

*The Lulu Plays*  
*and Other Sex Tragedies*

Frank Wedekind

Translated by Stephen Spender



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**EARTH-SPIRIT**  
**A Tragedy in Four Acts**

I was created out of coarser stuff  
By nature, and desire draws me earthwards.  
For to the spirit of evil, not of good,  
The earth belongs. What the immortals send  
Us from above are but the common goods;  
Their light gives joy, but it makes no one rich,  
And in their realm are no possessions gained.  
For precious stones and gold treasured by all  
From the deceitful powers must be wrested  
Who evil-natured dwell deep underground.  
Not without sacrifice their favour is won  
And there is no one who from serving them  
Has extricated undefiled his soul.

(From Wallenstein's Death by Schiller)

## **CHARACTERS**

DR. GOLL

DR. SCHÖN Editor-in-chief

ALWA his son

SCHWARZ an artist

PRINCE ESCERNY an African explorer

SCHIGOLCH

RODRIGO an acrobat

HUGENBERG a schoolboy

ESCHERICH a reporter

LULU

COUNTESS GESCHWITZ an artist

FERDINAND a coachman

HENRIETTE a chamber-maid

A FOOTMAN

The part of Hugenberg should be played by a girl

## PROLOGUE

(The curtain rises to disclose the entrance to a tent from which emerges to the sound of cymbals and the beating of drums an animal tamer dressed in a vermilion red frock-coat, white tie, he has long black curly hair, white breeches and top-boots; in his left hand he carries a riding whip, in his right a loaded revolver)

### ANIMAL TAMER

Proud gentlemen and ladies who are gay  
 Step right inside to look around the zoo  
 With burning pleasure, icy shudders too,  
 Here where the soulless brute creations play.  
 The show is just beginning, come and see  
 How to each pair a child's admitted – free.

Here beast and man fight in the narrow cage,  
 Where the one sways his whip disdainfully,  
 The other with a roar of thunderous rage  
 Jumps up against the man's neck murderously;  
 First cleverness and later strength proves more  
 First man then beast lies stretched out on the floor.  
 The beast rears up, and on all fours the man,  
 A single, ice-cold domineering look,  
 The beast, abased, bends low the stricken neck,  
 Tamely beneath the heel now placed thereon.

The times are bad. Ladies and gentlemen  
 Who once would crowd before my cage's show,  
 They honour farces, dramas, operas, Ibsen,  
 With their most estimable presence now –  
 And all my pensioners are short of fodder  
 So at the moment they devour each other.  
 How well off is an actor in the theatre,  
 He can be sure the flesh covers the bone  
 However hunger makes his colleague moan,

And be his belly never emptier.  
 But if you seek for greatness in the arts  
 Don't think that work and wage have equal parts.

What do these plays of joys and griefs reveal?  
 Domestic beasts, well-bred in what they feel,  
 Who vent their rage on vegetarian fare  
 And then indulge in a complacent tear,  
 Just like those others – down in the parterre.  
 This hero cannot hold his liquor in,  
 This one's uncertain if his love is genuine.  
 You hear the third despair of this earth-ball  
 (For five long acts he groans about it all),  
 None gives the coup de grace to do him in.  
 The wild and lovely animal, the true,  
 Ladies and gentlemen, only I can show you.  
 You see the tiger, whose habit it is  
 To strike down all that comes across his path,  
 You see the bear begin with gluttonies,  
 After night's meal fall down dead to earth.  
 You see the little entertaining monkey  
 Fritter away his strength through sheer ennui.  
 Talent he has, but lacks all sense of greatness,  
 And so coquets with his own nakedness.  
 In my own tent, you see – upon my soul –  
 Just behind the curtain, there stands a camel.  
 The beasts are meekly fawning round my feet,  
 When (He fires into the audience) my revolver thunderously I pull  
 The creatures tremble round me. I stay cool –  
 The man stays cool! – respectfully to greet you.  
 Wake up? You hang back? No one budges?  
 Well then, you yourselves can be the judges.  
 Reptiles you may behold, of all devices,  
 Also chameleon, snake and crocodile  
 Dragon and salamander in crevices.  
 Of course I know you sit back there and smile  
 And don't believe a single word I say.

(He raises the curtain in front of the door and calls into the tent)

Hey, August, bring our snake this way!

