

CALIGARI

from *7ro*

ACT ONE

scene one

In an unnamed place

Franzis

Perhaps it begins here, 1919,
among the bare trees of a garden at dusk.
Or in the cold sweat of a broken room.
Or at the guerning mouths of our Fathers,
story-spilling from the abyss behind their teeth?

Perhaps a tortured artist paints himself
against a window of mist.
And no-one can be sure if those dead eyes
are bad art or just the way things are.

Or it begins in the music-halls
and clattering cafes of Berlin,
or in the pockets of the Freikorps,
or through a gap between duckboards
at Verdun, where we were scarecrows
walking on corpses, marching asleep.

Yes, perhaps it begins asleep.

Listen.

We listen

There are spirits everiher

Lsoh eivhvbh (s) Tj 0.3Tc (it) Tj -0v.06792 Tc (s) Tj 0.0-13.2 TD 31.02 TcF3 11.28 2f 0 -13.2 TD 031

L pe

L b oj T

L pe
L pe

L

L

Franzis 1919. The travelling fair is coming to Holstenwall.

beat

Jakob Straat is afraid

Jakob Straat What is this? Get out of my head.

Franzis Come with me.
Frau Beckmann ?

Frau Beckmann I am too old for the hustle and bustle.

Jakob Straat Lost in the crowd.
Always a crowd. Can't stand a crowd.

Frau Beckmann Crazy tents. I lose my balance.

Franzis Take my arm.

Jakob Straat Nothing is real. This is a made-up world.

See, a paper sky.
It rips. It can all be torn apart.

Through the sounds of the fair, the closer noise of thick paper tearing.

scene two

We are in Holstenwall.

Music, crowds, the fair is arriving.

Townspeople All Come to the Fair!
The Holstenwall Fair!

Voice 1. Marvels!
Voice 2. Miracles!
Voice 3. Wonder at the sideshows!
1. Waxworks,
2. freak show.
3. Whirligigs.
4. Peep show.

1. Who's that?
2. A scoundrel
3. a nobleman
4. a bogeyman

1. a master
2. a mountebank.
3. a government official
4. it's a fat old man,
1. it's just a –

silence

Franzis

Here he comes.
 Dr Caligari.
 First only a top hat as he climbs the crooked steps
 Then a hand; he shuffles into empty white space,
 the town is his backcloth, its leaning flag
 his counterweight.
 Later we will see how his hands are gloved,
 the three daubed stripes
 that are the spaces between fingers,
 like the sharps and flats of organ keys.

From *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* (1920) by Friedrich Schlegel, trans. E. V. Rieu (1952).
 From *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* (1920) by Friedrich Schlegel, trans. E. V. Rieu (1952).

she's out of breath

Frau Beckmann This is a slope.

A

Allan is close by

Allan Come on Franzis. Let's go to the fair.

Franzis He tugs my arm. He wants to go to the fair.

scene four

Franzis takes us to a back street

Franzis But first, this back street:
in a labyrinth of corridors,
each alleyway and doorway

Frau Beckmann is a gap, a break in the line,

Jakob Straat (*under his breath, under Franzis*)

He has a paintbrush in his pocket.

Franzis where light spills out.

Jakob Straat This is not real. This is no street I've ever walked.
And you / (have a paintbrush in your pocket)

Frau Beckmann Be quiet, Herr Straat! I'm trying to listen.

Franzis And here He comes,
Caligari
in his black cape,
tiny steps.
Quick quick quick. Stop.
Quick. Stop.
Tiny steps. Searching for something.
Quick as a fat black spider.
Searching for flies.
And here's a man to ask,
a man in a hurry.
He gives his card.

Man in a hurry I shouldn't go there if I were you.

Franzis He's undeterred.

Man in a hurry The Town Clerk is in a bad mood today.

Frau Beckmann The Town Clerk is always in a bad mood.

Franzis He shows the-man-in-a-hurry another card.
His name, it's

Man in a hurry Doctor Caligari.

Franzis Caligari

Jakob Straat This means nothing to me.

Franzis It will.

Man in a hurry I wouldn't advise – I wouldn't necessarily -
Oh if you must - come come come come come
but hurry.

scene five

*In the town clerk's office. Busy Busy. Papers, scribing, rubber stamping. Rhythmic. Unreal.
(The Town Clerk speaks the lines indicated. All others by the junior clerks).*

Franzis Into the Town Clerk's Office –

Frau Beckmann Such tall stools for the clerks!

