

CARMAGNOLA

A Play In Two Acts

by

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C H A R A C T E R S

FRANCESCO CARMAGNOLA, a mercenary captain.

MARIA, his mother.

ANTONIETTA VISCONTI, his wife.

THE COURT OF MILAN:

PHILIP, Duke of Milan.

SIGNOR RICCI, a courtier.

SIGNOR LAMPUGNANO, another courtier.

THE COURT OF VENICE:

TOMASO MOGENIGO, the outgoing doge of Venice.

FRANCESCO FOSCARI, the incoming doge of Venice.

A COUNCILLOR.

PAOLO CORNARO, a diplomat.

ADJUTANT at CARMAGNOLA's headquarters.

A BISHOP.

AN ENEMY PRISONER.

ATTENDANTS, SOLDIERS etc.

NOTE

The cast can, with some doubling-up,
be broken down to 10 MS and 2 FS.

THE ACTION TAKES PLACE IN
LOMBARDY AND VENICE, BETWEEN
THE YEARS 1425 AND 1432.

S C E N E

The stage is divided into three areas. It will become clear in the course of the play that a certain type of action pertains to each. There is no occasion in the play for overall lighting of the whole set: each area should be lighted separately.

Downstage is divided into two parts: the THRONE AREA on the actor's right is raised in such a way that it looks straight down into the adjacent area, called THE PERSONAL AREA, on his left. Thus the platform on which the THRONE AREA is raised will provide a side-wall for the PERSONAL AREA.

The THRONE AREA has a central throne with a canopy overhead and other seats for members of the council, whether it be Venetian or Milanese. It is entered from the actor's right only. The stage directions call for a change of lighting, to denote the switch from Milan to Venice or vice versa.

The PERSONAL AREA is used as sleeping quarters, headquarters, a farmhouse kitchen and so on; it has a hearth, a stout table, a bed that may be stylised (since it must serve various persons of differing rank), and a cabinet

where military documents and maps may be kept. The area is entered from the actor's left, and also from the third area.

The third area, upstage and running the whole width of the stage, is the OPEN AREA for public occasions, streets etc. This is raked steeply so that at its extreme right it reaches the level of the raised THRONE AREA (without joining it) and at its left runs into the downstage PERSONAL AREA. It is bare and merges with the cyclorama background.

1.

ONLY THE PERSONAL AREA IS LIGHTED. WE ARE IN THE VILLAGE OF CARMAGNOLA NEAR TURIN AND THIS IS THE HOUSE OF FRANCESCO BUSSONE, NOW KNOWN THROUGHOUT ITALY AS COUNT CARMAGNOLA.

HIS MOTHER MARIA IS CAREFULLY PREPARING THE TABLE WITH A SPOTLESS WHITE TABLECLOTH, WINE AND GLASSES.

WE HEAR SIGNS OF MOVEMENT AT THE ENTRANCE.

A NEIGHBOUR ENTERS QUICKLY. ALL NEIGHBOURS IN THIS SCENE ARE MUFFLED IN BLACK CLOTHES.

FIRST NEIGHBOUR: I say you wcn't forget will you? (MARIA TAKES NO NOTICE) Listen----(FOLLOWING HER ABOUT) Maria. (NO RESPONSE, SO HE SCREAMS) Do you remember the favour I asked, you stuck-up bitch?

MARIA (SCREAMING BACK) And if I'm a stuck-up bitch I'll grant no favours!

SECOND NEIGHBOUR ENTERS, TO DRAG THE FIRST NEIGHBOUR OFF.

SECOND NEIGHBOUR: Come on joker, he's nearly here.

FIRST NEIGHBOUR: One day I'll (THREATENING MARIA)---

MARIA: Get out! Out of my kitchen!

FIRST NEIGHBOUR: She agreed this morning, the bitch---

MARIA: I've had half the village hanging round me asking for favours, now sling your hook, go back to your seraggy chickens and your unwashed wife!

FIRST NEIGHBOUR: Why you---!

SECOND NEIGHBOUR: What favour?

FIRST NEIGHBOUR: Why this nephew of mine, he's a private in the same army, if that doesn't get him a commission---! But her!

SECOND NEIGHBOUR: Why just put a word in Maria---

MARIA: And you, what's the favour you want to ask? some of your half-dead horses for sale?

SECOND NEIGHBOUR: They're not half dead. Who told you that? (TO THE SECOND NEIGHBOUR) Have you been talking?

FIRST NEIGHBOUR: Oh go to hell!

SECOND NEIGHBOUR: I've got a dozen young stallions he'll be glad to buy---

WOMAN ENTERS.

WOMAN: Need help?

MARIA: No.

WOMAN: He's coming.

MARIA: He is!

WOMAN: Didn't you hear the trumpets?

OTHER NEIGHBOURS ENTER.

THIRD NEIGHBOUR: He's got fifty horsemen. I seen him from my window. Big feller.

MARIA: He's like his father then---!

FIRST NEIGHBOUR: You'll talk to him eh?

SECOND NEIGHBOUR: He could put this village on its feet and how. Build a villa up the hill for himself, that creates prosperity.

MARIA: For you to run your pigs over his front yard, and stink up his garden with your cheese-making---

SECOND NEIGHBOUR: Oh listen! I thought the Almighty Feller himself looked after pigs once---

WOMAN: Sssh!

SECOND NEIGHBOUR: And sat swishing a stick until they drummed him into the army and took him away from

your dirty tongue!

MARIA: Why if his father was here---!

SECOND NEIGHBOUR: He died of a broken heart, the poor wretched man, you broke it Maria Bussone, you broke it---!

WOMAN: Oh but she's rich now---

SECOND NEIGHBOUR: Rich with other men's blood!

FIRST NEIGHBOUR: Now Maria don't listen to that---

MARIA: And what about your own riches, you fornicating bag of lice, with your sick sheep that can hardly walk and your wine that's three-quarters sugar---

FIRST NEIGHBOUR: It's because we're nervous----

SECOND NEIGHBOUR: And what's he done all his life except fight and get paid for it. They don't even fight to kill each other, they kill us kind, they kill the farmers---

WOMAN: That's right!

SECOND NEIGHBOUR: They pillage the towns and rape the women, and you get rich out of it!

MARIA: Oh you're very loudmouthed now but wait until he steps across that door, you'll shut your trap tight shut and not all the bloody geese in Christendom would make you say boo!

WOMAN: Look, a silk tablecloth!

MARIA: Now keep your paws off!

WOMAN: I'm clean in my heart at least! I'm not rich by other men's blood---!

FIRST NEIGHBOUR: Now take it easy. Maria, just listen a second---

CARMAGNOLA STEPS QUIETLY INTO THE ENTRANCE, A CLOAK FLUNG OVER HIS UNIFORM, AND STANDS WATCHING THEM.

WOMAN: You've brought us bad luck---the grapes rotted last year, there weren't any olives---

MARIA: Oh you reckon without your own evil presence, you'd open your legs to the cattle if you was young enough---

WOMAN: Oh you---

MARIA: No wonder you had to go to the priest to get yourself a son, nobody else would have you---

THE WOMAN NEIGHBOUR THROWS HERSELF ON MARIA, PULLING TABLE AND GLASSES WITH HER, WHEN CARMAGNOLA'S VOICE IS HEARD.

CARMAGNOLA: Careful!

THEY ALL STOP.

CARMAGNOLA: That's good wine.

THEY //ALL WATCH HIM IN THE SILENCE.

FIRST NEIGHBOUR (TREMULOUSLY) It's because we're nervous, waiting...

CARMAGNOLA: Which one is my mother?

THEY POINT TO MARIA.

CARMAGNOLA: Good. I like your tongue. That's how I shout when things go wrong. Just for the theatrical effect. It works. Well let's taste your wine.

MARIA (TO THE WOMAN) Take that to the Count Carmagnola.

SHE POURS THE WINE AND THE WOMAN NEIGHBOUR TAKES IT WITH FEARFUL CARE ACROSS TO CARMAGNOLA, WHO REMAINS NEAR THE ENTRANCE.

CARMAGNOLA: Mm (DRINKING) you still know how it's done. (HOLDING THE GLASS UP TO THE LIGHT) You've that degree of art at least. Here (HANDS THE GLASS BACK TO THE WOMAN). We're hard in this village aren't we? I'd forgotten that. We hate don't we---hate like mad! You make me feel civilised. Give them some wine mother and let's drink to civilisation.

MARIA POURS OUT SEVERAL GLASSES BUT NOT MUCH, AND THE NEIGHBOURS SNATCH IT UP IN SHOWY DEFERENCE TO CARMAGNOLA.

CARMAGNOLA: I might be rich with other men's blood but

I learned to be a man and not a beast. And then you know, they've a right to spill my blood too.

THEY ARE STANDING THERE AWKWARDLY WITH THEIR GLASSES, WANTING TO DRINK HIS HEALTH BUT HE NO LONGER HAS A GLASS.

CARMAGNOLA: And then whatever else I did I made this village famous didn't I?

SECOND NEIGHBOUR: Your health sir (RUSHING FORWARD WITH HIS GLASS)----H!

CARMAGNOLA (TAKING IT) Who will you drink to? Francesco Bussone? But he's a ghost. He was a little pig-boy I left up the hill twenty years ago---

MARIA: Twenty years!

WOMAN (CROONING TOO) TWENTY!

CARMAGNOLA: I think you'd better drink to Count Francesco de' Visconti, to the Count of Castelnuovo, to the Governor of Genoa, to the trinity---though not a very holy---which your pig-boy of ten became. me/h

THEY RAISE THEIR GLASSES.

FIRST NEIGHBOUR: Long live the Duke of Milan!

CARMAGNOLA (DASHING HIS WINE TO THE FLOOR AND ADVANCING ON THE NEIGHBOUR) Don't say that! Do you hear? Death to the Duke of Milan! Death, go on drink it, death to the Duke of Milan! Go on!

THEY RAISE THEIR GLASSES AGAIN, IN THOROUGHLY CONFUSION BY NOW.

CARMAGNOLA: Say it, go on, say it, death to the Duke of Milan!

NEIGHBOURS: Death to the Duke of Milan!

CARMAGNOLA (LAUGHING) How easy to make a traitor! And now drink, go on, drink to the bottom. To the bottom! I don't want to see a glass stained with wine--- (INSPECTING THE GLASSES AS THEY QUICKLY GULP DOWN THE WINE)

HE REACHES MARIA.

CARMAGNOLA: And you darling, how are you? wild and untamed? That's how I hoped you were.

THEY EMBRACE.

THE SECOND NEIGHBOUR (WHO, AFTER GIVING CARMAGNOLA HIS GLASS, HAS SERVED HIMSELF WITH TOO MUCH WINE) NOW HAS DIFFICULTY IN DOWNING IT ALL. CARMAGNOLA NOTICES THIS AND WATCHES HIM.

CARMAGNOLA (STANDING CLOSE TO HIM) Greed, my friend. One of the cardinal sins. Would you roast for all time just for a glass of somebody's wine?

SECOND NEIGHBOUR FINISHES WITH A GREAT GASP AND CARMAGNOLA PASSES HIM RATHER LIKE A CAPTAIN WHO HAS JUST INSPECTED A LINE OF TROOPS.

CARMAGNOLA: And now I expect you're all a-gog to know why we've been drinking ~~death~~ death to a duke I've been serving for twelve years, who gave me his surname and married me to his niece! I'll tell you why. Because he's poor, weak, ungrateful, scheming, traitorous! The duke of Milan began life as a seedy, weedy youth, and because of me he became fat---! So fat he can hardly walk---

A GREY, AUSTERE LIGHT COMES UP ON THE THRONE AREA AND THE DUKE OF MILAN LIMPS IN ON A STICK WITH TWO COURTIERS HELPING HIM. HE IS ABOVE COMMON HEIGHT BUT STOOPS BADLY. HE HAS LARGE FIERCE EYES WITH A WANDERING EXPRESSION AND PROJECTING EYEBROWS; A SNUB NOSE AND A RECEDING CHIN AND HIGH CHEEKBONES. HIS BLACK HAIR IS UNCOMBED. THE FAT LIES IN ROLLS ON HIS BULL NECK AND HE HAS SHORT HANDS WITH DUMPY FINGERS. AT THIS TIME HE IS THIRTY-FIVE, TWO YEARS YOUNGER THAN CARMAGNOLA.

CARMAGNOLA: Look at those eyes! Piercing! Restless! Suspicious!

PHILIP, DUKE OF MILAN, SITS.

CARMAGNOLA: He never looks at anything for long. Do you notice that? The stick, he never goes without it--- his legs are so spindly they hardly support him---

legs

he's been like that since childhood. He spent all his childhood scheming silently, with that lonely brain of his. People thought he was an idiot. But his time came. Did you ever hear of his brother, Giovanni-Maria---? (THEY ALL REACT) Ah, then news travelled as far away as this---how he fed men's flesh to his dogs? (DOGS BARK IN THE DISTANCE AND PHILIP STARTS LIKE A CHILD) That was this man's uncle. For ten years that blood-stained madman held the throne of Milan and kept this one prisoner. Do you see the prisoner in his eyes? Always in prison, always scheming to be let out, but he never will be, he'll never be free of his brain that ticks like a clock, tick-tock, tick-tock. But his time came. His brother was murdered. And he took the throne, with the help of my commander! I fought in every one of those first battles. It was this man who picked me out for a commission, with his roving, restless eye---yes, I've got to thank his restless eye for that! And then my commander died. A wonderful man. He died, and this fat duke married his wife, a pure woman if ever there was one, imagine it, this limping maniac in bed with---

PHILIP (ABSENTLY) Beatrice.

CARMAGNOLA: That was her name. She was twice his age. It was his scheming brain you see. He needed her, she was popular. And then he murdered her! when she'd served her turn!

PHILIP (RISING) No, no!

COURTIERS: My Lord? (THEY CALM HIM BACK TO HIS SEAT)

PHILIP: Don't mention death! You know my orders!

COURTIER RICCI: We were talking about a falcon, sir--- a fine bird---born for the kill---

PHILIP: Well don't!

CARMAGNOLA: He brought a false charge of promiscuity against her! tortured some poor damned youth to make him confess he'd slept with her!

PHILIP: No no!

CARMAGNOLA: And he executed her---

PHILIP: Beatrice...

PHILIP TAKES OUT A BOOK AND BEGINS
READING.

CARMAGNOLA: Aren't men strange? I tell you, we soldiers are straight, compared with people like that. He reads Livy and Dante and Petrarch. He once bought a marionette theatre for fifteen hundred gold pieces, for his bedroom. He deals in ghosts. He doesn't feed men to the dogs but he feeds their reputations! He fed mine! His wife's!

THE TWO COURTIERS, SIGNOR RICCI AND
SIGNOR LAMPUGNANO, ARE DRAWN CLOSER
TO PHILIP WITH A GESTURE, AND THEY ALL
BEGIN WHISPERING.

CARMAGNOLA: Look! With his two vipers, Signor Ricci on the left, Signor Lampugnano on the right. Political down to the tips of their nasty tapering fingers. And the man you see enthroned between the two of them is putty in their hands---yet he's the Duke of Milan by my leave and doing! In twelve years I built up his state for him, I won battle after battle? Why, do you think he could do it himself? Oh he's splendidly dressed---the brocade, the cloth of gold, the lace, the silk---but look at his face, his fingernails---he hates the feel of water like he does the feel of a woman! And here's another strangeness: while he loves to put the finest clothes on his own shoulders, he can't bear them on anybody else's. Which is why his two vipers look like undertakers. He eats, by the way, like he thinks---delicately. Quails and turnips if you'd really like to know---he hates fat, and every scrap has to be pared away from his meat. There's one thing he slavers over, like the dog he is, and that's liver almost alive---it often happens in the middle of the night that he sends out his cook to kill a calf. And, oh, he lies across his bed instead of lengthwise. His bedroom has double walls to keep out the lightning. Yes, gentlemen, we have a strange creature here, whom I half-created, whom I turned from a shivering, neglected whelp into the lord not only of Milan but of Piacenza, Lodi and all the rich cities of the Lombard plain. And as a climax of twelve years service I won him the empire of Genoa. And for this last triumph he made me governor of Genoa, having already given me a vast fortune, a wife and his family name. Yes we had wonderful times together.

PHILIP: Have we heard from the (IRONICALLY) governor of Genoa?

RICCIO: The governor of Genoa's dying to be at war again, but he hasn't decided yet who he wants to fight.

LAMPUGNANO: I think this state's had quite enough of throne-stealers in the last few years!

PHILIP: Throne-stealers?

THEY WHISPER TOGETHER.

CARMAGNOLA: He listens to their lies. They're telling him I'm after his throne. Yet he trusts no man. He bribes all. He sleeps behind a double ring of guards, he calls attendants to his bed all through the night because he's afraid of the dark, the silence; he had owls put in the palace rooftops to screech all night. Their weird little cries make him feel better. I know him so well.

PHILIP: Carmagnola's too much of a soldier to want to steal thrones.

RICCIO: But certain remarks---

PHILIP (WITH SUDDEN SURPRISING FEROCITY) Balls man! You've got a first-class political brain but you don't know soldiers. I picked that man up from the ranks---he was the son of a peasant! looked after the pigs!

LAMPUGNANO: Yes, one could always sense, mostly through the nose, his lack of blood.

PHILIP: I gave him blood! That's how you keep great families alive, by opening your ranks to the common people! What are you the result of? A hundred years of incest! until you hardly had the strength to crawl out of the womb!

HE RETURNS TO HIS BOOK. BUT RESTLESSNESS GETS THE BETTER OF HIM.

PHILIP: Is he on the way you say?

LAMPUGNANO: That's what we've heard.

PHILIP: My God that man has the power to make me nervous!

CARMAGNOLA (PROUDLY) There!

PHILIP: You've never seen him on the battlefield. Why

his enemies adore him. He can influence men as neither of you could, not even if you had all the power and money in the world. And that's why he's got to be removed!

LAMPUGNANO: Removed?

PHILIP: Your decadent little face lights up, but what I mean is sent further away than Genoa. I must keep him active but no longer effective, like an eagle that flaps his wings but has no claws. He must keep his respect for me. You see, a soldier has to follow someone. The highest commander has to follow. The highest commander has the heart of a little boy.

CARMAGNOLA: How right he is: a devoted little boy.

PHILIP: He's angry of course?

RICCIO: Wild, seething.

LAMPUGNANO: Composing speeches, dashing off one letter after another---then he suddenly jumps on his horse and should be here in an hour, if my information, a pigeon, is right.

PHILIP: Oh you and your pigeons! Half my money goes on spies and pigeons. So what's he angry about?

LAMPUGNANO: Your depriving him of his command of the ducal squadron.

PHILIP: There, I told you---they're like kids! He's governor of Genoa, in command of an army, and he's hurt that he loses nominal command of three hundred horsemen!

RICCIO: My informant says he cried.

PHILIP: What, another pigeon?

RICCIO: His adjutant, my lord.

PHILIP: Of course he cried. I know him better than you or a dozen adjutants.

RICCIO: And also you answer none of his letters.

LAMPUGNANO: Worst of all, you've put your operations against Florence in the hands of two other men.

PHILIP: They're mercenary captains like himself. They're to be purchased, like himself. Does he

think he's the only man for sale?

RICCIO: He thinks you're buying inferior goods.

PHILIP: You see how concerned he is for my policy? He wishes me to have the best commanders---no, quite sincerely. But also perhaps he wants to rule me.

LAMPUGNANO: Perhaps you say.

PHILIP: Yet I don't want to anger him to rebellion. When he arrives----

CARMAGNOLA IS ALREADY APPROACHING THE THRONE AREA, VIA THE OPEN AREA.

CARMAGNOLA (FROM THE OPEN AREA) Your highness!

LAMPUGNANO: What shall I say----?

PHILIP: Tell him I'm busy.

PHILIP READS AGAIN WHILE LAMPUGNANO LEAVES THE THRONE AREA AND RE-ENTERS BY THE OPEN AREA WHERE CARMAGNOLA IS WAITING.

LAMPUGNANO: Yes, sir?

CARMAGNOLA: I didn't come to see you.

LAMPUGNANO: I can imagine that.

CARMAGNOLA: I've been on horseback three days and three nights---!

LAMPUGNANO (SNIFFING DISTASTEFULLY) I realise that too. He's busy.

CARMAGNOLA: Busy? (APPALLED AND SILENCED) Is that his message?

LAMPUGNANO: That's his message.

CARMAGNOLA WITHDRAWS, ABASHED.

CARMAGNOLA (AS HE RETURNS TO THE PERSONAL AREA) Riccio! Lampugnano! Their names haunted me for days afterwards. I rode away shouting 'You trinity of eunuchs!'

PHILIP REGISTERS THIS, LOOKING UP

AS LAMPUGNANO RETURNS TO THE THRONE AREA.

