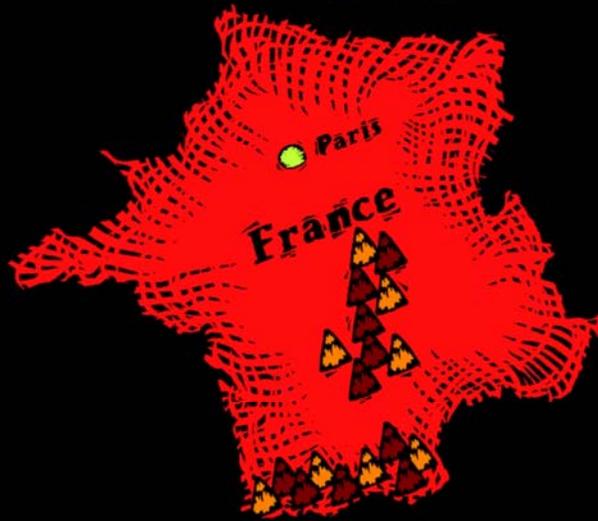


CANDIDE

All is for the best in this world of ours.

Adapted from
the novel by
Voltaire



Arthur Reel

BIG DOG PUBLISHING

CANDIDE
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CANDIDE
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**"ALL IS FOR THE BEST
IN THIS WORLD OF OURS."**

— CANDIDE

CANDIDE

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CANDIDE

SATIRE. Wickedly funny, this adaptation of the classic novel by Voltaire traces the exploits of Candide as he travels through Europe and the New World. The story begins as Candide is banished from the kingdom of Westphalia after he is caught in the arms of Cunégonde, the Baron's daughter. Friendless and hungry, Candide is duped into joining the Bulgarian army. He escapes from the army and meets up with his old mentor, Pangloss only to become shipwrecked at sea while sailing to Portugal. Candide survives, but as he is washed ashore, he arrives just in time to witness a major earthquake. As Candide stumbles through the ruins of the earthquake, he discovers that Cunégonde has been ravished by an army of Bulgars, sold to several brothels, and is now owned by two men. Determined to marry Cunégonde, Candide sets out trusting in his firm belief that "all is for the best in this world of ours."

Performance Time: Approximately 120 minutes.

ABOUT THE STORY

Realizing that *Candide* (1759) would offend the upper classes, Voltaire did not acknowledge that he was the author when it was first published. Instead, Voltaire gave the book a fictitious subtitle that read, "Translated from the German of Dr. Ralph, with the additions found in the doctor's pocket when he died at Minden, in the year of grace 1759." *Candide* proved to be a huge success with more than 40 editions appearing in the first 30 years after publication.

CHARACTERS

BARON TUNDER-TEN-TRONCKH: Wealthy baron; vain, pompous.

SERVANT

FAT LADY: Baron's wife, non-speaking.

CUNÉGONDE: 17, Baron's beautiful, buxom daughter.

PANGLOSS: Tutor and philosopher who is a die-hard optimist.

CANDIDE: Bastard son of the Baron's sister; naïve optimist who believes "all is for the best."

PAQUETTE: Chambermaid who has an affair with Pangloss and gives him syphilis.

BARON'S SON/LEADER: Snobbish, revels in the pride of his family's lineage.

MAN 1, 2: Recruit Candide.

WAITER

OFFICER

HEAVY MAN "RAMON": Whips soldiers into shape.

KING

GENERAL 1, 2

WOMAN 1: Loots dead soldiers.

PRIEST 1, 2

WOMAN 2

JAMES: Kind, helpful man; loses his life during a shipwreck.

SAILOR 1, 2: Cruel and selfish.

MAN 3: Earthquake survivor.

WOMAN 3: Earthquake survivor.

OLD MAN: Earthquake survivor, practical.

DON: Elderly, rich merchant; purchases Cunégonde.

OLD WOMAN: Works for Cunégonde; helpful and practical; only has one buttock.

OFFICER 2

AIDE

PRESIDENT: Wants Cunégonde for his wife.

CACAMBO: Loyal valet and advisor to Candide.

SERGEANT

RIGHT: Wife.

LEFT: Wife.

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BIG: Husband.

SQUAT: Husband.

FIRST MAN

SECOND MAN

THIRD MAN

BENT MAN

PATCH

JOHN: Has a mangled arm and bandages on his head, shirtless.

VANDERDENDUR: Ruthless merchant, cheat; dressed in a suit.

RAMON: Small man.

PROSTITUTE

PIMP

MARTIN: Long-suffering elderly scholar, pessimist; foil to Pangloss.

DOCTOR: French, wears a suit.

JACQUES: French, social escort.

ACTOR

ACTRESS

LADY 1

COUNTESS

GUEST

NURSE

OFFICER LA BLANC

MAN IN UNIFORM: Non-speaking.

EXTRAS: As crowd, soldiers, ship passengers, corpses, townspeople, court members, Parisian socialites, and prisoners.

NOTE ON CASTING: Several bit parts may be doubled to accommodate a smaller cast.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

Act I

Scene 1: The Baron's estate in Westphalia.

Scene 2: In a garden.

Scene 3: Another part of the garden.

Scene 4: Town of Waldberghoff-Trarbk-Dikdorff, in the land of
the Bulgars.

Scene 5: Drill yard.

Scene 6: Battlefield.

Intermission

Act II

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PROPS

Book
2 Small café tables
4 Café chairs
Bottle of wine
Wine glasses
Chains
Lock
Long stick
Whip
Blindfold
Mask
Heavy ax
Field glasses/binoculars
Knapsack
Pot
Tooth
Ship's wheel
Eye patch

Booty
Veil
Jewels
Knife
Guns
Pistol
2 Knives
2 Large stakes
Ropes
Gold rocks/pebbles
Sacks
Strongbox
Deck chairs
Bed
Garter belt
2 Diamond rings
Letter
Screen/partition

SPECIAL EFFECTS

Trumpet sounds – hunting	Fake blood
Someone being whipped	Soft music
Groans	Sound of troops marching
Drums	Ship’s whistle
Applause	Bugle
Troops marching to drums	Gunshots
Cannon fire	Sound of blizzard
Intense rifle fire	Surf
Cries and screams	Barrage of cannon fire
Music	Gay music
Thunder	Opera music
Lightning	Sound of a metal door opening and shutting
Warning siren	
Loud cracking sounds	

ACT I
SCENE 1

(AT RISE: *The Baron's estate. A trumpet sounds. Baron Thunder-ten-tronckh enters with Servant.*)

BARON: I am going hunting. Press all my dogs into service.

SERVANT: Pressed, your lordship. Every last dog.

BARON: Have my grooms ready to perform.

SERVANT: Ready, your lordship. Every last groom.