Jakob Straat What's the use of their adding up – a barrow of money

we of 12 Tj 0 Tc (t) Tj-0 W h a c y e d i a b a d (t) j y W h e v e (c) a i j c t o (t) j o n 3 4 7 c j 4 j u p c

Clerk 1 It's just a line

Clerk 2 No, it isn't a division

Clerk 1 Not a sum?

Clerk 2 It's a sign.

Clerk 1 Who's that?

Town Clerk Grant it.

1. Divide it

2. Times it

Town Clerk WAIT.

Refused.

Grant that.

1. 5 over e?

Town Clerk I told you to wait.

the bustle stops.
silence

Franzis The Town Clerk swivels on his high stool.

Clerks (*a choral whisper?*) Ridiculously high.

Franzis Shuffles the next sheaf of papers

Clerks shuffle shuffle shuffle ssshhhh

Franzis As Dr Caligari waits.

Clerk 2 The Town Clerk makes him wait.

Franzis He calculates another sum

Clerk 1 5 over e?

Franzis And Caligari turns hinTj-101.52 -12.96 TD () Tj/F2 11.28 Tf0 -12.96 TD (F) Tj0 Tc (r)

Franzis - the gloved hand,
the three daubed stripes
that are the spaces between fingers,
like the sharps and flats of organ keys.

Clerks (*choral*) Discordant – he’s a dischord.

beat

Franzis But look. The clerk is getting down. From his perch.

Clerks He’d 2(c () Tj0 - Tj/F1 11.28 Tf101.52 0 TD0 Tc (i) Tjje) Tj0.06 Tc () Tj0nrdao

Interlude: Frau Beckmann

Frau Beckmann I lost my husband to the influenza,
and my son, killed at the hands
of the mutinous sailors of Kiel.
His own men.
We were at war with ourselves.
As my daughter lay sick in bed,
the streets outside her window filled with
the din of marching, demonstration, riot.
We ate turnip the day she died – food for cattle.
I slit a hole in the mattress and sewed inside
my wedding rings, four necklaces,
my mother's mother-of-pearl.
I believe in patience, God,
a proper order to all things.
I believe in my country.
But it is a year now since the war is "over"
and I am not reassured.

scene six

The Fair is in full swing

Townspeople:

Voice 1. There's a merry go round
Voice 2 And another
Voice 4 A dwarf

(Frau Beckmann) There's a dwarf in a conical hat.
Look on top of the organ
He's wearing a shirt
A dwarf in a conical hat!

(Frau Beckmann) Put a coin in his cup
Put a coin in his cup
Put a coin in the monkey's cup
(in a shirt!)
There's a dwarf in a conical hat.

Franzis Everyone comes to the fair!

Jakob Straat Chaos.
Anarchie!

Allan *(call-0.06792 Tc (s) Tj-0.12 Tc (h) Tj-0.2558 cca*

Jakob Straat Is it not a 'rhomboid' then?

Frau Beckmann You are such an ill-educated, rude man.
But wait, who is that?

Franzis Caligari.

Allan Who's that stranger, Franzis? He looks like a showman.
Come on! Let's follow him.

Franzis Through crowds, perambulators, twisted banners,
to a street of tents.
And from the largest tent of all
he steps out.
Spectacles pushed up to his brow.

Jakob Straat Comedian.

Franzis Or devil?

Frau Beckmann He has a bell – looks like my bell -

Franzis He carries an awkward roll of canvas on a frame.

He begins to ring the bell, wildly.

Frau Beckmann Sounds like my bell!

All Townspeople: Step up. Step up. See the amazing Cesar! Cesar the
Somnambulist!

Franzis The crowd pu584 Tc (m) Tj0.12 Tc (b) Tj0.12 416 Tc (w) Tj0.12 Tc (d) Tj-0j0.12 T-1
Fi p -0.25(t) Tj-0.12te10y24 aj0.12 T (r) Tj6e.3 Tc () Tj0.39624 aj TD 0.06792 Tc (

Franzis

The Amazing Cesar.
Light blinks, a slow blink. Closes its eyes.

Interlude: Jakob Straat

Jakob Straat

Monkey turns the handle through the night,
its barrel spits out broken tunes for broke

Franzis They are weighed down with/

Frau Beckmann Who is this who sleeps?

Franzis No-one sleeps.
Not sleep.

Frau Beckmann That is the Police Inspector!

Franzis They are policemen.

