Friday afternoon, though apparently in his usual health, he quietly passed away in his sleep. I have left in my hands a small balance of the money for his support, and this I now propose, after paying certain gratuities, to hand over to the general funds of the hospital. This course I believe will be consonant with the wishes of the contributors.

"It was the courtesy of the *Times* in inserting my letter in 1886 that procured for this afflicted man a comfortable protection during the last years of a previously wretched existence, and I desire to take this opportunity of thankfully acknowledging it.

"I am sir, your obedient servant,

F. C. Carr Gomm

"House Committee Room, London Hospital."

15 April 1890.

(*TREVES reenters.*)

TREVES. I did think of one small thing.

GOMM. It's too late, I'm afraid. It is done. (*Smiles.*)

Hold before fadeout.

THE ELEPHANT MAN TRANSITIONS (*The Orderly*)

Mopping
On cue light.

As WILL enters.

WILL holds out mop.

After WILL has extinguished
lights and takes his mop.

As TREVES arrives outside r.

As GOMM enters.

"On Wimpole Street."

Lecture
"Up, you bloody donkey, up!"

Carnival
Carnival sounds.

1. Enter from u.l. with bucket from u.l. with bucket and mop.
2. Place bucket d.l. of bath tub and mop l. of tub and u. of table.
3. Begin talking to WILL and carry bucket, leaving it c., u. of L post #1 and R post #1.
4. Take the mop and leave it in the bucket after wetting own mop.
5. Begin mopping outside l. towards c.
6. X back to bucket and move it u. and l.; continue mopping.
7. Acknowledge TREVES, and continue mopping.
8. Move the bucket to l. of tub and continue mopping u.s.
9. Pick up the bucket and x u., exiting u.r.

1. Enter from R#2, xing outside r. to d.r., pick up d.r. arm-chair. X back u., outside r. and set it below and r. of R post #3, exiting u.l.

1. Enter from L#2, dressed as a Carnie. X outside l. and place stip lights from stage floor to deck between L post #1 and L post #2. Exit off L#2.

THE ELEPHANT MAN

"Doesn't hurt. Doesn't hurt."

1. Enter from L #2, still as Carnie, pull curtain u.s. to L post #2 and tie it.
2. X d. outside and replace strip lights to stage floor. Exit L #2.

Liverpool
"Robbed."

1. Enter from L #, x below L post #2, life the trunk and place it d.l., inside L post #1.
2. X to chair below L post #1, and set it u. of post.
3. X outside l. to u.l. and x to r. of c.

GOMM x's u.s. and hands card.

1. Exit u.r. with card.

Sandwich

1. "Help me" light fade.

1. Enter from R #2 with bench and x outside r. and place it d. of R post #1, perpendicular to the audience.
2. X u.c. to d.s. of tub and move it down to the first spike marks.
3. X to d.l., pick up trunk with cape and cap-mask and carry it r. to outside r. and off R #2.

First Bishop

"This is not helping him."

1. Enter from L #2, x to above the table and move it to extreme d.s. position.
2. X to chair u. of L post #1 and xing outside l., place it in d.s. position.

As TREVES is changing into lab coat.

3. X outside l., above TREVES and L post #1 and pick up lunch tray on u.s. end of table. X l. of tub and signal WALK off l. and exit L #2.

Firing Scene

"Is there something wrong, Mr.
Gomm. With us."

1. Enter from L.#2, xing below L post #2 to u. of table and move chair to r. of L post #1, facing off r.
2. Move table to extreme u.s. position.
3. X u.s., to above WmL and to his r.
4. Exit u.s.

WmL sends off.

First Kendal

"Boom . . . boom . . . boom."

1. Enter from L.#2 with silver tray with decanter and two glasses and set it on the u.s. corner of table with the bottle to the r.
2. Push the table to the extreme d.s. position.
3. X l. of table, pick up the armchair and move it outside l. to d.s. position.
4. X back around L post #1 to above the tub and pull it to its extreme u.s. position.
5. X l. of tub and below it to outside r., below R post #2. Pull the curtain d.s. from R post #3 to R post #2.
6. X above R post #3, l. of tub to below it.

Mrs. KENDAL x's u.s.

7. Finish tying the ties on MERRICK's hospital gown.
8. X to l. of tub, roll up shirt sleeves and begin scrubbing the tub with rag at drain.

MERRICK arrives u.s.

MERRICK x's to bed.

1. Rise and x above the tub to the r. of it and continue to scrub the tub from that side.
1. Finish tub and exit u.s. above the bed.

TATVES rises and x's dl.

"Famous for it."

Second Kendal

"He must be lonely indeed."

1. Enter from L#2, ring outside l. to l. of desk, open the drawer and remove sketch pad and pencil and open it c. of table.
2. Pick up armchair and place it u. of L post #1.
3. X to above table and move it one foot above spike marks, the d.a. end of table even with L post #1.
4. Pick up tray with decanter and glasses and exit L#2.