BARON: Tell me, is my name Baron Thunder-ten-tronckh?

SERVANT: Indeed, your lordship, your name is Baron Thunder-ten-tronckh.

BARON: And am I not the most influential nobleman in all of Westphalia?

SERVANT: Indeed, the most influential—

BARON: And do I not run the most efficient household in the entire country?

SERVANT: Everything is in perfect order, your lordship.

BARON: Then where is my wife? (*Servant claps hands. Trumpet sounds. A Fat Lady enters, attended.*) And where is my daughter, Cunégonde? (*Servant claps hands. Trumpet. Cunégonde, a buxom girl of seventeen enters.*) And the tutor of my house, Pangloss? (*Pangloss enters. Bows to Baron.*) Is it not a fact, Pangloss, that you are the most recognized authority on all matters of learning?

PANGLOSS: They say that, your lordship.

BARON: And that you are an expert on the subject of metaphysico?

PANGLOSS: Yes...

BARON: Theologo...?

PANGLOSS: Yes...

BARON: Cosmolo...?

PANGLOSS: Yes...

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BARON: Nigology...?

PANGLOSS: Yes...

BARON: And isn't my hunt about to begin?

PANGLOSS: Yes, that follows, your lordship. Your hunt is about to begin.

BARON: Then where is my son!

(Pangloss looks around.)

PANGLOSS: Your son?

BARON: *(Bellows.)* My son!

PANGLOSS: *(Calls.)* Candide!

BARON: Not Candide!

(Enter Candide.)

PANGLOSS: Candide, where is Baron Thunder-Ten-Tronchk's son?

CANDIDE: I have not seen him, Pangloss.

BARON: *(Raising voice.)* Where is my son! *(Threateningly, to Candide.)* Are you lying to me, Candide?

CANDIDE: Oh, no, your lordship, I never lie.

PANGLOSS: Candide never lies – he's my pupil.

CUNÉGONDE: Candide is innocent, father.

CANDIDE: It is Pangloss who is the recognized authority – he has taught me all I know. I listen to him with complete faith.

BARON: But what has this to do with my son?

CANDIDE: Well, if Pangloss teaches metaphysico-theologico-cosmolo-nigology and has proved incontestably that there is no effect without a cause, and that in this best of all possible worlds my lordships' country seat is the most beautiful of mansions and my ladyship is the best of all possibly ladyships...

(Reaction: Lady bows, Baron looks around proudly, Pangloss smiles.)

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PANGLOSS: True, true. Every phrase. It is proven that things cannot be other than they are.

(All applaud Pangloss.)

PANGLOSS: You are a good student, Candide.

CANDIDE: I have listened very carefully, Pangloss.

PANGLOSS: With the utmost attention.

CANDIDE: And I have learned so much.

(Pangloss pats Candide on the shoulder.)

BARON: But wait! What has this to do with my son?

(Reaction: The others look at one another and utter, "Yes," "His son," "What has this to do...?" etc.)

CANDIDE: I believe I know where he is, your lordship.

(The others become silent.)

BARON: Yes, yes, go on. Where is he?

CANDIDE: Well, I-I...cannot lie.

PANGLOSS: You must never lie, Candide.

CUNÉGONDE: No, never, Candide.

BARON: Where have you seen my son?

CANDIDE: Behind a bush, your lordship.

(Reaction: The others mutter, "A bush?" etc.)

BARON: And what was he doing behind the bush?

(Candide hesitates.)

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PANGLOSS: Tell us, Candide.

CANDIDE: I must not lie.

PANGLOSS: Never that, Candide.

CUNÉGONDE: No, never, Candide.

CANDIDE: *(With great difficulty.)* Well...he was
sitting...and...and...

(Enter Son. Candide sighs with relief.)

BARON: Ah, here he is! *(Embraces Son. Others applaud.)* And
now—where all red-blooded Westphalian men should go...to
the hunt!

(Horns. All exit, except Candide.)

CANDIDE: *(Aside.)* Oh, I would have blushed terribly...if I'd had
to tell him...the truth.

(Blackout.)

SCENE 2

(AT RISE: In a garden. Pangloss and Paquette sit near a large bush. He is administering.)

PAQUETTE: But I must return and attend my lady, Dr. Pangloss.

PANGLOSS: *(Continues to love her.)* It is more important you learn your lesson in experimental physics, my dear.

PAQUETTE: But you've taught me once already...

PANGLOSS: Learning takes time. There is always something new, something more refined, something... *(Turns her around to another position.)* ...how shall I say it? *(Presses forth.)* Rather enjoyable.

PAQUETTE: Yes... rather... enjoyable.

(Enter Cunégonde. She hears them. She crosses to the bush and peeks. Paquette makes sounds of delight.)

PANGLOSS: *(In motion.)* Rather experimental...quite scientific...

(Fade to blackout.)

SCENE 3

(AT RISE: *Another part of the garden. Candide sits reading a book. Enter Cunégonde, hot.*)

CUNÉGONDE: (*Urgently.*) Candide!

(*Candide rises.*)

CANDIDE: (*Urgently.*) Yes, Lady Cunégonde!

(*Cunégonde draws closer.*)

CUNÉGONDE: Candide!

CANDIDE: (*Drops book.*) Lady Cunégonde!

CUNÉGONDE: (*Against his body.*) I must teach you... (*Embraces.*)
... what I've just learned!

CANDIDE: I like to be taught.

CUNÉGONDE: Here! Like this! (*Demonstrates.*)

CANDIDE: Like this?

CUNÉGONDE: And like this!

CANDIDE: Like this?

CUNÉGONDE: It's called experimental physics. (*Kiss.*) Sufficient
reason. (*Kiss.*) Cause and effect. (*Kiss.*)

(*Enter Baron.*)

CANDIDE: Yes, that's so. Cause and effect. (*Total embrace.*)

BARON: Sufficient reason? Cause and effect? (*Grabs Candide.*)
Here you! I'll give you cause and effect! Take this! (*Swats him.*)
And this! (*Kicks him.*) Out! Banished! Leave my house! (*Baron
roars. Cunégonde screams. Candide retreats. Trumpets sound.
Crowd enters.*) And you! My own daughter! (*Smacks her. She
faints.*)

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PANGLOSS: Tsk. Tsk. Tsk. Bad. What the young ones learn these days. I'm ashamed of you, Candide.

BARON: *(To Candide.)* Be gone! I banish you from this house— forever!

(Baron exits. Trumpets sound. Crowd boos. Lights fade to black.)

SCENE 4

(AT RISE: The town of Waldberghoff-Trarbk-Dikdorff, in the land of the Bulgars. Candide is sitting at a small café table. Man 1, 2 are sitting at another table.)

MAN 1: *(To Man 2, indicates Candide.)* That fellow's been sitting in this inn for three hours.