Frau Beckmann Then why -?/

Franzis They turn to the window. Oh so heavy, so slow.
And the victim/

Frau Beckmann ‘And the victim’ - no! What are you showing me? It’s an
attack?

Franzis So tired. So slow.

Frau Beckmann (*almost a whisper*)
A murder?

Franzis Such a small face in the bed, pinched chin.

Frau Beckmann It’s the Town Clerk!

Franzis Yes. The Town Clerk is murdered.

Frau Beckmann Dead! He’s dead!
Murdered in his sleep!
The Town Clerk is dead!

scene two

Next day at the fair.

Allan and Franzis laughing, in the story.

Frau Beckmann You and Young Herr Allan laughing – how can / you laugh?

Franzis We know nothing of the crime.

Allan Franzis – look!

Franzis We don’t hear of it until later.
For now –

Allan Look!

Jakob Straat
(as though reading) “Step up! Step up! Cesar who has slept for 23 years is about to wake. Don’t miss this”.

Frau Beckmann Not a fluent reader. Let me –

Jakob Straat Don’t touch me.
I don’t want the reek of your wealth on my skin. “Oh, money’s so worthless, they’re feeding their stoves wTj0.27168 Tc (e) Tj-0.2 (o) Tj-0.36 Tc (Oh

Frau Beckmann Let me.18 Tc () Tj0.12 Tc (–) Tj1.01.52 -12.96 TD () Tj/F2 11.28 Tf0 -12.96 TD (J) Tj-0.12 Tc (a) Tj0 Tc (k) Tj0.3

Frau Beckmann Let me.18 Tc () Tj0.12 Tc (–) Tj1.01.52 -12.96 TD () Tj/F2 11.28 Tf0 -12.96 TD (J) Tj-0.12 Tc (a) Tj0 Tc (k) Tj0.3

Jakob Straat What is a “somnambulist”?

Franzis A sleepwalker. One who is entranced, perhaps, hypnotized.

Allan He’s going to wake – for the first time!

Franzis (S) I don’t want to see it, Allan.

Allan Of course you do. Hurry.

Franzis(S) Allan, no. Let’s go to the carousels -

Allan Come on!

Franzis (S) - see the monkey -

Frau Beckmann Herr Straat - the crowd is going inside the tent. Please tell them to let me through. I need to ask about / (my bell).

Allan The Cabinet of Dr Caligari!

Caligari rings a bell
Franzis is a little disturbed as he narrates.

Franzis The light is muffled.
Caligari on the curtained platform
waves his arms, rings his bell.

Frau Beckmann My bell. The curtain is lifting – what is this?
A standing coffin?

Franzis The cabinet.

Allan Is he inside?

Franzis (S) So hot in here, Allan. Shall we leave, come back another/ -?

Allan Of course not! This is extraordinary.

Jakob Straat That cabinet is a crazy cabinet. Not even cut straight!

Frau Beckmann I need to retrieve my bell.

Jakob Straat “My bell. My bell”! How would it be your bell?
And I am not your servant.

Frau Beckmann. I would never have given you the honour of serving in my house. You are a peasant man.

Franzis Caligari opens the doors -

All Townspeople Wake up Cesar.
Wake up!

The doors creak open. A collective gasp. Silence.

Franzis He stands asleep.
A black-clad wraith,
The head too large, the limbs
impossibly long,
impossibly thin.

Frau Beckmann A will o' the wisp.

Franzis How white the face -
And see the darkened mouth,
thick triangles of paint beneath his tight closed eyes.

Allan He's a puppet!

Franzis (S) No.

Jakob Straat We're all puppets.

Allan He must be hypnotized.

Jakob Straat You're all hypnotized!

All Townspeople Sssshhhhh!

Frau Beckmann Jakob Straat!
You cannot leave. Herr Franzis is showing us a story.

He's leaving -
Come back!

Allan Listen!

Franzis Caligari speaks: *Wake up Cesar!*
It is I calling you, Caligari, your master I command you!
Awaken for a brief while from your dark night!

At first only the quiver of a muscle in his hollow cheek,
a nostril flares a little, lips part as he stirs - or fades.

These might be the spasms of

Townspeople

Voice 1. his eyes

Voice 2 seine augen

Allan in a dream

Frau Beckmann So hot in here.
And like a night vision.
Let the creature sleep.

Townspeople

Voice 1. fighting sleep.