(A navvy with a big stomach carries the actress taking the part of LULU  
 out of the tent and sets her down in front of the ANIMAL TAMER)

She was created for every abuse,  
 To allure and to poison and seduce,  
 To murder without leaving any trace.

(Tickling LULU under the chin)

Sweet creature, now keep in your proper place,  
 Not foolish nor affected nor eccentric,  
 Even when you fail to please the critic.  
 You have no right with miaows and spits inhuman  
 To distort for us the primal form of woman,  
 With clowning and with pulling stupid faces  
 To ape for us the childlike simple vices.  
 You should – I discuss this today lengthily –  
 Speak naturally and not unnaturally.  
 For since the earliest time the basic element  
 Of every art is that it be self-evident.

(To the audience)

There's nothing now especial to be seen  
 But wait and see what happens later on.  
 She coils herself with strong squeeze round the tiger,  
 He howls and groans. Who finally wins the wager?  
 Hopla! August! Carry her to her place.

(The NAVVY takes her across his arms; the ANIMAL TAMER strokes her hips)

Sweet innocence. My treasure all of grace!

(The NAVVY carries her back into the tent)

But now the best of all is still before us.  
 My head placed in a beast of prey's jaws.  
 Walk up! It is a sight one often sees  
 And yet it's one which never fails to please.  
 I'll tear his jaws apart . I'm not afraid.  
 And he'll not dare to close them on my head.  
 So lovely, wild, and varied in his aspect  
 And yet he holds my head in such respect.  
 Trustfully I put my head under the teeth.  
 One joke – and both my temples crack beneath.  
 Yet I forgo to use my eyes' brightness.



Against my life I set a joke's lightness.  
I throw away my whip and all these weapons  
And appear harmless as God made me once.  
Do you know the name of this wild beast? –  
Honoured spectators, do step inside please!

(The ANIMAL TAMER steps back into the tent to the sound of  
cymbals and the beating of drums)

## ACT ONE

### Scene One

(A spacious studio. Backstage right the main door, downstage right a side door into a bedroom. In the centre a model's throne. Behind the throne a screen. In front of the screen a Smyrna carpet. Downstage left two easels. On the further one a half-length portrait, on the nearer one a canvas, face down. In front of the easels, approximately in the centre of the stage, an ottoman. Over it a tiger-skin. Against the wall, right, two armchairs. In the background a step-ladder.

SCHWARZ and SCHÖN)

SCHÖN. (seated on the end of the ottoman, examines the portrait on the further easel) Do you know, I'm getting to know the lady from quite a different angle?

SCHWARZ. (stands behind the ottoman with brushes and palette in his hand) I've never painted anyone whose facial expression changed more often – I was hardly able to fix a single feature.

SCHÖN. (indicating the picture – looking at him) Do you think it comes out in this?

SCHWARZ. During the sittings I did everything I could think of in my conversation to produce to some extent at least a restful atmosphere.

SCHÖN. Then I can understand the difference.

(SCHWARZ dips his brush into the oil-tin and passes it over the features)

SCHÖN. Do you think that makes it more like?

SCHWARZ. In art one can do no more than be as conscientious as one knows how.

SCHÖN. Tell me . . .

SCHWARZ. (stepping back) The colours had got rather dull again, too.

SCHÖN. (looking at him) Have you ever in your life loved a woman?

SCHWARZ. (goes up to the easel, touches up a colour and steps back on the other side) The material still doesn't stand out enough. One still doesn't have the feeling that there's a living body underneath it.

SCHÖN. I don't doubt the work is excellent.

SCHWARZ. If you'd care to come over here . . .

SCHÖN. (rising) You must have told her real horror stories.

SCHWARZ. As far back as possible.

SCHÖN. (stepping back knocks over the canvas on the nearer easel) I'm sorry.

SCHWARZ. (picking it up) It doesn't matter.

SCHÖN. (taken aback) What's this . . .

SCHWARZ. Do you know her?

SCHÖN. No.

SCHWARZ. (puts the picture back on the easel. It shows a woman dressed as a pierrot, with a tall shepherd's crook in her hand) A costume picture.

SCHÖN. You've certainly made a success of her.

SCHWARZ. You know her, then?

SCHÖN. No. And in that costume?

SCHWARZ. It lacks the finishing touches.

SCHÖN. Well, yes.

SCHWARZ. What can you expect. While she sits for me I have the pleasure of conversing with her husband.