MAN 2: I'd say he's lost.

MAN 1: Hungry.

MAN 2: A likely candidate.

MAN 1: *(To Candide.)* How are you, fellow?

(Candide glances at them but does not answer.)

MAN 2: *(To Candide.)* Know what town you're in?

CANDIDE: I've lost... my way...

(Man 1 moves his chair closer to Candide.)

MAN 1: This town is called Waldberghoff-Trarbk-Dikdorff.

MAN 2: Can you tell us something, fellow? How tall are you?

CANDIDE: *(Confused.)* How... tall...?

MAN 1: Stand up, fellow?

(Candide rises. They stand near him to measure him up.)

MAN 2: *(To Man 1.)* Just the right size.

MAN 1: *(To Candide.)* How about dining with us, fellow?

CANDIDE: I appreciate the honor, but I haven't any money.

MAN 2: *(Sitting him down.)* People of your appearance and merit never pay anything.

MAN 1: We'll pay for you, even assist you with some money...

MAN 2: What are men for but to help each other.

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MAN 1: True religious spirit, sir.

MAN 2: Here, take a few gold pieces. (*Hands Candide the gold coins.*) And don't bother with a receipt.

MAN 1: We're all brothers under the skin.

MAN 2: Creatures of God.

(*Man 1 snaps his fingers. Waiter comes with a bottle and glasses.*)

MAN 2: (*Pouring.*) Let's all drink. (*They raise glasses.*) Do you know to whom you are drinking, fellow? (*Candide shakes his head.*) Why, the King of the Bulgars.

CANDIDE: The King? But I don't know him...

MAN 1: Stand up, fellow. (*Candide rises.*) To the King—

MAN 2: A most amiable—

MAN 1: A delightful—

MAN 2: An astounding—

MAN 1: A man of love and religion

MAN 2: You must admire him.

CANDIDE: Indeed, if he is that praiseworthy, I must—

(*Man 1 passes Candide the bottle.*)

MAN 1: Drink again! To the highest, the finest! (*Candide drinks.*)
A true savior! (*Takes the bottle from Candide.*) You are now a
Bulgar hero! A great patriot! Your fortune is made! Glory
awaits you!

MAN 2: Put your hands behind your back, fellow.

CANDIDE: My hands...? (*They grab him, clasp his hands behind his back, and chain him.*) But why?

MAN 1: You must defend!

CANDIDE: What?

MAN 2: Your country!

MAN 1: Besides, you're five-foot-eight.

MAN 2: Under 35.

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MAN 1: You'll make an excellent—

MAN 2: A perfect—

MAN 1: Soldier!

(They lay him on their shoulders. Blackout.)

SCENE 5

(AT RISE: Drill yard. Candide has a long stick on his shoulder. Officer commands him.)

OFFICER: March! About face! Stand straight! Left turn! Slope arms! Order arms! (Candide tries to carry out each order but falls behind and becomes more and more confused.) Call in Ramon! (Offstage voices: "Ramon!" "Ramon!" A Heavy Man appears, holding a whip. To Candide.) Cat-o-nine-tails for you, fellow! (Blackout. Whipping, groans, when the lights fade back in, Candide stands weakly, with the long stick. His shirt has been shredded.) Let's try again. Stand straight! Left turn! Right march! Raise arms! Slope arms! About face! (Candide stumbles about miserably.) Ramon! (Offstage voices echo: "Ramon!" Enter Heavy Man with a whip.) Cat-o-nine-tails again, fellow. (Blackout. Whipping. Lights fade in. Candide's shirt is hanging from his trousers.) Try again, fellow. (Orders are repeated. Candide manages to keep up somehow.) You're a hero, Candide! You've learned to be a great soldier—in three easy lessons! (Clasps hand.)

CANDIDE: I...have always been...a good student...

OFFICER: And now, as a reward, we'll try you on the field—with real guns.

CANDIDE: Real...? Guns...?

OFFICER: It will be the high point of your life! (Officer turns away briefly. Candide bolts. Offstage voices: "There he goes! "He's running from the army!" etc.) Bring him back! No man escapes from the army! (Offstage voices: "No man escapes from the army!" etc. Candide is dragged back on stage. Officer slaps him in the face.) Now you'll really get it, Candide! (Shouts.) Prepare him for the court! (Drums. Heavy Man seats Candide.) Prepare him for the sentencing!

CANDIDE: What became of the court?

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OFFICER: You've been allowed to choose between being flogged 36 times by the whole regiment...or having 12 bullets shot into your brain.

CANDIDE: But that's hardly a choice!

OFFICER: What? Are you spitting on liberty?

CANDIDE: I'll run the gauntlet.

OFFICER: He'll run the gauntlet! Prepare the regiment! *(Heavy Man tears shirt from Candide and escorts him offstage. Lights fade out as whipping is heard. Lights fade back. Calls to Heavy Man.)* Has he been revived?

HEAVY MAN: After 4,000 strokes, every muscle exposed in his back, the man is barely alive.

OFFICER: A common occurrence—

HEAVY MAN: He cannot endure anymore, sir. He asks for his own beheading.

OFFICER: Granted. Behead him!

HEAVY MAN: *(Calls offstage.)* Prepare for a beheading!

(Candide is dragged onstage, blindfolded. The Heavy Man enters with mask and heavy ax. But before he can act, there is a flourish. The King enters.)

OFFICER: *(Bows.)* Your majesty?

KING: What is going on here?

OFFICER: Merely a little beheading.

KING: *(Looks at Candide.)* I know this man. Candide, I believe. I've been told about him. Utterly ignorant of the way of the world, pathetic creature. He must be granted a pardon.

OFFICER: A pardon?

KING: Yes, I believe in protecting the underprivileged. I believe in fighting for the weak, defending their rights. No man shall be exploited while I am the leader of this country. Let Candide go free. We are on the verge of starting a war to save the oppressed—the exploited people—of our neighboring country!

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(Blackout and heavy cannonade. Spotlight on King.) Our country is defending itself! Our country is protecting, honoring commitments, honoring mankind, honoring freedom, honoring religion. Our country is defending its borders, and so we must advance into their country. We must destroy! We must kill! We must save!

(Great applause. Marching to drums is heard.)

OFFICER: Excellency, our army is in good shape, well trained, drawn up for battle. What beauty! Uniforms spotless, heads erect, faces smiling, teeth sparkling. And what power. Listen to that! Harmony! *(Powerful cannonade. Looks into field glasses.)* The opening barrage has destroyed...about 6,000 men.

KING: Theirs or ours?

OFFICER: *(Still looking through field glasses.)* On each side. *(Intense rifle fire.)* At least 6,000 more by rifle fire.

(Sound of soldiers' cries and screams.)

KING: *(To Officer.)* What's happening now?

