TO DO BEFORE ARRIVING AT THE THEATRE

- Eat dinner
- Put on Blacks

Have:
- Notes
- Hard candy
- Mechanical Pencil

TO DO PRE-SHOW PRE-HOUSE

- Is cue book here?!?!
- All doors unloxed?
- Turn on LT sign + Display Box
- Tape Door
- Is the set inplace?
- Steck have blowers? Fog?
- Stair light out?
- All lights under board control?
- Ghost light put away?
- Clearom ready?
- Check in with ASM1
- Check in with ASM2
- Check in with Steve
- Alarms in bypass?
- Pre show music on before house opens?

TO DO POST-SHOW

- Is set put away
- Everything in booth shut down
- Relatively clean downstairs?
- Seats covered?
- Everybody gone?
- Alarm off bypass?
- Clearcom off?
- Untape doors
- Bathroom lights off?
- Close green room window
- Sign + Display Box lights off?
- Get food stuff from fridge
- Ghost light on?
- All doors Lock?
- In Bed, asleep?
Rehearsal Schedule

All rehearsals are in the Little Theatre unless noted otherwise.

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<th>Day</th>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Specifics</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>T</td>
<td>10/9</td>
<td>6:30pm</td>
<td>Read thru, meet each other</td>
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<tr>
<td>M</td>
<td>10/22</td>
<td>6:00-8:30pm</td>
<td>Work Act 1</td>
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<tr>
<td>T</td>
<td>10/23</td>
<td>6:00-8:30pm</td>
<td>Work Act 2</td>
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<td>Th</td>
<td>10/25</td>
<td>6:00-8:30pm</td>
<td>Work Act 3</td>
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<td>F</td>
<td>10/26</td>
<td>5:45-7:30pm</td>
<td>Work and run Act 1</td>
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<tr>
<td>M</td>
<td>10/29</td>
<td>6:00-8:30pm</td>
<td>Work and run Act 2</td>
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<td>T</td>
<td>10/30</td>
<td>6:00-8:30pm</td>
<td>Work and run Act 3 - off book</td>
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<tr>
<td>Th</td>
<td>11/1</td>
<td>6:00-9:00pm</td>
<td>Work through Act 1-3 with problem solving</td>
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<tr>
<td>F</td>
<td>11/2</td>
<td>6:00-7:45pm</td>
<td>Run through Act 1-3 with problem solving</td>
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<tr>
<td>M</td>
<td>11/5</td>
<td>6:00-9:00pm</td>
<td>Run Entire Play</td>
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<tr>
<td>T</td>
<td>11/6</td>
<td>6:30pm</td>
<td>Entire Play, add props - no more calling for lines</td>
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<tr>
<td>Th</td>
<td>11/8</td>
<td>6:00pm</td>
<td>Entire Play</td>
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<td>F</td>
<td>11/9</td>
<td>6:00pm</td>
<td>Entire Play to speed</td>
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<td>Sun</td>
<td>11/11</td>
<td>3:00pm</td>
<td>Cue to Cue</td>
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<td></td>
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<td>Line through in Alden Green Room</td>
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<tr>
<td>M</td>
<td>11/12</td>
<td>6:00pm</td>
<td>First tech/dress</td>
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<tr>
<td>T</td>
<td>11/13</td>
<td>6:00pm</td>
<td>Second tech/dress</td>
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<td>W</td>
<td>11/14</td>
<td>7:00pm</td>
<td>Preview Performance</td>
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<tr>
<td>Th</td>
<td>11/15</td>
<td>7:00pm</td>
<td>Opening Night</td>
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<tr>
<td>F</td>
<td>11/16</td>
<td>6:45pm</td>
<td>Friday Night Show</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sat</td>
<td>11/17</td>
<td>6:30pm</td>
<td>Closing Show</td>
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General Information for the Cast of Miss Lulu Bett at WPI, Fall 2007

Commitment: Began at auditions; ends when the last speck of dust is swept out after strike [that’s in terms of physical involvement—the rewards will be everlasting]. Additionally, the director asks that each cast member commit 2 hours of work to a production involvement: set, lights, publicity, costumes, audio, seating set up, whatever. Opportunities will be announced but search them out for yourself as well.

Rehearsals: When you are called for rehearsal please plan to arrive 10 minutes early with 3 sharpened pencils. Bring work: if you are not actively rehearsing, downstairs can be your study hall. This director is pretty good about sticking to schedules, so don’t let yourself be the cause of delay.

Be vigilant about rehearsals. Always assume you do have rehearsal until you have checked for sure that you don’t. Best to show up—who knows; you might be included in a scene, get more stage time, emerge as a featured starring actor, and win the Tony Award. If you are not sure about a rehearsal, email SM. DO NOT MISS A REHEARSAL.
Repeat —-

Email SM if you have concerns.

Intermission: the exact placement of an intermission is currently on page 35. That’s the end of Act II scene 2.

Script: You own your script. It’s a perk. Write on it, treasure it, keep it. It will provide you with a beautiful memory. [The director still has the script from her first college show if you’d care to see it.]

If you don’t understand a word or meaning, check out the glossary in the printed edition. If that doesn’t work, ask Corey.

Costumes: costumes at WPI [where we have not shop, no real staff, not even a sewing machine—just like all theatres prior to the mid-20th century] are usually considered wardrobe rather than “built” or “constructed” costumes. For this reason, we count on actors to help us acquire the clothing for the show, with the advice and consent of the costumers. You WILL be reimbursed if you have to spend money on your wardrobe for the show. We’d like you to start getting your outfit(s) soon. A lot of this could be done over break. But don’t buy something without speaking to us. Also: hair—don’t change it without speaking to us.