CARMAGNOLA: And then as I realised as I galloped along that I was riding not back to Genoa but north towards my own native state. That long ride burned my anger out. And then I began to understand something. I suddenly saw what power I had in my own person, apart from anything Philip could give me, apart even from my own soldiers. It was a result of being alone.

PHILIP: I think I'll hunt.

HE LEAVES, CLAPPING HIS HANDS FOR SERVANTS.

LAMPUGNANO: He's feeling afraid.

RICCIO: Did you see the road Carmagnola took?

THEY LEAVE TOO. THE THRONE AREA IS EMPTY AND ITS LIGHT GOES DIM.

CARMAGNOLA: And, would you believe me, as I sat thinking things over the duke Philip seemed to be getting inside me, he seemed to be telling me something, how to sit down and make a plan of campaign, but not with soldiers; with my own thoughts. First, what was my objective? to revenge myself on him? Not quite. Defeat him, yes. Then I must find someone who also wanted to defeat him, someone strong! I thought and thought! And all at once I saw a city like no other city on earth, ancient, free, above all wealthy, independent of popes and kings, the terror of the Aegean, the lord of Dalmatia and Cyprus and Crete, the customs officer of Alexandria and Heliopolis, the middleman of Europe, with spices, silks and marbles to sell from the East, a great sea-power with water running through her streets, protected by shelves of mud and sand against not only the anger of the sea but the envy of enemies; and at this moment ambitious enough to want to leave her everlasting skirt of water that keeps her locked on a series of small islands, and extend herself across the luscious farms of Lombardy---Venice! Ah Venice! When I thought of you, Serenissima, I knew I was home!

x
[light would
go up in the
Throne Area
live, slowly.

THE LIGHT GOES UP ON THE THRONE AREA

BUT THIS TIME A BRILLIANT GOLDEN LIGHT.

CARMAGNOLA: I knew you had found your commander. And everything else fitted into this plan of campaign that had suddenly come to me from Philip duke of Milan! I saw that Venice, Queen of the Adriatic, had few soldiers, that to enter a land enterprise she would need to hire soldiers. I saw that she was Philip's strongest enemy, that she needed his arms, that she couldn't leave her western frontier bare to him! She would have to enter the mercenary market for the first time! And she would need a mercenary commander. She would need me!

A FANFARE AS BRILLIANTLY LOUD AND ASSERTIVE AS THE LIGHT.

THE DOGE TOMASO MOCEMIGO, NOW IN HIS EIGHTY-FOURTH YEAR, BEAUTIFULLY ROBED IN CLOTH OF GOLD, WITH THE HORNED BIRETTA OF OFFICE ON HIS HEAD, MOUNTS TO THE THRONE, PRECEDED BY THE SWORD, SCEPTRE AND CUSHION. THERE ARE ALSO COUNCILLORS INCLUDING THE PROCURATOR OF STATE (SECOND HIGHEST OFFICE) FRANCESCO FOSCARI.

THE LION OF ST MARK AS A BANNER COMPLETES THE BACKGROUND.

CARMAGNOLA: Francesco Foscari, leader of the so-called Young Venetians, fifty-five years of age and oddly like Philip to look at, except that he isn't spindly in the legs, remembers the defeat Venice has just had from the Turks at sea (FOSCARI WALKS A LITTLE APART FROM THE OTHERS TO DEMONSTRATE WHAT CARMAGNOLA IS SAYING), and his thoughts are turning towards the pastures and cornfields of Lombardy, where Philip duke of Milan is the sole owner. He is aching for battle, as impatient as I am, as thwarted of action. He wriggles in his chair---look!---as if his shoulders were already at the job.

DOGE: Milan has declared war on Florence in all but words.

CARMAGNOLA: Ha!

FOSCARI: As if we didn't know.

DOGE: ^{but} Young Procurator, Mr Francesco Foscari, Sage of the Council, says that we must give help to the Florent-

ines, that their good is our good and their evil our evil. Young Procurator, God created the angelic nature, which is the noblest of all created things, and gave it certain limits by which it should follow the way of good and not of evil. The angels chose the bad way that leads to evil. God punished them and banished them from Paradise to the Inferno, and from being good they became bad. This same thing we say to the Florentines who come here asking for a war alliance, which would be the evil way. Gentlemen, take comfort that you live in peace. If ever the duke of Milan---

CARMAGNOLA (CRANING FORWARD WITH INTEREST) Yes?

DOGE: ---makes way against you, God is with you, who sees all---

CARMAGNOLA: And Carmagnola, who wins battles!

DOGE: He will so arrange it that you shall have the victory. Let us live in peace, for God is peace; and he who desires war, let him go to perdition. Young Procurator, God created Adam wise, good and perfect, and gave him the earthly paradise, but Adam was disobedient, not being willing to acknowledge that he was merely a creature. And God deprived him of Paradise---

CARMAGNOLA: And you of the dogeship! After all you're eighty-four!

DOGE: ---and drove him out and put him in war, which is this world, and cursed him and all human generations! Thus will it happen to the Florentines for their fighting! And to us if we join them! And then again, if Milan takes Florence the Florentines will all flock to Venice and bring their silk and wool trades with them, and we'll grow rich, without spending a penny.

SEVERAL OF THE COUNCIL: Hear, hear!

DOGE: It happened when Lucca fell into the hands of a tyrant. Its wealth came to Venice, and Lucca became poor. Therefore remain in peace.

CARMAGNOLA: And die of boredom.

DOGE: To finalise my argument, to state in one word all the benefits that a long period of peace

always brings, I would say this: our exports and imports amount to the staggering annual figure of twenty-eight million, eight hundred thousand gold ducats. Don't you think this is a very pretty garden for Venice, young Procurator?

FOSCARI: 'Ducats', 'ducats'! That's what old women say when they hit the burning logs and watch the sparks fly up! Well sparks are going to fly, not ducats!

FOSCARI STRIDES OUT.

DOGE: If you elect this man as my successor you will have war. And war will ruin you. It will eat away your resources. Then those with ten thousand ducats will have a thousand---

A SENATOR (MURMURING) 'Ducats', 'ducats'!

DOGE: Those with ten houses will have but one---and instead of remaining masters of your hired soldiers---

CARMAGNOLA: He?

DOGE: You will find yourselves reduced to being their slaves! You will---

HE FALTERS. COUNCILLORS RUSH FORWARD AS HE HALF COLLAPSES FROM THE THRONE.

DOGE (FORCING HIS WORDS OUT) Francesco Foscari is deceitful and proud!

THE GOLDEN LIGHT IS SUDDENLY EXTINGUISHED. WITH HURRIED, HUSHED STEPS THE COUNCILLORS CARRY OUT THE DYING DOGE, WHILE THE GREAT BELL OF THE CAMPANILE BEGINS TO TOLL SOLEMNLY.

CARMAGNOLA REMAINS GAZING UP AT THE THRONE AREA WHILE THE NEIGHBOURS BACK AWAY TO THE EXIT, HUMBLED BY THE SUDDEN DEATH.

CARMAGNOLA (THROUGH THE TOLLING) 'Instead of being masters of your hired soldiers you will be their slaves...' Was that what he was afraid of? He always used to say to me, a mercenary commander should never rise too high. With that quick little roll of his eyes.

HE BEGINS TO WALK OFF THOUGHTFULLY. BEFORE HE REACHES THE EXIT A DARK

FIGURE MOUNTS THE STILL UNLIGHTED THRONE AREA AND ANNOUNCES SOLEMNLY 'THE DOGE IS DEAD!' CARMAGNOLA STOPS FOR A MOMENT, TURNS. THEN HE HURRIES OUT. THE PERSONAL AREA IS EMPTY.

A GREY AUSTERE LIGHT RISES ON THE THRONE AREA AND PHILIP DUKE OF MILAN ENTERS WITH HIS TWO COURTIERS. THE DARK FIGURE, PAOLO CORNARO, BOWS LOW TO HIM. THE BELL OF THE CAMPANILE CONTINUES TO TOLL THROUGHOUT THE FOLLOWING SCENE, IN THE DISTANCE NOW. THE LIGHT GOES DOWN ON THE PERSONAL AREA.

CORNARO: Your highness, I am to say that nothing is dearer to the Venetian people than freedom, from which nothing--neither treaties nor laws, nor any other reason, human or divine--will make them depart. And in so far as regards the present case, the Venetian people hold themselves as much bound to stir themselves when you attack Florence as they would if you were on their own frontiers. And then Florence has a republican form of government like ours, which creates a relationship. I am to say that a man who wants to fight freedom in Tuscany will fight it elsewhere later on, like tyrants everywhere.

HE BOWS AND WITHDRAWS A LITTLE.

PHILIP: It sounds like an ultimatum.

CORNARO: But your troops are approaching our borders, sir.

PHILIP: Are your borders in Tuscany all of a sudden?

CORNARO: They---

PHILIP: You mean we're engaging the Florentines after a series of quite unbearable provocations. You know perfectly well that they're the most slippery people in Italy. Do you remember how much they promised Francesco da Carrara? whom you later strangled in his cell (WITH A SMILE)? Oh I know Her Most Serene Republic. Wise, older than any of us. She knows I'm strong and Florence weak, apart from all the jargon about freedom. Above all, being honourable, she will respect her ten-year treaty with me, signed (WITH ANOTHER SMILE) less than a year ago.

CORNARO: I am instructed to ask you, sir, do you mean to repeat the mistakes of your brother (PHILIP STARTS).

when you are such a different prince, when you excel in powers of diplomacy, when you have won back for Milan everything that your brother lost, and you did it not simply by force but persuasion and sound government?

PHILIP: Very nice. (LEANS FORWARD AND PATS CORNARO'S HAND AFFECTIONATELY) What was it one of your senators said when he advised you to murder the young Carrara in cold blood---a prince like me, also excelling in powers of diplomacy, a legitimate sovereign and also, I believe, granted a safe conduct to your city, a safe conduct to death as it turned out---what was it the good senator said, 'A dead man makes no war'? Now why should Venice have required young Carrara not to make war?

CORNARO: Ah but, sir, Carrara---

PHILIP: Let me tell you: because Carrara, young, a friend as I am of the Serene Republic, and excelling in powers of diplomacy, was also prince of Padua. And Padua is---how many miles from Venice?

CORNARO: About twenty-five, sir.

PHILIP (WITH SUDDEN RAPPING FINALITY) And the borders of Tuscany are twenty-five miles from mine!

CORNARO: But---

PHILIP: Remember that these subtle Florentine bankers change allies like we change socks. Before you strangled young Carrara with a bow-string in his cell---yes, yes, of course he died of catarrh--- for being guilty of having a lawful throne twenty-five miles from your city, he asked for Florence's help a hundred times and was offered it a hundred times, and a hundred times it was denied him just when he needed it. Tell me, my dear Cornaro, why did I choose the Serene Republic as a friend?

CORNARO: We are close geographically---

PHILIP: Close and strong. Northern Italy needs two powers to keep the peace, one watching the Adriatic and the other the Mediterranean, both of them independent of Rome and able to present the foreigner, I mean of course Germany, with a quite impregnable barrier.

CORNARO: Yes sir.

PHILIP: Need I say that I believe one of the wisest doges in your history has just died? Yes I know you belong to the other party, and that your party is going to win. But remember, he forged this wise alliance with me, he even taught me to see its value. If you break it, if you really believe that my ambitions extend as far as your lagoon when I already have an excellent outlet to the sea at Genoa, if you make war my dear Cornaro, the Republic will face another war of Chioggia, but this time we will follow our victory up and plant our tents in your Piazza!

CORNARO: You dare----!

PHILIP: Ah, that stirs you up! What a wonderful race you are. I don't mean I shall lay seige to you. But bankruptcy will. Believe me, you need a vast exchequer to pay mercenary soldiers. They're jealous, proud, demanding men! Carmagnola left me, if you can believe it, because I denied him the command of three hundred cavalry. I gave him a wife, my surname, a fortune and the governorship of Genoa but nothing appeases a mercenary mind.

THE COURTIER'S MOD GRAVELY.

PHILIP: Now you are a thrifty Republic, you're merchants and traders, naval men. You like to show a dividend. But mercenary knights show nothing for what they win. They don't even take prisoners. They're more loyal to each other than they are to you and me. Today Milan, tomorrow Savoy, the day after---- Venice? After a battle they drink together! They take care to have no casualties. In two of the major battles for Cremona I believe my commander lost one horse, and a trooper was cut in the leg by one of his own spurs. But then of course I got Cremona. Wouldn't the Serene Republic like Cremona? Isn't she tired of being locked in the sea? wouldn't she like to extend herself across the luscious farms of Lombardy, where the rents come in regularly and there are none of the vicissitudes attendant on long sea voyages? That, my dear friend, is why you're thinking of listening to Florence, because you covet my lands.

CORNARO: I shall convey your answer to the Signory, sir.

PHILIP: As you probably know, I consult the stars closely every day. During conjunction, opposition, sextile, square and trine I lock myself in my room and deny

audiences even to delightful spokesmen like yourself. So I have a certain experience in the matter. And I warn you not to embark on this enterprise. The stars are quite clear on the subject. They foretell a plague in your city before the end of the year. Is a plague a good augury for the election of Francesco Foscari----?

CORNARO: My lord!

PHILIP: Yes, that was in bad taste perhaps (WITH A SMILE). Shall we hunt a little?

CORNARO (WITH A BOW) I shall be honoured.

THEY LEAVE, PHILIP CLAPPING HIS HANDS AS BEFORE, FOLLOWED BY THE TWO COURTIER, WHILE THE TOLLING BELL IN THE DISTANCE RISES TO A FULL PEAL TO CELEBRATE THE ELECTION OF A NEW DOGE.

AS THE LIGHT OVER THE THRONE AREA QUICKLY CHANGES TO GOLDEN AGAIN THE NEW DOGE, FRANCESCO FOSCARI, ENTERS THE OPEN AREA IN CLOTH OF GOLD FOLLOWED BY THE BANNER OF ST MARK AND CLOSELY ATTENDED. THE PROCESSION CROSSES THE OPEN AREA FROM ACTOR'S LEFT TO RIGHT, AND ENDS IN THE THRONE AREA. THE OLDEST MEMBER OF THE COUNCIL STEPS FORWARD WITH THE BIRETTA AND PUTS IT ON THE DOGE'S HEAD WITH THE WORDS 'ACCIPERE CORONAM DUCATEM DUCATUS VENETIARUM'. A FANFARE OF TRUMPETS. THE CUSHION, SWORD AND SCEPTRE PRECEDE THE DOGE TO HIS THRONE. THE COUNCILLORS CLOSE IN AND CONGRATULATE HIM. MUSIC ECHOES FROM THE SQUARE OUTSIDE.

A COUNCILLOR: What about the announcement?

SECOND COUNCILLOR: Well it's all very well telling them 'We've chosen Francesco Foscari doge, if such be your pleasure', but suppose it isn't their pleasure? After all, we Young Venetians aren't very popular.

THERE ARE SMILES.

DOGE: You could simply announce it as a fact by cutting the last sentence. A break with tradition----

FIRST COUNCILLOR: A tradition of nearly a thousand years.

SECOND COUNCILLOR: That's not true. I doubt if it came in more than four centuries ago.

DOGE: But the announcement was always quite valueless, surely? A formality.

SECOND COUNCILLOR: The people acclaim the man chosen. They don't deliberate on the choice.

FIRST COUNCILLOR: There's a lawyer for you!

DOGE (AMID LAUGHTER) Let's cut the damned thing in half then.

GENERAL APPROVAL. FIRST COUNCILLOR GOES OUT AND ANNOUNCES 'SER FRANCESCO FOSCARI HAS BEEN ELECTED DOGE' AND WE HEAR THE SAME SENTENCE BEING PASSED ON UNTIL THERE IS A GREAT DEEP ROAR OF APPROVAL FROM A CROWD IN THE PIAZZA.

DOGE (TO THE SECOND COUNCILLOR) You said something about an audience.

SECOND COUNCILLOR: For Carmagnola.

DOGE: Ah yes. (AS THE FIRST COUNCILLOR RETURNS) No stones? (MORE LAUGHTER) They'd approve the devil himself. And we've got to wake them up!

SECOND COUNCILLOR: But put on peaceful faces for the time being.

DOGE: Naturally. I've got a peace-loving speech for every day of the week.

FIRST COUNCILLOR: About Carmagnola, then?

SECOND COUNCILLOR: Well we can hear what he has to say. Mind you, I'm rather chary of a man who defects from anybody, even Philip duke of Milan.

FIRST COUNCILLOR: He did leave a fortune behind.

DOGE: And a wife.

SECOND COUNCILLOR: Very beautiful I understand.

DOGE: That's the odd thing about the Viscontis, they turn out the most lovely women but the ugliest men under the sun.

LEISURELY LAUGHTER.

FIRST COUNCILLOR: The duke deprived him of his command as you know.

DOGE: Yes. Carmagnola must be an angry man. We could do with a little anger in the senate, if you follow me. Let's have him address the senate.

SECOND COUNCILLOR: My God he could stir them. Have you seen him? Massive chap.

FIRST COUNCILLOR: He's got eighty attendants with him. I mean, that's chief of state level, isn't it? And crowds all the way from Turin, cheering like mad.

DOGE: Well we'll have Venice cheering him like mad too. Better a soldier than an old fogey crying 'ducats, ducats' all day.

COUNCILLORS: Hear, hear.

DOGE: Clear the room for a private audience then.

THE COUNCILLORS LEAVE EXCEPT FOR THE FIRST COUNCILLOR WHO TAKES OUT A SLIP OF PAPER AND READS IT TO THE DOGE (THE AUDIENCE-BRIEF).

FIRST COUNCILLOR: Carmagnola, Francesco. Count of Castelnovo. In the duke of Milan's service he amassed a private fortune of between seventy and eighty thousand ducats-----

DOGE: Did he by God?

FIRST COUNCILLOR: Four years ago he took the precaution of investing thirty thousand of them here in Venice, at the Chamber of Loans.

DOGE: Ha!

FIRST COUNCILLOR: He married Antonietta Visconti, whom he actually appears to love, eight years ago in 1417. He laid the foundations of a very ambitious country house at Broletto-Nuovo.

DOGE: Thanks. That'll do me.

FIRST COUNCILLOR LEAVES (WITHOUT BOWING).

A HUSH, FOLLOWED BY SOUNDS OF MOVEMENT NEAR THE ENTRANCE BEHIND THE DOGE'S THRONE. CARMAGNOLA ENTERS, USHERED IN BY AN ATTENDANT, WHO WITHDRAWS THE

MOMENT HE HAS DONE HIS JOB.

CARMAGNOLA IS ALL BUT COVERED IN A GREAT RED CLOAK NOT UNLIKE THE TOGA OF OFFICE WORN BY THE COUNCILLORS; AND HE CARRIES THE FAMOUS 'CARMAGNOLA' HAT, A RED BERET LIKE A NIGHT-CAP IN DESIGN.

THE DOGE RISES AND TAKES HIM BY THE ELBOWS IN A KINDLY WAY AND URGES HIM TO A SEAT AT HIS SIDE.

DOGE: Your wife is safe I trust.

CARMAGNOLA: I think so, yes sir.

DOGE: And will join you here perhaps.

CARMAGNOLA: I hope so.

DOGE: Let me put the matter from the Venetian point of view. Our interests aren't confined to this sea outside. We must keep the waterways of the mainland free as well. I mean mainly the Po. These waterways take our goods to Germany, England, the Low Countries, France. Our trade would suffer badly if the river Po and the river Adige were blocked by too powerful an enemy.

CARMAGNOLA: He will block it. He'll carry off all that river-trade for himself---impose levies, freight-charges---

FOSCARI: Which we can't allow.

CARMAGNOLA: More than that. A year ago the duke of Milan entered Venetian territory.

DOGE (WITH A SMILE) Under your command.

CARMAGNOLA: Your Most Serene Highness----!

DOGE (ADMIRING CARMAGNOLA'S MAGNIFICENT SHRUG) I'm told that running mercenary armies requires a special technique, a diplomacy all its own. Mercenary soldiers are costly and above all unreliable because they have a habit of freely changing sides. Now we Venetians as you know have a natural patriotism which is far beyond personal interest. That's why we've never needed hired soldiers until now. We've done our fighting ourselves.

CARMAGNOLA: I know exactly what you're getting at. Now I've already banked my money here---I did it three years ago, thirty thousand ducats----

DOGE: Did you now?

CARMAGNOLA: And believe me, if I became Venetian, if you gave me that honour, I'd be as good a Venetian as the next man, I'd put Venice beyond everything----

DOGE: Beyond the Visconti family?

CARMAGNOLA: Why? where do they come in?

DOGE: Your wife's a Visconti. Your children will be Viscontis. You have a son?

CARMAGNOLA: Yes.

DOGE: A Visconti.

CARMAGNOLA: But my wife's mine, not Milanese any more.

DOGE: Are you sure?

CARMAGNOLA: Bring her here and see. Sit her among your finest noblewomen, and see how she looks. She'll be Venetian in a day.

DOGE: You feel it's easy to be Venetian?