OFFICER: Bayonets, excellency.

KING: Are they all dying?

OFFICER: Heroes. Every last one, excellency.

KING: Theirs too?

OFFICER: No, excellency...theirs are vermin.

(More cries and screams from soldiers.)

KING: A bloody affair.

OFFICER: A massacre.

KING: But for the good of all mankind.

OFFICER: To say the least, excellency.

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(Incredible cannonade. Blackout.)

SCENE 6

(AT RISE: Battlefield. Lights fade in. Candide stands in a corner, shaking.)

CANDIDE: *(Unconvincing.)* That was very colorful and brilliant. Those who have never seen two well-trained armies drawn up for battle are missing something. What precision! What bravery! What heroic killing! *(Shivers with fear.)*

(Blackout. More gunfire. Suddenly the gunfire stops and there is laughter. Enter Generals 1, 2 of both armies, Woman 1, and Soldiers, who lay dead on the stage. Spotlight on both Generals.)

GENERAL 1: We've beaten them!

GENERAL 2: We've licked the bastards!

GENERAL 1: We've shot the guts out of them!

GENERAL 2: We've knocked —

GENERAL 1: We've blown —

GENERAL 2: We've mangled —

GENERAL 1: We've butchered —

(Offstage laughter is heard on both sides. Generals 1, 2 toast. Offstage soldiers' voices: "Hurrah!" etc. many times. Lights up. Candide makes quick move to CS.)

CANDIDE: I'll find another time to understand all this. *(He sees Woman bending over a dead soldier.)* Old woman!

WOMAN 1: I'm not old, sonny. I'm just bending over the dead.

CANDIDE: What do you want from the dead?

WOMAN 1: Anything I can find!

CANDIDE: But that's... robbery.

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WOMAN 1: Robbery! (*Hideous laugh.*) They're all dead. (*She goes quickly from body to body.*) Butchered! Beheaded! Disemboweled! (*Laughs wildly.*) Mine—everything is mine!

CANDIDE: (*Shudders.*) What a sight...

WOMAN 1: Yes, sonny, it's a beautiful sight. Why, some of those bodies you can't even recognize. May as well be a cow...or a horse.

CANDIDE: Terrible...

WOMAN 1: Terrible? It makes it easy. There is no face to look up at you. No eyes! Conscience doesn't cramp your style. Look at that field, sonny. Arms! Heads! Brains! Nothing is recognizable! (*Starts off quickly.*) I'll become rich!

(*Woman 1 exits, laughing. Candide almost throws up. A Priest enters.*)

PRIEST: Is that a new form of prayer, son?

CANDIDE: No, Father, it's an old form of vomiting.

PRIEST: Sacrilege!

CANDIDE: I didn't mean it to be. I just couldn't help it...

PRIEST: What are you doing here—amongst the dead?

CANDIDE: Thinking, Father.

PRIEST: Thinking of what?

CANDIDE: Of where to go.

PRIEST: Where were you going when you began to think?

CANDIDE: I was...wandering...

PRIEST: One is not allowed to wander in this life.

CANDIDE: Well, I'm sort of empty. There is nothing left in my knapsack, and I have absolutely no money...

PRIEST: Where is your home?

CANDIDE: I was thrown out of my home.

PRIEST: What about a cause?

CANDIDE: (*Dumbly.*) A cause?

PRIEST: Every man must have a cause.

CANDIDE: Then I have one.

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(Pause.)

PRIEST: Well, out with it.

CANDIDE: There is no effect without a cause. All things are necessarily connected and arranged for the best. It was my fate to be driven from Lady Cunégonde's presence, run the gauntlet, witness the butchery, and now feel the pangs of true hunger. I am about to beg for my bread, Father. But things could not have happened otherwise.

(Woman 2 enters, carrying a pot.)

PRIEST: Are you a believer?

CANDIDE: A believer of what?

PRIEST: What do you mean of what? *(Indicates upward.)* Him!

CANDIDE: Well...ah...I've never done much thinking of him...

WOMAN 2: Never done much thinking of him?

(Woman 2 tosses the brown contents in pot at Candide. Priest backs away from Candide.)

PRIEST: Phew! That was some load of crap!

(James enters and observes the scene as Candide tries to wipe the contents off.)

WOMAN 2: *(To Candide.)* You ought to be ashamed of yourself!

PRIEST: *(To Woman 2, trying to lead her away.)* Come, the smell is disturbing me.

(James approaches Candide and helps him wipe the contents off.)

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WOMAN 2: *(To Candide.)* Be off, you monster! *(Priest tries to lead her away.)* May you swallow it! May you –

(Woman 2 continues to rant as she and the Priest exit.)

JAMES: Come, I'll take you to my home...where you can bathe. Then I'll feed you...poor fellow.

CANDIDE: Oh, sir, I knew it. My tutor, Pangloss, was right. *(They begin to exit as lights begin to fade.)* All is for the best in this world of ours. All rights itself in the end. *(Stage goes black. Musical interlude. On board a ship at sea. Lights fade in on Candide strolling. He is feeling much better. He is also dressed better.)* How right Pangloss was. All is for the best in this world. I've been given new clothes, a home, a position as an apprentice... *(Enter Pangloss, who is dressed as a beggar, wearing a ragged coat, and is covered with sores. He is coughing and spitting. Candide bends over and picks something up from the ground.)* I believe you've lost a tooth, sir.

PANGLOSS: Give it back. *(Clutches tooth.)*

CANDIDE: Here, I'll give you some money with it.

PANGLOSS: Can this be...? Are you –?

CANDIDE: Pangloss!

(They embrace.)

PANGLOSS: My breath fails me! My eyes deceive me!

CANDIDE: What's become of you?

PANGLOSS: I've been driven out.

CANDIDE: From the mansion?

PANGLOSS: Oh, it was terrible!

CANDIDE: And Lady Cunégonde?

PANGLOSS: Oh, don't ask!

CANDIDE: Is she in pain?

PANGLOSS: She is dead!

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CANDIDE: I'm going to faint.

(Candide's knees buckles and he starts to fall. Pangloss catches him.)

PANGLOSS: You must bear up!

CANDIDE: *(Swooning, but not falling.)* Cunégonde is dead...? Oh, what has become of the best of worlds?

PANGLOSS: The worst of things.

CANDIDE: How – what did she die of?

PANGLOSS: She was raped! No woman could bear up by the amount she took!

CANDIDE: *(Cries out.)* Oh, poor Cunégonde!

PANGLOSS: When my lord tried to stop them, they broke his head. His wife was cut into small pieces. And the house – oh, terrible! Not one stone was left standing. But...

(Pause.)

CANDIDE: But what?

PANGLOSS: The enemy was avenged!

CANDIDE: How?