Allan He's fighting to open his eyes

Franzis He's a bare tree struck by lightning
He's a hairline crack in the wall of the world
He's a haunting

Frau Beckmann He's my torment – he's what's left behind.

Franzis No will of his own but

Townspeople

Voice 1 His eyes.

Voice 2 Er öffnet die augen!

Franzis He's fighting to open his eyes!

a collective gasp
His open eyes!

Frau Beckmann What does he say?

Allan Franzis, I want him to tell my fortune.

Franzis(S) No.

(to Frau Beckmann) He says that the somnambulist knows all secrets.

Allan What shall I ask?

Frau Beckmann Does he know that Dr Caligari has stolen my bell?

Franzis (to Allan) Ask nothing. Come away.

Frau Beckmann He is inviting us to ask the somnambulist to look into our future.

Franzis (S) Allan!

Townspeople

Voice 1 He's going to the stage

Voice 3 He's going up.

Voice 2 It's Master Allan

Voice 4 Head in the clouds

Voice 2 He's going to speak to the wraith.

Voice 1 Sssshhhh

beat

Allan asks his question to the stage, clear.

Allan How long have I to live?

pause

Cesar (a sung note?)
The time is short.
You will die before dawn!

*The crowd gasps.
Silence.*

scene five

A street

Allan I wish I had not asked. Why did I ask? Die before dawn. Too frail to fight in the war. Too young to die.

Frau Beckmann You have frightened the boy. You should never have let him lead you in there. "Somnambulist"! Huh!

Franzis Frau Beckmann, I tried. It seems I had no choice. It gives me a heavy heart but this is the story.

Franzis (S) Forget it, Allan my friend! Caligari is a charlatan, a mountebank!

Allan I am haunted by the eyes of the somnambulis Forget it, Alget

F ae hA6 -13.2 T (et) Tj0.06 Tc (tt) Tj0.06 Tc (tt) Tj0.06 Tc (ttc (tt) Tj0.06 Tc (tt) Tj0.0

Frau Beckmann No! I will not have my darling in this.

Franzis and so do I, because

Franzis+Allan (S) we both love her.

Jane Allan. Franzis. Why did you not take me to the fair today?

Frau Beckmann I am going home to my bed. I don't want to hear another word of this story tonight. And you keep my Jane out of this unpleasant tale!

Allan Please let's not speak of the fair.

Franzis Frau Beckmann! I cannot! I cannot keep her from - Please come back -

Jane Let's hold each other's hands,
let's talk at once,
let's laugh.
Let's move along the street
into another street
(a flight of steps)
And step into the light
because

Allan Yes, I'm sure

Jane And a creature who walks in his sleep, and tells the future –

beat

My father said/

Allan No –

Franzis (S) Tomorrow, our dear heart, sweet Jane – we may go to the fair.

beat

quiet, as she moves away

Jane (He loves me. He loves me too.
He loves me. He loves me too).

She fades away under Franzis

Franzis Off a different street

Sht Caligari is at his 0

0

.

3

All Murdered.

Voice 3 Your friend is dead!

Franzis Der junger Meister Allan.
My friend is dead.

ACT THREE

Scene one

*An unnamed place.
Franzis weeping. Frau Beckmann comforts him.*

Frau Beckmann Don't weep so. Why are you weeping? You're making this story. You have only yourself to blame.
And in any case, nothing is real -

she tears paper

There. Your cut-out windows,
paper sky.
This black paint is still wet.
And now I have it on my hands, like a guilty stain, and
underneath my nails.

Franzis It is darker now.

Frau Beckmann What is darker?

Franzis Allan is dead. From now on, everything is darker.

Frau Beckmann It was not so very bright before.

beat

So, who did this terrible thing?

beat

You don't know? What kind of tale is this? You must know
how it ends!

Franzis I don't.

Frau Beckmann What about/

Franzis Wait.
The prophecy of the somnambulist!

We must go to the police inspector.

“The prophesy of the somnambulist”!

Scene two

At the police station

Frau Beckmann The policemen will not be interested in the predictions of a fairground fortune teller. They will say you are raving. They will lock you away!

I cannot climb these high steps.
Into the mouth of Hades.

Franzis The police station is a little gloomy. Perhaps this is why the officers are dozing at their desks.

Policeman 1 Wait there, please sir.
(Think I'd nodded off there)
papers on the floor and –

Policeman 2 we only have these triangles of light.
How can we help you?
just complete this

Policeman 1 quarter past two – At night?