CARMAGNOLA: Not for any man. But for me---lacking a country of my own, betrayed by---

DOGE: But we can't cease being Milanese or Venetian or whatever it is just because we're betrayed. That would be too comfortable! No, being Venetian is a very special kind of destiny.

CARMAGNOLA: Let me learn it, from you.

DOGE: And then you're a great man. The Republic is jealous of great men. We like equality. My own councillors call me Mr Doge, never sir, let alone my lord. We're like that. They won't even let me nod thank you at the end of my council meetings, in case I am giving a secret sign to someone or showing that I have anything to thank them for. In all things I have to consider myself nothing, for the simple reason that I am head of the state. They even go out of their way to be rude to me. My daughters may only marry with their permission. I can't open despatches without my council being present. Three senators follow me wherever I go. My private letters are opened. We're suspicious of each other. Above all, popularity is a most unpopular condition to find yourself in here. Men have been hung for it.

CARMAGNOLA: All I can say is I'm a soldier. I give orders and I take them. Beyond that...

DOGE: You may find yourself watched---for signs of pride.

CARMAGNOLA: My job is to fight the duke of Milan, is that right?

DOGE: No! Your job is to be a functioning, responsible member of the aristocracy, to persuade me and the senate and the Great Council and finally the people that the duke of Milan is an enemy, and secondly that you're the right man to defeat him. (LEANING FORWARD AND GIVING HIM A CONSOLING TOUCH) You're not in Milan any more. We don't have one-man governments here. We vote! We have to be persuaded! Our minds have to be moved. Notice I didn't say 'hearts'. Where the state is concerned we don't have any. Now listen to me carefully. Our senate wants peace. I, being doge, naturally want peace too because I'm their symbol and representative. What do you say to that?

CARMAGNOLA: You've had peace a long time and it brought the duke of Milan to your doorstep. He'll have Brescia in a couple of months if you let the weeds grow any higher! That's what I've got to say. You love peace and he loves war! He's watching you like a hawk, and one day he'll swoop --- (WITH A VIVID MOVEMENT).

DOGE: I'm almost inclined to say you should address the senate. You might almost use that same movement, what was it----? (IMITATING THE MOVEMENT CARMAGNOLA MADE).

CARMAGNOLA: Well first of all I'm no good at speeches.

DOGE: You're marvellous at speeches. You made one just now. But senates, my lord, are cold bodies. They listen with closed hearts.

CARMAGNOLA: No man can make me cold.

DOGE: Well if you can heat that lot up---

CARMAGNOLA: I'll tell them the facts, that'll heat an iceberg!

DOGE: Let's go to my apartment and agree on what the facts are.

THE DOGE MAKES A GESTURE TOWARDS THE EXIT AND CARMAGNOLA AFTER A BOW PRECEDES HIM. THE DOGE WATCHES HIM CLOSELY FROM BEHIND AND THEN COOLLY RISES AND FOLLOWS HIM.

MARIA ENTERS THE PERSONAL AREA. SHE IS DRESSED MORE LIKE A LADY NOW. A SERVANT FOLLOWS HER WITH A TRAY CONTAINING COFFEE JUGS ETC. WITHOUT A WORD MARIA GESTURES HER TO PUT IT ON THE TABLE AND THEN DISMISSES HER. THE SERVANT MAKES A LITTLE CURTSEY.

PHILIP DUKE OF MILAN WITH A FALCON ON HIS GLOVED WRIST PASSES ACROSS THE OPEN AREA FROM LEFT TO RIGHT IN THE COMPANY OF RICCI AND LAMPUGNANO, WHO SUPPORT HIM. HE PAUSES FOR BREATH.

WHEN HE HAS WITH GREAT EFFORT REGAINED EASY BREATHING HE LOOKS UP AT THE

SKY SEARCHINGLY.

PHILIP: Something's in the air today. A defeat perhaps----it might be something small. Let's hope so.

HE SIGNALS TO THE COURTIER TO MOVE OFF AGAIN AND THE PARTY REBEWS ITS SLOW PROGRESS OUT BEHIND THE THRONE AREA.

AS IT DOES SO CARMAGNOLA ENTERS THE PERSONAL AREA.

MARIA: I knew you were coming. By the cheers.

CARMAGNOLA (THROWING HIMSELF ON TO THE COUCH, EXHAUSTED) Sometimes I think they're organised. These Venetians-----

MARIA: What?

CARMAGNOLA: You can't see what they're at, not like with other people. - They've lived together so long, well over a thousand years, and most of the time in trouble. You can't dig under that kind of unity, it's in the blood.

MARIA (HANDING HIM HIS COFFEE) Here.

CARMAGNOLA: You've taken to the life like a duck to water, eh? Look at your clothes. (SMELLING THE COFFEE WITH PLEASURE) Mm! And I bet you treat the servants like dirt.

MARIA: I know their mentalities, that's why! It's either them or me.

CARMAGNOLA: That's why I brought you here. I heard you swearing. And then of course I thought you'd make a good housekeeper.

MARIA (GAZING AT HIM) You've always talked like that, since you were ten.

CARMAGNOLA: Wasn't I playing soldiers at ten?

MARIA: I never saw you play soldiers once. You sat and dreamed. And talked like that, as if I was a stranger.

CARMAGNOLA: Aren't you a stranger? It's better like that. You see, I knew what I wanted. I wanted

to be one of the ones on top.

MARIA: Well, you got there.

CARMAGNOLA: Do you think so? You're wrong. You see, they've all got minds, and I----

HE BEGINS DRINKING HIS COFFEE. AS HE DOES SO PHILIP DUKE OF MILAN ENTERS THE THRONE AREA STILL ON RICCI AND LAMPUGNANO. THE GLOVE AND FALCON ARE TAKEN FROM HIM AND HIS STICK IS LEANED AGAINST THE THRONE. RICCI HANDS HIM A BOOK AS HE SETTLES INTO THRONE WITH SATISFIED SIGHS. HE OPENS THE BOOK AND IS AT ONCE ABSORBED, HIS MOUTH OPEN. HE DISMISSES THEM WITH AN ABSENT GESTURE---A LOOSE FLUTTERING OF HEAVY FINGERS--- AND THEY HURRY AWAY.

MARIA: You need your wife if you ask me. Will they let her come?

CARMAGNOLA: If I trade an army of prisoners for her, yes. (SETTLING BACK MORE COMFORTABLY ON THE COUCH) You know, I wish Antonietta weren't so timid.

MARIA: Who wouldn't be, of you?

CARMAGNOLA: She flinches when I look at her. Here am I trying to get away from the greatness, the trumpets and crowds, and then I see her face and realise it all clings to me. It changes a man. Yet I don't know how I did it. I ordered men about, and battles were won, that's all.

MARIA: Personality. Your father had it.

CARMAGNOLA: Antonietta comes along and I hardly recognise myself. I see there's something missing! Yes!

HE DOZES OFF WHILE HIS MOTHER TIDIES THE ROOM. SHE TAKES THE TRAY FROM THE TABLE, CAREFUL TO MAKE NO NOISE.

TWO DARK FIGURES ENTER THE PERSONAL AREA SILENTLY AND STAND CLOSE TO THE COUCH. MARIA TURNS AND SEES THEM. AS ONE OF THEM MAKES TOWARDS HER WITH A MUFFLE SHE SCREAMS AND DROPS

THE TRAY. HE FLINGS A MUFFLE
ROUND HER HEAD BUT SHE HAS WOKEN
CARMAGNOLA WHO THROWS OFF THE OTHER
MAN (ABOUT TO PLUNGE A LONG KNIFE
INTO HIS SHOULDER) WITH A ROAR THAT
HAS SOMETHING TRIUMPHANT ABOUT IT.

THE TWO MEN GET AWAY.

THE DUKE IN THE THRONE AREA NEITHER
MOVES NOR TAKES HIS EYES OFF HIS
BOOK DURING THIS ACTION.

CARMAGNOLA: Close the doors! (DASHING AFTER THEM)
Close the doors!

THERE ARE SOUNDS OF CONFUSION FROM
BELOW. MARIA REMAINS, HALF PARA-
LYSED WITH TERROR, AND MANAGES TO
FREE HERSELF OF THE MUFFLE. SHE
BEGINS PICKING UP THE COFFEE THINGS
CROONING TO HERSELF LIKE A PEASANT
WOMAN, 'HOLY MARY MOTHER OF GOD!
HOLY MARY!'

PHILIP DUKE OF MILAN LOWERS HIS
BOOK AND BANGS HIS STICK ON THE
FLOOR SLOWLY AND DELIBERATELY.

PHILIP (AS RICCI AND LANPUGNANO COME IN) You see, I was
right. Your two hired assassins made a bog-up.
(AS THEY STARE AT HIM) I got it from a pigeon.
I won't fling you both downstairs and feed you to
the dogs this time but I want to make it clear---
no more schoolboy suggestions in future. Assas-
sination never works. Mostly it doesn't get the
victim but even when it does it changes nothing.

RICCI: Yes sir.

MARIA LEAVES THE PERSONAL AREA WITH
THE TRAY, STILL CROONING TO HERSELF .

PHILIP: Venice will use this as a pretext for making
war with me. That's the real reason why I'm not
throwing you down the stairs, because I want the
war. I want Carmagnola as my enemy. I can
play with Carmagnola. I don't need hired assassins.
I can get the head off his shoulders with out
moving from this seat. (WITH SUDDEN WILD FEROCITY)
Do you hear that?

RICCI: Yes sir!

PHILIP: Help me up. We'll go to the maproom, where you'll both keep your noses out of my strategy.

RICCI HELPS HIM TO HIS FEET AND THEY HOBBLE OUT, LAMPUGNANO REMAINING BEHIND FOR A MOMENT.

LAMPUGNANO: 'Pigeon'!

AS HE LEAVES, THE TWO ASSASSINS (NOW ALL BUT STRIPPED OF THEIR CLOTHING, AND BOUND TOGETHER) ARE PUSHED AND DRAGGED ACROSS THE OPEN AREA FROM RIGHT TO LEFT BY ATTENDANTS.

THE DOGE, THE FIRST COUNCILLOR AND CARMAGNOLA ENTER FROM THE LEFT AND STAND WATCHING THE SLOW, TORTURED PROCESS OF THE TWO PRISONERS.

CARMAGNOLA: Poor devils!

DOGE (HALTING THE OTHER PARTY SO THAT THE TWO CRIMINALS ARE MORE OR LESS AT HIS FEET) What do they call themselves?

COUNCILLOR: Gherardo da Rubiera and Giovanni degli Aliprandi.

DOGE: Good God! Who'd have names like that?

COUNCILLOR: Only assassins!

THEY ENJOY THEIR LITTLE JOKE WHILE THE TWO MEN WRITHE FROM THEIR BURNS.

COUNCILLOR: They confessed on the stoves to being in the hire of Philip duke of Milan.

DOGE: Well, I could guess that. (TAKING CARMAGNOLA'S ARM AND MOVING AWAY) I tell you what, you might get it into your speech----'they tried to murder me after twelve years loyal service', that sort thing. You're a born showman after all.

THE PRISON PART/MOVE OFF.

DOGE: Anyway, let's see what we can do.

COUNCILLOR:(TO CARMAGNOLA) I should have thought you were used to assassinations.

CARMAGNOLA: I am, but only other people's. It shows what

a different level I'm on now. A man of state!
(WITH SOMETHING LIKE AWE OF HIMSELF) Not a simple
soldier any more!

DOGE (AS THEY PASS OUT OF SIGHT) Well, that's honest of
you (GLANCING AT THE FIRST COUNCILLOR).

THE STAGE IS EMPTY FOR A MOMENT.
THERE ARE SUDDENLY THE LAST IMPLOING
CRIES OF THE TWO ASSASSINS FOLLOWED
BY TWO GREAT SPLASHES, FOLLOWED BY
SILENCE.

THE DOGE, FIRST COUNCILLOR AND CAR.
MAGNOLA STROLL INTO THE THRONE AREA
SMILING AND CHATTING.

DOGE (GOING TO THE THRONE) Now suppose you stand there
(TO CARMAGNOLA). No, a bit nearer, that's right:
just to give the idea that you're supporting me
while I'm talking. Right well, I shoot off with
(HE BEGINS PREPARED SPEECH); Senators, there
are two things which in our Republic are thought
very pleasant, but which have involved us in
trouble, and they are peace and frugality.

COUNCILLOR: Hear, hear!

DOGE: Too fond of an easy time, too greedy for the
quick bargain: is that to be said of our Republic?
Senators, judge for yourselves when you hear the
facts. I give you Carmagnola.

CARMAGNOLA: I've worked for the duke of Milan for twelve
years. I won him the plains of Lombardy, the
finest port on the Mediterranean coast, I even
brought him to your own frontiers! For these
twelve years of service I am barred the man's
presence. No explanation, no regrets! And he'll
do the same with all his friends. You have a
treaty with him. He'll use it while it suits
him, then fling your envoys into prison! He's
planning it already. Gentlemen, none of you
know that, but I know it. He used to talk to
me whole nights together, pacing up and down his
bedroom when he couldn't sleep. He's after
Brescia and Bergamo. He lusts after them like
a lover. You don't know that but I do. He
means to have Tuscany---that you know. But
he means to have all of northern Italy. He
means to have you! He means to lay seige to
this most lovely, most splendidly endowed of
all cities. And you're going to wait for him?

I decided, for myself, not to wait. I left my wife and children behind. I shall fight to get them back! I hope I shall fight for this great Republic, this empire! Even as an ordinary soldier I'd fight, if you let me. Because I've found my country at last, a place where justice and bounty and every virtue go together, where each man gets his due, where rascality is unknown in high places!

DOGE (INTERRUPTING HIM) I wouldn't say that if I were you. I mean, they might think you a fool and we don't want that. Go on to the next bit.

CARMAGNOLA: And now I want to tell you something that no one else, including Philip duke of Milan, knows. It is this. Philip duke of Milan isn't strong at this moment, he isn't half as strong as he appears or as he thinks. And all this for a very good reason, that I'm not with him any more. I was his strength! And that's why, gentlemen, this wild Milanese aggressor sent two hired assassins to this city only forty-eight hours ago to murder me---to---

DOGE: Do you think you could make your voice break there, on 'to murder me'?

CARMAGNOLA: And that's why, that's why, gentlemen, this wild Milanese aggressor sent two hired assassins to this city only forty-eight hours ago to murder me---after twelve years service!

DOGE (TO THE FIRST COUNCILLOR) That ought to tug at their heartstrings.

COUNCILLOR: If they've got any.

CARMAGNOLA: Well, they failed of their purpose, as you see. And Philip duke of Milan now has to face the possibility that you may put me at the head of your armies, to fight him! He knows what I can do! That's why he wanted to remove me! He knows that my leaving him makes him twice as weak and my coming to you makes you twice as strong! This then is the moment to mount an attack. Get your hand in first! Of course gentlemen I can't guarantee that there aren't other budding Carmagnolas in the Milanese camp---! (AS AN ASIDE TO THE DOGE) I'm hoping this draws a laugh.

DOGE: Quite right, it will.

CARMAGNOLA: But one thing I do know: whether you put your armies under me or another, there isn't a commander in the land of better faith towards you, of more inexhaustible loyalty to Venice, of greater hatred towards our common enemy, than the man you see standing before you now!

FIRST COUNCILLOR: Jolly good.

DOGE: That might very well get them. (TURNING TOWARDS THE IMAGINARY AUDIENCE TO COMPLETE HIS PART OF THE PERFORMANCE, SPEAKING WITH SUCH VIOLENCE THAT THE VEINS STAND OUT ON HIS NECK) Senators, you have heard the facts. If that insensate tyrant isn't checked he'll overrun the whole peninsula! When he's finished with Florence he'll start on you! It's war he wants! And it's war he'll have!

A GREAT ECHOING CHEER COMES FROM THE PIAZZA, WITH THE SOUND OF DRUMS AND TRUMPETS AND THE PEALING OF THE CAMPANILE. THE DOGE AND CARMAGNOLA EMBRACE TRIUMPHANTLY AND LEAVE THE THRONE AREA WITH THE FIRST COUNCILLOR BEHIND THEM.

THE SOUNDS RISE TO A CLIMAX AS A PROCESSION HEADED BY THE DOGE AND CARMAGNOLA BEGINS TO WIND ITSELF ACROSS THE OPEN AREA FROM RIGHT TO LEFT.

PAOLO CORNARO STEPS INTO THE THRONE AREA TO SHOUT AN ANNOUNCEMENT ABOVE THE NOISE WHILE THE LIGHT ABOVE HIM DIMS FROM VENETIAN GOLD TO MILANESE GREY.

CORNARO: The following terms will be signed between Venice and Florence! Each party to send into the field eight thousand horse and three thousand foot. A naval squadron for the defence of the river Po will be raised at mutual expense. The Republic of Venice shall control the movement of all armies, and conclude peace whenever it wants to, even sep-

arately. Conquests in Tuscany and the Romagna shall go to Florence. (PAUSE) Conquests in Lombardy shall go to the Republic of Venice.

TRUMPETS. PHILIP DUKE OF MILAN WITH HIS TWO COURTIERS ENTERS THE THRONE AREA AND PAOLO CORNARO, HAVING FINISHED HIS ANNOUNCEMENT, TURNS TO BOW TO HIM.

PHILIP: But you're infringing our 1421 treaty.

CORNARO: You have attacked Ferrara and Mantua, sir. That killed our treaty stone dead.

HE BOWS AND LEAVES.

LAMPUGNANO: Every analysis of the stars, from at least six quite independent sources, shows you are going to win.

PHILIP: And then there are my gifts as well.

CARMAGNOLA ENTERS THE PERSONAL AREA WITH A BISHOP. CARMAGNOLA IS DRESSED FOR BATTLE.

CARMAGNOLA: What I mean is I've never been satisfied, bit by bit I've won everything---military rank, money, a pretty, aristocratic wife, a house in the country or at least the foundations of one, and now the command of one of the finest armies in Italy, in the service of the finest state, and---

BISHOP (SITTING DOWN) I'm glad you said that. About the finest state, I mean. Even the priests here are Venetian. They put Venice next to God and higher than the Church. Remember that.

CARMAGNOLA: You're a wonderfully cold lot when it comes to your state. All he said when that Milanese agent nearly planted a dagger in my chest was, 'Mention it in your speech. It might go down well with the senate.'

BISHOP: Who said?

CARMAGNOLA: The doge.

BISHOP: Oh, his job is being cold. That's what we pay him for. So you can't free yourself of desire? Well, well, you're like most of the creatures who live and die.

CARMAGNOLA: You see, I can't stop myself wanting something higher, always.

BISHOP: When you want the highest thing of all, the rest no longer counts. Was it ever really rank and power you wanted? Was it ever anything outside?

CARMAGNOLA: Outside?

BISHOP: Isn't it something inside you want, and never get? and the more you get outside, the more you see how much less you're getting inside?

CARMAGNOLA: Oh I believe in God all right if that's what you mean. After all, he demonstrates himself in every battle.

BISHOP: How? In victories?

CARMAGNOLA: Not always. In defeats sometimes; if I haven't watched my behaviour.

BISHOP: Is that the kind of God you have? He rewards you if you pray, and punishes if you don't?

CARMAGNOLA: He rewards for a pure heart.

BISHOP: Ah, there you're nearer. But not near enough. He doesn't reward with victories and rank and all the other things you beguile yourself with. The pure heart is its own reward. If you live towards that, as an end in itself, the only sane end, you'll be all right, the other things disappear. Instead of looking on victory or an aristocratic wife as the reward of a pure heart look on a pure heart as the objective of every victory, every action. A pure heart is a kind of home, you see. The only place you can rest. There are no desires beyond it. And I don't mean being virtuous. I mean having peace, inside. I mean the silence right inside you. When you make that the centre of your life, everything else will radiate from it, including the mind you say you want. You can't have a mind without it.

CARMAGNOLA: How do I find this silence?

BISHOP: Let me put it this way. Compared to the god you are in your own silence, you are nothing with all the military rank in the world. In that silence alone are you a god. And you are aching to be a god in the other way, with rank and circumstance,

and it won't work.

CARMAGNOLA: But supposing he keeps her? (GAZING UP AT PHILIP DUKE OF MILAN) Even kills her?

BISHOP (FOLLOWING HIS GAZE) What are you thinking of? Reverse your thinking! It's either a wife or a defeat or a house in the country! Take your thoughts off life---you'll find it isn't life at all! Think from the inside outwards, not from the outside in. Don't you see that this is the only way to get your will? Live a pure life, find the silence I'm talking about, if only for a few moments every day, and then the outside will look after itself. You mean Philip?

CARMAGNOLA: Of course.

BISHOP: But how can he influence you if you're strong? And how can he fail to beat you if you think all the time, oh suppose he does this, suppose he keeps my wife, suppose he signs a separate peace with Venice---

CARMAGNOLA:(IN A STORM AT ONCE) What, is that a possibility?