SCHÖN. Tell me . . .

SCHWARZ. About art, of course, to perfect my happiness.

SCHÖN. How did you come to make this charming acquaintance?

SCHWARZ. The way one does. A little man, tottering and old as the hills, appears suddenly and asks if I can paint his wife. But of course, even if she were as wrinkled as Mother Earth. Next morning punctually at ten o'clock the door flies open and the pot-belly comes in driving this angelic creature before him. I can still feel my knees shaking. A footman in green, stiff as a poker, with a parcel under his arm: could I tell them where the dressing-room was? Imagine my position. I open this door here. (Pointing to the right) Luckily everything was already tidy. The sweet creature glides in and the old man plants himself as a bulwark in front of the door. Two minutes later she appears dressed in this pierrot costume. (Shaking his head) I've never seen anything like it. (Goes upstage right and stares at the bedroom door)

SCHÖN. And the pot-belly stood sentinel?

SCHWARZ. (turning round) Her whole body was as much in harmony with this impossible costume as if she had been born in it. Her way of burying her arms in the pockets up to the elbows, of lifting her feet off the carpet – the blood sometimes rushes to my head . . .

SCHÖN. One can see that from the picture.

SCHWARZ. People like us, you know . . .

SCHÖN. In this case the model directs the conversation.

SCHWARZ. So far she hasn't opened her mouth.

SCHÖN. You don't say so!

SCHWARZ. Allow me to show you the costume. (Exit right)

SCHÖN. (in front of the pierrot, alone) A diabolic beauty. (In front of the half-length portrait) There's more substance here. (Coming

downstage) He's still rather immature for his age.

SCHWARZ. (comes back with a white satin costume) What sort of material might this be?

SCHÖN. Satin.

SCHWARZ. And all in one piece.

SCHÖN. However is one supposed to get into it?

SCHWARZ. I can't tell you.

SCHÖN. (holding the costume up by the legs) What enormous trousers.

SCHWARZ. She hitches the left one up.

SCHÖN. (looking at the picture) Above the knee!

SCHWARZ. She does it enchantingly.

SCHÖN. And transparent stockings?

SCHWARZ. They take some painting, I can tell you.

SCHÖN. Oh, you can manage that.

SCHWARZ. And so flirtatious!

SCHÖN. How did you arrive at such a shocking suspicion?

SCHWARZ. There are things which are not dreamt of in our philosophy.  
(Takes the costume back into the bedroom)

SCHÖN. (alone) When one sleeps ...

SCHWARZ. (coming back, looks at the clock) By the way, if you'd like to make her acquaintance ...

SCHÖN. No.

SCHWARZ. She'll be here immediately.

SCHÖN. How many more times will the lady have to sit for you?

SCHWARZ. I suppose I shall have to endure these torments of Tantalus for another three months.

SCHÖN. I meant the other one.

SCHWARZ. Forgive me. Another three times at the most.  
(Accompanying him to the door) If the lady could leave me her blouse –

SCHÖN. With pleasure. come and see me again soon. (At the door collides with DR. GOLL and LULU) In the name of God!

## Scene Two

(DR. GOLL, LULU. The others as before)

SCHWARZ. Allow me to introduce . . .

GOLL. (to SCHÖN) What are you doing here?

SCHÖN. (kissing LULU's hand) Mrs. Goll.

LULU. Surely you aren't going already?

GOLL. What wind blows you here?

SCHÖN. I was inspecting the picture of my fiancée.

LULU. (advancing) Your fiancée is here?

GOLL. So you're having work done here too?

LULU. (looking at the half-length portrait) But look! Enchanting!  
Delightful!

GOLL. (looking about him) I suppose you have her hidden about here somewhere?

LULU. So this is the sweet infant prodigy who has transformed you into a human being . . .

GOLL. And you tell no one anything about it?

LULU. (turning round) Is she really so serious?

SCHÖN. Probably the aftermath of finishing school, Madame.

GOLL. (looking at the portrait) One can see that you've undergone a profound change.

LULU. Now you really can't keep her waiting any longer.

SCHÖN. I intend to announce our engagement in fortnight's time.

GOLL. (to LULU) Let's waste no more time. Buck up!

LULU. (to SCHÖN) Imagine, we went across the new bridge at a trot. I was driving myself.

(SCHÖN tries to take leave)

GOLL. No, no. You and I must have a word together later. Go on, Nelli. Hurry up!