THE TOP TEN RULES OF COMMON COURTESY FOR THIS PRODUCTION, AND LIFE

1. Develop and concentrate on your own character; this activity should keep you busy enough so that you won’t interfere with others as they develop and concentrate on their character work.
2. Check you email twice a day, mid-day and prior to rehearsal.
3. Read through and completely and absorb fully any sheets, schedules, email, and other things printed or posted for you.
4. Try not to cause trouble for other people. Rather: solve your own challenges as best you can and be available if others need you. Think about it.
5. Read postings on people’s doors. Then think about what the posting means and respond appropriately.
6. Concerning interrupting people in a conversation or meeting, walking into people’s offices where they are involved in a conversation or activity or meeting, butting in to an activity obviously in progress: well, you’d never do that, would you?
7. If someone’s hand is on the bathroom door, save your comments.
8. Do more to help than you think you should.
10. This is the best cast and best design and best staff and best crew for a production of Miss Lulu Beet since Zona wrote it. Thrive.

This document was heavily copied and slightly modified from a packet I received from Professor Susan Vick.
Section: Contact Information

You never know who you need to get a hold of so, keep the contact information for everyone involved in the show. Also a good place to keep your actor attendance record.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Phone number</th>
<th>10-9</th>
<th>10-22</th>
<th>10-23</th>
<th>10-25</th>
<th>10-26</th>
<th>10-29</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Corey Randall</td>
<td>(252) 273-7637</td>
<td>✓</td>
<td>✓</td>
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<tr>
<td>Lauren Ferrech</td>
<td>(252) 273-7637</td>
<td>NC</td>
<td>✓</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pat Crowe</td>
<td>(363) 373-7283</td>
<td>✓</td>
<td>✓</td>
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<tr>
<td>EJ Massa</td>
<td>(456) 789-1234</td>
<td>✓</td>
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<tr>
<td>Caitlin McMonag</td>
<td>(123)-585-2352</td>
<td>✓</td>
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<td>Sara Gouveia</td>
<td>(252) 273-7637</td>
<td>✓</td>
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<tr>
<td>AJ Nowack</td>
<td>(363) 373-7283</td>
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<tr>
<td>Richard Pavis</td>
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<tr>
<td>Agray Bullerwel</td>
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<td>Amy Castonguay</td>
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<td>Joel Sutherland</td>
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<td>Fred Cassellius</td>
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✓ = Present  L = Late  A = Absent  E=excused  NC = Not called to rehearsal
# Contact Info For: Actors

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
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<th>Cell phone</th>
<th>E-Mail</th>
<th>AIM name</th>
<th>Script #</th>
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<tr>
<td>Corey Randall</td>
<td>Stage Manager</td>
<td>(252) 273-7637</td>
<td><a href="mailto:SM@wpi.edu">SM@wpi.edu</a></td>
<td>bossman</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lauren Ferrechio</td>
<td>ASM 1</td>
<td>(252) 273-7637</td>
<td><a href="mailto:thing2@wpi.edu">thing2@wpi.edu</a></td>
<td>helperkitty</td>
<td>1</td>
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<tr>
<td>Pat Crowe</td>
<td>Asm 2</td>
<td>(363) 373-7283</td>
<td><a href="mailto:thing1@wpi.edu">thing1@wpi.edu</a></td>
<td>bigred</td>
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<tr>
<td>EJ Massa</td>
<td>Dwight Deacon</td>
<td>(456) 789-1234</td>
<td><a href="mailto:Dwight@wpi.edu">Dwight@wpi.edu</a></td>
<td>bubblegumheros</td>
<td>3</td>
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<tr>
<td>Caitlin McMonagle</td>
<td>Ina Deacon</td>
<td>(123)-585-2352</td>
<td><a href="mailto:Ina@wpi.edu">Ina@wpi.edu</a></td>
<td>Caitlin</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sara Gouveia</td>
<td>Diana Decon</td>
<td>(252) 273-7637</td>
<td><a href="mailto:Di@wpi.edu">Di@wpi.edu</a></td>
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<tr>
<td>AJ Nowack</td>
<td>Monona Deacon</td>
<td>(363) 373-7283</td>
<td><a href="mailto:Mona@wpi.edu">Mona@wpi.edu</a></td>
<td>AJ</td>
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<tr>
<td>Richard Pavis</td>
<td>Ninian Deacon</td>
<td>(363) 373-7283</td>
<td><a href="mailto:ninian@wpi.edu">ninian@wpi.edu</a></td>
<td>ravis</td>
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<tr>
<td>Agray Bullerwell</td>
<td>Lulu Bett</td>
<td>(456) 789-1234</td>
<td><a href="mailto:Lulu@wpi.edu">Lulu@wpi.edu</a></td>
<td>Agray</td>
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<tr>
<td>Amy Castonguay</td>
<td>Mrs. Bett</td>
<td>(123)-585-2352</td>
<td><a href="mailto:Mrs.Bett@wpi.edu">Mrs.Bett@wpi.edu</a></td>
<td>mother</td>
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<tr>
<td>Joel Sutherland</td>
<td>Bobby Larkin</td>
<td>(252) 273-7637</td>
<td><a href="mailto:Bobby@wpi.edu">Bobby@wpi.edu</a></td>
<td>starving</td>
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<tr>
<td>Fred Cassellius</td>
<td>Mr. Cornish</td>
<td>(363) 373-7283</td>
<td><a href="mailto:Cornish@wpi.edu">Cornish@wpi.edu</a></td>
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Contact Info For: Production Staff