PANGLOSS: Their own women were raped and disemboweled, too! Their noblemen beheaded! And their houses destroyed! *(Laughs sadistically.)* A blessing on humanity!

CANDIDE: Pangloss, tell me something. I must know. What has become of you? I mean your face? Your skin?

PANGLOSS: Don't touch me, Candide. I suffer.

CANDIDE: What is all that called?

PANGLOSS: A disease. The worst the world has ever known...yet totally necessary.

CANDIDE: What...is this...disease?

PANGLOSS: The name I cannot repeat. I received it, you see, from Paquette. Ah, Paquette! What skin! And the rest of her...in her arms I experienced paradise. But, alas, so had others. And

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the others received it from others...who received it still from others. And these others...an indispensable disease in this best of worlds. Like religious controversy, it never ceases. And it devours, Candide. It has devoured me.

CANDIDE: But you must be cured, Pangloss.

PANGLOSS: I haven't the money, and without money, one cannot be cured in this world.

CANDIDE: Come, I will show you one who will do that. (*James enters. To Pangloss, indicating James.*) He is a man who cleaned me of crap.

PANGLOSS: Ah, he who cleans one of crap...is a man of men.

JAMES: I have cleaned many men of crap.

PANGLOSS: There is a man of charity. Any crap-cleaner deserves—

(Thunder and lightning. James begins to work over Pangloss, examining his sores. Another part of the stage is lighted. Sailors 1, 2 appear. They hold tightly to a wheel.)

SAILOR 1: This is some storm.

SAILOR 2: I've heard it's to be the worst in five decades.

SAILOR 1: Some pickings after it's over.

SAILOR 2: I'll live through it. Wait and see.

SAILOR 1: There'll be a lot who won't—

(Stage goes black. Thunder, lightning. Lights on Pangloss, Candide, and James. Pangloss has a patch over one eye and his ragged coat has been discarded.)

PANGLOSS: (*To James.*) Thank you for everything you have done. Why, without you, I might have been a goner.

JAMES: I extend myself to humanity, but I find I am often slapped in the face.

CANDIDE
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PANGLOSS: Everything is designed for the best. (*Thunder and lightning.*) Even that.

JAMES: That can be costly. Farmers suffer. Children die of hunger...

PANGLOSS: All comes to good in the end. Here, look what I went through...and along came this fine gentleman, cleaned me up, cured me...so I lost an ear and an eye. With one eye I can do more than with two. And, furthermore, my brain is sharper than ever. I am the best accountant you have ever had—saved you millions—and now on this business trip—to the oils of the East—I'll save you a full billion.

(*Thunder grows louder. The Sailors 1, 2 appear, as do several other Passengers.*)

SAILOR 1: We're pitching!

SAILOR 2: Disaster!

SAILOR 1: Sound the warning!

(*Warning siren sounds. Thunder up. The ship rolls from side to side. Passengers dart in all directions, screaming "Disaster!" "We'll sink!" "We'll die!" etc. Sailor 1 lurches to one side. James grabs a hold of him.*)

JAMES: I'll save you, brother!

SAILOR 1: Help! I'll fall over—

JAMES: (*To Sailor 1.*) Hold onto me! (*Sailor 1 holds on for dear life. Other Passengers cling to the posts, sides, walls. James is torn from Sailor 1.*) Someone help me! I'm going over— (*Nobody helps him. To Sailor 1.*) You—brother—give me a hand!

SAILOR 1: You must be mad!

JAMES: Didn't I try to help you?

SAILOR 1: I have two words for you, brother!

JAMES: Yes—I know those words!

CANDIDE
31

(Lightning, thunder is intensified. Men and women are hurtled to and fro. James loses his balance and is gone. Blackout. Loud cracks continue. Groans, shouts, cries – every conceivable utterance of pain and misery. Silence. Lights fade back in. They are on shore.)

CANDIDE: *(To Pangloss, staggering.)* What happened, Pangloss?

PANGLOSS: *(Staggering.)* The storm was not merely a storm.

CANDIDE: An earthquake?

PANGLOSS: A pretty fair deduction.

CANDIDE: What was this place?

PANGLOSS: A city.

CANDIDE: There's hardly a wall standing.

PANGLOSS: Well, that's a beginning.

CANDIDE: What beginning? The earth is coming to an end.

PANGLOSS: Not exactly. There! You see those people – the sailor
who let James die...and a few others...

CANDIDE: What are they doing?

PANGLOSS: They are surviving!

CANDIDE: They are searching the corpses.

PANGLOSS: Money, Candide.

CANDIDE: They're pulling the very teeth from them!

PANGLOSS: Gold! *(Laughs.)*

(Sailor 1 rushes onstage, carrying booty.)

SAILOR 1: *(Laughs wildly.)* I'm rich! Now, where can I get some
drinks?

PANGLOSS: You'll have to go to another city.

SAILOR 1: Stay away from me!

CANDIDE: We're not going to take any –

(Sailor 1 strikes Pangloss, who falls. Candide sinks to his knees near Pangloss.)

CANDIDE
32

SAILOR 1: *(To Candide.)* And here's something for you! *(Hits Candide.)* Crook! Trying to rob me! *(Runs off.)*

PANGLOSS: There's a reason...for all this...

CANDIDE: The day of judgment has come.

(Blackout. Lights fade up. Man 3 is speaking to a crowd of people.)

MAN 3: *(To Crowd.)* We must band together and salvage whatever we can. Everyone must help to rebuild this city. Everyone must assist in burying the dead. We must survive.

PANGLOSS: Also, allow me to add. Although surviving is of utmost importance, things are as they are. That is, one thing leads to another, and comes to because it is destined to be. For instance, this earthquake of today could not be tomorrow, nor could it be anywhere else. It is impossible for things to be where they are not to be, and not to be where they are to be. Do you understand? *(Utter silence. Crowd's reaction is dumb. Mouths hang open.)* In other words, everything is for the best.

MAN 3: *(To Pangloss.)* It seems, sir, you do not believe in original sin.

PANGLOSS: All is for the best.

MAN 3: If all is for the best, then there can be no such thing as the fall of man.

PANGLOSS: I expect that is true.

MAN 3: And there can be no eternal punishment.

PANGLOSS: Correct.

MAN 3: Then you don't believe in free will...

PANGLOSS: I beg your pardon, sir. Free will is consistent with absolute necessity.

MAN 3: You're confusing the issue, sir.

PANGLOSS: *(To Crowd.)* Is there anyone here confused by what I say?

WOMAN 3: Totally, sir.

PANGLOSS: Then allow me to explain it this way –

CANDIDE
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MAN 3: There is no way you can explain free will being consistent with absolute necessity.

WOMAN 3: I would say, mister, that your philosophy is all wrong.

(Crowd approves.)