LULU. Now it's my turn.

GOLL. Our Apelles is already licking his brushes.

LULU. I imagined it would be much more amusing.

SCHÖN. At the same time you have the satisfaction of knowing that you afford us a rare pleasure.

LULU. Just wait. (Walks over to right)

SCHWARZ. (standing by the bedroom door) If Madame would be so kind ... (Closes the door behind her and stands in front of it)

GOLL. I called her Nelli in our marriage contract.

SCHÖN. Really? I see.

GOLL. How do you like it?

SCHÖN. Why don't you call her Mignon instead?

GOLL. That would be an idea too. It hadn't occurred to me.

SCHÖN. Do you think a name can make so much difference?

GOLL. Hm – I have no children, you know.

SCHÖN. (taking his cigarette case out of his pocket) But you've only been married a few months.

GOLL. Thank you; but I don't want any.

SCHÖN. Do you smoke?

GOLL. (helping himself) One is quite enough for me. (To SCHWARZ) Tell me, what became of that little dancer of yours?

SCHÖN. (turning to SCHWARZ) You, and a dancer?

SCHWARZ. The lady sat for me as a favour. I got to know her at an outing of the St. Cecilia Society.

GOLL. (to SCHÖN) Hm. I think we're going to have a change in the weather.

SCHÖN. The business of dressing-up doesn't seem to be going so briskly?

GOLL. It's going like lightning. A woman must be a virtuoso in her own sphere. So must we all be in our spheres, if our lives aren't to be reduced to beggary. (Calls out) Hurry up, Nelli!

SCHWARZ. (at the door) Madame!

LULU. (from within) Coming, coming.

GOLL. (to SCHÖN) I can't understand these cold fish.

SCHÖN. I envy them. They think there is something sacred in being on the point of starvation. They feel themselves richer than the likes of us with our 30,000 marks in dividends. Anyhow it's impossible to have an opinion about a man who has lived from palette to mouth since childhood. Make it your business to finance him. It's a problem in arithmetic. I lack the moral courage. It's easy to get one's fingers burnt.

LULU. (coming out of the bedroom dressed as a pierrot) Here I am.

SCHÖN. (turning round, after a pause) Superb!



LULU. (coming nearer) Well?

SCHÖN. You put the most daring imagination to shame.

LULU. How do you like me?

SCHÖN. A picture before which Art must despair.

GOLL. You think so too?

SCHÖN. (to LULU) I suppose you don't realise what you're doing.

LULU. I'm perfectly aware of myself.

SCHÖN. Then you might be a little more circumspect.

LULU. But I'm only doing my duty.

SCHÖN. Have you powdered?

LULU. What a suggestion!

GOLL. I've never seen a skin as white as hers. And I told our Raphael here to concern himself as little as possible with the flesh tones. The fact is I can't feel any enthusiasm for this modern daubing.

SCHWARZ. (at the easels, preparing his colours) At least contemporary Art owes it to Impressionism that it's able to take its place beside the old masters without blushing.

GOLL. Well, I daresay it's suitable enough for a head of fat stock.

SCHÖN. For heaven's sake don't excite yourself!

LULU. (throws her arms round GOLL's neck and kisses him)

GOLL. Your chemise is showing. You must pull it down.

LULU. I wish I could have taken it off altogether. It only gets in the way.

GOLL. He'd be quite capable of putting it in the picture.

LULU. (takes up the shepherd's crook which has been leaning against the screen and mounts the throne. To SCHÖN) What would you say now if you had to stand on parade for two hours?

SCHÖN. I'd sell my soul to the devil for the chance of changing places with you.

GOLL. (sitting down, right) Come over here. This is my observation post.

LULU. (hitching her left trouser-leg up to the knee. To SCHWARZ) Is that all right?

SCHWARZ. Yes ...

LULU. (hitching it a little higher) Like this?

SCHWARZ. Yes, yes ...

GOLL. (to SCHÖN, who has sat down in the chair next to him, with a wave of the hand) I think she shows to even better advantage from here)

LULU. (without moving) I beg to differ. I look equally well from all sides.

SCHWARZ. (to LULU) The right knee a little forward, please.

SCHÖN. (with a gesture) The lines of the body may appear finer, perhaps ...

SCHWARZ. At least the light is halfway tolerable today.

GOLL. You must get her down quickly. Hold your brush a little longer.