END OF ACT I

Like Me

"... both hands, shouldn't he?"

1. Enter from L#2 with d.l. wing piece and leave it u.a. of model on the table. Exit L#2.

Anxieties

"I can make no sense of mine."

1. Enter from R#2 with two "Financial Times," x outside r. to Tarva and hand one to him.
2. X outside r. to u.r. opening the paper. X to chair r. of L post #3 and sit, reading.

GOMM motions to stand.

1. Rise, put paper on chair and x to u. of bed.

"Come."

1. Release the bed and move it to its d.a. position.
2. X back to u.l. to chair with paper on it, pick it up and exit u.l.

Ross II

KENDAL look with cape.

1. Enter from L#2 with d.r. wing piece and Thomas Hardy book.
2. Hand wing piece immediately to MESSICK across the table.
3. X d.a. below the table and leave book on d.a. end of table.

Picnic
"I am lost."

4. Pull the table to its extreme d.s. position.
5. X back l. of table and place the armchair u. of L post #1.
6. X u., above the gift chair, and stand to its r. for the scene.

Anesthetic
Messick-Taxva look.

1. X to l. of bed, pausing momentarily for Messick to clear.
2. X above bench to r. of table and pick up the model, x to u.l. and place it.
3. X to below the gift table, lay down the gold-framed picture and lift the entire table, xing u.s. and off u.r.

1. Enter from u.l. with long and short towers. Place long tower on d.s. corner and the short tower on d.l. corner of the model.
2. Lift the model with the towers and place it d.s. of bench, l. of it.
3. Pick up long tower, x below the bench and set it o. of bed from below it.
4. X back l. to the table and strike the picnic basket and umbrella and x outside l. to L#2.

Dream
"... her here, when you die."

1. Enter from L#2, xing below L post #2, to d.s. Pick up bench and set it d. of R post #1, angling it u.
2. X back to u. and l. to L post #2 and when Taxva sits asleep in chair and Messick's coat is almost on, pull curtain across to R post #2.

THE ELEPHANT MAN

Corset

MERRICK turns to TREVES.

3. Stand below and l. of R post #2 for the scene.

Death

"It is done."

1. Pull curtain back across to L post #2.
2. X d. to chair u. of L post #1 and move it to its d.a. position. Exit outside l. of L #2.

1. Enter L #2, x outside l. to below L post #1. Lift the armchair to u.a. end of table, facing off l.
2. X above the table and move it to its u.a. position. Exit L #2.

Final Report

"The Elephant Man is . . ."

" . . . to use for his support."

1. In blackout, enter from R #2, x to above bed and pull it to its u.a. position. Exit u.x.
1. Enter from u.l, x to u.c. and x slowly d. to c., between L and R posts #2 and #3.

END OF PLAY

COSTUME PLOT

Inventory

TREVES, BELGIAN POLICEMAN

(Act One—TREVES)

Lab coat with small pin in lapel
Blue-grey flecked frock coat
Blue-grey flecked waistcoat
Blue-grey flecked trousers
Suspenders
White neckband shirt with winged collar
Blue waistcoat
Cuff links
Black shoes
Black socks
Grey felt top hat
Grey gloves
Grey spats
Watch and chain
Collar studs
Navy and red cravat with stick pin
Taupe cravat with stick pin
Spectacles

(Act Two—TREVES)

Black cutaway coat
Striped trousers
Grey waistcoat
Beige cravat
Suspenders
Red stick pin
Dark grey frock coat
Dark grey waistcoat
Dark grey trousers
Dark print cravat
Suspenders
Stick pin

(BELGIAN POLICEMAN)

Navy uniform coat
Black gaiters
Navy Gendarme hat with white band
White gloves

COSTUME PLOT

PINHEAD II, MRS. KENDAL

(PINHEAD II)

Long Johns with frill and red mittens attached

Leopard skin

Tu-tu

Frilled petticoat as a cape

Cone hat

Ruff

Baldric

Tights

Black boots

(Act One—Mrs. Kendal)

Copper bodice with four jewelled pins

Copper skirt

Bustle

Brown beaded and crocheted reticule

Beige short kid gloves

Beige socks

Beige two-tone boots

Copper net and feathered hat

Earrings

(Act Two—Mrs. Kendal)

Beige lace blouse

Black satin and velvet embroidered skirt with gold chain attached

Black fur and beaver jacket

Black velvet hat

Long white kid gloves

Green rep and satin skirt

Russian blouse

Silk and lace camisole

Red and ivory sash

Gold leather belt

Cream cashmere and paisley shawl

WHORE, PINHEAD I, SANDWICH, PRINCESS ALEXANDRA

(Whore)

Paisley jacket

Grey skirt with black underskirt attached

Blue and lace dickie with jabot
Red hat with black tie ribbons
Fur muff
Beige short gloves

(PINHEAD I)