Policeman 2 Better climb down, oah,
uniform, chin strap

Policeman 1 proceeding in an orderly
take your time.

Policeman 1 When I apprehended
buttoned to the neck
now we don't want another riot
nip it in the bud.

Policeman 1 That's my catch phrase
steady on there sir

Policeman 2 better close round this

Policeman 1 take a big breath

Policeman 2 Stamp it, stack it
file marked D it

Policeman 1 murder?
Policeman 2 slightly hysterical man.

Frau Beckmann Franzis. Herr Franzis!
(He is acting out the frenzied murder of his friend).

Policeman 1 Wait there, please. I'll fetch the inspector.

Frau Beckmann There is something frightful in our midst.

Policeman 1 Big shiny buttons. Inspector. Make way.

Police Inspector Big shiny buttons, dark cape, high hat.
What's this? what's this? what's this?

Frau Beckmann Petty beaurucrats in uniform.

Police Inspector There is a procedure.

Frau Beckmann I doubt they could solve a children's picture puzzle.

Police Inspector Excuse me, sir, you cannot take the law –

Policeman1 Look at the young man's nostrils, flared like a startled horse,
Policeman 2 the whites of his eyes.

Frau Beckmann Herr Franzis, wait!

Police Inspector We have systems.
Fetch a doctor. This mar s

Police Invran yesiH Herr Franzis, wait!

Scene three

the garden of Jane's hou

Franzis (S)

Sweet.

Franzis

I follow her indoors.
to the curtained sitting room,
such opulence,
swirling scallops on the wall,
a curving sofa,
table with its vase of three strange blooms.

Jane

Three days ago I cut fresh flowers
but father could not stand to see their petals fall.

Franzis (S)

Doctor. Doctor.

Dr Olfens

Jane. Something is wrong.

Jane

It's Allan.

Dr Olfens

What? What's wrong, dear boy?

Franzis (S)

Doctor.

Under Jane's speech, at a distance, muffled – Fran

Jakob Straat (S) Money in her mattress
Mean as mud
And she prattles like a tommy gun
in my scarred slope of a face.
I'll have her jewels, then, shall I?
Slash her mattress with a 1-2
thrust and slice of the knife.

Frau Beckmann (S) Help! Murder!...Help me!

Franzis And from every split in the walls,
from every pool of black,
every contorted house –

All Townspeople Stop him!
Murder!
He has a knife!
It's Jakob Straat!
The war sent him mad.
Hold him. Hold him.
Take the blade.
Be careful!
Take the knife!

He is overpowered.

On the ground. Bitter. Chanting/ raving.

Jakob Straat (S) Slam of a fat door ! he ffu

Franzis Drink your soup.

Frau Beckmann Water and dry bones.

Franzis There's more to tell.

Frau Beckmann I cannot bear the story.

Franzis Whilst Jakob Straat was creeping into your bedroom with a knife, I was with your son-in-law, walking to the caravan of Dr Caligari.

Frau Beckmann You are obsessed with this creeping man.

Franzis We walked in silence. My bitter, feverish mind pictured the somnambulist's box lying flat like a coffin. Pictured him sitting up in it, drinking soup, maybe.

Frau Beckmann Something a little more wholesome. Mashed potato. With a little salt.
How could he eat if he is asleep?

Franzis Dr Caligari lifts him, feeds him like a baby. The eyes of the somnambulist are closed.

Frau Beckmann He thinks he dreams of eating mashed potato.

Franzis Then we arrive – Dr Olfens and I. We knock the door of the caravan.

the door is knocked

Frau Beckmann Another of your cardboard pieces – this caravan is ridiculous.

Franzis Sssh. Drink your soup.

Frau Beckmann Hhm.

Franzis Dr Caligari pushes the somnambulist back into his box. He closes the lid. He comes to the door. He is angry. He steps outside and bars the door. "Nein" he shouts. "You shall not enter my home. Nein!" But Dr Olfens -

Frau Beckmann My dear son-in-law. How I miss my darling daughter. And Jane is safe indoors? I don't want her in this picture book of yours.

Franzis Dr Olfens has official papers from the police inspector. We go in – he has to let us in.

Dr Olfens Please open the box, Dr Caligari. I need to examine the somnambulist.

Franzis He doesn't want to do it, but he has to.

Dr Olfens Thank you. Mmmm.