SCHWARZ. Certainly, Doctor.

SCHÖN. Treat her as a still-life.

SCHWARZ. Certainly, Doctor. (to LULU) You usually hold your head a little higher, Madame.

LULU. (raising her head) Paint my lips a little parted.

SCHÖN. Paint snow on top of ice. If you get warm in the process your art will immediately become inartistic.

SCHWARZ. Certainly, Doctor.

GOLL. Art, you know, must reproduce Nature in such a way that one derives at least spiritual enjoyment from it.

LULU. (opening her mouth slightly, to SCHWARZ) Like this, you see. I'm keeping them half open.

SCHWARZ. As soon as the sun gets round, the wall opposite will cast warm reflections.

GOLL. (to LULU) In your position you must conduct yourself as if our Velasquez here were not present at all.

LULU. A painter isn't a real man, anyhow.

SCHÖN. I don't think you can draw conclusions about the whole tribe from one illustrious exception.

SCHWARZ. (stepping back from the easel) It would have been better if I'd had to rent a new studio last autumn.

SCHÖN. (to GOLL) What was it I wanted to ask – have you seen little O'Morphi as a Peruvian pearl-fisher?

GOLL. I'm going to see her tomorrow for the fourth time. Count Polossow is taking me. His hair has gone quite blond again with rapture.

SCHÖN. So you think she is so marvellous too?

GOLL. Who would wish to judge of that in advance.

LULU. I think there was a knock.

SCHWARZ. Excuse me a moment. (Goes to the door and opens it)

GOLL. It would be quite safe for you to smile at him a little more freely.

SCHÖN. That would make absolutely no difference to him.

GOLL. And even if it did! – What are we sitting here for!

### Scene Three

(ALWA SCHÖN. The others as before)

ALWA. (from behind the screen) May I come in?

SCHÖN. My son.

LULU. Why, it's Mr Alwa!

GOLL. Come right in!

ALWA. (advancing, gives his hand to SCHÖN and GOLL) Dr. Goll.  
(turns to LULU) Do I see aright? If only I could engage you as my  
leading lady.

LULU. I imagine I'd hardly dance well enough for your piece.

ALWA. But you have such a dancing-master as is not to be found on  
any stage in Europe.

SCHÖN. What brings you here?

GOLL. Can you secretly be having someone painted too?

ALWA. (to SCHÖN) I wanted to fetch you for the dress rehearsal.

(SCHÖN rises)

GOLL. Are you having them dance in full costume today?

ALWA. Of course. Won't you come too? I must be on stage in five  
minutes. (To LULU) Unluckily for me!

GOLL. I've quite forgotten what your ballet is called?

ALWA. Dalai Lama.

GOLL. I thought he was in a lunatic asylum.

SCHÖN. You're thinking of Nietzsche, Doctor.

GOLL. You're right. I always confuse the two.

ALWA. I've put Buddhism onto its legs.

GOLL. One recognises a playwright by his legs.

ALWA. Corticelli dances the youthful Buddha as if she had first seen the light of day on the Ganges.

SCHÖN. While her mother was alive she danced with her legs.

ALWA. Then when she was on her own she danced with her brain.

GOLL. Now she dances with her heart.

ALWA. Would you like to see her?

GOLL. Thank you, no.

ALWA. Oh, do come.

GOLL. Out of the question.

SCHÖN. Incidentally we've no time to lose.

ALWA. Come with us, Doctor. In the third act you can see the Dalai Lama in his monastery with his monks.

GOLL. I'm interested only in the youthful Buddha.

ALWA. Then what's keeping you?

GOLL. Impossible, impossible.

ALWA. We're going on to Peter's afterwards. You'll have the opportunity of putting your admiration into words.

GOLL. Don't go on urging me, please.

ALWA. You'll see the tame monkeys, the two Brahmins, the little girls . . .

GOLL. For God's sake keep your little girls to yourself.

LULU. Reserve us a stage box for Monday, Mr. Alwa!

ALWA. How could Madame have any doubts about that?

GOLL. When I get back I'll find this devil of a Brueghel has made a mess of the whole picture.

ALWA. That wouldn't be such a disaster. It could easily be painted over.

GOLL. If one doesn't prescribe every stroke of the brush to this  
Caravacci . . .

SCHÖN. As a matter of fact, I think your apprehensions are unfounded.