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<th>E-Mail</th>
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<tr>
<td>Questions</td>
<td>goes to producer</td>
<td>(252) 273-7637</td>
<td><a href="mailto:lulu@wpi.edu">lulu@wpi.edu</a></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Production staff</td>
<td></td>
<td>(363) 373-7283</td>
<td><a href="mailto:lulu_prod@wpi.edu">lulu_prod@wpi.edu</a></td>
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<tr>
<td>Actors</td>
<td></td>
<td>(456) 789-1234</td>
<td><a href="mailto:lulu_act@wpi.edu">lulu_act@wpi.edu</a></td>
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<tr>
<td>Crew</td>
<td></td>
<td>(123)-585-2352</td>
<td><a href="mailto:theatre_crew@wpi.edu">theatre_crew@wpi.edu</a></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chris Kingsly</td>
<td>Producer</td>
<td>(252) 273-7637</td>
<td><a href="mailto:prod@wpi.edu">prod@wpi.edu</a></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lauren Spada</td>
<td>Assistant Producer</td>
<td>(363) 373-7283</td>
<td><a href="mailto:Aprod@wpi.edu">Aprod@wpi.edu</a></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dominic Digiopani</td>
<td>Director</td>
<td>(363) 373-7283</td>
<td><a href="mailto:direct@wpi.edu">direct@wpi.edu</a></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Corey Randall</td>
<td>Stage Manager</td>
<td>(456) 789-1234</td>
<td><a href="mailto:sm@wpi.edu">sm@wpi.edu</a></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Patrick Crowe</td>
<td>Assistant Stage Manager</td>
<td>(123)-585-2352</td>
<td><a href="mailto:thing1@wpi.edu">thing1@wpi.edu</a></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lauren Ferricho</td>
<td>Assistant Stage Manager</td>
<td>(363) 373-7283</td>
<td><a href="mailto:thing2@wpi.edu">thing2@wpi.edu</a></td>
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<tr>
<td>RJ La Mura</td>
<td>Technical Director</td>
<td>(252) 273-7637</td>
<td><a href="mailto:td@wpi.edu">td@wpi.edu</a></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Liz Casey</td>
<td>Assistant Technical Di-</td>
<td>(363) 373-7283</td>
<td><a href="mailto:atd@wpi.edu">atd@wpi.edu</a></td>
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<tr>
<td>David Stechman</td>
<td>Lighting Designer</td>
<td>(363) 373-7283</td>
<td><a href="mailto:ld@wpi.edu">ld@wpi.edu</a></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Matt Houstle</td>
<td>Master Electrician</td>
<td>(456) 789-1234</td>
<td><a href="mailto:me@wpi.edu">me@wpi.edu</a></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Matt Houstle</td>
<td>Lighting Board Operator</td>
<td>(363) 373-7283</td>
<td><a href="mailto:lightmonkey@wpi.edu">lightmonkey@wpi.edu</a></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Paul Messier</td>
<td>Scenic Designer</td>
<td>(252) 273-7637</td>
<td><a href="mailto:sd@wpi.edu">sd@wpi.edu</a></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cara Marcy</td>
<td>Master Carpenter</td>
<td>(456) 789-1234</td>
<td><a href="mailto:mc@wpi.edu">mc@wpi.edu</a></td>
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<tr>
<td>Ken Dawe</td>
<td>Sound Designer</td>
<td>(123)-585-2352</td>
<td><a href="mailto:sd@wpi.edu">sd@wpi.edu</a></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TBD</td>
<td>Sound Board Operator</td>
<td>(363) 373-7283</td>
<td><a href="mailto:soundmonkey@wpi.edu">soundmonkey@wpi.edu</a></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Victoria Valencia</td>
<td>Costume Designer</td>
<td>(363) 373-7283</td>
<td><a href="mailto:costumes@wpi.edu">costumes@wpi.edu</a></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Victoria Zukas</td>
<td>Property Designer</td>
<td>(123)-585-2352</td>
<td><a href="mailto:props@wpi.edu">props@wpi.edu</a></td>
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<tr>
<td>Rob Matrow</td>
<td>House Manager</td>
<td>(252) 273-7637</td>
<td><a href="mailto:house@wpi.edu">house@wpi.edu</a></td>
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<tr>
<td>Eric Sutman</td>
<td>Publicity/ Graphic Design</td>
<td>(363) 373-7283</td>
<td><a href="mailto:pub@wpi.edu">pub@wpi.edu</a></td>
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<tr>
<td>Patrick Crowe</td>
<td>Little Theatre Liaison</td>
<td>(123)-585-2352</td>
<td><a href="mailto:ltl@wpi.edu">ltl@wpi.edu</a></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Corey Randall</td>
<td>Strike Manager</td>
<td>(252) 273-7637</td>
<td><a href="mailto:destruction@wpi.edu">destruction@wpi.edu</a></td>
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<tr>
<td>Haz Harrower</td>
<td>Photographer</td>
<td>(363) 373-7283</td>
<td><a href="mailto:headshots@wpi.edu">headshots@wpi.edu</a></td>
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</table>
This is all the reports for each rehearsal and show. The reports can be modified to fit the needs of a specific show. One example is if you need to diagram the constantly changing positions of curtains, create a template to use. Then you mark up the template each time to save you time and keep your work neater.
Rehearsal Report