Franzis He listens to his heart.
He does have a beating heart.

the beating heart – we are listening through the stethoscope / and we are inside Cesar's chest (his box and his heart)

Cesar In no man's land I cannot breathe
I cannot die.
Mud in the mouth, mud in the eyes.
My thick tongue traces ruins,
burnt out, dry,
I am occupied.
Mud in the mouth, mud in the eyes.

Franzis But then a noise outside

All Townspeople *(a bill poster)*
Extra! Extra! Late news! Holstenwall Murders: Mystery Solved! Criminal attempts another murder! Caught in his third attempt!

He's caught! The police inspector's locked him in a cell!

Franzis Caligari cackles to himself, raises his hat in mock ceremony.

Frau Beckmann So he is caught, the murderer. And you almost allowed him to kill me. This is the end of the story, mm?

beat

Herr Franzis?

Franzis You are safe, Frau Beckmann. Get some sleep.

Frau Beckmann Where are you going?

Franzis I have some things to do, some business to attend.

Frau Beckmann You're looking shifty.

Franzis Sleep. Sleep.
I will find you in the morning. We will finish my story then, when there is perhaps a little natural light in the sky.

ACT FOUR

Scene one

Jan

Jakob Straat (S) All right. I swear to the devil,
I swear to the Weimar Republic, I swear to the Treaty of
Versailles, I swear to the empty hollow in my stomach, I swear
to going to war for old fat men and coming back to this
trench, this blood-in-the-lungs wasteland coughed up in a night
terror, / this

Police Inspector Slow down there, criminal. My junior is struggling to get all
this written down – (or is it written up?)

Policeman 1. Er. It's "written down" I'd say, sir. Later on, when I put it on
file I'll "write it up". I think

Jakob Straat (S) I had nothing to do with the murders.

Scene Three

Franzis Frau Beckmann r. 20832 Tc (e)(r) Tj-0.06792 Tc (s) Tj0.06 Tc (.) Tj-101.
twctea0iteIgiee
orgi iteu w 0enn
i t ttrgtkm0nk
ngc9nk
i ite cgwie tF Igntc(i) Tj-0.06792 c (le) Tj0.06 Tc (w) Tj-0.25584 Tc (h)22416 Tc (e) T.

Jane How white his face -
And the darkened mouth,
pale beneath his tight closed eyes.
He's a puppet!

Franzis No.

(Jakob Straat We're all puppets).

Jane He must be hypnotized.

(Jakob Straat You're all hypnotized!)

Franzis Sssshhhhh!

Dr Olfens What is Jakob Straat talking about?

Franzis (S) Nothing. The ravings of a damaged mind.

Franzis The somnambulist cocks his head a little. Is he trying to hear?
And then, quite suddenly –

Jane He's opened his eyes! Is he awake, Doctor Caligari?

Franzis His unshuttered eyes.

Jane As though he's trapped inside his eyes.

she moans/whimpers with terror and flees

scene four

Franzis Frau Beckmann snores a little, grinds her gums
Dr Olfens reads into the night and lovely Jane has gone to rest
in the arabesques of her elegant room.
At last she sleeps, a restless sleep
as Jakob Straat turns in his cell.
Only Franzis searches the crooked dark like a criminal.
I, Franzis, a shadow tearing the seam of night.
Looking for Caligari,
and for Cesar.

And finding them, asleep in their caravan. Caligari hunched in
a chair, the somnambulist in his open box, eyes closed.
Wait a while. Stay vigilant, Herr Franzis. Keep your guard.

scene five

Cesar

I am the blind who leads the blind.
A broken bird, one wing held high along the wall
I am a hide-behind, one hand
a sail to steer my graceful course,
the other by my side, behind my back,
it holds a blade.

Fre z (i) Tj-0.25584 Tc (l) Tj0.3 Tc () Tj028.61 11.28 Tf101.52 0 TD -0.15624 Tc (I) Tj0.3 Tc (Cj-0

Fr

1. Never mind, we must save Jane.
We must save beautiful Jane!

scene two

Franzis Inside the caravan, Caligari and Cesar sleep. There am I, Herr Franzis, watching them sleep, watching them for hours. But shouting, I hear shouting from the hill –

Townspeople

1. Tall chimneys black against the sky, tall towers
Tall chimneys black against the sky, tall towers
Tall chimneys black against the sky, tall towers

2.

Stay with

Franzis

They assure me, he has not left his cell.

scene two

Franzis

Again, again, around and through
the streets of Holstenwall,
where the monkey turns the hand **U**

Policman 1
Policman 2

Light as a feather, sir.