Long Johns with frill and mittens attached and gold embroidered cuff

Tu-tu

Ruff

Frilled petticoat cape

Leopard skin

Baldric

Cone hat

Grey tights

Black boots

(MISS SANDWICH)

Navy and grey cape

Taupe costume with ecru linen collar and cuffs—fob watch on breast

White cotton petticoat

Blue bib apron

Blue and ecru cap

Black bag

(PRINCESS ALEXANDRA)

Blue satin and velvet costume

Blue and black feathered hat

Hyacinth shot taffeta underskirt

Bustle

Black kid gloves

Black net dickie

Earrings

PINHEAD MANAGER, LONDON POLICEMAN,
WILL, LORD JOHN

(WMA)

Brown porter's tunic

Brown porter's pants

Brown porter's hat

Beige cravat

White apron

Black lacing boots

Brown bowler hat (Tuppence)
(PINHEAD MANAGER)

Red tail coat
White jodphurs
White shirt with 2 collars and 2 bowties, a black velvet
waistcoat and brocade waistcoat all sewn together
Black belt
Leather studded belt
Black top hat
Black boots
White gauntlets
Steel rimmed glasses

(POLICEMAN)

Bobby tunic
Bobby trousers
Inverness style cape
Bobby helmet
White gloves

(LOAN JOHN)

Black cutaway coat
Black and grey striped trousers
Ivory brocade waistcoat
Beige cravat
White dress shirt
Wing collar
Grey blue sash
Pocket watch and chain
Blue ribbon
Gold medallion
Two medals
Cufflinks
Suspenders
Black Wellingtons
Black socks
Black silk hat
Black hat drape
Black trousers
Black and white cravat
Grey spats
Grey gloves
Blue jewel
Back and front studs

COSTUME PLOT

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ORDERLY, CARNIE, ASSISTANT CONDUCTOR

(ORDERLY)

Porter's tunic
Porter's hat
Porter's trousers
White apron
Beige cravat
White neckband shirt
White collar
Black Wellingtons
Black socks
Back and front studs

(CARNIE)

Maroon overcoat
Uniform peaked cap
Brown and cream plaid muffler

(ASSISTANT CONDUCTOR)

Black uniform tunic
Black peaked cap
Black string tie
Uniform waistcoat
Black wool gloves

GOMM, POLICEMAN, CONDUCTOR

(Act One—GOMM)

Grey frock coat
Grey waistcoat
Grey trousers
Suspenders
White neckband shirt
Wing collar
Dark print cravat
Coral pin
Black socks
Black shoes
Grey spats
Finger ring
Pocket watch and chain
Cufflinks
Back and front studs
White lab coat with badge in lapel

(Act Two—GOMM)

Black cutaway coat
Black striped trousers
Suspenders
Dove grey waistcoat
Spotted cravat
Green stud
Watch chain
Grey frock coat
Grey waistcoat
Grey trousers
Rust cravat
Suspenders
Green stud

(POLACEMAN)

Navy tunic
Navy blue helmet
Navy trousers
Navy caps
White gloves

(CONDUCTOR)

Grey uniform coat with red trim
Grey and red uniform hat
Grey wool scarf

ROSS, BISHOP, SNORK

(Ross)

Black and grey checked coat
Wool shawl
Navy wool cap
Tweed trousers
Suspenders
Grey shirt
Fringed fawn silk scarf
Good embroidered blue belt
Brown suede belt with three purses
Brown suede boots
Grey wool mittens
Red military belt

(Bishop)

Black caecoon

COSTUME PLOT

71

Black checked trousers
Suspenders
White neckband shirt
Wing collar
Cream wool stock with linen embroidered tabs
Black gloves
Black Homburg
Ivory orate (stall)
Black socks
Black shoes
Black spats
Cufflinks
Back and front studs
(SWOON)
Porter's uniform jacket
Porter's uniform cap
Porter's uniform trousers
Beige cravat
White apron
Black arm band

JOHN MERRICK

(Act One—JOHN MERRICK)
Coarse cotton loin cloth
Dirty white blanket cape
Black cap with grey mask
Hospital gown
(Act Two—JOHN MERRICK)
Light grey trousers
Blue-grey waistcoat
White neckband shirt
Wing collar
Grey silk stock and scarf
Grey cutaway coat
Black velvet slippers
Back and front studs
Cuff links
Stick pin

CELLIST

(CELLIST)

Black cutaway coat
 Grey and black striped trousers
 Ivory brocade waistcoat
 Black and white cravat
 White neckband shirt
 Black socks
 Grey spats
 Black shoes
 Wing collar
 Back and front studs

COSTUME PRESET

Stage Right

(WILL)

Bowler hat

(ROSS)

Plaid coat
 Wool cap
 Two wool shawls

(SNOOK)

Porter's tunic
 Porter trousers
 White apron
 Cravat
 Cap
 Black armband

(BISHOP)