BISHOP: Look at you! Look how unsteady your thoughts are! You expect me, a priest, to know more than you do about our affairs of state? An ignorant man like me makes an idle analogy and it throws you off your balance. You should be a rock of strength, but you can't found that on victories. It has to come from inside!

CARMAGNOLA: You're a born Venetian. You've got politics in your blood. You might have known something.

BISHOP: My dear son, if you think of your wife as a hostage in Philip's hands, this is what she'll become! We treat people as they treat themselves. If you tell God you are frightened of Philip, this gives Philip power! We see people, in the end, as they see themselves!

CARMAGNOLA: A soldier is so weak.

BISHOP: If you treated your priests less like batmen you might be stronger.

CARMAGNOLA: I doubt it.

BISHOP (LAUGHING) So do I, to be quite honest---considering the kind of cloth that gets into the army nowadays.

BATMEN ENTER THE PERSONAL AREA
WITH CARMAGNOLA'S ARMOUR AND SPURS.

THE BISHOP RISES TO BLESS CARMAGNOLA,
WHO KNEELS.

TOGETHER: Pater noster, qui es in caelis, sanctificetur
nomen tuum. Adveniat regnum tuum. Fiat voluntas
tua, sicut in caelo, et in terra. Panem nostrum
cotidianum da nobis hodie. Et dimitte nobis debita
nostra, sicut et nos dimittimus debitoribus nostris.
Et ne nos inducas in tentationem: sed libera nos a
malo. Amen.

BISHOP: Pax et benedictio Dei omnipotentis, Patris, et
Filii, (SIGN OF THE CROSS) et Spiritus Sancti,
descendat super vos, et maneat semper.

CARMAGNOLA: Amen.

CARMAGNOLA RISES.

BISHOP: Remember there is one place where you've never
been rejected, never once been hurt or baffled,
and you can only find it in yourself, in silence
and alone.

THE BISHOP LEAVES.

CARMAGNOLA IS DRESSED FOR BATTLE.

ANTONIETTA VISCONTI, A WOMAN OF
TWENTY-SIX, ENTERS THE THRONE AREA
AND CURTSEYS TO PHILIP. HE
DISMISSES HIS COURTIER ABRUPTLY
AND SEATS HER BY HIM.

PHILIP: They've declared war. Your husband is now
an enemy commander.

ANTONIETTA: Yes.

PHILIP: You've been crying. I never thought of myself as a matchmaker but this time I seem to have done the trick!

ANTONIETTA: He needs looking after, he----!

PHILIP: Are you saying you want to join him in Venice?
(SUDDENLY IN A RAGE) To nurse the commander of forces designed to crush the Visconti family? what kind of loyalty is that?

ANTONIETTA: I only thought----!

PHILIP: I can't stand the way women think!

HE SNATCHES UP HIS BOOK AND BEGINS READING. SHE RISES TO GO BUT HE PREVENTS HER WITH AN ABSENT HAND, KEEPING HIS EYES ON THE BOOK.

PHILIP: You say he needs looking after. That means he's a child. In what way a child?

ANTONIETTA: Oh----the way he thinks happiness is always round the corner, never here and now. Wanting something different all the time.

PHILIP (WITH SOMETHING LIKE DISGUST) A dreamer.

ANTONIETTA: But he makes his dreams come true and it doesn't change anything!

PHILIP: He can hardly read or write---you know that of course?

ANTONIETTA: He confesses a dozen times a day.

PHILIP (LAUGHING) How delightful! You might as well confess a horse! Carmagnola can't do wrong! It's people like me who need confession (ABRUPTLY SERIOUS AGAIN)

ANTONIETTA: Uncle----!

BUT HE IS LOST IN THOUGHT.

CARMAGNOLA: Getting to high places poses the question, where can I go higher? And if I can't go higher than this, what was the point of coming all this way? I remember the duke of Milan saying----

PHILIP: ----People like me, my dear, are placed by our positions next to the Person we know less about than the poorest farmer. I mean God.

ANTONIETTA: Yes uncle.

PHILIP: Still, He keeps us on the move.

CARMAGNOLA: I've been galloping all my life, galloping,
galloping!

BATTLE TRUMPETS SOUND FROM THE OPEN
AREA.

COURTIERS RUSH IN TO PHILIP.

RICCI: Seven or eight thousand enemy are in front of
Brescia!

PHILIP: Who's in charge of their engineering?

RICCI: Nicolo da Tolentino.

PHILIP: Damn! (STRUGGLING TO RISE) He's the cleverest
snake in Tuscany. We've lost Brescia. I can
promise you that!

THE COURTIERS SUPPORT HIM AWAY.

PHILIP: And get rid of that woman!

LAMPUGNANO GESTURES HER OUT ROUGHLY.

DRUMS ROLL FROM THE OPEN AREA. OTHER
DRUMS MARK TIME WITH MARCHING FEET.

THE LAST TOUCHES ARE BEING PUT TO
CARMAGNOLA'S OUTFIT.

PAGES BEARING BANNERS ENTER THE OPEN
AREA, ONE FROM EACH SIDE. THE ARMS
OF THE VISCONTI COME FROM THE RIGHT,
ST MARK'S LION FROM THE LEFT. THESE
BANNERS WALK TO THE SOUND OF THE DRUMS.
THEY MEET EACH OTHER IN THE CENTRE
AND THEN TURN AND COME DOWNSTAGE
WHERE THEY DIVIDE AGAIN AND STAND
ONE ON EACH SIDE OF THE OPEN AREA,
FACING THE AUDIENCE.

CARMAGNOLA'S ADJUTANT ENTERS THE
PERSONAL AREA BEARING A BLOODY
GAUNTLET. HE SHOWS IT TO CARMAGNOLA.
AN ATTENDANT FOLLOWS BEHIND HIM WITH
TWO BLOODY GAUNTLETS AND TWO LANCES
DIPPED IN BLOOD.

CARMAGNOLA: From Piccinino?

ADJUTANT: Yes sir.

CARMAGNOLA (CHUCKLING) The old rascal. I knew he'd get the command of that outfit. But I'll have him by the short and curlies, don't you worry about that.

ADJUTANT (BRING FORWARD THE ATTENDANT WITH THE LANCES AND GAUNTLETS) And here are our pledges.

CARMAGNOLA (GIVING THEM A CURSORY GLANCE) Right send them over.

THE ADJUTANT DISMISSES THE ATTENDANT.

ADJUTANT: Five thousand horse and a thousand foot are formed up in front of the city in excellent order.

CARMAGNOLA: And you're feeling nervous. I can tell by your voice.

ADJUTANT: Well----

CARMAGNOLA: Whereas the closer I get to a battle the more I like it.

ADJUTANT: I've had two proveditors from Venice worrying me all morning. They're enough to make anybody nervous.

CARMAGNOLA: By the way, make a mention of them in our next despatch, when we're announcing this victory. Remind me. Something like 'I've noticed you've detailed two young Venetian noblemen to my headquarters whom you call proveditors. I call them spies.' Something pithy.

THE ATTENDANT WITH THE LANCES AND GAUNTLETS GOES ACROSS THE OPEN AREA TO THE TIME OF THE DRUMS, FROM LEFT TO RIGHT.

ADJUTANT: Every time a demijohn of Cyprus goes into one the tents they make a note of it. Well, almost, anyway.

CARMAGNOLA: Commercial minds make maritime empires, my child.

ADJUTANT: Er---they want to see the battle.

CARMAGNOLA: Tell them to go to hell. No, better still,

put a couple of chairs where they can catch a stray cannon ball or two. That'll fix 'em.
(TO THE BATMEN) Now come on, you people, you've had long enough.

THE BATMEN PUT THE LAST TOUCHES TO THIS MOST UNWIEDLY OF WAR COSTUMES AND THEN STAND ASIDE.

CARMAGNOLA: And now go away, all of you.

THE BATMEN AND ADJUTANT SALUTE THEIR WAY OUT. CARMAGNOLA KNEELS TO PRAY.

A BOMBARDMENT OF SIEGE WEAPONS BEGINS (MORE MIGHTY THUDS AND CRACKS THAN CRASHES) BUT IT IN NO WAY DISTURBS CARMAGNOLA.

THE ADJUTANT ENTERS THE OPEN AREA FROM THE LEFT WITH THE TWO VENETIANS (PROVEDITORS), FOLLOWED BY ATTENDANTS WITH TWO CHAIRS. THESE ARE PLACED TO FACE THE RAKE OF THE OPEN AREA. THE PROVEDITORS SIT DOWN AND THE ADJUTANT BOWS HIS WAY OUT AGAIN.

BUGLES SOUND WHILE CARMAGNOLA PRAYS IMPERTURBABLY.

CARMAGNOLA: God grant me yet another victory. And may Piccinino leave a flank open like he usually does. Give me the mind to understand cold hearts----!

HE BREAKS OFF AS IF THE THOUGHT Baffles HIM. THEN HE CROSSES HIMSELF AND RISES SLOWLY. THE ADJUTANT ENTERS AT ONCE, AS IF HE HAS BEEN WAITING AT THE ENTRANCE FOR THIS SIGN.

CARMAGNOLA (RUBBING HIS HANDS) Now!

THE SOUNDS OF BOMBARDMENT AND DRUMS AND BUGLES RISE TO A CLIMAX AS CARMAGNOLA AND HIS ADJUTANT FOLLOWED BY ATTENDANTS ENTER THE OPEN AREA FROM THE LEFT AND PASS THE PROVEDITORS.

FIRST PROVEDITOR: Good luck sir!

CARMAGNOLA STOPS AND TURNS.

CARMAGNOLA: I don't win battles with luck.

HE MAKES A SLIGHT BOW AND PASSES ON.
WHEN HE AND HIS ATTENDANTS ARE OUT
OF SIGHT THERE IS A BURST OF CHEERING.

THE SOUND OF CLASHING SWORDS JOINS THE
OTHER SOUNDS. THERE IS THE THUDDING
GALLOP OF HORSES. THE PROVEDITORS
SHOW NO SENSE OF DANGER.

SECOND PROVEDITOR: If he wins battles like he spends
money he should do all right.

A LANCE LANDS MORE OR LESS AT HIS FEET
AND HE PICKS IT UP AND EXAMINES IT.

FIRST PROVEDITOR: Good God, look! He doesn't seem to
think cannons hurt!

A TRUMPET SOUNDS FOR AN ADVANCE.
THERE ARE BLOODCURDLING CRIES.

SECOND PROVEDITOR: Look out!

HE JUMPS UP.

FIRST PROVEDITOR: He's off! He's dead! My God our
commander's dead!

A GREAT CHEER GOES UP.

SECOND PROVEDITOR: They're through! This is better than
a sea-fight---what do you say?

FIRST PROVEDITOR: (FALLING BACK IN HIS CHAIR) But that's
an expensive victory by God---our commander gone---
the finest military mind in Italy.

SECOND PROVEDITOR: He may only be wounded.

FIRST PROVEDITOR: But he didn't move.

ANOTHER CLIMAX OF NOISE.

SECOND PROVEDITOR: He's walking this way!

FIRST PROVEDITOR: The man's a spirit! He can't have
got up!

SECOND PROVEDITOR: Here---they're letting the prisoners
go!

FIRST PROVEDITOR: What?

SECOND PROVEDITOR: They're walking back to their own
lines---- They're even shaking hands! They're
joking! It's like a game. Then what were all
those cannon# for?

FIRST PROVEDITOR: It's a drinking party!

SECOND PROVEDITOR: And the battle's still on!

CARMAGNOLA ENTERS FROM THE RIGHT
WITH ALL THE FINERY THAT TOOK SO LONG
TO HEAP ON HIS SHOULDERS NOW EITHER
TORN OR GONE. HIS FACE IS MARKED
WITH BLOOD. HE SHOWS NO SIGN OF
BEING AWARE OF THIS. HIS ADJUTANT
FOLLOWS, CASTING AGHAST GLANCES BEHIND
HIM.

FIRST PROVEDITOR: But I saw you fall! You were trampled
on! Trampled to death!

CARMAGNOLA: Death? Good God, we never get killed in
battles, man. We see to that.

FIRST PROVEDITOR: But the prisoners sir?

CARMAGNOLA: What prisoners?

FIRST PROVEDITOR: The chaps going back to their own lines---

CARMAGNOLA: They're Piccinino's. They're not under my
command.

HE LEAVES.

FIRST PROVEDITOR: Well I'm damned!

THE SOUNDS OF BATTLE MERGE WITH THE
PEALING OF THE CAMPANILE IN VENICE,
AND A TRIUMPHANT CHEER AT THE SIEGE
OF BRESCIA BECOMES THE CHEERING OF A
GREAT CROWD IN THE PIAZZA OF VENICE.

THE VISCONTI BANNER WALKS ACROSS TO THE VENETIAN BANNER AND CEDES IT. THE VISCONTI PAGE THEN FOLLOWS THE BANNER OF ST MARK OUT LEFT WITH LOWERED HEAD, AS A GOLDEN LIGHT BRIGHTENS THE THRONE AREA.

THE DOGE ENTERS THE THRONE AREA IN CLOTH OF GOLD WITH HIS FIRST COUNCILLOR. HE HAS A DESPATCH IN HIS HAND.

DOGE: See this? 'You call them proveditors. I call them spies.' I like his cheek! But what a victory eh?

FIRST COUNCILLOR: Well, the bill hasn't come in yet.

DOGE: On the contrary. It's a pity we didn't enter this mercenary war-market earlier.

FIRST COUNCILLOR: Do you know the story about Siena? One of their mercenary commanders was so successful that they had to have a conference about how much to pay him, to keep him in their service. And do you know what they decided?

DOGE: No?

FIRST COUNCILLOR: To kill him. In that way the victories remained theirs, and he did too.

DOGE: Ah but this gentleman's a Venetian. As from today.

CARMAGNOLA ENTERS THE OPEN AREA FROM THE LEFT WITH HIS ADJUTANT AND THE TWO PROVEDITORS. HE IS IN CEREMONIAL DRESS. A CANOPY IS CARRIED OVER HIS HEAD.

THE DOGE WAITS FOR HIM TO REACH THE THRONE AREA WHERE THEY EMBRACE EACH OTHER WITH GENIAL FAMILIARITY.

DOGE (DRAWING HIM ASIDE) I just wanted to tell you this. We decided in council this morning to form a state on the banks of the river Adda. That state shall be yours, to govern as an independent prince----

CARMAGNOLA: Ha!

DOGE: ----if you can clear the river of all enemy and take Pavia.

CARMAGNOLA: That's something to think about.

DOGE: We're sending a fleet up the Po.

CARMAGNOLA: Just when I was looking forward to a holiday!

THEY LAUGH AND FORM THE HEAD OF A PROCESSION WHICH LEAVES THE THRONE AREA AND, TO A CRESCENDO OF BELLS FROM EVERYWHERE IN THE CITY, WINDS ACROSS THE OPEN AREA. BOTH THE DOGE AND CARMAGNOLA ARE UNDER THE CANOPY NOW. A FANFARE OF TRUMPETS.

PHILIP DUKE OF MILAN APPEARS IN THE PERSONAL AREA IN HIS NIGHT SHIRT. HE STOPS AND WATCHES THE PROCESSION WIND AWAY. THE SOUNDS OF CELEBRATION DIE AND THE LIGHT BEGINS TO FADE. HE CROSSES HIMSELF AND BOWS TO ALL FOUR CORNERS. NIGHT BEGINS TO FALL AS HE DROPS TO HIS KNEES AND PRAYS.

HE PRAYS FERVENTLY, TWISTING HIMSELF SUDDENLY UNTO ANOTHER POSITION UNTIL HE HAS COMPLETED THE FOUR CORNERS. THERE ARE THE CRIES OF OWLS FROM THE PALACE ROOFS.

HE REMAINS IN ONE PLACE, PROSTRATED, HEAD ON GROUND, IN PRAYER.

A WIND RISES. THE OWLS MAKE ALARMED CALLS. A FLASH OF LIGHTNING MAKES PHILIP JUMP WITH TERROR. WHEN ANOTHER FLASH COMES HE SCREAMS IN A MOST UNEARTHLY WAY AS IF HE HAS SEEN HIS MURDERER.

A STUPENDOUS CRASH OF THUNDER SENDS HIM DARTING TO THE BED WHERE HE THROWS ALL THE CLOTHES PELL MELL OVER HIMSELF. FOUR COURTLIERS RUSH IN. THEY SEEM TO KNOW WHAT TO DO.

PHILIP: No! No!

THEY ALL JUMP ON THE BED AND SO SURROUND HIM THAT HE IS COMPLETELY HIDDEN. THE STORM RAGES, LIGHTING UP THIS STRANGE ASSEMBLY. THE RAIN BEATS AGAINST THE

roofs.

PHILIP: Pray! Pray!

THEY RECITE WITH UNBELIEVABLE SPEED
PART OR WHOLE OF THE FOLLOWING PRAYER
AGAINST STORMS.

COURTIERS: Deus, qui culpa offēderis, pconitētia placāris:
preces pōpuli tui supplicantis propitiuſ respice; et
flagella tuae iracūndiae, quae pro peccātis nostris
mememur, averte.

A domo tua, quāesumus, Dōmine, spiritāles ne-
quitiāe repellantur: et aerearum discedat malignitas
tempestatum.

Omnipotens sempitērne Deus, parco metuētibuſ,
propitiare supplicibū: ut post nōxios ignes nūbium
et vim procellarum in materiam transeat laudis comm-
inatio tempestatum.

Dōmine Jesu, qui imperāsti ventis et mari, et
facta fuit tranquillitas magna: exaudi preces familiae
tuae, et praesta; ut hoc signo sanctae Cru-(SIGN OF
CROSS)-cis omnis discedat saevitia tempestatum.

Omnipotens et misericors Deus, qui nos et cast-
igādo sanas, et ignoscendo conſervas; praesta supp-
licibū tuis; ut et tranquillitatibū huius optatae
consolationis laetamur, et dono tuae pietatis semper
atamur. Per Dominum. Amen.

DURING THIS PRAYER THE STORM GRADUALLY
SUBSIDES.

RICCI (IN AN OFFICIAL TONE) The prayer has been answered.

PHILIP (IN UTTER EXHAUSTION) Take me upstairs. Send a
sword in front.

ONE OF THE COURTIERS DETACHES HIMSELF
FROM THE GROUP AND STANDS WITH HIS
SWORD DRAWN. PHILIP EMERGES FROM THE
TUMBLING BEDCLOTHES TREMBLING. THEY
ALL LEAVE THE PERSONAL AREA HEADED
BY THE SWORD.

LIGHT GOES UP ON THE THRONE AREA AS
PHILIP SHUFFLES ACROSS THE OPEN AREA
TOWARDS IT LIKE AN OLD MAN, SUPPORTED
BY HIS COURTIERS.

THE COURTIER WITH THE SWORD IS THE FIRST
TO APPEAR IN THE THRONE AREA. HE HOLDS
THE SWORD BEFORE THE THRONE. AFTER

A PAUSE PHILIP APPEARS. HE STARTS
WHEN HE SEES THE SWORD.

PHILIP (BACK TO HIS USUAL SELF) Put that damned thing away!
(AS HE SITS) Let me see it. That's not---blood,
is it?

HE TOUCHES THE POINT OF THE SWORD GIN-
GERLY. A GREAT SILENCE PERVADES THE
SCENE.

COURTIER: I think the blood of a Florentine, yes.

PHILIP: Good God. Do you know, if I had an hour at war
I should die. Bring my niece to me. And some
fresh liver.

A COURTIER GOES OUT.

PHILIP: The storm came up while I was praying. God
knows what more I can do. They've given him civic
honours, I see.

RICCI: Who, my Lord?

PHILIP: Carmagnola. He's a member of the Great Council
too---a Venetian nobleman. But do you think he can
ever make a gentleman?

LAMPUGNANO: He can look the part.

PHILIP: You see, a gentleman should never be quite---
good.

ANTONIETTA COMES IN, ALSO IN A NIGHT
GOWN.

ANTONIETTA: Uncle?

PHILIP: Sit close to me dear. Were you frightened by the
storm?

ANTONIETTA: I was asleep.

PHILIP: You know the ~~prince~~ Venetians have sent their
fleet up the Po? They've penetrated the river Adda
as far as the walls of Pavia. This means Milan could
fall in a week if they press their victory. That
might be all right for you but not for me, not for
the Visconti blood, not for Milan.

ANTONIETTA: I'm still a Visconti, uncle.

PHILIP: What I wanted to say is, have you something to send your husband? a little present? something to remember you by?

ANTONIETTA: A present!

PHILIP: I'm in contact with him, you see.

ANTONIETTA: Oh! I could embroider a handkerchief.

PHILIP: Have it done. Now go back to bed. (DRAWING HER BACK) When he made you a fine son, what promises did he make for it? Come closer. You've talked to each other, in bed. Couples do. They dream together. What do you both hope for your son? Do you hope, being yourself a Visconti, that he might----in the absence of any issue of mine----inherit (TAPPING THE THRONE) this chair?

