Black and white, a drama in three acts

Collins Wilkie
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BLACK AND WHITE.

A Drama,

IN THREE ACTS.

BY WILKIE COLLINS AND CHARLES FECHTER.

AS FIRST PERFORMED AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE, LONDON, UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF BENJAMIN WEBSTER, ESQ., ON MONDAY, MARCH 29, 1869.

TO WHICH IS ADDED


NEW YORK:
ROBERT M. DE WITT, PUBLISHER,
No. 13 Frankfort Street.
CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Adelphi Theatre,
London, March 26, 1860.

COUNT Maurice de Leyrae (Lead).......................... Mr. Flight.
Stephen Westerfield (Heavy Character).......................... Mr. Arthur Stirling.
David Michaelmas (Low Comedy or Odd Man).......................... Mr. Atkins.
Pinto (1st Low Comedy)........................................... Mr. Delmore.
Provoe Marchal (Utility)........................................... Mr. Stuart.
Wolf (2nd Heavy).................................................. Mr. Phillips.
Slaves, Planters, Jurors, etc.
Miss Milburn (Lead)............................................. Miss C. Leclercq.
Mrs. Pentolah (Walking Lady)...................................... Miss Lennox Grey.
Ruth, a Quadroon (Character)..................................... Mrs. Leigh Murray.
Slave Girls, etc.

TIME OF PLAYING—TWO HOURS.

SCENERY (West Indian, Winter.)

ACT I.—Scene 1st.—Loudon, verandah, and landscape, in 1st grooves. Night:

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Door.

Sofa.

Table and Chairs.

Landscape on flat, distant view of high mountains; palmettos in middle distance; cactus and other tropical plants in foreground. Moon, n. c., transparent, which is not to show when this scene is seen by sunlight effect, as Scene 1st, Act 21. Tubs of orange trees along flat. The windows in 3d groove set are French windows reaching to the foot of the flat, but are not used for entrance ways. The c. opening is large, width of a folding-doorway; curtains of light stuff at all these. Light matting down on stage front of 3d grooves, n. l. and n. c., practicable; vases of flowers, l. and n. front; candleabra, with wax candles burning, against flat. Upper entrance is arched over by a cane verandah roof. Dressing table, with mirror, l. c.; handle on it.

Scene 2d. Forest in 1st grooves, dark.
Scene 3d. Flat interior and wood in 4th grooves. Night. Limelight for moonlight effect in L. U. corner, in the flies, to cast rays upon roof U. E.

Wood.

Wood.

A.

Door.

Table.

Stool.

Roof let down of rafters; high up L. C., in flat, a large window, in ruins, 5 feet wide by 3 feet high, so as to discover Westcraft upon set roof on a level with its sill, A., in U. E.

ACT II.—Scene 1st. Same as Scene 1st, Act 1st, sunlight effect.
Scene 2d. Flat interior, open L. and R. E., in 1st grooves.

Landscape.

A.


Landscape on flat. Bright sky, horizon of mountains; trees in foreground, with sugar-mill roofs, and bell-tower of planter's house. Trees for wings; sky sinks and borders. B. side: B, a profile set, representing a market cart, tilted down on the shafts, loaded with melons and yams; blending in with m. lower corner of flat, painted with clump of plants, A, a vegetable stall, with awning, with melons and other fruit, L. side. 1st E., open; 2d E., set house, with pract. p., window above with striped awning; 3d g., set of wall of house; 3d r., stall of fruit and vegetables; C, profile set of rocks run on to mask side of steps, p., leading L. C. to C.
BLACK AND WHITE.

ACT III.—Interior in 3d grooves.

[Window.]

| Cabinet. | Bed. |

| Door. |

| Chair. |

Backing to window in r., bright sky. The room is in a very dirty condition; cobwebs and stains on the walls; window-sash opens up; outside shutters open; curtains are full of holes; bed-curtains are partly taken from the canopy frame; the wall papering has a pattern of large leaves at equal distances, so that on the I. side of window, the rows may allow of sight of these roses between it and I. set, and three roses from the set ceiling; door I. c. is not to open, but is raised so that the lights there show through it; small square of carpet down; the cabinet up I. open one door, with books tumbled out in disorder; waste-paper basket r. c., upset, with papers partly out; a table r., with drawer partly open; c. c. by window arranged with open tray, so as to give the idea of stage level being at a room in the first floor over the ground floor; steps without for the window to be climbed into; small trap in flat, r. c., high up, to be reached by standing on bed.