Cassock
 Ecu collar
 Black gloves
 Black bowler hat

(BELGIUM POLICEMAN)

Police overcoat
 Gaiters
 Cap with visor

White gloves

(LONDON POLICEMAN)

Tunic

Pants
Cape
Helmet
White gloves

(CONDUCTOR)

Grey overcoat
Grey muffler
Grey uniform cap
Grey gloves

(PINHEAD MANAGER)

Boots
Pants
Waistcoat
Red coat
Belt

Gloves
Spectacles

(MISS SANDWICH)

Taupe dress
Petticoat
Cape
Cap
Purse

(PINHEAD I)

Tu-tu
Cape
Ruff
Hat
Sash

(GOMM)

Lab coat (Pressed)

(TAEVIA)

Lab coat (Pressed and set on stage by props)

(MISS ROCK)

Hospital gown (Pressed and set on stage by props)

(BISHOP)

Stole (Pressed)

(TAEVIA)

Waistcoat
Cravat

(SNOW)

Apron

Stage Left

(LONDON POLICEMAN)

Pants

Tunic

Cape

Helmet

White gloves

(ASSISTANT CONDUCTOR)

Jacket (Waistcoat and string tie underdressed)

Pants

Cap

Black wool gloves

(CARRI)

Dark maroon overcoat

Brown plaid muffler

Visored cap

(MURDER)

Grey cutaway coat

Two stage hand orderly costumes

Understudy London Policeman

Stage Right

(PINHEAD, SANDWICH)

PINHEAD baldric, tu tu, cape, ruff, hat from dressing room to s.a. quick change.

These are placed in basket in the following sequence: Cape, tu-tu, baldric, hat and neck ruff on black muff (side of table).

Miss SANDWICH white petticoat, taupe dress with apron attached, navy cape, nurses' cap, and handbag from dressing room to s.a. quick change room.

(BRANDER HOW, SNOOK, etc.)

Drop cloth and chair placed behind s.a. quick change booth.

How white shirt and black trousers on hangers placed on hangers placed on back wall.

How black shoes with spats on placed near chair.

How beige tie put on How robe.

SNOOK apron put with SNOOK taupe suit.

(LORD JOHN, PINHEAD MANAGER, etc.)

PINHEAD MANAGER red coat, waistcoats, shirt, white pants, pants set on farthest chair.

(GOMM, BOBBIE, CONDUCTOR, etc.)

BOBBIE jacket placed with pants on top.

BOBBIE helmet with white gloves on table.

COSTUME PLOT

75

(TREVES, BELGIAN POLICEMAN)

BELGIAN POLICEMAN hat with white gloves and leggings placed on small table outside the change room.

Stage Left

(LORD JOHN, PINHEAD MANAGER, LONDON POLICEMAN, etc.)

LONDON POLICEMAN pants, tunic, cape, helmet and white gloves set.

(MERRICK)

Grey cutaway coat placed.

(ORDERLY, CONDUCTOR, CARNIE, etc.)

ASSISTANT CONDUCTOR jacket, pants, cap, wool gloves with waistcoat and string tie under-dressed placed.

CARNIE dark maroon overcoat, brown plaid muffler with visored hat placed.

Two stage hand orderly costumes placed.

QUICK CHANGE DRESSER #1-S.R.

ACT I

1. Help ROSS into shawl and plaid coat S.R.
2. Set BOBBY, CONDUCTOR grey coat on chair.
Place BOBBY cape and tunic and pants on top. S.R.
3. Help WHOSE out of her costume.
Change to PINHEAD neck piece, sash, shirt, tutu-etc.
Complete PINHEAD.
Hang up WHOSE costume. S.R.
4. Remove BOBBY cape, take billie club.
Help into CONDUCTOR grey coat. S.R.
5. Move the BELGIAN POLICEMAN to center chair.
Put on BELGIAN POLICEMAN overcoat.
When he sits, put on the left and right garters. S.R.
6. Remove PINHEAD costume.
Put on MISS SANDWICH white petticoat, taupe dress, cape, nurse's cap and hand black handbag. S.R.
7. Remove CONDUCTOR costume.
Put on GOMM spats and lab coat. S.R.
8. Help into BISHOP HOW cassock and tie.
Place hat and black gloves on table.
Pick up from back of change room, ROSS costume.
Hang shirt belts, etc. S.R.

COSTUME PLOT

9. Set out SMOCK costume.
Take MESSICK's shoes from R#1 to R#2.
Set out apron with pocket up.
Help SMOCK into pants, hold tunic, slip apron over head and tie. S.R.
10. Move Ross scarf and tweed pants to chair, where shoes were left. S.R.
11. Take to dressing rooms:
 - a. MESSICK blanket cape.
 - b. Ross hanger with shirts and belts.
 - c. GOMM grey frock coat.
 - d. PINHEAD vest.
 - e. Black vest. S.R.