Show: Miss Lulu Bett  Date: 10/09/2007  
Name: Corey Randall  Position: Stage Manager  
Rehearsal Start: 18:30  End: 20:50  

<table>
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<td>20:28</td>
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</table>

Evening Total 1:50

What was worked on:
- Introductions, expectations, scheduling, contact information.
- A run thought of the script
- Directions thoughts on how the show will come together

What needs work:
- Actors should learn their lines over break

Notes:

Lights:

Set:

Sound:

Costume/Props:

Run Crew:

Other:
- All designers should come back from break ready to start work. There will be a design meeting Thursday at 5pm.
- Directors vision— give audience the impression of a typical household with no indications of the inner turmoil.
- Publicity: don't forget to invite Boynton hall people (pres, provost..)
### Times:

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<td><strong>Evening Total</strong></td>
<td><strong>138 min</strong></td>
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#### What was worked on:
- Blocking and motivation for act 1
- Costumes were discussed

#### What needs work:
- Act 1.2 needs to be run through again to help it sink in.
- Actors need to work on projection.

### Notes:

**Lights:** cool if we could get down spot on I do scene

**Set:** can we get a mock up here quickly to help the actors get use to the crowed back stage?

**Sound:** need faint wedding march of I do section of the scene

**Costume/Props:** $150 per actor, keep it simple and modest for most of the scenes. Dress it up for the night out.

**Other:**
- Ina: never enter from the kitchen (stairs)
- Family: be more sickeningly normal when visitors are at the house.
# Rehearsal Report

Show: Miss Lulu Bett  
Date: 10/23/2007  

Name: Corey Randall  
Position: Stage Manager  

Rehearsal Start: 18:00  
End: 20:39  

### Times:

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<td>Evening</td>
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### What was worked on:

Act two blocking and motivation

### What needs work:

Act 2.3 did not finish it’s second time around. All of act 2 needs to be run more. Timing also needs work.

### Notes:

**Lights:** we will need a light for the window for when DI and Bobby are talking there.

**Set:** act 2.3 is going to be inside the house instead of both inside and outside.

**Sound:**

**Costume/Props:** Lulu needs a complete turnaround of costumes from act 2 to 3.

**Run Crew:** You are going to need six or more people to be able to accomplish the needed scene changes quickly.

**Other:**

Be prepared to work to revisit act 1 after we finish with act 3 tomorrow.

The costume designer will be here Thursday, so bring in what you think you should be wearing.
Rehearsal Report

Show: Miss Lulu Bett
Date: 10/25/2007

Name: Corey Randall
Position: Stage Manager

Rehearsal Start: 18:00
End: 20:30

Times:

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<td>19:50</td>
<td>20:28</td>
<td>38</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

Evening Total 138 min

What was worked on:
Blocking and Motivation for Act 3 and Act 1. Some refinement of act 1.1 was started.

What needs work:
Actors need to work on learning their lines, we also need to do more work refining the blocking and motivation.

Notes:

Lights: needs to make the third scene look a bit dark and dingy. Maybe some breaks on the walls?

Set: Find a way to add the curtained off area without blocking views or doors.

Sound:

Costume/Props as soon as you have props please bring them to the theatre so we can start using them.

Run Crew: we will start with set changes as soon as the set pieces are read. Be prepared to start coming to rehearsals.

Other: Now that we have worked out the basics for each scenes, do your best to have your lines memorized, it will help us to refine it.

Actors: you may need to help run crew depending on how many people we can recruit.
# Rehearsal Report

**Show:** Miss Lulu Bett  
**Date:** 10/26/2007  
**Name:** Corey Randall  
**Position:** Stage Manager  
**Rehearsal Start:** 17:45  
**End:** 19:27

## Times:

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<tr>
<td>1.2</td>
<td>18:55</td>
<td>19:27</td>
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**Evening Total: 109 min**

**What was worked on:** Act 1 was brought to a good place, but is not perfect yet.

**What needs work:** refinement of act 2 was a bit rushed; it needs to be revisited and finished. Act 3 refinement needs to be started.

## Notes:

### Lights:
- Need a subtle a down spot on marriage scene

### Set:

### Sound:

### Costume/Props:
- Dwight needs a pocket watch

### Run Crew:

### Other:
- Dwight don’t make sure you posture is always proper.
- Mother Bett needs to act a bit more batty
Show: Miss Lulu Bett Date: 10/29/2007

Name: Corey Randall Position: Stage Manager

Rehearsal Start: 17:59 End: 20:28

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</table>

Evening Total: 139

What was worked on:
The directors vision for act 2 and some refinement

What needs work:
Learn Your LINES.

Notes:

Lights:
Brighten the stage when lulu returns

Other:
- tomorrow we are off book, be prepared.

Set:

Sound:

Costume/Props
Lulu’s dress should have a hint of sexuality in when she returns.

Run Crew:
Rehearsal Report

Show: __Miss Lulu Bett_________ Date: __10/30/2007____

Name: __Corey Randall_________ Position: __Stage Manager_________

Rehearsal Start: __18:00____ End: __20:30____

Times:

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<td>20:10</td>
<td>20:27</td>
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</tr>
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</table>

Evening Total

What was worked on:

The directors vision

Working through off book

What needs work:

Learn your lines!!

Notes:

Lights:
Can we get lights on the windows to suggest the outsides

Set:
We need three pianos one baby grand, 2 upright, can we put scenes on the backstage side of the windows.

Sound:

Costume/Props:

Run Crew: Need to start coming to rehearsals now, we need to get the massive scene changes done quickly.