Scene 2d. Prison interior in 1st grooves. Cane walls like those of a cell-house; shackles and chains painted on wall; open I. and I., or with transverse set with door to open I. and I.; key-hole to I. D.

Scene 2d. Same as Scene 3d, Act II.

COSTUMES.

Note.—The action is about 1850, but the costumer of the Adelphi chose to habit the characters in dresses of the present day. His dresses, according to that course, are therefore described. The Derron costume will suit very well.


WESTCRAFT.—Panama hat with black ribbon round it, white shirt, loose cravat in sailor fashion, white linen jacket and pants, canvas shoes, carries a bowie within his jacket collar behind right shoulder; may smoke cigarette throughout; face a little browned, black moustache, crescent-shaped, points downward, black short-crop wig, or short curl, heavy eyebrows, passionate disposition and quick with his hands; sharp, quick speech.

MICHAELMAS.—Black hat, dark brown coat, fancy flowered vest, gray pants.

PLATO.—Negro: gray hair, gray eyebrows; tall white beaver hat with loose crown half off, ragged brim, hickory shirt, blue trousers coming down to mid-leg, black leggings, striped socks, cowhide shoes, long white swallow-tail coat of linen, with buttons of different sorts and colors, pockets, very deep, in the tails. He is very polite, fond of bowing.
BLACK AND WHITE.

WOLF.—Negro; striped bandanna twisted round his head; savage look, moustache and short beard; light coat.

PROCTOR—MARSHAL.—Blue coat of light stuff, straw hat, light pants.

PLANTERS.—Like MARSHAL and WESTCRAFT. Dark complexions.

GUESTS.—Evening dress, European, and like WESTCRAFT.


NEGRÖES.—Straw hats of all sorts, fancy striped calicos, bright-colored handkerchiefs.

SERVANT.—Act I.: Livery, white coat.

MISS MILBURN.—Act I., Scene 1st.: Satin ball dress, with train to be quickly detached, and leave the dress for walking, light mantle for her, ready to be worn. Act II., Scene 1st.: House dress, white muslin with a few knots of ribbon. Scene 3d.: White walking dress, fancy Leamouth hat with streamers. Act III., Scene 2d.: White straw hat, blue dress. Scene 3d.: White wedding-dress, Leamouth hat, trimmed with orange-flowers and white lace.

MRS. PENFOLD.—Act I.: Handsome ball-dress, jewellery, fan. Acts II. and III.: May come on to form picture; white muslin walking dress, parasol, straw hat. (Dress of Dora SUNNYSIDE, in "Octoroom," will answer.)

RUTH.—Yellow face, hair in curls, fancy striped dress. Scene 3d.: Hair loose, face pale.

PLANTER’S WIVES, etc.—Act I.: Ball dresses. Act II.: Like MRS. PENFOLD’s second dress, parasols.

SLAVES.—Fancy handkerchiefs, calico skirts.

CHILDREN.—For the PLANTERS’ sons and daughters, and for young slaves, in dresses to suit their characters.

PROPERTIES (See Scenery.)

Act I., Scene 1st.: Candles in stands; flower vases, tubs for orange-trees; ice cream in cups, on salver, wine glasses and decanter, on table L.; spring bell. Scene 2d.: Books and pencil for SECRETARY; cards for PLATO. Scene 3d.: Bed, table, candle in candlestick, bottle of medicine, pocket-book, papers in it. Act II., Scene 1st.: Same set as Scene 1st. Act I.: Cane for LEONARDO. Scene 3d.: Vegetables, flowers, fruit, for stalls and baskets carried by NEGROES. Act III.: Loose papers, books, cabinet, bed, chairs; carpenters’ three-foot rule; table up C., letter at end of string in small trap, L. C. in F. Scene 2d.: Key for jailor; paper for MARSHAL. Scene 3d.: Same set as Scene 3d., Act II.: Battens for some of the PLANTERS to carry; paper for WESTCRAFT; letter for David.