INTERMISSION

1. In dressing room, help PRINCESS ALEXANDRA into dress.
2. Take Mrs. KENDAL's Russian blouse, sash and green skirt from dressing room to S.R. change booth.

ACT II

1. Help into BISHOP cassock. S.R.
2. Help into Ross checked coat with grey scarf. S.R.
3. Set up Mrs. KENDAL change:
 - a. Green skirt over head
 - b. Russian blouse
 - c. Sash
 - d. Shawl S.R.
4. Help Ross remove coat and scarf. S.R.
5. Help Mrs. KENDAL remove green skirt.
Help into Mrs. KENDAL camisole, black skirt, hat and jacket S.R.
6. Help GOMM into Ross coat and hat. S.R.
7. Help Mrs. KENDAL into green skirt. S.R.
Hang Ross checked coat and cap.
Hang Mrs. KENDAL shawl.
Help DRESSEN #2.
Take to Wardrobe room lab coat and vest to be pressed.
Take dark grey coat to GOMM's dressing room. S.R.

COSTUME PLOT

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QUICK CHANGE DRESSER #2—S.L.

ACT I

1. Take WILL cap and apron and place on prop table temporarily to be taken to S.L. later. S.R.
2. Take WILL costume (cravat, tunic, pants, boots) off and help into PINHEAD MANAGER—white britches, breakaway vest, red coat, belt, top hat, gauntlet, spectacles, riding boots. As soon as completed take complete WILL costume and Basher white stole to S.L. S.R.
3. Help ORDERLY change into maroon coat. S.L.
Set scarf in hat on the table.
4. Help ORDERLY out of maroon coat and help change into ASSISTANT CONDUCTOR—black string tie, vest, jacket and cap. S.L.
5. Gather together ORDERLY tunic, cravat, cap and apron and put to one side to be taken to S.R. later. S.L.
6. Lay out WILL orderly tunic and pants on back of chair.
Place shoes by the table.
Place apron, cravat, cap, glasses case on table.
Place LONDON POLICEMAN trousers on top of table and chair so that he can put these on first. S.L.
7. Help change out of PINHEAD MANAGER red coat, breakaway vest.
Pull LONDON POLICEMAN trousers over white jodphurs and high boots.
Help into LONDON POLICEMAN tunic, cape, helmet, and gloves. S.L.
8. Immediately take ORDERLY tunic, cravat, cap and apron to S.R. and lay out for quick change. Tunic placed on chair with hat in pocket. Apron and cravat placed on prop table ready to put on.
Help ORDERLY out of ASSISTANT CONDUCTOR clothes.
He will drop jacket, waistcoat, tie, cap and gloves on floor, and sit on chair. Pull off black pants.
Help ORDERLY into apron, cravat, trousers. S.R.
9. After entrance, gather ASSISTANT CONDUCTOR uniform and hang waist coat and string tie on wire hanger and leave on clothes line to be taken to dressing room.

- Return jacket, pants, cap and gloves to S.L.
10. LONDON POLICEMAN completing change to WILL, previously laid out. Assist to complete. S.R.
11. Hang up ASSISTANT CONDUCTOR, CARNER, LONDON POLICEMAN and PINHEAD MANAGER. S.L.
- Take PINHEAD MANAGER to S.R., leaving the boots for next trip across.
12. Remove GOMM's lab coat as he exits, put it on a hanger and take to S.L. S.L.
13. Hang GOMM's lab coat on rack and return to S.R. with PINHEAD MANAGER riding boots. S.R.
14. Help SNOOK out of his uniform. S.L.
- Hang jacket, apron cravat on hanger on clothes line and snap on mourning band.
- Place pants and elastic garters near pass door for later use.
15. End of act, take TARVES lab coat from him and hang on clothes line for property man to pre-set. (PROP MAN will bring off TARVES grey tweed coat and hang on clothes line. S.R.

ACT II

1. During gift scene, take MENAUCK hospital gown from dressing room to wardrobe and TARVES tweed coat to TARVES dressing room. S.R.
2. Return immediately to assist BISHOP out of costume.
- Assist BISHOP into ROSS costume with help of Quick Change dresser #1. S.R.
3. As ROSS enters, MRS. KENDAL will hand carpet bag. S.R.
4. GOMM exits. Take off lab coat.
- Hang it on the clothes line. S.R.
5. After MRS. KENDAL change, ROSS overcoat taken off and hung. S.R.
6. End of Picnic Scene, BISHOP back pants and shirt underdressed.
- Help underdress complete SNOOK uniform with legs rolled up and secured by elastic garters and covered by BISHOP camock. S.R.
7. When completed, take GOMM's lab coat to S.L. S.R.
8. End of Dream sequence, GOMM exits, throws ROSS coat and cap and grey suit coat on two chairs.