Other:
Set: the progress is looking good so far.
Rehearsal Report

Show: Miss Lulu Bett
Date: 11/01/2007

Name: Corey Randall
Position: Stage Manager

Rehearsal Start: 18:00
End: 20:42

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What was worked on: Lines and blocking

What needs work: Lines, prop work.

Notes:

Lights: clean up when you are done in the theatre

Other:
Keep up the lines,

Set: the caster squeak, please fix it.

Sound:

Costume/Props: we want all the props read by next tue.

Run Crew: can you get more people and work faster?
Rehearsal Report

Show:  Miss Lulu Bett         Date:  11/02/2007 
Name:  Corey Randall          Position:  Stage Manager
Rehearsal Start:  18:00        End:  19:47

| Times: | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Act/Scene | Start | Stop | Total |
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| 1.2 | 18:24 | 19:00 | 36 |
| 2.1 | 19:08 | 19:34 | 16 |
| 2.2 | 19:34 | 19:47 | 13 |

| Evenning Total | 89 |

What was worked on: Lines and refinement

What needs work: The ridiculous set change

Notes:

Lights:  
Set:  
Sound:  
Costume/Props:  
Run Crew:  - getting better, but still needs more w

Other:

Actors—show up on time, this is not the time to start slacking!
## Rehearsal Report

**Show:** Miss Lulu Bett  
**Date:** 11/05/2007

**Name:** Corey Randall  
**Position:** Stage Manager

**Rehearsal Start:** 18:00  
**End:** 21:00

### Times:

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<td>20:59</td>
<td>13</td>
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</table>

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**Evening Total:** 161 min

### What was worked on:

The enter plays lines and block. Refinement of motivation

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### What needs work:

Act 2.3—lines, blocking, motivation,

---

### Notes:

#### Lights:

- Tomorrow you can’t call for lines any more
- Monona be more annoying
- Bobby be more affronted by DI lies

#### Set:

- The theatre walls need to be repainted

#### Sound:

#### Costume/Props

#### Run Crew:
Rehearsal Report

Show: Miss Lulu Bett                      Date: 11/06/2007
Name: Corey Randall                      Position: Stage Manager
Rehearsal Start: 18:30                  End: 20:50

Times:

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<td>Evening Total 134</td>
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What was worked on:  - act 2.3 is much better

Changing the entire play?

What needs work:

Changing the entire play? Double check with director tomorrow

Notes:

Lights: gobos, rotating gobos, color and patterns everywhere.

Set: - psychedelic colors everywhere
- feng shui

Sound: - get indie music for when house is open

Costume/Props: - everyone needs to be dressed as hippies

Run Crew: - no blacks, wear tie-dye and bell bottoms

Other:

- flowing movements are required, dance too.
- feel free to bring some slang into this show, we want to update it.
- I think the director has lost it we need even thought they have denied it.
- wants seat covers that add to the feng shui off the room
- the director seems to be sane and not high, so I am not sure what is going on.
- WTF????
# Rehearsal Report

**Show:** Miss Lulu Bett  
**Date:** 11/08/2007  
**Name:** Corey Randall  
**Position:** Stage Manager  
**Rehearsal Start:** 18:00  
**End:** 20:59

## Times:

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**Evening Total**  
132

## What was worked on:

Forgetting the 6th and recovering.

## What needs work:

- begin warm-ups  
- start acting like it’s a show, not a rehearsal  
- actors need to project more

## Notes:

**Lights:** see other  
- please see if you can stabilize the set pieces a bit more.

**Set:** see other  

**Sound:** see other  

**Costume/Props:** see other  

**Run Crew:** see other

## Other:

- **EVERYONE:** the director had a temporary loss of insanity on the 6th so ignore that rehearsal and all its notes; then act like it did not happen. (P.S. don’t mention it either, it is still a sore subject)  
- turn on the green room clear com
Rehearsal Report

Show: Miss Lulu Bett               Date: 11/09/2007
Name: Corey Randall              Position: Stage Manager
Rehearsal Start: 18:00           End: 20:50

Times:
<table>
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<td>3.1</td>
<td>20:28</td>
<td>20:43</td>
<td>15</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

Evening Total 127

What was worked on: last touch up before we full incorporate tech

What needs work:
Some of the lines are still choppy; actors review your cues and practice your timing.

Notes:

Lights:

Set:

Sound:

Costume/Props

Run Crew:

Other:
- Monona: try adding more skipping especially when you are outside.

Turn your phones to vibrate or silent even when you leave them in the green room.
Show: Miss Lulu Bett  
Date: 11/11/2007
Name: Pat Crowe  
Position: Assistant Stage Manager
Rehearsal Start: 18:00  
End: 20:26

Times:

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Act/Scene</th>
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<th>Stop</th>
<th>Total</th>
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<tr>
<td>1.1</td>
<td>18:15</td>
<td>18:38</td>
<td>23</td>
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<tr>
<td>1.2</td>
<td>18:38</td>
<td>19:10</td>
<td>32</td>
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<tr>
<td>2.1</td>
<td>19:19</td>
<td>19:32</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2.2</td>
<td>19:32</td>
<td>19:45</td>
<td>13</td>
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<tr>
<td>2.3</td>
<td>19:45</td>
<td>20:11</td>
<td>26</td>
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<tr>
<td>3.1</td>
<td>20:11</td>
<td>20:24</td>
<td>13</td>
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<tr>
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Evening Total | 120min

What was worked on: - a final run-through of lines before we include tech.