CANDIDE: If you listen closely, you will understand, for here is a brilliant man, a man who taught me everything...

OLD MAN: If he taught you everything, and you believe everything, then you are no better than he.

WOMAN 3: Whip him, I say, for being a sacrilege!

MAN 3: Whipping is too good! Hang him!

(Crowd reacts, moving toward Candide and Pangloss.)

CANDIDE: But what about the city?

WOMAN 3: The city can wait!

CANDIDE: What about all the starving children?

WOMAN 3: Don't woo us with your false sympathies!

(Crowd envelopes Candide and Pangloss. Lights begin to fade to black. Crowd chants, "Whip them! Whip them! Whip them!" Stage is black and chant gives way to flogging, which is done in time with music.)

MAN 3: *(In dark.)* Hang him! Hang the old man!

(Crowd yells, "Hang him! Hang him!" This unison chant continues until a light fades in on Candide, stripped and bleeding.)

CANDIDE: If this is all for the best, if there can be no better world than this, as dear Pangloss has said so often, then I must know why he was hanged. I must know why James, the best of all men, was allowed to drown by another human being. I must

CANDIDE
34

understand why Lady Cunégonde, the most delicate pearl amongst women, was disemboweled. Was all that part of the scheme of things? (*Resolved.*) I must know the reason why! (*An Old Woman appears.*) I must understand –

OLD WOMAN: You seem to be in pretty bad shape, young man.

CANDIDE: Confused...I'm really confused

OLD WOMAN: Worst than that. You're bleeding.

CANDIDE: My mind is spinning.

OLD WOMAN: You'll need rest, to repair the damage.

CANDIDE: Oh, the very thought of it all is so painful.

OLD WOMAN: The blood is making you dizzy.

CANDIDE: No, it's not the blood, you see –

OLD WOMAN: Come...before you faint. (*She takes his hand and begins to lead him. Another part of the stage is lighted, revealing Cunégonde, veiled and bejeweled and of majestic build. Soft music fades in. Lights fade on Candide and the Old Woman. Music grows louder. Cunégonde moves to the rhythm of the music. Candide, fully dressed and feeling much better, is brought into the scene. To Candide.*) Pull the veil aside, young man.

(*Candide draws closer to Cunégonde and pulls her veil aside and discovers it is Cunégonde.*)

CANDIDE: Cunégonde!

CUNÉGONDE: Candide!

OLD WOMAN: True bliss! (*Woman sprinkles holy water on them. They both stare at one another with mouths open.*) Now that I've washed your wounds, young man...now that I've fed you, brought you to the true love of you life –

CANDIDE: Cunégonde!

CUNÉGONDE: Candide!

WOMAN: Well...just don't make too much noise. (*Exits.*)

CANDIDE: You're still alive?

CUNÉGONDE: Alive...

CANDIDE
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CANDIDE: Then you weren't ravished or disemboweled?
CUNÉGONDE: I was.
CANDIDE: Which?
CUNÉGONDE: Both.
CANDIDE: But you're here?
CUNÉGONDE: People don't always die of those things.
CANDIDE: And you've come here — to this terrible place?
CUNÉGONDE: Oh, it's not terrible.
CANDIDE: It is terrible.
CUNÉGONDE: It's where all the action is, Candide.
CANDIDE: The only action I've seen here is destruction,
murder —
CUNÉGONDE: But you've not seen the good things.
CANDIDE: What good things?
CUNÉGONDE: Wealth, riches.
CANDIDE: I see no riches.
CUNÉGONDE: It's in the ground, they say.
CANDIDE: But above the ground there is nothing but poverty,
death.
CUNÉGONDE: Stop, Candide. I've seen enough of death. My
father and mother were killed. My brother —
CANDIDE: Your poor brother, too?
CUNÉGONDE: Yes...and I was lucky to escape only because —

(Pause.)

CANDIDE: Only because?
CUNÉGONDE: Well...because —

(Pause. Don, an elderly man enters. He is very wealthy. His tailor-made suit is worth hundreds. For script convenience he will be referred to as Don. His character and story will unfold in the dialogue and action.)

CANDIDE
36

DON: Cunégonde!
CUNÉGONDE: Oh...well...yes...I...ah...
DON: What sort of gibberish is that?
CUNÉGONDE: Forgive me...I...I...
CANDIDE: Cunégonde, do you know this man?
DON: Of course she knows me. (*Steps closer.*) And rather well...
CUNÉGONDE: Yes...I know this man...rather well...
CANDIDE: I don't like the way that sounds, Cunégonde.
CUNÉGONDE: What, Candide?
CANDIDE: (*Carefully.*) Rather...well.
CUNÉGONDE: Well...the "rather"...I mean...
DON: She means that three days a week she belongs to me.
CANDIDE: Belongs? To you?
DON: And the other three days...to the General.
CANDIDE: Which General?
CUNÉGONDE: The one who ordered your flogging.
CANDIDE: You witnessed my flogging?
CUNÉGONDE: I witnessed the death of poor Dr. Pangloss, too.
CANDIDE: And that old woman—?
CUNÉGONDE: My old servant...I ordered her to take care of
you...
DON: And bring him here! To my house!
CANDIDE: I still don't understand. What? Who? When?
Where? Why?
CUNÉGONDE: Oh, Candide, if I had the time to tell you.
DON: Tell him! And then we'll be rid of him! For good!

(*Don exits. He is heard exclaiming, "Rid of him! For good!" Lights begin to fade. Music.*)

CUNÉGONDE: I was saved, you see...
CANDIDE: Wait, I'm still confused...
CUNÉGONDE: From the animals who ravished me. There were
15 or 20. One of them made no attempt to get off me, though I

CANDIDE
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was bleeding. A captain entered. "Get off!" he cried. I don't know if he wanted me too, or if he was being kindly. The soldier didn't move, so the captain put a bayonet into his head. Then he shot him 10 or 12 times. All the time I was beneath him. The captain pulled the soldier off, stabbed him again, and had me taken away. I passed out, so I don't know how far, but I found myself in his home. I must have been out for days. I felt better. My wound was dressed. I was undressed.

CANDIDE: Why undressed?

CUNÉGONDE: He wanted me...to do many things...tend to his house to...cook his meals...wash his clothes. But soon he grew tired of me...or he needed money. Anyway, he sold me...to the man you saw—very rich, a merchant. I think he deals in oil too...and many, many other things. But that isn't the end of it. There's a general. Candide, I am owned by two men, one as powerful as the other. Don't ask how that came about—too confusing. It's even confusing to me. You see, they discovered my secret.

(General 1 appears, as if in her mind.)

CANDIDE: Your secret?

CUNÉGONDE: They enjoy...my soothing touch...

GENERAL 1: More, Cunégonde.

CUNÉGONDE: My friendship...

