

Drama Lesson
05/05/2022
The New Tennant
Eugene Ionesco
Pages 5, 6, and 7
Dr. Birzo Abdukadir

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"- La Concierge : Déposez votre valise, Monsieur. C'est du bon cuir, ne vous fatiguez pas. Mettez la où vous voudrez. Tiens, j'ai plus le hoquet, c'est passé la surprise ! Enlevez donc votre chapeau."

"- La Concierge : Enlevez donc votre chapeau.

Le Monsieur enfonce légèrement son chapeau sur sa tête.

- La Concierge : C'est pas la peine d'enlever votre chapeau, Monsieur. (...) Maintenant vous êtes chez vous, c'est pas moi qui dirai le contraire, moi ça me regarde pas."

CARETAKER: That's right, put your case down. Nice bit of leather — mustn't 'ave an Irishman's rest! You can put it where you like. Well I'm blowed! 'Iccups 'ave gone! Got over me fright! Why don't you take your 'at off and make yourself comfortable?

[THE GENTLEMAN *adjusts his hat more firmly on his head.*] Oh, I shouldn't bother to take your 'at off, Sir

The Caretaker: one of the main features of this character is her believing that she is the master of the universe in which she evolves.

Continue,

whether it's the building she keeps, or the entire neighborhood. She considers herself at home in the renovated apartment, where she enters from the start of the play without the slightest embarrassment, holding the keys of the property in her hand:

"Ouvrant la porte avec fracas, (...), un trousseau de clés à la main, chantant d'une voix forte."

THE CARETAKER comes in from the right, crashing the door open and singing in a loud voice; she is holding a bunch of keys.]

Continue,

We see the Caretaker acts under the impulse of this aggressiveness which pushes her to believe herself the center of the universe, and to transform her desires into reality, the very one from which the dreams of Jacques, Choubert, Amédée sprang. The author digs and searches it mercilessly, making it more precise.

All the discussion she will have with The New Tenant will be aimed at trying to bring him into her own logical universe.

Continue,

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CARETAKER: All right, all right, I 'eard you, you don't want me to— wouldn't 'ave done no 'arm—you're in your rights of course , it's your window, not mine. I don't want no window—I get you, it's you gives the orders, it's just as *you* like, I won't touch it, you're the boss in your own place— don't pay much for it either—still, no business of mine—the window, that's yours, too, you can buy anything when you've got a spot of money , that's life for you— I don't say nothing, I keeps to myself, it's your affair—'ave to go down six flights of stairs now to look for Bill, poor old woman like me—Ah, well! Can't 'elp men 'aving their little ways, don't think about nothing they don't— but I'll do just what you like, you know, it's all right with me, that don't worry me, suits me fine that does, I'm going to look after you, be as though I was your servant, like, won't it, Sir?

Page 6

THE CARETAKER *screams out into the wings.*] Don't make so much noise! I can't 'ear myself speak. [*To* THE GENTLEMAN :] It's all right, I'm not going to open your window, I don't want to break nobody's window-panes—I'm respect-able, I am, no one never 'ad anything to say about that—So I've been wasting my time, 'ave I?—and all that washing to do, better for me if I 'adn't listened to you! [*The door on the left opens noisily and lets the 1ST FURNITURE MOVER appear, carrying two very small stools, while THE CARETAKER'S tirade goes on.*]

1ST FURNITURE MOVER: [*to GENTLEMAN*] Here's the first lot, anyway!

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