What needs work: act 2.2 went a bit slow, look over it.

Notes:

Lights: 
Other: 
- this was just a line through, no tech or blocking was involved..

Set:

Sound:

Costume/Props

Run Crew:
Rehearsal Report

Show: Miss Lulu Bett  
Date: 11/12/2007

Name: Corey Randall  
Position: Stage Manager

Rehearsal Start: 18:00  
End: 21:10

What was worked on:

What needs work:
- find your light (if your not blinded your probably not in the right spot)
- SM timing of the cues needs work, pay attention.

Times:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Act/Scene</th>
<th>Start</th>
<th>Stop</th>
<th>Total</th>
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<tr>
<td>1.1</td>
<td>18:22</td>
<td>18:54</td>
<td>34</td>
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<td>1.2</td>
<td>18:54</td>
<td>19:32</td>
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<td>2.1</td>
<td>19:37</td>
<td>19:52</td>
<td>15</td>
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<tr>
<td>2.2</td>
<td>19:52</td>
<td>20:08</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2.3</td>
<td>20:09</td>
<td>20:37</td>
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<tr>
<td>3.1</td>
<td>20:37</td>
<td>20:55</td>
<td>18</td>
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</table>

Evening Total 149

Notes:

Lights: - there are a few dark spots on the porch
- some lights leak and blind the audience

Set:
- the railings are starting to come loses.

Sound:
- sound volume was all over the places, what’s up with that?

Costume/Props: - looking good, can we get them all washed before the preview performance

Run Crew: things ran a bit slow can you speed them up?
- please be quite back stage.

Other:
## Rehearsal Report

**Show:** Miss Lulu Bett  
**Date:** 11/13/2007  
**Name:** Corey Randall  
**Position:** Stage Manager  
**Rehearsal Start:** 18:00  
**End:** 20:43

### Times:

<table>
<thead>
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<th>Act/Scene</th>
<th>Start</th>
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<tr>
<td>1.1</td>
<td>18:30</td>
<td>18:52</td>
<td>22</td>
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<td>1.2</td>
<td>18:52</td>
<td>19:23</td>
<td>31</td>
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<td>2.2</td>
<td>19:40</td>
<td>19:51</td>
<td>10</td>
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<td>2.3</td>
<td>19:52</td>
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<tr>
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</thead>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Evening Total</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>112</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### What was worked on:
- getting everything to mesh together.

### What needs work:
- actors are a bit too loud in the greenroom.
- don’t turn on the stair light.

### Notes:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Lights:</th>
<th>- the initial dining room scene is a bit too cool.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Set:</td>
<td>- the luan over the curtain is tricky, try to improve its easy of use.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sound:</td>
<td>- wedding sound was a bit too loud</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Costume/Props</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Run Crew:</td>
<td>- getting better, would still like a faster transition.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Other:
- keep up the good work and we should have a great show.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Curtain Up</td>
<td>19:01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Act 1</td>
<td>19:54</td>
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<tr>
<td>Curtain Down</td>
<td>21:09</td>
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<tr>
<td>Act 2</td>
<td>21:06</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Run Time</td>
<td>128 minutes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Intermission</td>
<td>20:06</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Weather</td>
<td>- calm, clear, and 50 degs.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Attendance</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Performance Notes:**
The show went well, hopefully the rest of the nights are like this. The audience was a bit quite.

**Notes outside the theater:**

**Tech notes:**

**Line notes:**

**Illness/Accidents (attached report form):** None

**Miscellaneous concerns/FYI:**
Section: Show Script

This is the script use to call the show, along with some extra useful information.
Show Reminders:

Things an SM should always have with them:
   This is pretty self-explanatory. The stage manager should always make sure that they have certain things before a show starts. These are the things I always had with me.

- Script
  - Copy for yourself
    - This has all your cues in it… you’re in trouble if it is missing
  - Copy for lighting board op
    - Helpful
  - Copy for sound board op
    - Helpful

- Flashlights (2+)
  - Extra batteries for the flashlights
    - Your batteries WILL die in the middle of a show
  - Possibly a battery charger
    - Batteries are expensive… chargers are awesome
  - Gel for the flashlights
    - Normal light is too bright… the audience will see you

- Lists
  - Green room announcements
    - Cast and crew need to be cued at the proper times.
  - Blackout movement
    - Also obvious, you need to start at the right time.

- Cell phone
  - If something happens, you can’t leave the booth
    - It is nice to be able to call the house manager to tell them to hold intermission a few minutes

- Writing utensils
  - Pens, Pencils, whatever
    - Cues sometimes change, and you WON’T remember after the show.

- Tools
  - Gaff Tape
    - If anything CAN break… it will… aaaaalways have tape handy
  - Anything needed for the booth equipment
    - Again here… just think Murphy’s Law

- Personal stuff
  - Water
    - In case you get thirsty
  - Cough Drops
    - Do your board ops a favor
Clear-Com Announcements to the Green Room:

There are many points throughout a performance that the stage manager needs to cue cast and crew members who are backstage. In order to do this in the Little Theater, an announcement must be made from the booth to the green room over the Clear-Com. This was my list of announcements that needed to be made before, during, and after *I Hate Hamlet*.

**Pre-show:**

- 30 minutes till House opens
- 15 minutes till House opens
- 10 minutes till House opens
- 5 minutes till House opens
- 2 minutes till House opens
- House is open / 30 minutes till “Places”
- 15 minutes till “Places”
- 10 minutes till “Places”
- 5 minutes till “Places”

Check with ASM to make sure that the actors are ready and there are no costuming or other emergencies or problems. Then contact the House Manager when everyone is ready to go and the show start is waiting on the audience to settle and the doors to close.