ANTONIETTA: My lord----

PHILIP (WITH HIS SUDDEN EFFECTIVE FURY) Give me an answer!

ANTONIETTA: Yes.

PHILIP: This is all I want to know.

SHE IS USHERED OUT.

LAMPUGHANO: The dog wants to piss on the throne as well!

PHILIP: Oh shut up with your lurid images!

AN ATTENDANT ENTERS WITH A PLATE OF LIVER.

RICCI: The liver sir.

PHILIP (SMELLING IT) Here, try it.

RICCI: It came straight from the kitchens sir.

PHILIP: With the enemy less than ten kilometres away, one can't be too careful surely?

AN ATTENDANT IS BROUGHT FORWARD TO EAT THE LIVER. THEY WATCH HIM.

HE SHOWS NO CONTRARY SYMPTOMS AND PHILIP TAKES THE PLATE BACK. HE IS JUST ABOUT TO BEGIN EATING WHEN

THE ATTENDANT SWAYS AND COLLAPSES.
HE ROLLS ON THE GROUND. GREAT ALARM.

PHILIP (JUMPING UP) You see! You see!

RICCI AND LAMPUGNANO RUSH OUT.

THE WRITHING MAN DIES. PHILIP SUBSIDES
INTO HIS THRONE AGAIN, GAZING DOWN AT
THE DEAD MAN WITH RAPT CALM.

RICCI RETURNS.

RICCI: We've arrested the cooks, butcher, the whole damn
lot.

PHILIP: Sssh!

RICCI (SEEING THE DEAD MAN) Oh.

PHILIP: Death comes like a friend, when you see it.

THEY DRAG OUT THE DEAD MAN AS BEST
THEY CAN.

CARMAGNOLA'S BATHMAN ENTERS THE PERSONAL
AREA AND TIDIES THE BED.

LAMPUGNANO ENTERS THE THRONE AREA.

LAMPUGNANO: We've arrested----

PHILIP: Yes I know.

LAMPUGNANO: We applied burning coals to the cook. They
paid him a thousand ducats----

PHILIP: The Venetians?

LAMPUGNANO: Yes.

PHILIP: How crude and unpolitical these methods are.
I'm surprised at the greatest political minds in
the world stooping to them.

CARMAGNOLA ENTERS THE PERSONAL AREA
AS A SOLDIER AGAIN AND DISMISSES THE
BATHMAN.

HE YAWNS AND SITS ON THE BED, BEGINS
TAKING OFF HIS BOOTS.

PHILIP: Don't they realise, after all, that if I go he'll take my place?

LAMPUGNANO: Carmagnola?

PHILIP: And he'd make a far more terrible enemy than I am.

LAMPUGNANO: Could he manage a court, do you think?

PHILIP: Why, are you thinking of buttering him up, just in case? Oh, he could, with some training. But then I wouldn't be here to give it to him, would I? After all, I gave him all the mind he has. I even taught him poetry. Apropos of that, bring me something war-like, something in Latin. Petrarch's Africa perhaps.

LAMPUGNANO BOWS AND LEAVES.

PHILIP FALLS ASLEEP ON THE THRONE AND THE OTHER ATTENDANTS LEAVE SOFTLY.

CARMAGNOLA'S ADJUTANT ENTERS THE PERSONAL AREA.

ADJUTANT: There's a prisoner wants to convey some thing urgent to you.

CARMAGNOLA: Of high rank?

ADJUTANT: Captain of horse.

CARMAGNOLA: Noble?

ADJUTANT: Apparently, yes.

CARMAGNOLA: Show him in.

ADJUTANT LEAVES AND CARMAGNOLA HURRIEDLY REBUTONS HIS BOOTS.

PHILIP BEGINS SNORING.

THE ENEMY PRISONER COMES IN.

CARMAGNOLA: Haven't I seen you before?

ENEMY PRISONER: I was under your command once, sir. Best time of my life.

CARMAGNOLA: You entered Genoa with me?

ENEMY PRISONER: That's right.

CARMAGNOLA: I thought so.

HE GETS UP AND PREPARES TWO GLASSES
OF WINE.

ENEMY PRISONER: I have a message from the lady Visconti.

CARMAGNOLA: You have, by God!

ENEMY PRISONER: She's embroidering a handkerchief with
your name and hers entwined.

CARMAGNOLA: God bless you! Here (GIVING HIM WINE).

THEY DRINK.

ENEMY PRISONER: May I convey a message back?

CARMAGNOLA: Say I'm waiting for the handkerchief with----
passionate expectation, especially as she will be
handing it to me herself...

ENEMY PRISONER: Yes sir.

PHILIP'S SNORES BOOM OUT.

CARMAGNOLA: Listen to that. It's the same every night.
I wish he'd pitch his tent a mile away but he happens
to be my second-in-command. I've never snored in
my life, thank God.

ENEMY PRISONER: What terms were you thinking of, my lord,
for her eventual return?

CARMAGNOLA: Full exchange of prisoners, and reasonable
compensation---I said reasonable. (WHEN THE OTHER
MAN IS SILENT) Why, what's wrong with that?

ENEMY PRISONER: One would need a treaty.

CARMAGNOLA: My God, he's that serious, is he?

ENEMY PRISONER: I imagine, though I'm not quoting, that
the better the treaty the more chance she has of
presenting you the embroidered handkerchief in
person.

CARMAGNOLA: I won't be threatened, though.

ENEMY PRISONER: Everyone knows that.

CARMAGNOLA: In other words he wants to fight and treat
at the same time?

ENEMY PRISONER: A show of fighting, perhaps.

CARMAGNOLA (AFTER A THOUGHTFUL PAUSE) All right.

ENEMY PRISONER (RISING) I'd better not stay too long.

CARMAGNOLA: You're very tactful.

ENEMY PRISONER: On your behalf.

CARMAGNOLA: What?

THE ENEMY PRISONER SIMPLY BOWS.

ENEMY PRISONER: May I have safe conduct through your lines?

CARMAGNOLA: Provided I get permission to treat with you.
I shall let you know Venice's answer. If it's yes
you'll get your safe conduct in your tent.

ENEMY PRISONER: Thank you.

HE SALUTES AND LEAVES.

CARMAGNOLA UNTIES HIS BOOTS AGAIN
AND THROWS HIMSELF BACK ON THE BED.

HIS DEAFENING SNORES JOIN THOSE OF
PHILIP DUKE OF MILAN.

2.

THE DOGE WITH PAOLO CORNARO AND COUNCILLORS IS IN THE THRONE AREA, WHILE IN THE PERSONAL AREA ANTONIETTA IS BEING DRESSED IN A MAGNIFICENT CEREMONIAL DRESS OF BROCADE BY MARIA, MOTHER OF CARMAGNOLA. SERVING WOMEN ARE ALSO IN ATTENDANCE.

A GREAT HEAD-DRESS OF JEWELS AND FLOWERS IS TRIED ON HER HEAD.

ANTONIETTA: I wish today was over!

THE HEAD-DRESS IS TRIED AGAIN.

DOGE: They can't really say we've done badly. Considering all the things my predecessor said about me. After all, even money-mad merchants like him would have had to recognise that we've got Philip of Milan just where we wanted him. And it didn't cost us all that much.

COUNCILLOR: The balance of payments is down by four million ducats-----

DOGE: 'Ducats', 'ducats'!

LAUGHTER.

DOGE: We've got half of Lombardy. Savoy, Switzerland and Aragon have all turned against him. All he's got left by way of a friend is the pope. And who cares about him?

COUNCILLOR: You're receiving the lady Visconti.

DOGE: Ah yes. And what does hubby have to say these days, now that peace is lying heavy on his hands?

COUNCILLOR: He wants to go to the baths of Abano.

DOGE: Not again!

CORNARO: We've got to be damned clever here.

DOGE: If we lose him we're finished! On the other hand we can't give way to him all the time. Did you put my suggestion to him?

COUNCILLOR: That he take a laxative instead? Yes I did but he pointed out that Abano mud is meant for lumbago.

DOGE: My God, he's a man and a half. I heard someone say the other day, 'Venice and Carmagnola make the strongest state in Italy'. We've got to keep him. He's flirting with Philip I imagine.

CORNARO: He receives a messenger nearly every day.

DOGE: But what the hell do they have to talk about? We're at peace! The treaty's been signed!

ANTONIETTA GOES OFF FOLLOWED BY HER WOMEN AND MARIA IN ATTENDANCE.

DOGE: All right. Let him go to his bloody baths. But watch him like a hawk, say I!

BELLS SOUND OUT, AND DAYTIME FIREWORKS ARE REFLECTED IN THE OPEN AREA AS ANTONIETTA CROSSES THE OPEN AREA.

COUNCILLOR: The Countess of Castelnuovo is on her way, Mr Doge.

DOGE: By the way, did Philip ever give up the keys to the Bresciano castles?

CORNARO: Of course he didn't.

DOGE: He won't. He means war, when he's had a nice rest. He's the dirtiest dealer in Italian politics, and that's saying something.

ANTONIETTA ENTERS THE THRONE AREA WITH HER TRAIN.

HER ATTENDANTS PAY THEIR RESPECTS TO THE DOGE AND LEAVE WITH THE COUNCILLORS SO THAT THE DOGE AND ANTONIETTA ARE ALONE. THE BELLS CONTINUE IN THE BACKGROUND.

DOGE: I needn't say how wonderful it is to have your great name in our Golden Book.

ANTONIETTA: A much greater honour for me.

DOGE: We hope you'll settle down happily.

ANTONIETTA (AS IF BY ROTE) The palace on the Grand Canal is one of the loveliest in Venice.

A PAUSE, AFTER THE FIRST NERVOUS FORMALITY. HE MOTIONS HER TO SIT DOWN.

DOGE: Your husband's health, my dear---he's asking for another cure.

ANTONIETTA: Oh, he only needs looking after. I can do that now.

DOGE: How do you think he's settling down? I mean, the sea-air, a city planted in the sea, the silence of the sea at night---all so different from the noisy, land-locked Milan. And you, as a Visconti, can you feel Venetian? You see, my dear, becoming Venetian is a hundred times more difficult than being one, and being one isn't easy, as I can tell you, being myself spied on and suspected of megalomania if I say more than a couple of words in council. We're a hard, heroic, unsparing race. Yet we love pleasure. We've got the nicest city in Europe---I think. It's a difficult combination. The sea---so the foreigners tell me---makes it a world quite its own. A touch of magic, which can make a man giddy. Are you sure you can manage this strange new allegiance?

ANTONIETTA: We must try hard.

DOGE: You look tired and nervous.

ANTONIETTA: It's these lavish---wonderful celebrations.

DOGE: Yes we do have rather a lot of them. (WITH A SMILE) Bread and circuses. I only want you to promise me one thing, that if at any time you should feel less than one hundred percent Venetian you will come to me at once, before it becomes a matter of general discussion.

ANTONIETTA: I don't quite understand.

DOGE: That doesn't matter. Just remember what I said.

ANTONIETTA (CURTSEYING) My lord.

DOGE (ALSO RISING) And when we know each other a bit better (GIVING HER HIS ARM) you'll be less nervous of me perhaps.

ANTONIETTA: I wish this banquet was over!

DOGE: Between you and me, so do I.

THEY LAUGH AND GO OUT TO THE SOUND OF TRUMPETS. FIREWORKS AGAIN AS THEY LEAD A PROCESSION ACROSS THE OPEN AREA.

A COUNCILLOR HURRIES FORWARD AND DETACHES THE DOGE FROM THE GROUP. ANTONIETTA STANDS IN UNCERTAINTY UNTIL CORNARO TAKES HER ARM AND THE PROCESSION MOVES FORWARD AGAIN.

THE DOGE AND A FEW COUNCILLORS HURRY INTO THE PERSONAL AREA WHILE THE PROCESSION DISAPPEARS.

COUNCILLOR: Philip has forty-one ships under sail.

DOGE: The swine!

COUNCILLOR: Pisani's in trouble and needs relief.

DOGE: Well get Carmagnola out of that hole---where is it, Casalsecco or some damned place---?

COUNCILLOR: He won't stir!

DOGE: What?

COUNCILLOR: He said he's got no forage or something.

DOGE: Tell him the grass'll be a yard high when he needs it!

COUNCILLOR: We did. And then he asked for more money. We sent it. But still he hasn't stirred.

DOGE: And what's his new excuse?

COUNCILLOR: That he's too weak to hazard a move.

DOGE: With sixteen thousand cavalry?!

ANOTHER COUNCILLOR DASHES IN.

SECOND COUNCILLOR: Casalmaggiore has capitulated!

DOGE: Have Pisani arrested!

COUNCILLOR (PRODUCING A DOCUMENT) Will you sign this order to Carmagnola---to move at once?

DOGE: Bring the latest despatches to me at dinner.

COUNCILLOR: Yes Mr Doge.

THE DOGE SIGNS THE DOCUMENT AT THE TABLE.

PHILIP WITH RICCI AND ANOTHER COUNCILLOR ENTER THE THRONE AREA HURRIEDLY, WHILE THERE IS ALSO A FLURRY OF ACTIVITY IN THE PERSONAL AREA WITH THE DOGE LEAVING AND HIS COUNCILLORS CONFERRING WITH EACH OTHER IN WHISPERS.

PHILIP: Carmagnola mustn't move. If he does we're finished. How many boats have we lost?

RICCI: Over twenty by the latest accounts.

PHILIP: But in God's name why, why?

RICCI: Because we're not sailors and the Venetians are! They've got the knack.

PHILIP: If that man moves I'll---turn my dogs on you!

THE COUNCILLORS LEAVE THE PERSONAL AREA. THE DOCUMENT SIGNED BY THE DOGE REMAINS PROMINENTLY ON THE TABLE.

PHILIP: Tell Piccinino to prepare an ambushade. At the same time get a message to Carmagnola not to fear an ambushade.

RICCI: How---?

PHILIP: Don't ask how, you yellow idiot! Do it!

RICCI HURRIES OFF.

CARMAGNOLA ENTERS THE PERSONAL AREA DRESSED FOR CAMP, IN A LEISURELY WAY.

LAMPUGNANO HURRIES INTO THE THRONE AREA.

LAMPUGNANO: Enemy troops are at Pavia, sir.

PHILIP: Pavia! Pavia! Thirty-five kilometres away!
See that I'm left alone!

LAMPUGNANO HURRIES OFF AGAIN.

CARMAGNOLA PREPARES HIMSELF A GLASS OF CYPRUS WINE. HE GOES TO THE TABLE AND TAKES UP THE SIGNED DOCUMENT. HE SEATS HIMSELF COMFORTABLY AND DRINKS, WITH THE DOCUMENT BEFORE HIM.

PHILIP BEGINS PRAYING TO ALL FOUR CORNERS, SHIFTING HIMSELF WITH QUEER ABRUPT MOVEMENTS, HIS LIPS MOVING FERVENTLY, HIS HEAD LOW TO THE GROUND.

CARMAGNOLA READS IN SILENCE.

THE ENEMY PRISONER ENTERS THE PERSONAL AREA SILENTLY AND SIMPLY STANDS THERE.

CARMAGNOLA (WITHOUT RAISING HIS EYES) Prepare to move!

THE ENEMY PRISONER SIMPLY STANDS THERE.

CARMAGNOLA (LOOKING UP) And what brings you here?

PHILIP (LIFTING HIS HEAD FROM PRAYER) Tell him my thoughts are with him all the time. That he's destined for greater things than commanding even Venetian armies. That he is destined for the dukedom of Milan. Remember that I have no heir and that he is a Visconti. Tell him that a soldier falls by the sword as he lives by it, but that a prince's name remains for ever.

CARMAGNOLA NODS AS IF THE ENEMY PRISONER HAD TOLD HIM ALL THIS.

CARMAGNOLA: And what other blandishments are there?

ENEMY PRISONER: If I'm a judge of the duke's sincerity, these were about the sincerest words he ever spoke.

PHILIP: Tell him I miss our conversations, our hunting, our fascinating strategic conferences---more than I miss my late wife.

CARMAGNOLA: Whom he murdered.

PHILIP: Tell him all princes are represented as bad, because they can never champion all interests at once. Tell him-----

HE PAUSES.

CARMAGNOLA: Yes?

PHILIP: ----that he may begin ordering my court in the form he will wish to inherit!

CARMAGNOLA: What?

PHILIP: Let him state his disapproval of any of my courtiers and he shall be removed from my presence at once.

ENEMY PRISONER: And I am instructed to say that your friend Piccinino will be treating the forthcoming battle---should you decide to move---

CARMAGNOLA: I've already decided!

ENEMY PRISONER: ---as little more than a manoeuvre. You need fear no ambushades.

HE SALUTES AND LEAVES.

PHILIP: I could make him the greatest Visconti there ever was. Imagine that! A peace with Venice! Honoured as a Venetian nobleman and the sovereign of Milan! All he has to do is to learn the ways of a gentleman.

PHILIP SITS ON THE THRONE AND CLAPS HIS HANDS.

LAMPUGNANO APPEARS.

PHILIP: You're in touch with my ^{niece} ~~nephew~~ Antonietta?

LAMPUGNANO: Yes. But she's closely watched.

PHILIP: Tell her I hope---I hope the young Prince her son is in good health. That'll cause a flutter. Tell her---no, just leave it at that.

LAMPUGNANO: Yes sir.

PHILIP: I think we've done well!

LAMPUGNANO: Losing a whole fleet?

PHILIP: In fact, very well indeed. And keep your mouth

shut when I'm thinking aloud.

LAMPUGNANO BOWS AND LEAVES.

CARMAGNOLA TEARS UP THE DOGE'S ORDER.

HIS ADJUTANT APPEARS.

ADJUTANT: The captains await your instructions.

CARMAGNOLA: They are to advance at a leisurely pace and
(AFTER A PAUSE) under no circumstances provoke an
action.

THE ADJUTANT SALUTES AND LEAVES.

CARMAGNOLA CROSSES HIMSELF AND ALSO
LEAVES.

ANTONIETTA CROSSES THE OPEN AREA FROM
RIGHT TO LEFT MOUNTED ON ZOCCOLI OR
HIGH CLOGS, HER HANDS ON THE HEADS OF
TWO SERVING WOMEN WHO ACT AS HER BAL-
ANCES ON EITHER SIDE, MUMBLING THEIR
BEADS. MARIA GOES BEHIND WATCHING
HER PROGRESS. THE CLOGS ARE ABOUT
FIFTEEN INCHES HIGH AND GLITTER WITH
JEWELS ROUND THE HEEL. THE UNSTEADY
LITTLE PARTY MANOEUVRES ITSELF ROUND
TO THE PERSONAL AREA, WHERE ANTONIETTA
LOSES HER BALANCE AND FALLS INTO
MARIA'S ARMS.

ANTONIETTA: I'll never be a Venetian at this rate!

MARIA: Be careful what you say! (WITH A QUICK GLANCE AT
THE SERVING WOMEN).

WHEN ANTONIETTA HAS BEEN LOWERED FROM
HER CLOGS MARIA DISMISSES THE SERVING
WOMEN. ANTONIETTA RESTS ON THE BED.

ANTONIETTA: How nice it must ^{be} just to walk through this
city...

MARIA (TAKING OUT A LETTER) This came for you.

ANTONIETTA: Where did you get it?

MARIA: In the country. A couple of minutes before we
left. A man. I know how to take secret letters.

ANTONIETTA (OPENING THE LETTER) It isn't signed!

MARIA: Not so loud!

PHILIP GAZES DOWN AT ANTONIETTA WHILE SHE READS THE LETTER.

PHILIP (AS IF READING THE LETTER OUT) Though you're a Venetian noblewoman now it can't be wrong of me to congratulate you on the young prince's first birthday. And though your husband is at war with us he is the father of our rightful heir.

ANTONIETTA: Burn it! Then go and call my women!

MARIA BURNS THE LETTER IN THE HEARTH WHILE ANTONIETTA SITS THINKING, STILL WATCHED BY PHILIP.

THEN MARIA GOES OUT TO CALL THE WOMEN.

PHILIP: I always meant you to be duchess of Milan. In giving you Carmagnola I was half ashamed: it was a desperate act of politics. We have to bribe these men, who change their loyalties from one month to the next. I little realised how things would turn out. And when later you gave birth to a son I saw that Carmagnola must be won from Venice. (DREAMILY) Do you remember the lawn behind our palace? the stud-farm, the kennels, the mist in the plain at full moon? Do you remember those lines of Petrarch's--
Di pensier in pensier, di monte in monte, mi guida
Amor...

ANTONIETTA (TO HERSELF) From thought to thought, from hill to hill, Love is my guide...

THE WOMEN AND MARIA COME WITH ANTONIETTA'S BROCADE DRESS AND HEAD-DRESS. THEY BEGIN DRESSING HER AGAIN. SHE SIGHS.

ANTONIETTA: So many parties. Audiences.

MARIA: You asked for this one. So fix a smile on your face!