(For Synopsis, see Page 34.)
EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Actor is supposed to face the Audience.

D. R. C.  C. D.  D. L. C.

R. E.  SCENE  L. E.

R. 3. E.

R. 2. E.

R. 1. E.

R.  B. C.  C.  L. C.

C.  L. C.

L.  Left.
L. C.  Left Centre.
L. 1. E.  Left First Entrance.
L. 2. E.  Left Second Entrance.
L. 3. E.  Left Third Entrance.
L. U. E.  Left Upper Entrance
(wherever this Scene may be.)
D. L. C.  Door Left Centre.

C.  Centre.
R.  Right.
R. 1. E.  Right First Entrance.
R. U. E.  Right Upper Entrance.
D. R. C.  Door Right Centre.
BLACK AND WHITE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Boudoir interior, verandah and landscape in 4th groove. 
Moon in hat, r. c. Night effect. Lights in candleabra on stage. Music 
of Waltz.

Curtain rises. Discover Dancers in u. e., pronouncing r. and l. Mrs. 
Penfold, r. c., arranging her bracelets.

Enter, l. u. e., looking about him eagerly, Stephen Westcraft.

Westcraft (comes on by c. d., and down c.). Not here either? (to 
Mrs. Penfold) Have you seen Miss Milburn?

Mrs. Penfold. No. (cease music.) 
West. She is engaged to me for the next dance, and I can’t find her 
anywhere. I can’t understand the lady of the house neglecting her 
guests in this way.

Mrs. P. She has been in the ball-room, hasn’t she?

West. Yes, but not to stay long. Hang me if things will go smoothly 
if she displays as much reluctance to giving me her hand in marriage as 
she does for a dance with me.

Mrs. P. Phew! You are looking at it too seriously, Mr. Westcraft.
West. No! I have seen something very curious in her conduct to 
me lately.

Mrs. P. (aside). Oh! he has noticed that, has he? More penetration 
in him than I gave him credit for!

West. She has never been the same woman since her voyage to France. 
Hang me if I don’t begin to think that there is another man at the 
bottom of it. (strikes table, l. c., with his hand passionately. Music, bass chord, 
piano.)

Mrs. P. (aside). Ah! (carelessly) Do you think so? (watches West-
craft closely.)

West. Yes. Well, I won’t judge in a hurry. I’ll look again. (sotto 
testo off l. u. e.)

[Pronounceas exclaim slowly, l. u. e.]

Mrs. P. (aside). He evidently suspects something, and cannot be de-
ceived much longer. Poor Emily! I can’t understand her. What can 
be the reason for her strange conduct? (Music for Miss Milburn’s en-
trance.)

Enter, r. d., Miss Milburn, with an absent, woeary air.

Mrs. P. (lightly) Oh, here you are come back? The voluntary 
ereclipse of the star has been missed already.

Miss M. You are not dancing, dear? I really don’t know what to 
do with myself. (takes seat, r. c., languidly.) I think I need rest. (cease) 
too bright. (going to r. d.)
MRS. P. (stops her). What nonsense! Go and hide yourself in slumber on your birthday fête?  
Miss M. Don't speak to me of my birthday fête! I wish I had never had one. (seizes B. C.)
Mrs. P. And then you are engaged to Mr. Westcraft. He has been looking for you everywhere. (c.)
Miss M. Mr. Westcraft! (contemptuously) Will you please see if there are any ices there? (Miss P. hands her on ice from L. c. table) Let me have some. Thanks. (severely stands it, puts it down wearily) 1—I think I had better retire.  
Mrs. P. Don't think of it.  
Miss M. Why should I not stop away?  
Mrs. P. Oh! it would look so bad. How could you?  
Miss M. What if I had a reason?  
Mrs. P. Oh! is it a good one?  
Miss M. I don't know. (abruptly) Oh! I am so unhappy!  
Mrs. P. You unhappy, dear?  
Miss M. I have a great mind to tell you. (Mrs. P. approaches Miss M. affectionately) I wish to return to Europe.  
Mrs. P. Ah! Is London so tempting a place?  
Miss M. London? London is a dreadful smoky, great, busy, show-going place, where every good thing comes from abroad, even to the money. But Paris is the refuge for the dull and weary, who have the minds to appreciate it. It's the gayest city in the world! I don't regret London, but I have never been at peace since I have been in Paris.  
Mrs. P. Ah! I thought your usual spritser from something like this, I saw you were sighing for something.  
Miss M. It is a most charming place!  