COSTUME PLOT

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- Hold lab coat to put on.
Hand his comb and clip board from prop table. S.L.
9. Gather Ross coat and cap, grey suitcoat and black cutaway from rack in change room and Keweenaw shawl from chair and return promptly to S.R. S.L.
10. Help Gamm into grey suitcoat.
Hang lab coat with black coat and Mixnack waist-coat on clothes line.
Hang Mixnack coat with velvet collar. S.R.
11. Help Brance out of cassock, ecru collar and take to S.L., taking Mixnack coat at the same time. S.R.
12. Help into Brance cassock, collar and stole.
Hang Brock and take to S.R. and remove mourning band. S.L.
13. Take Brance out of cassock, hang in change room with cravat.
Put Brance stole on clothes line and return to S.L. S.R.
14. Wait for Poor Man to get lab coats. Take to wardrobe to be pressed for the next performance. S.R.

PROPERTY LIST

PROP PRESET

Stage Left

Damp mop in empty wooden bucket (ORDERLY)
Black folder with hand-written letter inside (Final Report)
(GOMM)
Marbelized notebook with thin red medical book placed on top
(TREVES)
Silver octagonal tray with doilie (ORDERLY)
Decanter with sherry
2 sherry glasses
1 financial times—pink (GOMM)
1 non-pictured newspaper—white (TREVES)
Silver-topped walking stick (LORD JOHN)
Wooden clipboard with papers (GOMM)
Medical report on top
Wooden lunch tray with handles with bowl of cream of wheat
(WILL)
Plate with bread
Wood billy club (LONDON POLICE)
Green silk tablecloth (ORDERLY)
Crystal decanter with crystal goblet (ORDERLY)
Brown wood gift box with ivory-handled razor (MRS. KENDAL)
Ivory-handled toothbrush inside
Gold-framed picture (GOMM)
Black and brown gift box (PRINCESS ALEXANDRA)
Small ring box (LORD JOHN)
Broom
Red Thomas Hardy book (ORDERLY)
Church S.L. wing piece (ORDERLY)
Church S.R. wing piece (ORDERLY)
Small tower church piece (ORDERLY)
Large tower church piece (ORDERLY)

Onstage—Act One

Curtains:

U.R.—Pushed u.s. and untied
CENTER—Pushed s.l. and tied

PROPERTY LIST

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D.L.—Pushed u.s. and untied

ELEPHANT MAN—Set even with d.r. masking flat

Down Right:

Arm chair with blue leather seat in front of R. post #1

Down Left:

Arm chair with brown leather seat in front of L. post #1

White medical coat hung up of L. post #1 with small black diary and pencil in r. pocket

Projection screen in up position

Left Center:

Strip lights on stage deck centered between L. post #1 and L. post #2

Arm chair with brown leather set for Cellist set on stage floor and R. of first left masking.

Music stand in front of arm chair.

Up Right:

Bed in u.s. position with pillow at head of bed

Grey blanket folded at the foot

Romeo and Juliet book at center

Mexauck's photograph under pillow

Up Center:

Bath tub on spike in extreme u.s. position with natural sponge on d.s. board, d.r. corner

Soap on d.s. board, d.l. corner

Blindhouse pamphlet on d.s. board, c.

White towel on d.s. board, d.l. corner covering soap

White medical smock, accordion folded, opening u.s.

Rag wet in drain of bathtub

Up Left:

Trunk at r. of L. post #3, lock facing d.s.

Table in u.s. position of track with leather folder

with four Mexauck photographs papers secured to r. corner

Sketch pad in drawer with pencil inside cover

Right Center:

Gas petticoat regulator up of R. post #2

Above:

Petticoat rings turned to face left and right

Onstage—Act Two

Curtains:

U.R.—Pushed u.s. and tied

Centre—Pushed s.l. and tied

- D.L.—Pushed u.s. and tied
 ELEPHANT MAN—Pushed off stage out of sight lines
- Down Right:*
 Bench placed d.s. of R. post #1, perpendicular and on spike
- Down Left:*
 Table in second d.s. position with church skeleton on top
 S.L. window piece up of skeleton
 Arm chair with brown leather seat placed next to L. post #1 and flush to it
 Grey gloves hung up of L. post #1 on hook
 White medical coat hung up of L. post #1 on hook with
 cornet pamphlet set in l. pocket
- Center:*
 Gift table on spike marks with church roof on top
- Up Right:*
 Bed in extreme u.s. position with white coverlet over bed
 White pillow sham
 First act pillow underneath sham
 Red Aeschylus book e. of bed
 MEXACK's photograph under pillow
 S.R. church window piece u.s. of pillow
 Grey blanket made up with bed
- Up Center:*
 Armchair covered with red velvet
- Up Left:*
 Arm chair with blue leather seat, r. of L. post #3