GENERAL 1: Another way.

CUNÉGONDE: My good nature...

GENERAL 1: Another side.

CUNÉGONDE: My imagination...

GENERAL 1: Another place.

CUNÉGONDE: Oh, I'm so tired, Candide.

(She embraces Candide. General fades out. Don enters and sees Cunégonde embracing Candide. He yanks her away.)

CANDIDE
38

DON: *(To Cunégonde.)* Two aren't enough! You need a third, is that it?

CUNÉGONDE: We're old friends...

DON: Old friends! *(Laughs.)*

CUNÉGONDE: Candide is like a brother...

DON: I'll give you a brother!

(Don slaps her.)

CANDIDE: You hit her!

DON: That's a smart observation!

CANDIDE: You must never do that again.

CUNÉGONDE: No, Candide—do not interfere!

DON: She's mine! Come here, Cunégonde!

CANDIDE: *(Outraged.)* Cunégonde!

DON: Why, you seem outraged, sir.

CANDIDE: Cunégonde, did you hear what he called you?

DON: Tell him what you are, my lamb.

CUNÉGONDE: I...I'm...own...

DON: Yes, between two of us. Three days here, three days there.

CANDIDE: I'm beginning to see...

DON: And the seventh day...both in one.

CANDIDE: In one what?

DON: Bed! *(Laughs.)* In one bed, man!

CANDIDE: I'll kill you!

CUNÉGONDE: No, Candide!

CANDIDE: *(Knife in hand.)* Where did this come from?

CUNÉGONDE: Please, Candide!

CANDIDE: I can't stop myself!

(Candide and Don battle. Candide knifes Don, who falls dead at his feet.)

CANDIDE
39

CUNÉGONDE: (*Clutching Candide.*) Now we're lost. If the police come...

CANDIDE: Oh, if Pangloss were only alive...he'd advise us in this emergency.

CUNÉGONDE: It's worse than you think, Candide.

(*General 1 enters.*)

GENERAL 1: I'm here, sweetheart!

CUNÉGONDE: General! I—

GENERAL 1: (*Sees Candide.*) Who is this?

CUNÉGONDE: Candide—

GENERAL 1: You'll join us then? Good! Good! (*Begins to strip.*)

We'll see your tricks now, Cunégonde. (*Embraces her. General 1 has stepped over the body of Don without noticing. Candide grabs a hold of General 1 and stabs him. General 1 sinks to his knees. To Candide.*) You—you're the one I had flogged—

CANDIDE: And Dr. Pangloss—you had him hanged.

GENERAL 1: Cunégonde...save me... (*General 1 rolls over dead.*)

CUNÉGONDE: Now we're truly lost, Candide. You killed both of them...within two minutes.

CANDIDE: I did it for you, Cunégonde.

CUNÉGONDE: You're a marked man, Candide.

CANDIDE: A man in love does not care—

CUNÉGONDE: They'll kill you, and they'll kill me too—

CANDIDE: Jealousy has no bounds—

(*Old Woman enters, shrieks once, and is about to faint. Cunégonde and Candide rush to her.*)

OLD WOMAN: I'll be all right. We must think fast. There are some horses in the stable. Three...thoroughbreds, in fact.

CANDIDE: Then we must ride immediately!

CANDIDE
40

OLD WOMAN: Yes, immediately! (*Pushes them.*) We'll take all we have and some more, too.

CUNÉGONDE: What...more?

OLD WOMAN: There are jewels—

CANDIDE: That's stealing—

OLD WOMAN: What's a little theft in a world such as this?

CANDIDE: I don't know what Dr. Pangloss might have said—

OLD WOMAN: Where is your Dr. Pangloss presently? Hanging by his neck.

CANDIDE: Yes, that's true—

OLD WOMAN: And you—your skin is still red from the flogging.

CANDIDE: Also true—

OLD WOMAN: And me—do you know that I am missing one of my buttocks?

CANDIDE: No, I never knew that—

OLD WOMAN: Some day remind me to tell you the story. (*From offstage the sound of troops marching is heard: "March! March! March!"*) It isn't a very pleasant story.

CANDIDE: How did it come to be—?

(The marching sounds grow louder. Offstage voice: "Step right! Step right! Step right!" Lights fade on previous scene.)

OLD WOMAN: I'll tell you. But first we must hurry.

(Old Woman and Cunégonde exit.)

CANDIDE: *(Aside.)* Missing one buttock?

(Stage goes black as marching sounds and offstage voice "Step right!" continue. Houselights go down with sound of marching. In black: "About face!" Light up on Old Woman.)

CANDIDE
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OLD WOMAN: I was caught between the Russians and the Turks. The Germans were involved too, and I think the English. Not to mention the French. It seemed the whole world was at war. And such fire. Rapid fire. Guns. Cannons. They said it was the war to stop all wars – that’s how terrible it was.

(From the darkness: “Ready to board!” Lights fade in quickly on Candide and Officer 2.)

OFFICER 2: This is no small matter.

CANDIDE: I understand.

OFFICER 2: In fact, there’s quite a bit at stake.

CANDIDE: I understand.

OFFICER 2: In fact, there’s quite a bit at stake.

CANDIDE: I understand.

OFFICER 2: If our troops do not succeed in putting down the rebellion...well, you know rebellions. They grow. There’s something glorious in rebellions. Everyone wants to be a part of it.

CANDIDE: I understand.

OFFICER 2: It’s called rising expectations. One rebellion leads to another. Then the world is in a state of chaos. Think back – think back in history.

CANDIDE: I am thinking, sir.

OFFICER 2: Europe, Asia, Africa. Every continent has had its share. *(To Troops.)* Board the ship! *(Sound of marching begins again. To Candide.)* You say you’re an experienced soldier?

CANDIDE: I’ve told you where I fought.

OFFICER 2: That was a hard battle. Both sides eliminated each other.

OLD WOMAN: *(To Cunégonde.)* They swore never again would there be a war.

CANDIDE: *(To Officer 2.)* I can march as well as the next man.

OFFICER 2: Marching is one thing – killing is another.

CANDIDE
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CANDIDE: Oh, I've learned that, too.

OFFICER 2: Can you cut a man down with one thrust of the bayonet?

CANDIDE: I believe so...

OFFICER 2: Can you shoot him through the head at 50 paces?

CANDIDE: I imagine so...

OFFICER 2: You must be certain.

CANDIDE: I am, yes. I can do all of that.

OFFICER 2: All that, and more!

CANDIDE: Much more!

OFFICER: Good! I need men like you!

OLD WOMAN: *(To Cunégonde.)* They said that wars would never be fought again, that men would live in peace. Oh, it was terrible, this war...

CANDIDE: *(To Officer 2.)* And might I bring my lady with me?