Enter, R. E. E. and by c. d. F. Ruth, with bunch of flowers. Drops on one knee and offers flowers to Miss Milburn. *

Miss M. Ruth! (takes flowers) Why, you ought not to be here. Thank you. You are not strong enough to be out. Do go in, do go in. Ruth. I only wanted to see you and bring you these, with my sincere wishes for your happiness on your birthday.  
Miss M. My happiness! (bitterly, almost in tears) I can't bear it! I'll go away—I am only plagued more and more. (kindly) But don't you be painsed—it is not your fault, Ruth!  
Ruth. I did not mean to grieve you, Miss. (kisses Miss Milburn's hand, and exits R. P. and off. E. E.)  
Miss M. Poor old Ruth! poor girl! I was speaking to the doctor about her—he says she is dying of a heart broken, nothing else. Even a slave can love (sighs) Ah!  
Mrs. P. But you have not told me what ails your heart. And how are the men there?  
Miss M. The men?  
Mrs. P. The men. I suppose they do have gentlemen in Paris?  
Miss M. I hardly know. They were much about the same as anywhere else. There was only one, indeed, whom I met more frequently than the others in society.  
Mrs. P. Ah! Mr. Westcraft was not altogether wrong, in fearing the influence of the French gentlemen.  
Miss M. Mr. Westcraft! If he does me the discredit of suspecting me

*Miss Milburn.  
Ruth.  
Mrs. Penfold.
before marriage, he will do well not to have my hand at all. I can easily refuse him.

Mrs. P. Then you do love a French gentleman? Poor heart! Come, what was the French gentleman like?

Miss M. You wouldn't like me to let you suppose I accepted him as a suitor? Pshaw! he was of high rank, fashionable, moving in the same society as myself; and so we danced together, and we saw each other. I met him everywhere—it was Fate! it was Fate that brought us together! No one can resist his fate! It was certainly strange. It was not my fault! How you look at me! (Mrs. P smiles) Don't you understand me! (reproachfully) I wish I was dead! (sulkily) Do you understand that? (to L, and return to C, with emotion.)

Mrs. P. (R. C. up, quietly smiling to herself). So you completely forgot Mr. Westcraft?

Miss M. Who said so? Have I ever loved Mr. Westcraft?

Mrs. P. I don't know. On what terms did you part with the French gentleman?

Miss M. (affectedly light tone). As the best friends in the world. But I remembered Mr. Westcraft. On the eve of my departure, my new acquaintance wished to know how he might renew the pleasure I had given him. (R. C., Miss Penfolds to C.) I had to tell him that I was going back to the Island of Trinidade, where he would have to come for it. "When shall I come?" asked he, in the most matter-of-fact of tones. "Oh, you may come to my birthday fête, on my plantation, on New Year's Day," said I. (pretended careless tone) He took out his pocket-book, and wrote that down as business-like as possible—and—(embarrassed) we shook hands, and he smiled, and I laughed, and there's an end on it! (faint forced laugh)

Enter, L. U. E., frowning with annoyance, Westcraft to C.

West. (aside, coming down C.). She is not in the ball-room. I'll swear to that. (aloud) Oh, there you are! This is a pretty way of treating the man with whom you are engaged for the next dance!

Miss M. I am not well.

West. Not well? Piquancy awkward, when they're forming for the next dance. (bites his lips, etc., in suspicious impatience)'

Miss M. I must retire for repose.