Stage Right

- Wooden cane (TREVEA)
 Wooden bench (OSWALD)
 Silver tray with serviette (SNOW)
 Blue plate with dark food
 Silver goblet, secured to tray
 Damp mop (WILL)
 Portrait of Leopold on stand with rag (PINHEAD MANAGER)
 Bible (BISHOP HOW)
 U.S. end church piece (BISHOP HOW)
 Steeple piece with cross (BISHOP HOW)
 Visa with old business card (ROSA)
 Change purse with coins inside (ROSA)
 Felt cap with mask attached (ROSA)

PROPERTY LIST

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Multi-colored letters, stapled at top (GOMM)
Carpet bag with ball of lavender yarn and wooden knitting needles (MRS. KENDAL)
Financial Times inside
Instructions to TREVES office on 3 x 5 white paper (MRS. KENDAL)
Picnic basket with white linen cloth (MRS. KENDAL)
2 wine glasses
Wine bottle, corked, with wine
Loaf of bread
2 white napkins
Bunch of violets on top of the basket
Deck of cards on top of the basket
Silver Cigarette case with Sherman cigarettes cut to size inside (TREVES)
2 stick matches stuck to inside
Silver tea tray with silver tea pot (ORDERLY)
Silver sugarer
Silver creamer
Crystal bell
White Psalm book (BISHOP HOW)
2 Financial Times (ORDERLY)
Maroon umbrella with silver handle, wet (MRS. KENDAL)
Billy club, soft (BELGIAN POLICE)

PRESET FOR ACT TWO INTERMISSION CHANGE

Stage Left

Comet pamphlet
Gift table with church roof on top
Armchair covered with red velvet
Red Aeschylus book
Church skeleton
Church S.L. window piece
Church S.R. window piece
Decorative white bed spread
Decorative white pillow sham

Property Moves

1. Bring Gift Table (Square) from s.r. to s.l.
2. Move blue armchair from s.l. to d.s.r. in front of R. post
#1.

PROPERTY LIST

3. Move brown armchair from top of table to d.l. in front of L. post #1.
4. Gas jets to "on."
5. Untie u.s.r. curtain.
6. Untie a.l. up and down curtain.
7. Tie on and off a.l. curtain.
8. Set Elephant Man Curtain 6" off right column edge.
9. Remove Act II coverlet and pillow sham from bed to armchair.
10. Fold blanket on bed to foot.
11. Place picture (head under pillow) under Act I pillow.
12. Check table drawer for drawing pad with pencil within.
13. Bring on bathtub and set to mark.
14. Arrange damp dry sponge, wash rag, blind pamphlet, gown and white towel on tub shelf.
15. Place trunk on mark, r. of L. post #3.
16. Remove bench to s.r.
17. Take wrung out mop, pail and push broom to a.l.
18. Take Romeo and Juliet from a.l. and place center of bed.
19. Place leather folder from s.r. to u.s.l. corner of table.
20. Place lab coat on hook up of L. post #1 on hook with diary and pencil in right pocket.
21. Set table off l. and off r. with props.
22. Set roof and wing and red leather book on gift table off l.

*Intermission Property Moves**Stage Left*

1. Bring on red velvet arm chair.
Push tub upstage.
Place arm chair on spike marks.
2. Move bed linen from the chair to the bed.
3. Make up the bed with blankets, coverlet, two pillows and picture of Mxasck's mother.
4. Take blue chair from U.S.R. to r. of L. post #3, even with post.
5. Lift tub.

Stage Right

- Take bed to upstage position.
- Strike paper, pillows to blue arm chair.
- Get dolly for the tub.
- Put dolly under the tub.

PROPERTY LIST

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6. Strike tub off UR ramp.
 7. Tie u.r. curtain to R. post #3.

Untie s.l. on and off curtain.
Tie s.l. up and down curtain.
 8. Set bench perpendicular to the stage, spike marks on u.a. legs.

Set table on ACT II spike marks.
Place chair on d.r. of L. post #1.
Strike sketch pad and pencil and put them in the drawer of table.
Strike newspaper and "Romeo and Juliet" book to off left.
Return with Corset pamphlet and put in the left hand pocket of lab coat.
 9. Set gift table on center spike marks (d.s. legs) with roof piece and book preset.
Place book c. of the bed.
 10. Check set.
- Set church skeleton on table.
Place s.l. window piece u.a. of it.
Place s.r. window piece u. of pillow on bed.
Check set.