GOLL. Next time, gentlemen.

ALWA. The Brahmins are getting impatient. The daughters of Nirvana  
are shivering in their tights.

GOLL. Wretched daub!!

SCHÖN. We shall get a scolding for not bringing you with us.

GOLL. I shall be back in five minutes. (Places himself downstage left  
behind SCHWARZ and compares the picture with LULU)

ALWA. (to LULU) Alas, duty calls me, Madame.

GOLL. (to SCHWARZ) You need a little more modelling here. The hair  
isn't good. You're not putting your heart into it properly . . .

ALWA. Come along.

GOLL. Well, let's get on then. Wild horses won't drag me to Peter's.

SCHÖN. (following ALWA and GOLL) We can take my carriage – it's  
below.

### Scene Four

(SCHWARZ, LULU)

SCHWARZ. (leans over to the left, spits) What scum! If my life were  
only at an end! – my nose-bag – nose-bag and muzzle at the same  
time! My pride as an artist balks at it. (After a glance at LULU) What  
a collection! – (He rises, goes backstage right, surveys LULU from all  
sides and sits down at the easel again) It would be a difficult choice to  
make . . . Might I ask Madame to hold her right hand a little higher?

LULU. (grasping the crook as high up as possible, aside) Who would

have thought it possible!

SCHWARZ. I suppose you think I'm quite ridiculous?

LULU. He'll be back soon.

SCHWARZ. All I can do is paint.

LULU. Here he is.

SCHWARZ. (getting up) Already?

LULU. Don't you hear anything?

SCHWARZ. Someone is coming . . .

LULU. I told you so.

SCHWARZ. It's the caretaker; he's sweeping the stairs.

LULU. Thank God.

SCHWARZ. I suppose you accompany the doctor on his rounds?

LULU. That would be the last straw.

SCHWARZ. But you're not used to being alone.

LULU. We have a housekeeper at home.

SCHWARZ. And she keeps you company?

LULU. She has very good taste.

SCHWARZ. In what way?

LULU. She dresses me.

SCHWARZ. I suppose you go to a great many balls?

LULU. Never.

SCHWARZ. Then why do you need so many clothes?

LULU. To dance in.

SCHWARZ. So you really do dance?

LULU. Czardas – Samaqueca – Skirtdance.

SCHWARZ. Doesn't that disgust you?

LULU. You think I'm ugly?

SCHWARZ. You misunderstand me. Who teaches you?

LULU. He does.

SCHWARZ. Who?

LULU. He does.

SCHWARZ. He?

LULU. He plays the violin.

SCHWARZ. One gets to know a new side of life every day.

LULU. I studied in Paris. I took lessons from Eugénie Fougère. She let me copy her costumes too.

SCHWARZ. And what are they like?

LULU. One has a green lace skirt, down to the knee, all in flounces, décolleté of course, very décolleté, and horribly tight-laced. A pale green underskirt, then a paler one, and so on. Snow white pantaloons with a handsbreadth of lace on them.

SCHWARZ. I can't bear it.

LULU. You must go on painting.

SCHWARZ. (scraping with his palette knife) Aren't you cold?

LULU. Good heavens, no! Whatever makes you ask? Are you so cold yourself?

SCHWARZ. Not today, no.

LULU. Thank God at least one can breathe!



SCHWARZ. What do you mean?

(LULU breathes deeply)

Stop doing that, please! (Jumps up, throws down brush and palette, walks up and down) At least the boot-black only has to deal with their feet. And his materials don't eat into his money either. If I go without my supper tomorrow there'll be no lady of fashion to ask me if I know how to swallow oysters.

LULU. What a brute he is!

SCHWARZ. (resumes his work) And why did the fellow have to go to that rehearsal!

LULU. I'd rather he'd stayed, too.

SCHWARZ. We are really martyrs to our profession!

LULU. I didn't mean to hurt your feelings.

SCHWARZ. (hesitantly, to LULU) If you could . . . the left hand . . . trouser-leg . . . a little higher . . .

LULU. Like this?

SCHWARZ. (steps up to the throne) If you'll allow me . . .

LULU. What are you trying to do?

SCHWARZ. I'll show you what I mean.

LULU. You mustn't.

SCHWARZ. You're nervous. (Tries to take her hand)

LULU. (throws the crook at his hand) Leave me alone. (Hurries to the front door) You can't catch me!