- 2 minutes till “Places”
- Stand-by (during pre-show announcements)
- Places (with the blackout)

**Intermission:**

- 15 minutes till “Places”
- 10 minutes till “Places”
- 5 minutes till “Places”
Miss Lulu Bett

BY

ZONA GALE

TO BROCK PEMBERTON
IN DEEP APPRECIATION OF HIS CREATIVE WORK
IN PRODUCING AND STAGING THIS PLAY

COPYRIGHT AND PUBLISHED, 1921,
BY D. APPLETON AND COMPANY
NEW YORK, N. Y.

CHARACTERS

DWIGHT DEACON
INA DEACON
DIANA DEACON
MONONA DEACON
NINIAN DEACON
LULU BETT
MRS. BETT
BOBBY LARKIN
MR. CORNISH
(Enter Monona (from House door), cross to table (upstage side)

En Mo(HD) X Ta(U)

EN Dw(HD) X Ta(RC)

Mo circle Ta

En Ina (HD) X Dw

In X Ta(LC), DI X Ta(UC)

All sit
ACT ONE

SCENE I

THE DEACON DINING-ROOM: Plain rose paper, oak sideboard, straight chairs, a soft old brown divan, table laid for supper. Large pictures of, say, "Paul and Virginia" and Abbott Thayer's "Motherhood." A door left leads to kitchen; a door right front leads to the passage and the "other" room. Back are two windows with lace curtains, revealing shrubbery or blossoming plants; and a shelf with a clock and a photograph of Ninian Deacon. Over the table is a gas burner in a glass globe. In the center of the table is a pink tulip in a pot. The stage is empty.

(Enter MONONA. She tiptoes to the table, tastes a dish or two, hides a cooky in her frock; begins a terrible little chant on miscellaneous notes.)

(Enter DWIGHT DEACON.)

DWIGHT. What! You don't mean you're in time for supper, baby?

MONONA. I ain't a baby.

DWIGHT. Ain't. Ain't. Ain't.

MONONA. Well, I ain't.

DWIGHT. We shall have to take you in hand, mama and I. We shall-have-to-take-you in hand.

MONONA. I ain't such a bad girl.

DWIGHT. Ain't. Ain't. Ain't.

(Enter INA, Door R. E.)

INA. Dwightie! Have I kept you waiting?

DWIGHT. It's all right, my pet. Bear and forbear. Bear and forbear.

INA. Everything's on the table. I didn't hear Lulu call us, though. She's fearfully careless. And Dwight, she looks so bad—when there's company I hate to have her around.

(They seat themselves.)

DWIGHT. My dear Ina, your sister is very different from you.

INA. Well, Lulu certainly is a trial. Come Monona.

DWIGHT. Live and let live, my dear. We have to overlook, you know. What have we on the festive board to-night?

INA. We have creamed salmon. On toast.

MONONA. I don't want any.

DWIGHT. What's this? No salmon?

MONONA. No.
En Lu(ST) X Ta(DC)

Lu X Ina

Lu X DI
INA. Oh now, pet! You liked it before.

MONONA. I don't want any.

DWIGHT. Just a little? A very little? What is this? Progeny will not eat?

INA. She can eat if she will eat. The trouble is, she will *not* take the time.

DWIGHT. She don't put her mind on her meals.

INA. Now, pettie, you must eat or you'll get sick.

MONONA. I don't want any.

INA. Well, pettie—then how would you like a nice egg?

MONONA. No.

INA. Some bread and milk?

MONONA. No.

(Enter LULU BETT. *She carries a plate of muffins.*

INA. Lulu, Monona won't eat a thing. I should think you might think of something to fix for her.

LULU. Can't I make her a little milk toast?

MONONA. Yes!

INA. Well now, sister. Don't toast it too much. That last was too—and it's no use, she will *not* eat it if it's burned.

LULU. I won't burn it on purpose.

INA. Well, see that you don't... Lulu! Which milk are you going to take?

LULU. The bottle that sets in front, won't I?

INA. But that's yesterday's milk. No, take the fresh bottle from over back. Monona must be nourished.

LULU. But then the yesterday's'll sour and I can't make a custard pie—

DWIGHT. Kindly settle these domestic matters without bringing them to my attention at meal time. (*Observes the tulip.*) Flowers! Who's been having flowers sent in?

INA. Ask Lulu.

DWIGHT. Suitors?

LULU. It was a quarter. There'll be five flowers.

DWIGHT. You bought it?

LULU. Yes. Five flowers. That's a nickel a piece.

DWIGHT. Yet we give you a home on the supposition that you have no money to spend, even
Lu Ex St

En Lu(ST) X Ta(UC), X window, Ex ST

Dw X HD

Dw X Ta(RC)
for the necessities.

INA. Well, but Dwightie. Lulu isn't strong enough to work. What's the use–

DWIGHT. The justice business and the dental profession do not warrant the purchase of spring flowers in my home.

INA. Well, but Dwightie–

DWIGHT. No more. Lulu meant no harm.

INA. The back bottle, Lulu. And be as quick as you can. Remember, the back bottle. She has a terrible will, hangs on to her own ideas, and hangs on–

(Exit LULU.)

DWIGHT. Forbearance my pet, forbearance. Baked potatoes. That's good–that's good. The baked potato contains more nourishment than potatoes prepared in any other way. Roasting retains it.

