

**THE WALTZ OF THE
DOGS. A PLAY
IN FOUR ACTS**

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The Waltz of the Dogs. A Play in Four Acts by Leonid Andreyev

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LEONID ANDREYEV

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This One



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THE
WALTZ OF THE DOGS

A Play in Four Acts

BY
LEONID ANDREYEV

AUTHORIZED TRANSLATION FROM THE
ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT BY
HERMAN BERNSTEIN

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New York, U. S. A.

CHARACTERS

HENRY TILE
CARL TILE, *his brother*
ELIZABETH
ALEXANDROV, *nicknamed "Feklusha"*
"HAPPY JENNIE"
ANDREY TIZENHAUSEN
IVAN YERMOLAYEV
IVAN, *man servant*
TWO HOUSE PAINTERS

THE WALTZ OF THE DOGS

ACT I

SCENE: *Two house painters are singing a song behind the wall. They sing it softly, without words, monotonously. CARL TILE, a student, is sitting at his brother HENRY TILE'S writing table. The apartment is new, not yet completely finished or furnished; nor is the room in which CARL TILE is sitting completely finished. It is intended as a drawing room, and the new furniture is arranged in strict order: armchairs, plain chairs, a small round table near a couch, an oval mirror; but there are no rugs, no draperies, and no paintings. In the middle of the room a table is set for dinner. Everything in the room is angular, cold, lifeless—life had not yet begun there. The new little piano is very glossy; music is arranged on the music stand. CARL TILE is busying himself with a skeleton key.*

CARL

The house painters are singing.

He whistles softly to the tune of the quiet song without words. Then he strikes the table with his palm softly and says:

Yes.

He strikes the table twice again after measured pauses, repeating:

Yes—Yes.

Pause.

I have just opened my brother Henry's table with a skeleton key. I was looking for money. But I found only twenty-five rubles—only twenty-five rubles. That's too little.

Again he strikes the table after measured pauses.

Yes—Yes—Yes. I wonder whether my brother Henry—Henry Tile—knows that I am a card-sharp, a gambler, a thief, that I am looking for a woman to support me! No, he does not know. My brother Henry is not wise. No. No. Now he'll think the house painters stole the twenty-five rubles, he may not even notice that they are missing. "Brother Carl!" he says, "Brother Carl." Yes.—But could I?—If Henry had much money, oh, a lot of money, of course—and if it