RICCI BURSTS IN ON PHILIP.

RICCI: Carmagnola fell into our ambushade! He's lost upwards of two hundred horse! Do you hear?

PHILIP TURNS SLOWLY.

PHILIP: What else do you think I intended?

RICCI: But he himself escaped.

PHILIP: The point is this, did he throw himself into the attack?

RICCI: On the contrary. He ambled into it. His instructions were not to provoke an action.

PHILIP: I like Carmagnola!

RICCI: One begins to wonder if he's commanding the Venetian forces or ours, he loses his battles so disarmingly.

PHILIP: Come down to the map-room and we'll fix more defeats for him.

PHILIP AND RICCI LEAVE JUST AS ANTONIETTA, DRESSED NOW IN MAGNIFICENT BROCADE, HER HEAD-DRESS STEADY, STRUTS OUT OF THE PERSONAL AREA WITH MARIA AND THE SERVING WOMEN.

ANTONIETTA AND HER TRAIN CROSS THE OPEN AREA FROM LEFT TO RIGHT AS THE DOGE AND A COUNCILLOR ENTER THE THRONE AREA.

ANTONIETTA ENTERS THE THRONE AREA WITHOUT HER ATTENDANTS, AND THE DOGE HANDS HER IN A KINDLY WAY TO A SEAT AT HIS SIDE.

DOGE: Yes my dear?

ANTONIETTA: May I join my husband? I miss him so much!

DOGE: But of course you may. I wonder you took the trouble to ask me. (PATTING HER HAND) I don't think you're used to our freedom. You know, we give each other infinite liberty. And if we make mistakes in that wide area, well, that's our fault...

ANTONIETTA: Is he well?

DOGE: Your husband has just had one of the most ignominious defeats of his career.

ANTONIETTA: What?

DOGE: He fell into an ambush. Oh he's all right. A

defeat now and then colours a commander's career. But when he invades Milan-----

ANTONIETTA: Milan?

DOGE: Does it sound alarming to a Visconti? Philip is our enemy after all. Yours too.

ANTONIETTA: Yes! Yes he is!

A COUNCILLOR ENTERS.

COUNCILLOR: Council is about to sit.

DOGE: When will you leave?

ANTONIETTA: Tonight.

DOGE: Good luck my dear.

ANTONIETTA: Thank you.

THE COUNCILLOR BOWS HER OUT.

DOGE: She almost smacked me round the face when I said 'invade Milan'! Have you traced the letters she gets?

COUNCILLOR: To Milan, yes.

DOGE: He draws in his net, you see.

COUNCILLOR: He's got a mind like a snake. In politics, that works.

DOGE: Do you think he means to get me as well?

COUNCILLOR: I think perhaps we ought to give Carmagnola another warning about him. He's receiving that slimy Savoyard Henri de Colombier every day still.

DOGE: On the contrary. Let our proveditors know that they mustn't meddle with him or question his finances. You know how sensitive he is.

COUNCILLOR: He's just asked for another thousand ducats by the way. To compensate his cavalymen for the loss of their horses, believe it or not.

DOGE (LAUGHING) So we pay for his defeats as well!

CARMAGNOLA ENTERS THE PERSONAL AREA

IN UNIFORM, TIRED AND SLOW. HE
THROWS HIMSELF ON HIS BED.

DOGE (AS HE PREPARES TO LEAVE THE THRONE AREA) We'll give
it to him of course. But add a note that as this
kind of payment isn't usual he should keep quiet
about it and pay it out as if it came from his own
pocket.

COUNCILLOR: Sometimes I think he's got both you and Philip
just where he wants you.

DOGE (STOPPING) He isn't taking money from Philip, is he?

COUNCILLOR (AS THEY LEAVE) We can't be absolutely sure
about that. But it seems---very much on the cards.

THE THRONE AREA IS EMPTY.

CARMAGNOLA BEGINS SNORING.

THE ENEMY PRISONER IS SUDDENLY STAND-
ING THERE.

ENEMY PRISONER: My lord.

CARMAGNOLA (WAKING AS IF BY THE FORCE OF THE OTHER MAN'S
PRESENCE) Come and sit down. Here.

ENEMY PRISONER SITS DOWN ON THE END
OF THE BED. IN THIS SCENE THEY TALK
IN URGENTLY LOW TONES, AS IF IN COM-
PLICITY.

ENEMY PRISONER: Stifling weather. Not ideal for war.

CARMAGNOLA: Oh it's good enough for me. As you'll find
in a week from now. I'll teach you how to make
war in July!

ENEMY PRISONER: I've tried to explain----

CARMAGNOLA: That was a damned dirty trick!

ENEMY PRISONER: Piccinino mistook his orders!

CARMAGNOLA: Piccinino never mistakes anything. I trained
him, so I know.

ENEMY PRISONER: He has no excuse to offer----

CARMAGNOLA: Who?

ENEMY PRISONER: Our common friend. His orders simply didn't reach Piccinino in time.

CARMAGNOLA: But you just now said Piccinino mistook his orders!

ENEMY PRISONER: My dear sir, I'm officially a prisoner of war, I can't know everything that's going on in the Milanese court.

CARMAGNOLA: I've half a mind to send you back! Does he want Venice as an ally or not? does he want the united state he's dreaming about, with access to the Adriatic on one side and the Medoterranean on the other---my God, do you see what a wonderful chance that is, bring Venice and Milan together? Tell him I'm preparing that, I'm softening their minds for nothing short of that! Doesn't he realise that we shall all be flattened by powers north of the Alps, by Spain or France or the Empire, if not this century then the next, if we don't make common cause?

ENEMY PRISONER: He said once that there had never been a military commander capable of playing politics---until you.

CARMAGNOLA: Well then, let me get on with the job!

ENEMY PRISONER: May I convey that as quickly as possible, before you attack, as you say you will?

CARMAGNOLA: I'll give you twelve hours!

ENEMY PRISONER SALUTES ABRUPTLY AND LEAVES.

THEN, AS CARMAGNOLA SETTLES BACK AGAIN, THE ENEMY PRISONER RETURNS HURRIEDLY.

ENEMY PRISONER: I forgot to say---your account in Milan has been credited----

CARMAGNOLA: Get out!

ENEMY PRISONER LEAVES AGAIN.

CARMAGNOLA HAS JUST SETTLED TO SLEEP WHEN HIS ADJUTANT ENTERS.

ADJUTANT: The lady Visconti sir!!

CARMAGNOLA (BOUNDED UP FROM THE BED) What?

ANTONIETTA APPEARS AND HIS ADJUTANT
WITHDRAWS.

ANTONIETTA (AS THEY EMBRACE) Are there spies here too?

CARMAGNOLA: Spies?

ANTONIETTA: I'm followed everywhere!

CARMAGNOLA: You're so tired---tired!

ANTONIETTA: ---of trying to be Venetian!

CARMAGNOLA: One day we shall be both Venetian and Milanese,
and there won't be any more treachery...

ANTONIETTA: Do they trust you?

CARMAGNOLA: They set spies on me night and day. They call
them provision men. But then they set spies on the
doge. And he sets spies on them. It's a democracy,
Antonietta---a spying state.

ANTONIETTA: A police state's simpler.

CARMAGNOLA: Yes, life was simpler under Philip. If you
knew his mind, as I did, you could influence it.

ANTONIETTA: Is he bribing you?

CARMAGNOLA: He puts money into my account in Milan. I
can't touch the money, so is that bribery?

ANTONIETTA: And do they know in Venice?

CARMAGNOLA: They know everything, except what's in my
heart.

ANTONIETTA: And what's that?

CARMAGNOLA: Resolving this war into peace. Making a
settlement of Lombardy, until Venice and Milan are
virtually one state. And guiding my son to the
joint-throne of that state, to bring in a state of
civilisation...

ANTONIETTA: Yes!

CARMAGNOLA: At the same time I have to fight mock battles.

Neither side must seem not to fight, yet neither side must win. And then Piccinino plays the dirty on me---he goes and wins a battle! But then you can't always seem to be fighting without sometimes actually fighting: I can understand his position.

ANTONIETTA: And do they both want peace?

CARMAGNOLA: Does Venice want her national debt to go up another four million ducats? does Philip want to go on being defeated?

ANTONIETTA: Venice doesn't mind the expense if you beat Philip. And Philip doesn't mind the defeats because he knows he'll win in the end.

CARMAGNOLA: You say that?

ANTONIETTA: Isn't it true? He might not win battles but he's such a politician! He's more than a match for these seamen.

CARMAGNOLA: But that's the point of my working to bring them together!

ANTONIETTA: But they don't want to come together! They want the war!

CARMAGNOLA: Is that why you came?

ANTONIETTA: I wanted to say this---(URGENTLY, LOOKING ROUND FIRST) if Philip will sign a document---about our son--- a deed of inheritance---wouldn't you be safer to withdraw, from both of them---for a time?

CARMAGNOLA: Be a traitor to both?

ANTONIETTA: But you're a mercenary soldier! When the deed of settlement's signed you'll be a prince, or the father of a prince, with loyalty to your own state! As it is, we're floating, on hire---! At least we won't be on hire any more!

CARMAGNOLA: Venice agreed to trust me. They've given me special powers to treat with Philip. That means an enormous political role. I've got to go through with it. I must prove myself more than a hard-riding, hard-swearing soldier!

ANTONIETTA: But you haven't the training!

CARMAGNOLA: I've got the conviction, which they---

GREAT CONFUSION OUTSIDE.

CARMAGNOLA: What the hell?

HE COLLIDES WITH THE ADJUTANT ON HIS WAY IN.

ADJUTANT: We've been surprised!

CARMAGNOLA (DASHING OUT) Put a guard on my wife!

THE ADJUTANT BARS THE WAY AS SHE TRIES TO GO AFTER CARMAGNOLA.

ADJUTANT: Madam, please!

SOUNDS OF BATTLE, HORSES. THE ADJUTANT CALLS IN A SOLDIER WHO STANDS BACK TO THE ENTRANCE GUARDING ANTONIETTA. THE ADJUTANT THEN RUSHES OFF.

PHILIP APPEARS SUDDENLY IN THE THRONE AREA AS IF DRAWN BY THE SOUNDS OF WAR. HE STARES ACROSS THE OPEN AREA.

FLASHES OF BATTLE ACROSS THE OPEN AREA. BATTLE TRUMPETS.

PHILIP (AS IF WATCHING THE BATTLE) Because of the summer heat a blinding dust is being kicked up. They can't tell friend from enemy. Carmagnola has taken to horse, he flies after the enemy but has overlooked the fact that he doesn't know where the enemy is. My own brilliant commander, too, seems to have dropped a clanger, being altogether lost. Carmagnola is down! (WITH GREAT GLEE) Down!

ANTONIETTA: No!

PHILIP: He isn't dead. They take such care, ^{not} to kill each other, these damned condottieri. And we pay half our exchequers to them. When the dust dies down my brilliant commander will send Carmagnola his compliments, together with a barrel of wine, and they'll probably sing dirty barrack songs together until four o'clock in the morning. (TO ANTONIETTA) That's the man I married you to. That's the man we must turn into a gentleman and, perhaps, the duke of Milan, should I die young, which they predict...

HE SITS HIMSELF QUIETLY ON HIS THRONE.

AS IF TO STUDY THE EFFECT OF HIS OWN WORDS.

THE BATTLEFIELD QUIETENS AND CARMAGNOLA RETURNS COVERED WITH DUST, PANTING HARD, FOLLOWED BY HIS ADJUTANT IN AN EQUAL STATE.

CARMAGNOLA (TO HIS ADJUTANT) That was a silly damned trick! (TO ANTONIETTA) He nearly puts his pike through me!

ANTONIETTA: Who?

CARMAGNOLA: This chap! Sends me for six and goes riding after one of his own batmen, whom he nearly cuts in two!

ADJUTANT: Well, visibility was down to nil.

CARMAGNOLA: I've always said, headquarters troops should never be let loose on a field of battle.

ADJUTANT: And it was an emergency after all.

CARMAGNOLA: It certainly was for me. If I hadn't called on Piccinino for help you might have killed me.

ADJUTANT (LAUGHING) I'd stick to you past the gates of hell!

CARMAGNOLA (PUTTING HIS ARM ROUND HIS SHOULDER) I wonder, am I really brave? I'm a marvellous actor, you know.

ADJUTANT: Isn't it the same?

CARMAGNOLA: And tonight I'm going to stage a brilliant victory. I'll show this eunuch duke to play me tricks! Come to the mess, darling. (TAKING ANTONIETTA'S HAND) Call my officers.

ADJUTANT: Yes sir.

THEY ALL LEAVE.

PHILIP CLAPS HIS HAND ONCE AND LAMPUGNANO APPEARS AT ONCE.

PHILIP: You must have your ear glued to that door. I only clapped once.

LAMPUGNANO: Service is my life.

PHILIP: Write directly to Carmagnola. Tell him I set Piccinino on his camp tonight so as to cover the fact that we've reached full agreement. I expect Carmagnola to put in a stiff attack by way of retaliation but I shall take this as I hope he took my surprise attack, as a blind. On the other hand I must ask for an immediate return of prisoners, if our agreement is to go through, assuming he gets a victory. I'm preparing the deed of settlement now.

LAMPUGNANO: Deed of settlement?

PHILIP: Just keep your mouth shut, otherwise you might find service your death, as well as your life! I tolerate a man like you just so far and-----

LAMPUGNANO LEAPS OUT OF THE THRONE AREA.

PHILIP: Come back!

LAMPUGNANO RETURNS AS QUICKLY.

PHILIP: I want to hunt.

LAMPUGNANO HELPS HIM OUT OF THE THRONE. THEY LEAVE.

THE DOGE CROSSES THE OPEN AREA FROM THE LEFT AND CORNARO MEETS HIM FROM THE OTHER SIDE.

DOGE: Ah, there you are. This is off the record. (COMING DOWNSTAGE) We've just decided in council--- send a couple of men---we thought of young Mocenigo and Fantino Michieli---to Carmagnola as my personal representatives. They must enter his headquarters in some pomp, as if this was my own visit. He's got to attack. No more of these blasted skirmishes. He's eating away our resources, we're spending more a day than we do in a month of peace. He must cross the river Adda now, before Philip reforms his navy. And then he'll damned well take Milan!

CORNARO: Carmagnola's just been surprised in his own camp. Nothing much, but he was almost liquidated!

DOGE: Good God!

CORNARO: We should have dealt with him ages ago.

DOGE: But where's another commander?

CORNARO: Oh they're all the same!

DOGE: But they all play double too! We must push
him into war!

CORNARO: I'll find Mocenigo and Michieli right away.

HE LEAVES, RIGHT.

THE DOGE FOLLOWS AFTER HIM SLOWLY
AND RESIGNEDLY.

SOUNDS OF BATTLE, IN THE DISTANCE.
FLASHES ACROSS THE OPEN AREA.

CARMAGNOLA ENTERS THE PERSONAL AREA
FOLLOWED BY THE ENEMY PRISONER.

CARMAGNOLA: Do you hear it? That's the sound when I
mean business!

ENEMY PRISONER: And the prisoners sir?

CARMAGNOLA: You shall have them back at once.

ENEMY PRISONER: Unconditionally?

CARMAGNOLA: Unconditionally.

ENEMY PRISONER: Despite the fact that we have Venetian
prisoners in our hands?

CARMAGNOLA: Despite that fact.

ENEMY PRISONER: May I convey that to----?

CARMAGNOLA: You may. I just want to tickle Piccinino's
arse tonight, that's all. Nothing serious. After
all, we military men must have some fun.

THE ADJUTANT ENTERS.

ADJUTANT: May we have instructions about the prisoners sir?

CARMAGNOLA: How many have come in so far?

ADJUTANT: Upwards of three hundred.

CARMAGNOLA: See that they get a drink and send them back.

ADJUTANT: In exchange.

CARMAGNOLA: No. Just send them back. What's the matter? Are you stuck to the ground?

THE ADJUTANT SALUTES AND LEAVES.

CARMAGNOLA: And now leave me alone, to listen to that music.

THE ENEMY PRISONER BOWS AND LEAVES.
THE RUMBLE OF BATTLE CONTINUES.
CARMAGNOLA LIES ON THE BED AND CLOES HIS EYES.

TWO HOODED FIGURES ENTER AND STAND BY THE ENTRANCE.

CARMAGNOLA HAPPENS TO OPEN HIS EYES, SEES THEM AND JUMPS UP. ONE OF THE FIGURES SMARTLY OFFERS HIM A LETTER.

HOODED FIGURE: From the doge.

CARMAGNOLA (WITHOUT TAKING THE LETTER) Let me see your faces!

THEY DRAW THEIR HOODS ASIDE FOR A MOMENT.

CARMAGNOLA: Michieli! Mocenigo! What's going on? (TAKING THE LETTER) You gave me quite a fright. It wasn't that I thought you human---I can deal with anything human---but the other world... Well sit down for God's sake! What, are you going to keep up the farce?

HOODED FIGURE: We have instructions to watch you open the letter.

CARMAGNOLA (OPENING IT) You Venetians love mystery, don't you? Well now I've done it let's have a drink.

HOODED FIGURE: We must leave at once.

CARMAGNOLA: By the way, how did you penetrate my camp?

HOODED FIGURE: We showed the doge's seal. There isn't a Venetian alive who wouldn't give his life for that!

CARMAGNOLA (STRIDING AFTER THEM) Is that another sneer? I've had enough---!

BUT THEY HAVE GONE.

HE READS THE LETTER.

CARMAGNOLA (SCREAMING) Adjutant! Adjutant!

AFTER SOME CONFUSION OUTSIDE THE
ADJUTANT APPEARS.

ADJUTANT: Yes sir?

CARMAGNOLA: Take this letter down!

ADJUTANT: Yes sir.

CARMAGNOLA: Well how are you going to do it without
pen or paper?

THE ADJUTANT HURRIES OUT TO FIND
THESE AND CARMAGNOLA STRIDES UP AND
DOWN MIGHTILY, BROODING ON THE LETTER.
AND THE ADJUTANT RETURNS EQUIPPED.

CARMAGNOLA: 'To the doge'.

ADJUTANT: To the doge.

CARMAGNOLA: Don't gape! All headquarters troops gape!
You'll get a bullet in your mouth one day if you
leave it open wide enough!

ADJUTANT: 'To the doge'.

CARMAGNOLA: 'I am writing you personally to tell you that
I have had just about enough of your countrymen's
sneers and jibes about my powers as a commander.
You know as well as I do that I am treating as well
as fighting, and if you want treaties as well as
victories you will have to wait for them. Not
content with two provision experts whose job is to
breathe down my neck you send of a couple of noblemen
dressed up like scarecrows who frighten me out of
my wits, being a devout man with a certain number
of judicial but none the less regretted murders on
my shoulders. I will not tolerate this atmosphere
of mistrust and espionage in my own headquarters!
I will not tolerate civilians fresh from the counting
house coming here and teaching me war! Today I
decided to snatch a victory and I did it. I pulled
Piccinino's tail because he tried to pull mine.
And let me add---by way of a serious warning---that
if you cannot appreciate my services there are other
more discerning employers in Italy who can.' (HE
PAUSES) 'There are even employers who would give

their thrones (AT A HEIGHT OF RAGING INDIGNATION)
for my services! who would call my child a prince!

ANTONIETTA APPEARS.

ANTONIETTA: Francesco! So much shouting!

CARMAGNOLA: My God, for two pins I'd go out and destroy
Milan now, just to show them! (TO THE ADJUTANT)
You'd better cut that last bit out. And get it
off tonight! Get it to Venice before those two
ghouls arrive!

ADJUTANT: Which two ghouls?

CARMAGNOLA: Get out!

THE ADJUTANT GOES OFF.

CARMAGNOLA: I took four hundred and seventy-two prisoners
in less than an hour's battle this afternoon. And
these damned seamen----!

ANTONIETTA: That's enough.

SHE COAXES HIM TO A QUIET MOOD.

ANTONIETTA: What did they say then?

CARMAGNOLA: To attack at once. To beseege Milan. The
idea!

THEY SIT TOGETHER, MUSING IN SILENCE.

CARMAGNOLA: Ah, I feel good all of a sudden! You know,
to be made such a fuss over---two of Venice's great-
est noblemen to travel all that way in fancy dress,
just for me---what power I must have!

ANTONIETTA: Darling.

CARMAGNOLA: All right, I'll win them a battle! I've
worked it out! I'll take Montechiaro---after a
month's seige at most---I'll push on to Cremona---
I think I'll have old Piccinino in a bog this
time, yes a bog---Adjutant! adjutant!

THE ADJUTANT APPEARS AGAIN.

CARMAGNOLA: Call my officers!

THE ADJUTANT FOLLOWS HIM OUT PHEWING
AND SHAKING HIS HEAD. AND ANTONIETTA

LOWERS HER HEAD TO THE BED.

THE DAWN BEGINS TO COME UP IN THE OPEN AREA.