Franzis

The path climbs
and then we're back into lamp-lit streets
and try as he might he can't be lost in shadow.
I'm gaining on him, close, I hear him snuff
and strain, then he's through a gate in a wall,
and he's gone. There's a sign, an arrow.
It says – It says *IRRENANSTADLT* -

RE (e) 81j) 01j8r 1c (N) (S) 2Tt (0) 5P 04) 5016 (0) 196 HD (0) 1JD (0) 1j5 81) 6T2 (6) 2T 68 7C (1) 1j0

scene four

Doctor 1 Help me, he's fainting.

Doctor 2 What's happened?

Doctor 1 He seems to be in shock.

Frau Beckmann I too am in shock. The Director. This is shocking.

From his cell

Jakob Straat I am not in shock. Why are you fools surprised? Because he is a Director? Has Authority not proved itself insane, over and over? Power-crazed, mad?

Frau Beckmann You're a sick man, Jakob Straat.
Where are the police brigade?

Jakob Straat Here. At the police station. Back on their high stools at their low desks, dozing and scribbling, dozing and scribbling reports to read out to each other.

Herr Franzis! Search his room when he's sleeping.

Frau Beckmann This is not your story to tell.

Jakob Straat This story put me in chains – I have rights in this story.

Franzis Here. A book, and his diary.
I find them in his room this night.

Jakob Straat Good man.

Frau Beckmann Let me see them.

Franzis Ssh.

footsteps

The doctors see me as I leave.

Jakob Straat Fool!

Franzis But they offer to help. And we find more. Here:

he reads. As he reads, Frau Beckmann reads with him, then also Jakob Straat.

The Cabinet of Dr Caligari

In 1093, a mystic by the name of Caligari used to travel around the country with a curiosity – a somnambulist whom he carried in a rough wooden cabinet fashioned like a coffin. At this time, town after town existed in a state of terror, caused by a series of murders, all committed in the same way, for Dr Caligari had subjected the somnambulist to his will, compelling him to commit these terrible crimes.

Case Studies and Notes

March 12th 1919. At last! I have been given the rare case of a somnambulist. He is being brought to the Asylum today. Now I shall be able to prove whether one in this trance state can be compelled to do things of which he remembers nothing, and which would abhor him if awake.....Can he made to commit murder?

Doctor 1 This was always his special study.

Doctor 2 I recall his agitation when the somnambulist arrived.

Franzis (S) Yes. It makes complete sense.

Doctor 1 You look pale, Herr Franzis.

Franzis (S) There's more. Here.
"Temptation. I must know.
I must become Caligari."

The air is filled with distorted, disturbed voices

Frau Beckmann He's chasing words in the air! Dr Caligari, I can see him, he's chasing words!
"I must become Caligari"!

Voices YOU MUST BECOME CALIGARI
DU MUSST CALIGARI WERDEN
DU MUSST
CALIGARI
DU MUSST CALIGARI WERDEN

A man arrives – the sounds fade.

Townsperson Herr Franzis. We thought you would want to know – the sleepwalker has been found, in the ravine. He's dead.

Franzis (S) Bring him here.

Doctor 1 Is this wise?

Franzis (S) He belongs here. Bring him to Doctor Caligari.

scene five

From the fields to the Asylum, carrying Cesar on a stretcher. All talking at once.

**Dr Olfens and
Townspeople** Be careful.
1. Wh

they are leaving

Frau Beckmann(S) I am not leaving.

Doctor 1 Please knock, Herr Franzis.

Doctor 2 The Director becomes most annoyed if one enters without knocking.

Franzis opens the door. A gasp from the doctors.

Franzis (S) I have nothing to fear.

Frau Beckmann Inside his office the Director has his back to us.

okziFei2Hm0.36 Tc (u) Tj-0au-Tc (e) Tj0.3 Tc () Tj-0.22416 Tc (D) Tj0.12 Tc (p) Tj0.06 Tc uTj-0.25584 Tc (t) T.3

Doctors/

Frau Beckmann AAAGH!

He's strangling me!
Get him off!
The madman.
Straitjacket – get the jacket.

Franzis (S) Take him to a cell. I'll follow.

Frau Beckmann With one of your arms in the air.

Franzis I am the blind who follows the blind.
A broken bird, one wing held high along the wall
one hand
a sail to steer my graceful course.

scene six

Caligari's cell

A chilling sound – a distortion of a cell door closing and locking.

silence

Frau Beckmann Herr Franzis? Are -12.72Tj0.27168 Tc(a)Tj0 5d0j0 Tcii hhslong

Frau Beckmann Herr Franzis?

she whispers, a loud whisper

He is washing his hands, and putting away his cardboard and his canvas and his glue.