Mrs. P. I'll go with you, dear. (aside to Miss M.) I have not heard all the story. (Miss Milburn goes back on table, L. C., and goes towards L. D., followed by Mrs. Penfold.)

Miss M. (aside to Mrs. P.). Not now. (Girl opens L. D.)

Mrs. P. At least, what is his name? (Miss Milburn turns to whisper to her.)

Servvant enters, L. U. E. to D. F.

Servvant. The Count de Leyrac! (Miss Milburn starts and turns. Chord.)

Enter, L. U. E. to C., Maurice de Leyrac. Leyrac salutes the Ladies and comes down a little. C. Music of Waltz, piano. Exit Girl, L. D.+

*Miss Milburn. Mrs. Penfold. Westcraft.
1 Westcraft. Mrs. Penfold. Miss Milburn.
2 Westcraft. Leyrac. Mrs. Penfold. Miss Milburn.
R. C. L. C. L.
Let. Eh! I have not made any mistake? This is New Year's Day, 1839. This is the Island of Trinidad. This is Miss Milburn's birth-day party. (recognizes Miss Milburn, salutes her profoundly respectfully) Excuse me, but surely you have not forgotten the appointment you did me the honor of making. (Miss Milburn takes his hand.)

[Exit Servant, L. E. E.]

Let. I beg to apologize if my costume is not quite correct, but the ship entered the harbor only an hour ago. (Pause music.)

Miss M. I beg to apologize, you so surprised me. I did not hope—believe you wore in earnest.

Let. Never more so in all my life!

West. (to Miss Milburn). Who is this?

Let. (turns and eyes Westcraft steadily. They look at each other.) Ah! a member of the family, no doubt! (Miss Milburn whispers with Mrs. Penfold animatedly, both glancing at Leyrac. Most happy to know you, sir! Would you like to shake hands with me? (Westcraft moves to his left during this, to place himself between Leyrac and Miss Milburn.) You are her brother? No! Her uncle, of course!

West. (turning) No! Nothing of the sort. (Mrs. Penfold laughs faintly, and Westcraft gives her an angry look.)

Let. How stupid of me! (to cousin) (Westcraft raises his hand passionately to strike Leyrac, who grasps it, and forces him to shake hands with him.) Delighted to make your acquaintance. Ah! it has been the one dream of my life to look upon your superb island. I know all about it, as far as reading will teach. Your productions are as numerous as valuable: indigo, liquorice, sugar, cotton, cochineal, dyestuffs, oranges, limes, cocoa, pineapples, all I know not what else. I shall be most happy to be your guest. (to Miss Milburn) I like your island. I like your cousin! I like his rich-brown face. I feel assured that I shall be delighted here, with such a pilot (to Westcraft, bowing) to the countless beauties.

West. I do not doubt your experience. Mr. Fenchurch, but I do doubt that you will see much of this island if I am to show it you.

Let. (disably.) Ah! (polity.) I am very sorry to hear of such a loss of anticipated pleasure.

West. (contemptuously.) All very well, but fine words butter no parsnips. (turns to Leyrac.)

Let. (puzzled.) Fine words butter no parsnips? Oh! more productions of this superb island! Fine words—butter—parsnips! Indigo, liquorice, sugar, cotton, cochineal, dyestuffs, oranges, limes, cocoa, pineapples, fine words, butter, parsnips. (laughs.)

Mrs. P. and Miss M. (laugh at Westcraft). Ha, ha, ha!

Let. Why this is the earthly paradise! (bows to Mrs. P. and Miss M., who take seats, L. C.) and you the angels that inhabit it. (Indica return the salute, smiling).

Enter, L. E. E. to c., Lady.

Lady (to Westcraft). Are you coming? (Leysrac bends over back of Miss Milburn's chair, to chat with her.)

West. (to Lady). Wait a moment. (to Leyrac) If you have got anything to say to Miss Milburn, don't whisper to her, but speak out.

Let. Speak out! As you do?

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K. C. C. L. C. L. C.

†Lady, up C. Letrac. Mrs. Penfold.

Westcraft. Miss Milburn. L. C.