

**TYPHOON: A PLAY
IN FOUR ACTS**

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Typhoon: a play in four acts by Melchior Lengyel & Laurence Irving

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MELCHIOR LENGYEL & LAURENCE IRVING

**TYPHOON: A PLAY
IN FOUR ACTS**

First Published in 1913

CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY

Japanese Colony in Paris:—

BARON YOSHIKAWA
TOKERAMO, *Doctor of Letters*
KOBAYASHI, *Doctor of Letters*
OMAYI, *Doctor of Laws*
KITAMARU, *Doctor of Medicine*
YAMOSHI, *Doctor of Laws*
HIRONARI
AMAMARI
MIYAKE
TANAKA
YOSHINO
YOTOMO

GEORGES, *Tokeramo's Servant*
RENARD-BEINSKY
PROFESSOR DUPONT
BENOIT, *Investigating Judge*
MARCHLAND, *Judge of the High Court*
SIMON, *Judge's Clerk*
USHER
THÉRÈSE
HELÈNE

ACTS I II AND IV

At Tokeramo's Flat in Paris

ACT III

*Room of an Investigating Judge
(Palais de Justice)*

*The action of the play takes place in Paris at the
present day*

NOTICE

It will be noted that in the scenes where the Japanese are conversing with each other, and therefore supposed to be speaking in their own language, they use no accent, though pitch and intonation have a certain national peculiarity, but in the scene where they are conversing with Europeans and are therefore supposed to be speaking in a foreign language, a very strong accent will be marked.

CAST OF THE PLAY

As produced at the Haymarket Theatre on April 2, 1913

BARON YOSHIKAWA	Robin Shiells
TOKERAMO	Laurence Irving
KOBAYASHI	Henry Crocker
OMAYI	Claude Rains
KITAMARU	Azooma Sheko
YAMOSHI	Charles Terric
HIRONARI	Leon M. Lion
AMAMARI	Arthur Stanley
MIYAKE	S. Isogai
TANAKA	A. Tsuchiya
YOSHINO	K. Sumoge
YOTOMO	George Carr
GEORGES	H. O. Nicholson
RENARD-BEINSKY	Leon Quartermaine
PROFESSOR DUFONT	E. Lyall Swete
BENOIT	Arthur Whitby
MARCHLAND	Allan Jeayes
SIMON	Herbert Hewetson
USHER	Stuart Musgrove
THÉRÈSE	Marjorie Waterlow
HELÈNE	Mabel Hackney

The play produced for FREDERICK HARRISON by
Mr. LAURENCE IRVING with the assistance of Mr.
A. S. TSUBOUCHI and Mr. YOSHIO MARKINO.

TYPHOON

ACT I

SCENE: *Paris. Sitting-room of TOKERAMO's flat, richly furnished, but several Japanese objects contrast oddly with the ordinary French furniture. At the spectator's right is a folding door which leads into the hall and the outer door of the flat. Glass has been let into the panels of this door, so that without casting a shadow upon the panels no one could approach it from the outside. Beyond the door a large French window with curtains and a blind, leading into a balcony; in the window there hangs a Japanese wind-bell, which tinkles when the breeze stirs it. In the centre of the back wall is a curtained picture of the late Mikado. Facing the window, at the spectator's left, an archway hung with heavy curtains leads into the bedroom. When the curtains are parted a large bed may be partly seen. Below this archway is another door leading into the interior of the flat. The chief piece of furniture in the room is an imposing writing-desk with a reading-lamp on it; in the window is another table with a large deed-box on it. Sofa, chairs, etc. Several bowls and vases containing flowers, not arranged in close clumps but in the more sparse Japanese manner.*

(From the outside door of the flat prolonged, violent pushing of the electric bell is heard,

which brings GEORGES—a tall young red-haired man-servant—out of the bedroom, and he goes off to open the flat door. Voices are heard in altercation.)

GEORGES. (*Outside.*) The master is not at home, mademoiselle.

HELÈNE. (*Outside.*) Then I'll wait.

GEORGES. (*Outside.*) When the master's not at home I mayn't let any one in.

(GEORGES is pushed backwards into the room by HELÈNE, who drags in THÉRÈSE by the hand. HELÈNE is a very flamboyant-looking young woman, with a restless, almost boyish manner; she is dictatorial, quite devoid of reflective powers, but with all the charm of a highly strung, impulsive, if shallow nature. THÉRÈSE is younger, submissive, and sentimental; she has none of her friend's captivating brazenness.)

HELÈNE. Oh, be damned! Come on, Thérèse!

THÉRÈSE. But perhaps we ought not.

HELÈNE. (*Taking up mirror and looking at herself.*) Pooh! don't be a little fool! I'm at home here—very much at home; part proprietor, in fact. Georges, when'll your master be home?

GEORGES. (*In desperation.*) He's there—in his bath.

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HELÈNE. (*Seizing GEORGE'S car.*) Then why did you say he's out when he's in?

GEORGES. I'll tell him you're here, mademoiselle.

HELÈNE. You'll keep your mouth shut. (*Pushing cigarette into his mouth.*) There's something to occupy it. (*HELÈNE thrusts a handful of cigarettes into his jacket pocket.*) And now off you go! (*Clapping her hands.*) Quick march! Skidaddle! Bonjour; love to all at home.

(*GEORGES disappears, grinning at these antics in spite of himself, and in spite of his perilous infringement of his Japanese master's strict injunctions.*)

One fool less in the room, anyhow. (*Chucks cigarette to THÉRÈSE.*) If anything takes your fancy, pocket it. I give you leave. (*Picking up portrait frame, looks at it with a tinge of regret.*) Me at seventeen. . . . (*Goes off into loud, half-bitter laugh.*) Look! It's the only one in existence. . . . (*Contemplating the portrait desisively.*) Dear little innocent. . . . I went over to Folkestone pier once to a beauty competition, and that did me in.

THÉRÈSE. You didn't win it?

HELÈNE. Oh, yes, I won the competition—though I did get a minus for my nose—I won the competition. . . . Don't you loathe men?