OFFICER 2: If you can fight the way you say you can, bring six women! *(Blackout. Ship whistle. Pause. Lights up on Old Woman.)*

OLD WOMAN: But right now, let's forget wars. Candide has gotten us passage to the western world.

CANDIDE: *(Entering scene.)* Yes, everything will turn out right. Even the sea around the new world is better than the European seas.

(Cunégonde enters.)

CUNÉGONDE: I am so entirely happy. My life has been very difficult in Europe.

OLD WOMAN: Your life couldn't have had the misfortunes I've had.

CUNÉGONDE: Far worse, my dear. It was I, remember, who was raped.

OLD WOMAN: Nothing compared to what I've been through.

CUNÉGONDE: It was I who saw my father and mother killed.

OLD WOMAN: You are being very foolish. Whatever you have suffered, I have suffered ten times more. I was caught between enemies eight times, and each time I was raped or sold into captivity. Each time some man made me his, for a day, a week, or a year. I was degraded, humiliated, and God only knows what else. And how I managed to lose one buttock is in itself a story of sheer butchery.

CANDIDE: What can be more terrible than losing a buttock?

OLD WOMAN: It's an experience no one in this world should go through.

CANDIDE: How can one go on living with one buttock missing?

OLD WOMAN: True, I wanted to kill myself 50 times, but somehow I'm still in love with life.

CANDIDE: Walking about this earth with just one buttock...and still being in love with life. How admirable!

OLD WOMAN: And to be in full knowledge that men have eaten the very flesh from other human beings.

CUNÉGONDE: You mean someone ate...your buttock?

OLD WOMAN: Of course, but they cooked it first.

CANDIDE: Why would someone cut off a buttock and eat it?

OLD WOMAN: When men are hungry they'll eat anything.

CANDIDE: Was it during a famine?

OLD WOMAN: Brought about by the war.

CANDIDE: And who ordered it? A general?

OLD WOMAN: No, a priest.

CUNÉGONDE: A priest?

OLD WOMAN: A most pious and compassionate man. He preached a beautiful sermon to the soldiers, persuading them not to kill us outright. There were 40 of us, we had been abused 80 times. Our bodies were tired, we had no food, and what's more, we were naked. So there we were, ready to be eaten. "Let's eat them!" one cried. You see, they were surrounded by the enemy and starving. I forget which enemy, because the territories changed hands many times. *(Faint sound of cannonade.)*

CANDIDE
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We lost count of the conquests. We lost sight of the conquerors. They became faceless. Russians, Germans, Turks, French, English. All we knew is they were men and they had certain business with us. They opened us, they entered us, and they left us...until...starvation...and a compassionate priest. "Why kill them when you can cut off one buttock of each of these women...and have yourselves a delicious meal. God will accept such a charitable action, and you'll have your strength with which to fight your way out of this trap."

CANDIDE: And did they?

OLD WOMAN: What?

CANDIDE: Fight their way out the trap?

OLD WOMAN: Hardly. They were attacked as they sat eating and were killed to the last man. That's when the other side took a hint. They too had a priest—a little more compassionate than the first.

CUNÉGONDE: But you still have one buttock—

OLD WOMAN: That's because I was the prettiest. One of the officers claimed me. For 30 weeks thereafter, I limped about after him. His companion, so to speak. Then he was shot for high treason. That's when I made my escape. I became a barmaid, traveled from one city to another. The northern city of Riga, the southern port of Naples. You name it, I was there. I have grown old with only one buttock, in misery and shame. Finally, when I was too old to be a barmaid, I applied as a housemaid, and I ended up working for the man you killed just yesterday.

(Offstage sudden cheers are heard and then music.)

CUNÉGONDE: We have come to the new world.

OLD WOMAN: *(Makes sign of the cross.)* Where we'll have peace.

CANDIDE: I must confess something. You see, the only way I could get passage for us...was to give my services.

CANDIDE
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CUNÉGONDE: What sort...of services?

(Marching sounds. Officer 2 enters.)

OFFICER 2: Captain Candide!

(Candide salutes and Officer 2 presents him with a gun.)

OLD WOMAN: Another war?

CUNÉGONDE: Oh, Candide! Candide!

OFFICER 2: The women will be provided with quarters. The men will be allowed to see them—

(Aide bursts in.)

AIDE: *(To Officer 2.)* The President is awaiting you, sir!

(Fanfare. President and others arrive.)

PRESIDENT: General!

OFFICER 2: President!

(They shake hands and kiss.)

PRESIDENT: You are here to put down the insurrection!

OFFICER 2: The bastards will be routed, sir!

PRESIDENT: A fine word...“bastards”! *(Spots Cunégonde.)* Excuse the expression, my dear. *(Leers. To Cunégonde.)* I enjoy the company of intelligent women. Are you intelligent?

CANDIDE: *(To President.)* Cunégonde is most intelligent, sir.

PRESIDENT: Are you the lady’s husband, captain?

CANDIDE: Well... not as yet...

PRESIDENT: *(Broad smile.)* Ah, not as yet. *(Stares at Cunégonde’s breasts.)*

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CANDIDE: But we do intend to become husband and wife, sir.

(President approaches Cunégonde and inspects the rest of her.)

PRESIDENT: Oh? When do you intend... to accomplish that?

CANDIDE: As soon as is possible...

(President suddenly whirls around to Officer 2.)

PRESIDENT: Disembark immediately!

OFFICER 2: *(Calls out.)* Disembark immediately!

(Bugle. Marching sounds.)

PRESIDENT: Your soldiers must move into position as soon as possible. The dirty rebels are growing in numbers every day. As they move from the hills, they gather support for their dirty cause. Their kind must be stamped out!

(President grabs Cunégonde's hand and begins to exit with her.)

CANDIDE: Where are you taking her?

PRESIDENT: To the palace! She'll be safer there!

(President exits with Cunégonde. The marching sounds grow louder. Candide remains alone. Cacambo enters.)

CANDIDE: Who are you?

CACAMBO: Cacambo.

CANDIDE: What do you want?

CACAMBO: To advise you.

CANDIDE: Advise me?

CACAMBO: You see...I am not a rebel. I am merely a peasant. I don't have brilliant education. In fact, I never went to school.

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But I am not ignorant. I have had a chance to look at things clearly. You are in trouble, captain.

CANDIDE: Trouble?

CACAMBO: My advice to you, sir, is make off while the coast is clear.

CANDIDE: But I've made a promise. I'm a soldier.

CACAMBO: You were a soldier up to the time the President laid his greedy eyes on your intended.

CANDIDE: No, I cannot believe—

CACAMBO: I tell you, sir—while the coast is clear.

(Lights begin to fade.)

CANDIDE: I simply cannot—

(Cross fade to Cunégonde and Old Woman. Blackout. Intermission.)

[End of Freeview]