PHILIP DUKE OF MILAN CROSSES THE OPEN AREA FROM RIGHT TO LEFT IN A HUNTING PARTY.

LAMPUGNANO HURRIES AFTER HIM.

LAMPUGNANO: He's seven miles from Montechiaro.

ANTONIETTA RAISES HER HEAD, LISTENING.

PHILIP: What?

LAMPUGNANO: He's back to his old games. Our men got divided. They got in a bog!

PHILIP: I'll give him bog!

THE CAMPANILE OF VENICE BEGINS PEALING AS FOR A CELEBRATION. THERE IS A STIR IN THE THRONE AREA AS THE DOGE AND HIS COUNCILLORS ENTER.

DOGE'S COUNCILLOR: He's taken the Milanese in the rear!

LAMPUGNANO: Shall we cancel the hunt?

PHILIP: No, we'll cancel the deed of settlement! Tell him that.

LAMPUGNANO: Yes sir.

THE HUNTING PARTY GOES ON.

DOGE'S COUNCILLOR: Eight thousand horsemen surrendered to him.

DOGE: Eight thousand!

COUNCILLOR: He's got all the enemy baggage. An immense catch!

DOGE: You see what he can do!

MARIA WITH SERVING WOMEN HURRIES IN THE PERSONAL AREA TO DRESS ANTONIETTA IN BROCADE, HEAD-DRESS AND CLOGS AS BEFORE. THEY RAISE HER FROM THE BED.

COUNCILLOR: The Milanese horses got caught up in briars, all the men were stung, it must have been a treat! You see, your letter worked a miracle!

DOGE: I think I'll visit his house in person. What do you say to that for an honour?

TRUMPETS AND MUSIC. THE BELLS OF ALL VENICE SOUND OUT.

DOGE: We'll make that man a Venetian if it kills us!

CARMAGNOLA ENTERS THE OPEN AREA FROM THE LEFT IN CEREMONIAL DRESS WITH ATTENDANTS. THEY PAUSE TO WAIT FOR ANTONIETTA.

SHE WOBLES OUT OF THE PERSONAL AREA WITH HER HANDS ON THE HEADS OF TWO SERVING WOMEN AND MARIA BEHIND HER.

THE TWO PARTIES JOIN IN THE OPEN AREA AND PROCEED RIGHT TOWARDS THE THRONE AREA.

THERE ARE SOUNDS OF WILD CELEBRATION. THE PROCESSION DISAPPEARS BEHIND THE THRONE AREA.

CARMAGNOLA APPEARS IN THE THRONE AREA ALONE AND THE DOGE KISSES HIM ON BOTH CHEEKS.

CARMAGNOLA: I've got a treaty in my pocket. He'll agree to anything.

DOGE (MAKING HIM SIT AT HIS SIDE) We want the Romagna, Tuscany and Bologna free entirely from his interference.

CARMAGNOLA: That'll be all right.

DOGE: But you must now press the attack.

CARMAGNOLA: To Milan?

DOGE: Wasn't that what you had in mind?

CARMAGNOLA: But how? Reduce Milan to chaos? and then finance the chaos? He's the only man who commands the respect of the Milanese nobility. They'd never follow the Venetian flag!

DOGE: It must be finished now.

CARMAGNOLA: But look at the expense alone!

DOGE (PRESENTING HIM WITH A DOCUMENT) These are the deeds of a wonderful house in the Bresciano. For you! The fief of Castenedolo is yours!

COUNCILLOR (ENTERING AND BOWING TO CARMAGNOLA) All of Venice is wearing Carmagnola caps, your Magnificence!

THIS IS A SIGNAL FOR THE DOGE AND CARMAGNOLA TO RISE AND HEAD THE PROCESSION. THEY LEAVE THE THRONE AREA WHILE ANTONIETTA AND HER PARTY APPEAR AGAIN IN THE OPEN AREA AND WAIT FOR THEM. WHEN THE DOGE'S PARTY JOIN THEM THEY ALL CROSS THE OPEN AREA TO THE SOUNDS OF CELEBRATION.

PHILIP AND HIS HUNTING PARTY ENTER THE PERSONAL AREA. THE SOUNDS OF VENETIAN CELEBRATION GRADUALLY DIE AWAY AS THE PROCESSION WINDS OUT OF SIGHT.

LAMPUGNANO HURRIES IN TO THE PERSONAL AREA.

LAMPUGNANO: We've just had another message. He won't come near Milan so long as the deed of settlement is signed.

PHILIP: Tell him in that case I'll sign it. But he mustn't put his nose within ten miles of this city.

LAMPUGNANO: And he's asking them for leave to visit the baths of Abano again.

PHILIP: Good God! They must think he's got cast-iron bowels, to stand all that treatment!

LAMPUGNANO: What's more, they're letting him go. And the doge paid a personal visit to his house on the Grand Canal, which is the greatest honour a Venetian nobleman can get.

PHILIP: I've always made it a rule, never kiss a military commander's arse. They make you pay for it in the end.

LAMPUGNANO: Shall we put extra guards on the city walls tonight?

PHILIP: Of course not! Now leave me alone. (AS THEY LEAVE) By the way, offer him five thousand ducats and Genoa if he'll return to my service. He won't.

but he may as well feel I want him to.

THEY LEAVE. THE NIGHT DRAWS ON.

PHILIP BEGINS PRAYING TO THE FOUR
CORNERS.

PHILIP (BURSTING OUT FERVENTLY) Oh God let me not die!
(AS AN AFTERTHOUGHT) Even if I'm the only one!

HE MOVES WEARILY TO HIS BED. THE
PALACE OWLS ARE HEARD AGAIN. SUDDENLY
HE CLAPS HIS HANDS AND WATCHES THE
ENTRANCE AS IF TO TIME THE ATTENDANT.

THE ATTENDANT DASHES IN.

PHILIP: Not bad. All right, you can go.

THE ATTENDANT LEAVES AGAIN. PHILIP
CROSSES HIMSELF AND LIES DOWN.

CARMAGNOLA AND ANTONIETTA PASS ACROSS
THE OPEN AREA FROM RIGHT TO LEFT,
STROLLING, STILL IN THEIR CEREMONIAL
DRESS, FRAGMENTS OF STREAMERS HANGING
FROM THEIR SHOULDERS.

CARMAGNOLA: (STOPPING) Do you hear the owls?

ANTONIETTA: Yes.

CARMAGNOLA: They remind you of---? (SHE NODS) I'm
tired of war. (LOOKING UP AT THE SKY) How I need
civilisation!

ANTONIETTA: Did they offer you more money, besides the
fief?

CARMAGNOLA: They'd give me those stars if they could.
Yes, a thousand ducats a month in peace and war,
and in war all ransoms and prize money. And the
entire command of the Venetian armies in Lombardy.

ANTONIETTA: And you still aren't pleased?

CARMAGNOLA: The world isn't just for us, my dear. We
have to realise certain ideas.

ANTONIETTA: And what will you do?

CARMAGNOLA: At this moment, take you home and behave like

a good husband.

HE BEGINS SINGING QUIETLY, AND THEY
WANDER OFF ARM IN ARM.

PHILIP SNORES.

LIGHT BEGINS TO COME UP IN THE OPEN
AREA. THE CRYING OF THE OWLS CEASES.

PHILIP STARTS AWAKE, CLAPS HIS HANDS
QUICKLY, JUMPING OUT OF BED AS BEST
HE CAN. RICCI COMES IN.

PHILIP (PULLING ON A DRESSING GOWN) I'm going to get
married!

RICCI: What?

PHILIP: Call a council quick. Get the nobles heated up
about it. It'll take their minds off our defeat.

LAMPUGNANO DASHES IN.

LAMPUGNANO: Florence attacked Lucca!

PHILIP: What? We're in luck, luck! I've been waiting
for an act of unprincipled aggression for weeks!
Now we can jump on Florence!

LAMPUGNANO: The military want to know----

PHILIP: But first I'll get married.

LAMPUGNANO: Married?

PHILIP (TWEAKING HIS CHEEK) Didn't you know? I've
fallen in love. (AS THEY HELP HIM OUT) I had
a dream. I heard a man say to his wife, 'And
now I'm going to take you home and----' Uch!

THEY ALL STUMBLE OUT OF THE PERSONAL
AREA.

IT IS STILL DAWN. THE DOGE AND
PAOLO CORNARO, WITH COUNCILLORS,
PASS SLOWLY ACROSS THE OPEN AREA FROM
THE LEFT.

DOGE: I can think of nicer things than discussing
Carmagnola all night---sleeping in my own bed, for
instance.

THEY ALL STRETCH AND YAWN AND LOOK UP AT THE SKY.

CORNARO: What marvellous skies we have.

DOGE: Yet he never did seem intoxicated with us, did he? Some people simply don't get bitten. Odd. Do you know what he said to me when he passed us just now? Didn't you hear him?

COUNCILLOR: No.

DOGE: Most uncanny. He said, are you coming from a late council or going to an early one? And he laughed. And I said, as a matter of fact we've been talking about you. That seemed to tickle him no end. He doesn't suspect a thing.

COUNCILLOR: That's usually with self-destructive people.

THEY STROLL ON AND PASS OUT OF SIGHT BEHIND THE THRONE AREA. WE HEAR THEIR VOICES, TALKING CASUALLY, AND ONE OF THEM LAUGHS SOFTLY. THE LIGHT CONTINUES TO GROW. THEN THEY ENTER THE THRONE AREA.

DOGE: After all he's been given more public honours than any other military commander in Venetian history--- two vast houses, a fief, an income that made even the Grand Chancellor reel when he heard it. Philip can offer him nothing by comparison. And yet...

CORNARO: Philip's most powerful weapon is charm, believe it or not. He can charm even me, his worst enemy.

DOGE: The fact remains that he's just attacked Florence. Do we rob ourselves of a commander at this moment, the only commander who can beat him---?

CORNARO: But if he's being charmed----?

DOGE: Don't you see we've got to take a chance? We've invested in Carmagnola. And we've got to wait for the dividend.

CORNARO: If any.

COUNCILLOR: Here we go again. This is where we started last night.

CORNARO (TO THE DOGE) Very well. But I'm warning you,

he won't move a yard towards Milan.

THE ENEMY PRISONER ENTERS THE PERSONAL AREA AND TAKES A SEAT AS IF A MEETING HAD BEEN ARRANGED. HE WAITS. THERE IS THE SOUND OF DISTANT BATTLE.

DOGE: One thing we must do is keep his wife in Venice. If only to intercept her letters.

COUNCILLOR: Yes, I've seen to that.

DOGE: Another point is this, we've got an absolutely watertight case against him if we ever need it. For one thing he's plotted to put his son, technically speaking a Venetian nobleman, on the throne of Milan without our prior knowledge.

CORNARO: You see, from poor old Carmagnola's point of view this damn-fool deed of settlement which Philip never means to sign is a step towards uniting Venice and Milan.

DOGE: Also he's dying to be a prince. He'd make quite a good one, by the way.

COUNCILLOR: As long as other people did his dirty tricks for him.

DOGE: I wonder he never learned a good repertoire of dirty tricks from Philip.

CARMAGNOLA ENTERS THE PERSONAL AREA HURRIEDLY, IN UNIFORM AGAIN. THE ENEMY PRISONER RISES SMARTLY.

CARMAGNOLA: Well? I've only got a moment for you---!

ENEMY PRISONER: Yes, it's true he's marrying.

CARMAGNOLA: And why?

ENEMY PRISONER: Well, naturally, as a political ploy. Tonrid Venice of an ally.

CARMAGNOLA: The duke of Savoy actually agreed to leave us if Philip married his daughter?

ENEMY PRISONER: Yes.

CARMAGNOLA: The damned fool! All right then. He'll get his war. But I'll make him pay. I'll have him hanging by one leg from his own battlements, and the owls fighting each other to get at his carrion flesh!

ENEMY PRISONER: Philip, duke of Milan?

CARMAGNOLA: That's the man I mean!

THE ADJUTANT COMES IN HURRIEDLY.

ADJUTANT: Trevisano's surrounded--- (SEEING THE ENEMY PRISONER FOR THE FIRST TIME).

CARMAGNOLA: Call my officers.

ADJUTANT: Yes sir.

HE LEAVES AGAIN.

CARMAGNOLA (ALSO PREPARING TO LEAVE) You hear that?

ENEMY PRISONER (FOLLOWING HIM) I hope you don't think Philip capable of issue?

CARMAGNOLA: Well I always called him the eunuch duke but---

ENEMY PRISONER: I should have thought his sterility was famous!

CARMAGNOLA (STOPPING) Sterile?

ENEMY PRISONER: Apart from the fact that he has already signed the deed of settlement!

CARMAGNOLA (TO HIDE HIS ASTONISHED EXCITEMENT AT THE NEWS) I'm supposed to believe that, the day before he marries?

ENEMY PRISONER: The document's here, in my quarters!

A COUNCILLOR RUSHES INTO THE THRONE AREA.

COUNCILLOR: Florence has capitulated! Savoy is arming against us.

DOGE: My God!

THEY JUMP UP.

CORNARO: Get an envoy to Carmagnola!

DOGE: Perhaps you should go yourself.

THEY LEAVE THE THRONE AREA.

CARMAGNOLA STANDS BEFORE THE ENEMY PRISONER AS IF HIS POWERS OF SPEECH WERE PARALYSED.

ENEMY PRISONER: I ought to add a personal message from Philip: that the doge's council had an all-night meeting to discuss your fate.

CARMAGNOLA: My fate----?

ENEMY PRISONER: And he hopes you won't let our quarrel develop too bitterly in the next two days. The Venetian fleet is already forming at the mouth of the Po: thirty-seven galleys, forty-eight small craft, with ten thousand oarsmen in all----

CARMAGNOLA: Do you think I don't know that, you hired snake?

ENEMY PRISONER: And I believe they're promising you a whole city if you win. Over twelve thousand men have been put under your command. But remember this: we can pitch an equal force against you, we have Pisa, Mantua and Ferrara on our side, besides Savoy. You've just lost Florence. The German emperor is on his way down into Italy---

CARMAGNOLA: At this moment my commander Trevisano is surrounded----

ENEMY PRISONER: You can get him out of danger without moving from this spot!

CARMAGNOLA: Fetch Piccinino off! Do you hear that?

ENEMY PRISONER (TRIUMPHANT) Will you promise to send Trevisano no immediate relief? until I come back?

SOUNDS OF ALARM IN THE DISTANCE.

CARMAGNOLA: Get me that deed of settlement, quick!

THE ENEMY PRISONER DISAPPEARS AT ONCE. CARMAGNOLA STANDS EXHAUSTED, IRRESOLUTE.

THE ADJUTANT DASHES IN AGAIN.

ADJUTANT: Trevisano wants support! There are dead and wounded everywhere!

CARMAGNOLA: Tell him to fight!

ADJUTANT: He's asking you to create a diversion!

CARMAGNOLA: Take this letter down. (FURTHER ALARMS OUTSIDE WHICH CARMAGNOLA DISREGARDS) 'To the doge. Another message has come from duke Philip of Milan.

He wishes to assure us of his good will and integrity. He reminds us that he is Italian, and desires to prove himself such; that, as it is credibly reported that the emperor is coming down to Italy, he wishes to make common cause against him with Venice and Florence. And he is begging me to arrange the preliminaries of such a league. Get that off at once.

ADJUTANT: And the present situation?

CARMAGNOLA: Shall I move camp and give Piccinino the finest walk-over he's ever had?

THE ADJUTANT STARES AT HIM, SALUTES AND GOES. THE DISTANT BUGLES CONTINUE TO SOUND, WHILE CARMAGNOLA PACES UP AND DOWN, PREOCCUPIED.

PHILIP ENTERS THE THRONE AREA QUITE ALONE, STRAINING ON HIS STICK, MAKING SURE NO ONE IS FOLLOWING HIM. HE STANDS WATCHING CARMAGNOLA BELOW IN THE PERSONAL AREA. AND WHAT HE NOW SAYS SEEMS TO TORTURE CARMAGNOLA, PARALYSE HIM MORE COMPLETELY THAN THE WORDS OF THE ENEMY PRISONER.

PHILIP: You see, all I have is my mind. My great moments are thoughts, as yours are victories. A political man can't help sacrificing lives. He always has to choose the cheaper of two paths expensive with evil. How can I put it? To bring your son to my throne, I must make the throne valuable, respected. Hence my declaration of war. I must make Venice see the necessity of joining me, rather than resisting me. Power is a great persuader. Of course there are idealists even in politics but they never get high office. There are certain implacable facts. Your training is necessarily slow.

CARMAGNOLA: Oh God, what have I done? Oh God!

PHILIP: And the idea of one Italian state shining with civilisation, perhaps under your son, the prince of both Venice and Milan, is an ideal too, it may be a dream too, but Dante, Petrarch dreamed it. By the time it got to our level it became a plan. And that's where you come in. Have I made you strong enough, with the endless fuel of my ideas, night after night, pacing across that bedroom floor to the sound of the owls----?

CARMAGNOLA: Oh God!

PHILIP: Can you fulfil the ideal without being an idealist? There is the hub of all political pain.

HE STANDS WATCHING CARMAGNOLA.

THE ADJUTANT ENTERS QUIETLY, AS PHILIP LIMPS PAINFULLY OUT OF THE THRONE AREA.

ADJUTANT: Sir, there's someone from Venice.

CARMAGNOLA (IN AN OUTBURST) I won't have any more spies!

ADJUTANT: He comes from the doge.

CARMAGNOLA: The doge himself is a spy----!

CORNARO SUDDENLY STANDS BEFORE HIM.

CARMAGNOLA: Ah, it's you.

THEY EMBRACE.

CORNARO: Trevisano capitulated an hour ago. I've arrested him and his officers on a charge of cowardice.

CARMAGNOLA: And so you should. As if I can move camp and teach Trevisano tactics.

CORNARO (WATCHING HIM) The carnage was frightful.

CARMAGNOLA (TO THE ADJUTANT) All right.

THE ADJUTANT LEAVES.

CARMAGNOLA: 'The carnage was frightful'. That doesn't carry an inference, does it?

CORNARO: No. Otherwise we would have arrested you, surely?

CORNARO COVERS THIS WITH A LAUGH.

CARMAGNOLA: And why are you here?

CORNARO: If you attack now, if you take Milan now, Milan will be yours. That's my message. You may sit where Philip is sitting at this moment, but it must be done quickly! The summer's passing away!

CARMAGNOLA CONSIDERS THIS WITH GREAT DELIBERATION.

CARMAGNOLA: My answer to Philip after months of negotiation will be to destroy his city?

CORNARO: My lord, why do you trust this proved liar?

CARMAGNOLA: Oh I could take his throne! But could I win the loyalty of his noblemen?

CORNARO: You're a Visconti after all!

CARMAGNOLA: But----

CORNARO: My dear sir, you doubt yourself---your powers?

CARMAGNOLA: Yes, I-----!

HE STOPS IN CONFUSION AND THERE IS SILENCE.

CORNARO: My lord, will you attack Milan?

CARMAGNOLA: I shall do what I'm ordered to do.

CORNARO: You are ordered to cease negotiating with Philip.

CARMAGNOLA (AFTER A CRUSHED PAUSE) Very well.

CORNARO: You will cross the river Adda. You will reduce Milan.

CARMAGNOLA NODS. CORNARO IS ABOUT TO LEAVE WHEN CARMAGNOLA SPEAKS AGAIN.

CARMAGNOLA: May I---? (CORNARO TURNS) ---give you my considered answer in an hour?

CORNARO (WITH A LONG SIGH) Very well.

HE LEAVES SLOWLY.

CARMAGNOLA STANDS THINKING TO HIMSELF FOR SOME TIME.

CARMAGNOLA: Adjutant! Adjutant!

THE ADJUTANT APPEARS.

CARMAGNOLA: Show the Savoyard in.

THE ADJUTANT DISAPPEARS AND THEN

USHERS IN THE ENEMY PRISONER.

WHEN CARMAGNOLA AND THE ENEMY PRISONER ARE ALONE THE LATTER LAYS A DOCUMENT ON THE TABLE WITHOUT A WORD.

CARMAGNOLA: Leave quickly.

THE ENEMY PRISONER GOES.

CARMAGNOLA SITS DOWN TO READ THE DOCUMENT WITH GREAT SATISFACTION. THERE IS THE SOUND OF A DISTANT CANNONADE.

THE ENEMY PRISONER PASSES ACROSS THE OPEN AREA ON HIS WAY BACK TO HIS QUARTERS. THE ADJUTANT WALKS BEHIND HIM.

ADJUTANT: Monsieur Henri Colombier!

ENEMY PRISONER (TURNING) Oui?

AT THIS MOMENT TWO HOODED FIGURES COME IN FROM THE OPPOSITE SIDE AND SEIZE THE ENEMY PRISONER FROM BEHIND WHILE HE IS FACING THE ADJUTANT. THEY PUT HANDS OVER HIS MOUTH AND BEAR HIM STRUGGLING AWAY. THE ADJUTANT STROLLS BACK AFTER THEM.