SCHWARZ. You can't take a joke.

LULU. Yes I can. I see it all. Just leave me alone. You won't get anywhere with me by force. Get on with your work. You have no right to molest me. Go and sit down at your easel.

SCHWARZ. (tries to get round the ottoman) I will as soon as I've punished you for your capriciousness.

LULU. But you must catch me first for that. Go away. You won't catch me, anyhow. – In long clothes I'd have fallen into your hands long ago – but not in this pierrot costume.

SCHWARZ. (throwing himself across the ottoman) Got you!

LULU. (throws the tiger-skin over his head) Good night! (Jumps over the throne and climbs the step-ladder) I can see all the cities of the world.

SCHWARZ. (unwinding himself from the rug) The baggage!

LULU. I can reach up into the sky, and stick the stars in my hair.

SCHWARZ. (climbing after her) I shall shake it till you fall down.

LULU. (climbing higher) If you don't stop, I'll knock the ladder over. Will you let go of my legs! – God save Poland! (She causes the ladder to fall, jumps onto the throne and as SCHWARZ picks himself up from the floor, throws the screen at him. Dashes downstage towards the easels) I told you you wouldn't get me.

SCHWARZ. (coming downstage) Let's make peace. (Tries to embrace her)

LULU. Keep your hands off me, or . . . (She throws the easel with the half-length portrait at him, so that both easel and picture crash to the ground)

SCHWARZ. (shouts) Merciful heavens!

LULU. (backstage left) You made the hole in it yourself.

SCHWARZ. I'm ruined! Ten weeks' work. My trip, my exhibition. There's nothing more to lose now. (Rushes after her)

LULU. (leaps over the ottoman, over the fallen step-ladder, walks across the throne and comes downstage) A ditch! Mind you don't fall into it. (Stamps on the portrait) So she'd made a new man of him, had she! (Falls forward)

SCHWARZ. (stumbling over the screen) I shall have no mercy now.

LULU. (backstage) Leave me alone. – I feel faint. Oh God, Oh God . . .  
(Comes downstage and sinks onto the ottoman)

(SCHWARZ bolts the door. Then sits down at her side, seizes her hand and covers it with kisses, then stops short; one can see he is going through an inward struggle)

(Opens her eyes) He might come back.

SCHWARZ. How do you feel?

LULU. As if I'd fallen into the water . . .

SCHWARZ. I love you.

LULU. I loved a student once.

SCHWARZ. Nelli . . .

LULU. With twenty-four duelling scars.

SCHWARZ. I love you, Nelli.

LULU. My name isn't Nelli.

(SCHWARZ kisses her)

It's Lulu.

SCHWARZ. I shall call you Eve.

LULU. Do you know what time it is?

SCHWARZ. (looking at the clock) Half past ten.

(LULU takes the clock and opens the case)

You don't love me.

LULU. Yes I do. It's five minutes after half past ten.

SCHWARZ. Give me a kiss, Eve.

LULU. (takes him by the chin and kisses him; throws the clock in the air and catches it) You smell of tobacco.

SCHWARZ. Why don't you call me by my Christian name?

LULU. It would embarrass me.

SCHWARZ. You're being hypocritical!

LULU. It seems to me it's you who's the hypocrite. Me hypocritical?  
How did you get that idea? I've never had any reason to be.

SCHWARZ. (gets up, disconcerted, passing his hand across his forehead)  
God Almighty! I know nothing of the world . . .

LULU. (screams) Don't kill me!

SCHWARZ. (turning swiftly round) You have never loved.

LULU. (half rising) You have never loved . . .!

GOLL. (outside) Open the door!

LULU. (has leapt to her feet) Hide me! Oh God, hide me!

GOLL. (beating on the door) Open the door!

(SCHWARZ makes a move to open the door)

LULU. (restrains him) He'll kill me.

GOLL. (beating on the door) Open the door!

LULU. (has sunk down in front of SCHWARZ and embraces his knees)  
He'll kill me. He'll kill me.

SCHWARZ. Stand up . . . (The door falls with a crash into the studio)

### Scene Five

(GOLL. The others as before)

GOLL. (with bloodshot eyes rushes at SCHWARZ and LULU with raised stick) You dogs! – You . . . (Gasps, struggles a second or two for breath and then falls headlong to the floor)

(SCHWARZ shakes at the knees)

(LULU has run to the door. A pause)