

The Narrow Defile

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Captain Giangurgulo meets Captain Coccodrillo in a narrow defile. There would be in fact room enough for them to pass each other but neither is willing to move from the center of the pass. They start as far apart as the acting space will allow and shout (almost singing) at each other across the divide.

Each line should be matched by a single held position, giving visual support to the meaning.

Dialogue

GIANGURGULO: Hey! You!

COCCODRILLO: Eh?

GIANGURGULO: Yes, you!

COCCODRILLO: Who, sir?

GIANGURGULO: You, sir.

COCCODRILLO: Me, sir?

GIANGURGULO: Yes, you sir.

COCCODRILLO: What, sir?

GIANGURGULO: Move, sir.

COCCODRILLO: Move what, sir?

GIANGURGULO: Your arse, sir.

COCCODRILLO: No, sir.

GIANGURGULO: What!

COCCODRILLO: No. Move I will not, sir.

GIANGURGULO: Know sir, that I am Captain Giangurgulo!

COCCODRILLO: So what, sir? I am Captain Coccodrillo!

GIANGURGULO: I am on business of military import and
can brook no delay.

COCCODRILLO: I am on an errand of mercy, to rescue a
maiden. She can afford no delay.

GIANGURGULO: Out of my way, I say.

COCCODRILLO: You can say what you please, I stand
on my guard.

GIANGURGULO: Out of my way fool, dolt, I stand.
Do you understand?

COCCODRILLO: Cretin, pig's bladder, idiot. I stand.
Do you comprehend?

GIANGURGULO: You have insulted me!

COCCODRILLO: Oh, can a tiger insult a flea?

GIANGURGULO: You shall taste my sword.

Example of Movement:

Pointing move; express distance.

Hand to ear.

New pose. Point, shaking finger.

New pose. Surprise.

New pose, indicating "are you stupid?"

New pose, pointing at self.

New pose – exasperation.

(Continue to improvise similar moves)

The single poses change to a swagger.

Bigger swagger.

They move closer.

Powerful movement.

Legs apart, arms akimbo.

Extravagant movements then freeze.

They are now close together.

Nose to nose.

Step apart. Hand rotation, outward to
point "you". Inward rotation and point
"Me."

Elaborate gesture to draw sword, which
he takes halfway from its scabbard, but

seeing that Coccodrillo has his sword at the ready, slams it back in its scabbard.

There, let that be a lesson to you!
COCCODRILLO: Gurgulo, you coward, turn or I shall run my sword up your...
GIANGURGULO: Aaarrh – you would cross swords with the fearful Giangurgulo?

Turns away, bum sticking out.

The confrontation.

They back up and face each other, then advance in Callot lunges. This is a movement in which the back foot, with the knee well-bent, bears most of the weight. The front leg held stiffly straight is thrust forward and advance is made by alternating the legs. Swords held straight in front of them, they lean perilously backward until the swords meet. They both become so terrified that they turn away from each other, though their blades, clattering away, are still in contact. They creep away from each other with the previous leg movement, but now with their upper bodies leaning forward. They turn and renew the approach – and this time come into a close clinch – revolving a half-circle around each other as they do.

GIANGURGULO: Let me pass!

COCCODRILLO: Never! Wait! Which way are you headed?

Sudden drop of tension.

GIANGURGULO: To Treviso; and you?

COCCODRILLO: To Bassano.

They have changed sides.

GIANGURGULO: In which case, nothing is in your way.

They bow to each other and go on their way.

I bid you a good day, sir.

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