CORNARO ENTERS THE PERSONAL AREA AGAIN SILENTLY.

CORNARO: Well sir?

CARMAGNOLA STARTS AND THRUSTS THE DEED OF SETTLEMENT AWAY.

CARMAGNOLA: Sit down by me.

CORNARO DOES SO. THERE IS AGAIN THE RUMBLE OF DISTANT CANNONS. CARMAGNOLA POURS WINE BUT CORNARO LEAVES HIS UNTOUCHED.

CARMAGNOLA: I shall attack.

CORNARO: Ah!

CARMAGNOLA: But after careful consideration I must point out that a full-scale attack this summer

is out of the question. With your permission I should like to plan for a spring campaign next year, when we will scotch this eunuch duke.

CORNARO: But your men are in fine condition. Piccinino has just lost a battle.

CARMAGNOLA: All the same, moving from camp now, on the basis of a hastily prepared campaign, at the height of the summer, would be disastrous to my mind.

CORNARO: Is that your last word?

CARMAGNOLA: Yes.

CORNARO: My instructions were to plead with you for an immediate attack but that if for any reason you felt it impossible this year, I was to ask you to return to Venice for consultations. I am to say that various plans have suggested themselves to the Signory for a spring campaign next year but that much difference of opinion exists----

CARMAGNOLA: Well, of course, it does take a lot of preparation---

CORNARO: ---and since you enjoy peculiarly intimate conversance with Lombard geography on both sides of the Po the doge begs you to come to Venice as soon as you can.

CARMAGNOLA: Of course!

CORNARO: Then I shall arrange for the Marquis of Mantua to receive you on the way with full military honours----

CARMAGNOLA: Oh!

CORNARO: And of course all Venice will turn out for you as usual. When will you leave?

CARMAGNOLA: Why (WITH A SMILE) with a lovely wife in Venice, I could even leave tonight.

CORNARO RISES.

CARMAGNOLA (POINTING OUT HIS UNTOUCHED GLASS) Won't you drink to me before we leave?

CORNARO: With all my heart, sir.

HE PUTS BACK THE GLASS IN A FEW GULFS.

CARMAGNOLA (ALSO RISING, AND TAKING THE DEED OF SETTLEMENT) Have I convinced you---personally, I mean?

CORNARO: Well, a campaign now might get us into the stormy season, yes.

MORE CANNON, CLOSER NOW.

THEY LEAVE TOGETHER.

ANTONIETTA CROSSES THE OPEN AREA ON CLOGS, HER HANDS ON THE HEADS OF TWO SERVING WOMEN AS BEFORE, AGAIN ACCOMPANIED BY MARIA.

A DOGE'S COUNCILLOR COMES FROM THE OPPOSITE SIDE AND BOWS TO HER. SHE IS ABOUT TO PASS ON WHEN HE SPEAKS TO HER.

COUNCILLOR: My lady Visconti.

ANTONIETTA (TAKING IT AS A NORMAL GREETING) Good morning.

COUNCILLOR (GENTLY STOPPING HER) Would you like to return to your house, my lady?

ANTONIETTA: I beg your pardon?

COUNCILLOR: Will you please return to your house?

ANTONIETTA: I'm on my way to the country!

COUNCILLOR: It would please the doge, my lady, if you returned to your house.

ANTONIETTA (STARING AT HIM) Oh my God!

MARIA: What's the matter?

ANTONIETTA: Turn, turn!

STEADYING HERSELF ON THE SERVING WOMEN, SHE TURNS BACK.

MARIA: But----?

ANTONIETTA: Follow me!

THE COUNCILLOR REMAINS AT A DISTANCE WATCHING RIGIDLY AS THE LITTLE PARTY RETURNS THE WAY IT CAME, WITH MARIA GIVING FRIGHTENED GLANCES BACK AT HIM.

SLOWLY THE COUNCILLOR FOLLOWS THEM.

AT ONCE THE BELL OF THE CAMPANILE SOUNDS, TOGETHER WITH TRUMPETS AND THE MUSIC OF CELEBRATION. DRUMS. WE HEAR CHEERING CROWDS.

THE SAME COUNCILLOR ENTERS THE THRONE AREA ALONE AND SIMPLY STANDS THERE.

CARMAGNOLA AND CORNARO TOGETHER WITH ATTENDANTS PASS ACROSS THE OPEN AREA IN PROCESSION FROM LEFT TO RIGHT.

AS THEY DO SO TWO MUFFLED FIGURES ENTER THE PERSONAL AREA AND RANSACK ALL THE DRAWERS THEY CAN FIND, COLLECT UP DOCUMENTS, PULL AWAY THE BED, BLANKETS. WHEN THIS IS DONE THEY REMOVE EVERY ARTICLE OF FURNITURE TOO. THE PERSONAL AREA IS LEFT WITH A STOOL ONLY. A THIRD FIGURE ENTERS AND ATTACHES A HEAVY CHAIN WITH ANKLE GRIPS TO THE FLOOR. IT HAS BECOME A PRISON CELL.

THE SOUNDS OF CELEBRATION CONTINUE AND CARMAGNOLA PASSES SMILING.

A FANFARE OF TRUMPETS WELCOMES HIM AS HE PASSES OUT OF SIGHT BEHIND THE THRONE AREA.

THE COUNCILLOR IN THE THRONE AREA WAITS TO RECEIVE HIM, AND CARMAGNOLA ENTERS THE AREA SMILING, TURNING AT ONCE TOWARDS THE DUCAL THRONE TO EMBRACE THE DOGE, WHOM HE FINDS ABSENT. HE LOOKS AT THE COUNCILLOR QUESTIONINGLY.

COUNCILLOR: Your Magnificence, the doge had a slight fall coming down the stairs and must postpone the audience, with your permission.

CARMAGNOLA: But I've much to say to him, I've come a long way----could I go to his apartments?

COUNCILLOR: He won't be out of the doctor's hands until late today.

CARMAGNOLA: I'm sorry, then.

CARMAGNOLA LEAVES THE THRONE AREA AGAIN WITH THE COUNCILLOR BEHIND HIM. THE SOUNDS OF CELEBRATION CONTINUE IN THE DISTANCE.

THEY BOTH APPEAR AGAIN IN THE OPEN AREA, ACCOMPANIED NOW BY PAOLO CORNARO.

CARMAGNOLA STOPS ABOUT CENTRE STAGE, MEANING TO LEAVE THEM.

CARMAGNOLA (POINTING UPSTAGE LEFT) Well, this is my way.

COUNCILLOR: No, my lord, your way lies here (POINTING TOWARDS THE PERSONAL AREA).

CARMAGNOLA: But, surely, the gates are there---?

COUNCILLOR: Count Carmagnola, that (POINTING IMPLACABLY) is your way.

CARMAGNOLA (AFTER A QUESTIONING STARE AT CORNARO) Ah, I was right then! I was right!

THE TWO MUFFLED FIGURES RE-ENTER AND CLOSE ON HIM. PAOLO CORNARO SLIPS AWAY WITHOUT A WORD.

THE SOUNDS OF CELEBRATION HAVE CEASED.

IN THE SILENCE PHILIP ENTERS THE THRONE AREA AND CALMLY COMPOSES HIMSELF ON THE THRONE AS IF TO WATCH A GREAT SPECTACLE.

CARMAGNOLA IS LED INTO THE PERSONAL AREA AND HIS LEG IS LOCKED IN THE IRON GRIP. THEY LEAVE HIM.

THE CAMPANILE BEGINS TO TOLL AS FOR A TRAITOR.

CARMAGNOLA: So sudden...

PHILIP (STRAINING FORWARD) Did he say something?

ANTONietta APPEARS IN THE PERSONAL AREA.

CARMAGNOLA: Antonietta! You see?

ANTONietta: They found the deed of settlement. They saw all my letters...

CARMAGNOLA: Do you know---they offered me Milan---the Venetians did!---I turned it down, because I couldn't bear to---to---!

PHILIP STRAINS FORWARD AGAIN.

TWO ATTENDANTS ENTER THE PERSONAL AREA AND BEGIN STRIPPING CARMAGNOLA OF HIS ROBES. THEY LEAD HIM OUT.

PHILIP: He won't take long to confess. Like all military men he's rather soft underneath.

THE CAMPANILE CONTINUES TOLLING.

PHILIP (TO ANTONIETTA) Your house is ready for you. You can stay in Venice a month or so after his execution---

ANTONIETTA: No!

PHILIP: Then come back to us, with your child. And who knows I may have another husband for you.

CARMAGNOLA SCREAMS, OFF.

ANTONIETTA: I love him! I love him!

ATTENDANTS ENTER AND TAKE HER OUT, CRYING.

RICCI ENTERS THE THRONE AREA.

RICCI: The Venetian navy---

PHILIP: Sssh! I only heard one scream.

RICCI: My lord?

PHILIP: Exactly as I thought, one touch of the braziers and he told them everything. Well, they know the man they're dealing with now. I mean me. It doesn't do to leave the service of a political man like me.

RICCI (STARING AT HIM) Yes sir.

PHILIP: You see, Carmagnola's in prison.

RICCI: Carmagnola?! The great Carmagnola!

CARMAGNOLA IS LED BACK INTO THE PERSONAL AREA, SHIVERING AND CRYING.

ANTONIETTA WALKS ACROSS THE OPEN

AREA, HELPED BY MARIA. THE TOLLING
CONTINUES.

PHILIP: You were saying?

RICCI: The Venetian fleet in the Po has been all but
annihilated.

PHILIP: That's gratifying.

RICCI: Is that all you have to say after your finest
victory yet?

PHILIP: If you'd had as many triumphs as I've had you'd
know they turn sour in your mouth.

THE BISHOP ENTERS THE PERSONAL AREA.

PHILIP WAVES RICCI AWAY, AS IF TO
ENJOY A NEW SPECTACLE.

CARMAGNOLA: Have they decided?

BISHOP: Not yet.

CARMAGNOLA: What are the indictments?

BISHOP: Failing to support Trevisano. Collusion with
Philip duke of Milan over the battle of Cremona.

CARMAGNOLA: And my wife---

BISHOP: She'll be safe. Her property will remain hers.
I can assure you of that.

CARMAGNOLA: Do you remember our conversation?

BISHOP: Yes.

CARMAGNOLA: I tried to find what you said---inside. I
think I did. One day, in the evening, after a
little skirmish, when the sun was going down and
it was still dusty, I felt a marvellous peace and
knew it was something basic, the thing that joined
me to the rest of the world. I wasn't alone any
more.

BISHOP: Yet you ended here.

CARMAGNOLA: Because I did what my heart advised, and not
my head.

BISHOP: Your heart advised you to negotiate with a liar

and a pagan?

CARMAGNOLA: Yes.

BISHOP: With the end of putting your son on his throne?

CARMAGNOLA: With the end of stopping war!

BISHOP: You, a military commander?

CARMAGNOLA: He taught me to be more than that!

BISHOP: He?

CARMAGNOLA: Philip!

BISHOP: Do you realise he plotted and schemed your downfall?

CARMAGNOLA: Yes.

BISHOP: Do you forgive him?

CARMAGNOLA: Yes, father, with all my heart.

A SIGH ESCAPES PHILIP.

BISHOP: If they decide on your death, would you like to remain Venetian?

CARMAGNOLA: My humble wish is to be buried in the Frari, among the great Venetians, because in my heart I am no traitor, only a fool.

BISHOP: Venice lavished all she could on you. Do you forgive her? do you forgive Francesco Foscari, the doge? Paolo Cornaro?

CARMAGNOLA: With all my heart.

BISHOP: Have you anything to say?

CARMAGNOLA: Believing that power can ever be turned to good, that was my sin.

BISHOP: What ought you to have done?

CARMAGNOLA: Given up power.

BISHOP: Can good only be achieved by the powerless then?

CARMAGNOLA: Good is a light that shines from a man, not from his place, his baton, his court.

BISHOP: Then think of your presence here as a step on the way. You are laying down your power now. God has been showing you all this time that at last it must be given up. You are about to realise yourself----

CARMAGNOLA: But I'm afraid, afraid----!

THE BISHOP BLESSES CARMAGNOLA:

BISHOP: Misereatur tui omnipotens Deus, et, dimissis peccatis tuis, perducatur te ad vitam aeternam.

CARMAGNOLA: Amen.

BISHOP: Indulgentiam, absolutionem, et remissionem peccatorum tuorum tribuat tibi omnipotens et misericors Dominus.

CARMAGNOLA: Amen.

BISHOP: Dominus noster Jesus Christus te absolvat; et ego auctoritate ipsius te absolvo ab omni vinculo excommunicationis, et interdicti, in quantum possum, et tu indiges; deinde ego te absolvo a peccatis tuis, in nomine Patris, et Filii (SIGN OF THE CROSS) et Spiritus Sancti.

CARMAGNOLA: Amen.

THE BISHOP LEAVES.

PHILIP: Do you remember? Di pensier in pensier, di monte in monte...

CARMAGNOLA: From thought to thought, from hill to hill...

PHILIP: Mi guida Amor.

CARMAGNOLA: Love is my guide.

PHILIP: E, com' Amor la 'nvita, or ride or piagne or teme or s'assicura!

CARMAGNOLA: And my spirit smiles, cries, fears, feels safe according to what Love wants!

PHILIP: Onde alla vista uom di tal vita esperto diria:

questi arde, e di suo stato è incerto.

CARMAGNOLA (CRYING OUT DESPARATELY) So that any man expert in a life like mine would say, He burns, he's uncertain of his life, of what's going to happen, he burns, he burns----!

A HOODED FIGURE BEARING A CROSS STANDS AT THE DOOR AND CARMAGNOLA STARTS. THE HOOD IS POINTED, WITH SLITS FOR THE EYES; A CASSOCK REACHES TO THE FEET.

THE BISHOP RETURNS. THE TOLLING OF THE CAMPANILE BECOMES LOUDER. THERE IS THE DRUM TAP OF EXECUTION.

BISHOP: You will receive ~~last~~ communion, my son, at the church of San Fantin---

CARMAGNOLA (IN HORROR) San Fantin!

THE HOODED FIGURE WITH THE CROSS GOES BEFORE CARMAGNOLA. THE BISHOP FOLLOWS THEM OUT.

A PROCESSION OF SIMILARLY HOODED FIGURES LED BY THE CROSS (THE OTHERS HOLD CANDLES ON WOODEN HOLDERS) CROSS THE OPEN AREA TOWARDS THE RIGHT. CARMAGNOLA FOLLOWS ALONE, ALSO HOODED NOW.

PHILIP: Count Carmagnola is on his way to his last communion, having been confessed. By tradition the traitors of Venice are given last communion at the dismal, dark-fronted church of San Fantin.

THE SOUND OF FRIARS CHANTING FROM INSIDE THE CHURCH.

THE PROCESSION DISAPPEARS. PHILIP STANDS, CRANING, TO KEEP SIGHT OF THEM, HIS MOUTH OPEN, STAYING ON HIS STICK.

THE DRUM-TAPS, THE GREGORIAN CHANT AND THE BELL OF THE CAMPANILE REACH THEIR CLIMAX.

PHILIP: He will now be taken, relieved of his hood and cloak, to the place of execution, between the columns at the edge of the sea. His head will be severed from his body. The doge, by the way,

was against the death penalty. So was Paolo Cornaro. But they were out-voted. Carmagnola is considered too powerful, and too knowledgeable, to live. His execution was voted by twenty seven to nineteen.

THE PROCESSION PASSES AGAIN ACROSS THE OPEN AREA SLOWLY AND THIS TIME CARMAGNOLA HAS A GAG IN HIS MOUTH AND IS WEARING A SCARLET VEST WITH TRIMMED SLEEVES, LEGGINGS OF THE SAME COLOUR, A CRIMSON JERKIN AND A VELVET CAP A LA CARMAGNOLA. HIS HANDS ARE TIED BEHIND HIM.

WE HEAR A CROWD. THE DRUM BEATS COME TO THE FORE. THE LIGHT GROWS MORE BRILLIANT.

PHILIP FOLLOWS EVERY MOVEMENT CLOSELY, CRANING. X

THE DOGE AND HIS COUNCILLORS FOLLOW THE PROCESSION AT A DISTANCE. THE DOGE HAS HIS HEAD BOWED MUTELY, AND WALKS UNSTEADILY. CORNARO HELPS HIM. IN THE SAME PARTY ARE ANTONIETTA AND MARIA IN LONG BLACK VEILS.

THE BELL OF THE CAMPANILE CEASES. THE CROWD IS HUSHED. THE OPEN AREA IS EMPTY.

PHILIP: A vast crowd... Who not many days before cheered Carmagnola through the side-canals on his way to the ducal palace.

SILENCE.

SUDDENLY THERE IS THE SOUND OF A FALLING AXE---A GREAT THUMP FOLLOWED BY ANOTHER. AT EACH STROKE PHILIP IS CONVULSED WITH HORROR, SO MUCH THAT HE SEEMS ABOUT TO FALL.

AT THE THIRD STROKE THERE IS A GREAT CRY OF SVENTURA! SVENTURA! FROM THE CROWD.

PHILIP IS TREMBLING WITH THE EFFORT TO CALL OUT TO SOMEONE. SO POWERFUL IS HIS HORROR THAT, HIS STICK FALLEN TO THE GROUND, HIS BODY SEEMS TO BE SUSTAINED ON INVISIBLE WINGS.

IN A LAST EFFORT HE MANAGES TO CRY OUT:

PHILIP (POINTING) His head! His head!

RICCI AND LAMPUGNANO RUSH IN.

THE BELL OF THE CAMPANILE IS HEARD AGAIN.

THE COURTIER'S BEAR PHILIP BACK TO THE THRONE.

PHILIP: Blood! I saw---!

LAMPUGNANO: Yes, yes!

PHILIP CONTINUES TO STARE IN THE DIRECTION OF THE EXECUTION.

THE DOGE AND HIS COUNCILLORS STROLL BACK.

ANTONIETTA AND MARIA ALSO PASS SLOWLY ACROSS THE OPEN AREA. ANTONIETTA FAINTS AND THE DOGE'S COUNCILLORS RUN FORWARD TO PICK HER UP. SHE IS CARRIED AWAY.

MARIA REMAINS ALONE. SHE LETS OUT A LONG KEENING CRY AND BEGINS TEARING THE CLOTHES AWAY FROM HER BREAST AND LOOSENING HER HAIR FRANTICALLY UNTIL IT IS ALL OVER HER FACE. A COUNCILLOR RUSHES BACK AND SUPPORTS HER OFF. HER CRIES DIE AWAY.

PHILIP: Did you hear the crowd? 'Bad luck, bad luck', they said.

RICCI: The crowd?

PHILIP: But it isn't true. He won! Yes he won in the end!

HE BEGINS LAUGHING QUIETLY.

LAMPUGNANO: Who won?

PHILIP: Carmagnola. Do you know, they've even promised to bury him in the Frari, among the greatest heroes of Venetian history? Shall we hunt?

THEY HELP HIM OUT OF THE THRONE.
THE CAMPANILE CONTINUES TO TOLL.

CURTAIN

APPENDIX 1.

C O S T U M E S

The doge's official costume was the so-called 'dalmatic', a wide-sleeved, loose and long vestment with slit sides, of gold or silver, with a cloak of golden brocade trimmed with ermine on top; he wore a hat of fine cambric which was never taken off even in church, with ear-flaps and strings; on this he placed the biretta or como, with its horn-shaped crown, made sometimes with cloth of gold and sometimes with crimson silk bordered with gold, and occasionally studded with gems. For an audience he might wear a dark scarlet robe with a biretta of the same colour.

For a normal audience in the Collegio the doge had on his right the Lord Chancellor in a great dark-blue toga and ample white collar falling on to the shoulders, with a wide hat. The six councillors had bright red togas with dark blue hats rather like swollen berets. The toga (the obligatory wear of the Venetian nobleman wherever he went) had voluminous sleeves, the length of which depended on his social distinction. The doge's reached to the ground.

Trumpeters for great state occasions, in procession, were six in number and had their long silver instruments held out in front of them by pages.

N.B. The words CUSTODES LIBERTATIS may be suspended over the doge's throne, in imitation of the Collegio throne. It could surmount the St Mark's banner dropped behind the throne when the scene is Venice, while the Visconti arms could be dropped for the Milanese scenes.

APPENDIX 2.

M A I N C H A R A C T E R S

FRANCESCO CARMAGNOLA was born in 1390, PHILIP DUKE OF MILAN in 1392, and FRANCESCO FOSCARI, doge of Venice, in 1362. Carmagnola was therefore forty-two when, on 5th May 1432, he was led to his execution. Foscari became doge in 1423 when he was sixty-one.

There are portraits of Carmagnola and Foscari, but Philip always refused to have his portrait painted: however, the description of him that has been left by a chronicler is very detailed. Philip and Foscari were said to resemble each other, though to judge by his portrait the doge Foscari was the handsomer of the two.