Franzis A town cannot rebuild itself.

Frau Beckmann ~~Xote hve Tot (n) tsh 26 Tur (s) Fj-0.1083 2468 Em (n) DiTj/F1 11.28 T 468 Tc (n) a~~

New Town Clerk I am the new Town Clerk.

Townspeople We are securing it.
A Holstenwall memorial

New Town Clerk On whose authority?

Townspeople Herr Franzis.

New Town Clerk Does Herr Franzis have a licence?
I do not think so.

Townspeople Does he need to have a licence?

New Town Clerk It's a plaque!
It's a sign!
It's a memorial!
Of course he needs a licence!

Townspeople We agree.
We didn't make it.
It's an eyesore
Affrontery.
Black blot.

Frau Beckmann(S)e

584 Tc (e-13.2 TD -0.156)(3(e) Tj-0.iz Tj0 Tc (a) Tj-0.12 Tc (n) Tj0.06 () Tj0 2 -12.96 7

e76 Tc (') Tj-0)c (W) Tj0 Tc (e)

Franzis(S) Don't do that!

She has begun – tearing card.

New Town Clerk I must order you to stop that please, Frau Beckmann.
You do not have the authority to destroy that sign.

Frau Beckmann(S) But this is crazy – you just said/

Franzis(S) Please just leave, all of you. This story is over. It is finished.

New Town Clerk Do you have the paperwork to confirm that?

Franzis(S) What? Don't touch me!

Frau Beckmann Come away Jane.

Jane I don't mind him grandmother – but he keeps asking me to marry him. And I hardly know him.

from his cell, chains rattling

Jakob Straat Franzis! Herr Franzis! Let me out – You need help! You're in danger! They won't let your story end the way you want it – they'll make out you're mad! They'll never let you get away with that tale! Believe me. I know.

New Town Clerk Stand back, everyone. I need to speak with the Director.

Townspeople Who is the Director?
Who is this man crossing the square?
So smart, and smiling so kindly
at everyone he sees.

Jane Who is the important man, grandmother?

Frau Beckmann

New Town Clerk Here he comes. The Director.
 First, a shock of white hair.,
 and then such kindly eyes behind his spectacles,
 and underneath his arm a book
 draped in the folds of his cloak.
 The town is his backcloth.

Townspeople It's Caligari!
 No!
 Looks like him.
 But he was locked up
 Raving
 Painted face
 Crazy eyes.

Frau Beckmann That was just a story.
 A story made up by poor Franzis.

Jakob Straat I'm telling you! Run!

Franzis(S) Jane. Come with me. Please. Listen – listen to my story..

He is desperate. She speaks under him.

Jane We Queens – we may never follow our hearts.

Franzis Perhaps it begins here. 1919,
 in the square of a small town at dusk.
 Or in the cold sweat of a broken room.
 Or at the guerning mouths of our / fathers

New Town Clerk And here he is.
 The Director.
 In his fine cloak, smiling.
 He is helping us to rebuild

a0.36 Tc (u) Tj-0.06 Tc (c (s) Tj1.52 0 TDc (i) Tj-0.3j1.52 0 TDc (i) Tj-0.3j1.52 0n () Tj0 Tc Tj-0.3j) Tj0.

Dr Olfens Come, come come. Be calm.

Jakob Straat Run, Franzis! Just run!

Townspeople That was just a story.
Just a tale.
Good morning Herr Director
Guten Tag
Good Day.

Franzis (S) He is Caligari! Caligari! He was the Director but he went
crazy. He is mad – not me! He's mad!

a struggle

**Doctors/
Frau Beckmann (S)** AAAGH!
Herr Franzis.
Restrain him.
He's strangling me!
Franzis is crazy.
Get him off!
Get him off!
The madman.
Franzis is insane!

Franzis (S) He is Caligari!

Doctors Straitjacket – get the jacket.

Dr Olfens Take him to the cell. It is ready for him. I'll follow.

Jakob Straat You fool!

*Chains rattle. Franzis is dragged away yelling.
Silence.*

The Director At last, I understand his madness. He believes that I
am the mystic, Dr Caligari. Now I think I can see a way to cure
him.

New Town Clerk The End.
This is official.
The end.