Property Moves Stage Left

Act I

1. Take picture of Leopold, keeping picture and rag together. Approx. 8:15
2. After KENDAL/TAYVE scene take from Tayve the leather folder, diary and pencil and Blind pamphlet. Approx. 8:45
3. Set out London Times (White newspaper). Approx. 8:45
4. Tayve entrance, turn out all lights. Approx. 8:55
5. With House Lights, turn on all lights. Approx. 9:00

PROPERTY LIST

Act II

1. Turn off all lights, Top of Act. Approx. 9:15
2. Light way for Mrs. KENDAL. Approx. 9:15
3. Immediately after Act start, hand crystal pitcher and goblet to OGDENLY, pitcher in right hand, goblet in left. Approx. 9:15
4. Set notebook, medical book and clip board. Approx. 9:40
5. As picnic basket and umbrella come off, open umbrella to dry and put shawl on chair for wardrobe. Wash and dry two glasses and wine bottles. Approx. 9:50
6. Refill wine bottle with 24" Tab, 9 drops of food coloring and water. Approx. 9:50
7. Refrigerate wine bottle and return basket to prop box. Approx. 9:50
8. During Death Scene, turn out all lights. Approx. 10:10
9. During Blackout, strike tray. Approx. 10:10
10. End of play, light actors off L#2. Approx. 10:15

*Property Moves Stage Right**Act I*

1. Page Elephant Man Curtain R#1. Approx. 8:10
2. Set Bench at R#2. Approx. 8:20
- Catch Trunk at R#2 from OGDENLY. Approx. 8:20
3. Hold Flashlight end of Act I at UR for TREVES and Mrs. KENDAL. Approx. 9:00

Act II

1. Hand Silver Tray with Tea Service R#2 to OGDENLY. Approx. 9:15
2. Set Wet Umbrella and Picnic Basket at R#2. Approx. 9:40
- Catch Gift Table with Gifts at UR from OGDENLY. Approx. 9:40
3. Take Clipboard to S.L.
4. Hand Silver Tray with Goblet to Ross. Approx. 10:10
5. Hold Flashlight for MERRICK end of Death. Approx. 10:15
6. Hold Flashlight for Mrs. KENDAL end of show. Approx. 10:17

PROPERTY LIST

PERSONAL PROPS

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MERRICK:

Knife
Business cards

TRAVIS:

Business cards
Pencils
Eyeglasses
Wallet
Coins
Pocket watch

COMM:

Pince nez
Watch fob chain

PINHEAD MANAGER:

Glasses

LORD JOHN:

Pocket Watch

SOUND PLOT—ACT ONE

QS	DESCRIPTION	LENGTH	DECK	SPEAKERS	ACTION
A	Carriage and Street Noises	:45	A	SL & SR	
A FADE	Carriage and Street Noises	:40	A	SL & SR	5 pts, 8 ct.
A OUT	Carriage and Street Noises	:40	A	SL & SR	OUT, 12 ct.
B	Lecture Hall Voices	1:34	A	ALL HOUSE	
B OUT	Lecture Hall Voices	1:34	A	ALL HOUSE	OUT, 5 ct.
C	Audience Voice-over into Lecture Hall Voices	:43	A	BACK HOUSE	
C OUT	Audience Voice-over into Lecture Hall Voices	:43	A	BACK HOUSE	OUT, with D
D	Carnival Sounds	2:00	B	SL & SR	
D FADE	Carnival Sounds	2:00	B	SL & SR	14 pts, 3 ct.
D OUT	Carnival Sounds	2:00	B	SL & SR	OUT, 8 ct.
E	Hecklers	:45	A	SL	
E OUT	Hecklers	:45	A	SL	OUT, 6 ct.
F	Boat Horns, Wharf Sounds, Clanging Bells	1:00	A	SR	
F FADE	Boat Horns, Wharf Sounds, Clanging Bells	1:00	A	SR	11 pts, 3 ct.
F OUT	Boat Horns, Wharf Sounds, Clanging Bells	1:00	A	SR	OUT, with G

Q#	DESCRIPTION	LENGTH	DECK	SPEAKERS	ACTION
G	"Liverpool St. Sta.," Train Screches, Angry Mob	5:30	B	SL & SR	
G FADE	"Liverpool St. Sta.," Train Screches, Angry Mob	5:30	B	SL & SR	8 pts, 3 ct.
G BUMP	"Liverpool St. Sta.," Train Screches, Angry Mob	5:30	B	SL & SR	9 pts, 1 ct.
G FADE	"Liverpool St. Sta.," Train Screches, Angry Mob	5:30	B	SL & SR	9 pts, 5 ct.
G OUT	"Liverpool St. Sta.," Train	5:30	B	SL & SR	OUT, 9 ct.

SOUND PLOT—ACT TWO

I	Voice-overs	1:14	A	SL & SR	9 pts, 9 ct.
I OUT	Voice-overs	1:14	A	SL & SR	RUN OUT
J	Two Thunderclaps into Rain	7:00	A	SL & SR	
J FADE	Two Thunderclaps into Rain	7:00	A	SL & SR	8 pts, 3 ct.
J OUT	Two Thunderclaps into Rain	7:00	A	SL & SR	OUT, 20 ct.
K	Lecture Hall Murmurs	:30	A	ALL HOUSE	
K OUT	Lecture Hall Murmurs	:30	A	ALL HOUSE	OUT, 3 ct.
L	Pinhead Voice-over	:25	A	SL & SR	
L OUT	Pinhead Voice-over	:25	A	SL & SR	RUN OUT