





## Drama Lesson One Two

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Dr. Birzo Abdukadir

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- *Literary iterary Movements for Students, Second Edition, Volume 1*
  - Project Editor: Ira Mark Milne
  - Rights Acquisition and Management: Jennifer Altschul, Mollika Basu, Leitha Etheridge-Sims, Barb McNeil
  - Composition: Evi Abou-El-Seoud
  - Manufacturing: Drew Kalasky

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- The New Tenant
  - SCENE: *A bare room, without any furniture. In the centre of the back wall, an open window. Double doors on the right and on the left. Light-coloured walls. Like the set and the furniture that will be brought on the stage later, the style of acting must be completely realistic.*
  - [As the curtain rises, a considerable din is heard offstage: the sounds of voices, and hammers, snatches of song, children shouting, the noise of feet going up and coming down stairs, a barrel-organ, etc. For a moment, as the noise goes on, the stage is empty: then THE CARETAKER comes in from the right, crashing the door open and singing in a loud voice; she is holding a bunch of keys.]

*THE GENTLEMAN comes silently in from the left: he is middle-aged, with a little black moustache, dressed in dark clothes; he is wearing a bowler hat, black jacket and striped trousers, his shoes are of patent leather; he is carrying gloves, and an over-coat over one arm, and he has a little attaché-case of black leather. He closes the door quietly behind him and walks silently up to THE CARETAKER, who does not notice him; he stops beside her and waits for an instant without moving while THE CARETAKER suddenly interrupts her singing as she becomes aware of the stranger's presence; but for some moments she does not change her position and turns round only when THE GENTLEMAN speaks.]*



WHAT A FRIGHT YOU GAVE ME! I WASN'T EXPECTIN' YOU TILL TOMORROW. OR THE DAY AFTER. USED TO HAVE A LITTLE DOG, THEY DID, THEY 'ATED CATS, BUT THEN CATS ISN'T ALLOWED IN THIS ESTABLISHMENT. 'COURSE IT'S ALL THE SAME TO ME, IT'S THE LAND- LORD WHAT SAYS SO! REGULAR SORT OF FOLK THEY WERE — **NO CHILDREN, OF COURSE** — OFF THEY'D GO TO THE COUNTRY EVERY SUNDAY TO SOME COUSINS OF THEIRS, 'OLIDAYS IN DEVONSHIRE, THAT'S WHERE THE OLD GENTLEMAN COME FROM, THAT'S WHERE THEY'VE GONE TO LIVE NOW, BUT THEY DIDN'T USED TO LIKE THE CIDER THEY 'AVE THERE — SAID IT USED TO GO TO THEIR HEADS, LIKED A DROP OF PORT NOW AND AGAIN, JUST A DROP, OF COURSE —

GENTLEMAN: [*pointing*] I beg your pardon, the window! [*In an even, expressionless tone of voice.*] CARETAKER: Oh, but of course, Sir—

I'm only too willing to do for you. I don't ask very much, Sir. Get on fine, you and me will, you won't 'ave any insurance stamps to worry you . .

. GENTLEMAN: [*same gesture, same calm*] The window, please!

CARETAKER: Well, not *right* off, of course. You 'aven't anything to sleep on tonight, 'ave you? I can lend you a bed! [*For some minutes, THE GENTLEMAN, still engrossed in his examination of the room, has been deciding where to put the furniture that will be arriving, pointing out to himself the various positions; he takes a tape-measure out of his pocket and starts measuring.*]