INA. That's what I always think.

DWIGHT. Where's your mother? Isn't she coming to supper?

INA. No. Tantrum.

DWIGHT. Oh ho, mama has a tantrum, eh? My dear Ina, your mother is getting old. She don't have as many clear-headed days as she did.

INA. Mama's mind is just as good as it ever was, sometimes.

DWIGHT. Hadn't I better call her up?

INA. You know how mama is.

(Enter LULU. She takes flowerpot from table and throws it out the window. Exit LULU.)

DWIGHT. I'd better see. (Goes to door and opens it.) Mother Bett!...Come and have some supper.... Looks to me Lulu's muffins go down pretty easy! Come on–I had something funny to tell you and Ina.... (Returns.) No use. She's got a tall one on to-night, evidently. What's the matter with her?

INA. Well, I told Lulu to put the creamed salmon on the new blue platter, and mama thought I ought to use the old deep dish.

DWIGHT. You reminded her that you are mistress here in your own home. But gently, I hope?

INA. Well–I reminded her. She said if I kept on using the best dishes I wouldn't have a cup left for my own wake.

DWIGHT. And my little puss insisted?

INA. Why of course. I wanted to have the table look nice for you, didn't I?

DWIGHT. My precious pussy.

INA. So then she walked off to her room. (MONONA sings her terrible little chant.) Quiet, pettie, quiet!
DWIGHT. Softly, softly, softly, SOFTLY!... Well, here we are, aren't we? I tell you people don't know what living is if they don't belong in a little family circle.

INA. That's what I always think.

DWIGHT. Just coming home here and sort of settling down—it's worth more than a tonic at a dollar the bottle. Look at this room. See this table. Could anything be pleasanter?

INA. Monona! Now, it's all over both ruffles. And mama does try so hard...

DWIGHT. My dear. Can't you put your mind on the occasion?

INA. Well, but Monona is so messy.

DWIGHT. Women cannot generalize. (Clock strikes half hour.) Curious how that clock loses. It must be fully quarter to. It is quarter to! I'm pretty good at guessing time.

INA. I've often noticed that.

DWIGHT. That clock is a terrible trial. Last night it was only twenty-three after when the half hour struck.

INA. Twenty-one, I thought.

DWIGHT. Twenty-three. My dear Ina, didn't I particularly notice? It was twenty-three.

MONONA (like lightning). I want my milk toast, I want my milk toast, I want my milk toast.

INA. Do hurry, sister. She's going to get nervous.

(MONONA chants her chant. Enter LULU.)

LULU. I've got the toast here.

INA. Did you burn it?

LULU. Not black.

DWIGHT. There we are. Milk toast like a ku-ween. Where is our young lady daughter to-night?

INA. She's at Jenny Plows, at a teaparty.

DWIGHT. Oh ho, teaparty. Is it?

LULU. We told you that this noon.

DWIGHT (frowning at LULU). How much is salmon the can now, Ina?

INA. How much is it, Lulu?

LULU. The large ones are forty, that used to be twenty-five. And the small ones that were ten, they're twenty-five. The butter's about all gone. Shall I wait for the butter woman or get some creamery?

DWIGHT. Not at meal time, if you please, Lulu. The conversation at my table must not deal with domestic matters.

LULU. I suppose salmon made me think of butter.
Lu slowly back away from Ta

En Mb(HD) X DC

MB sits DC

Mo Ex HD

Mo, Bl En HD
DWIGHT. There is not the remotest connection. Salmon comes from a river. Butter comes from a cow. A cow bears no relation to a river. A cow may drink from a river, she may do that, but I doubt if that was in your mind when you spoke—you're not that subtle.

LULU. No, that wasn't in my mind.

(Enter MOTHER BETT.)

DWIGHT. Well, Mama Bett, hungry now?

MRS. BETT. No, I'm not hungry.

INA. We put a potato in the oven for you, mama.

MRS. BETT. No, I thank you.

DWIGHT. And a muffin, Mama Bett.

MRS. BETT. No, I thank you.

LULU. Mama, can't I fix you some fresh tea?

MRS. BETT. That's right, Lulie. You're a good girl. And see that you put in enough tea so as a body can taste tea part of the way down.

INA. Sit here with us, mama.

MRS. BETT. No, I thank you. I'll stand and keep my figger.

DWIGHT. You know you look like a queen when you stand up, straight back, high head, a regular wonder for your years, you are.

MRS. BETT. Sometimes I think you try to flatter me. (Sits.)

(Doorbell.)

MONONA. I'll go. I'll go. Let me go.

DWIGHT. Now what can anybody be thinking of to call just at meal time. Can't I even have a quiet supper with my family without the outside world clamoring?

LULU. Maybe that's the butter woman.

DWIGHT. Lulu, no more about the butter, please.

MONONA. Come on in. Here's Bobby to see you, papa, let's feed him.

DWIGHT. Oh ho! So I'm the favored one. Then draw up to the festive board, Robert. A baked potato?

BOBBY. No, sir. I–I wanted something else.

DWIGHT. What's this? Came to see the justice about getting married, did you? Or the dentist to have your tooth pulled–eh? Same thing–eh, Ina? Ha! ha! ha!

BOBBY. I–I wondered whether–I thought if you would give me a job....

DWIGHT. So that's it.
Mo Dance around
BL x Dw

Dw, BL X ST

EN DI, MR(HD), DW x RC
DI X BL, MC X Dw

BL ex SD, DI X Ina
DW, MC X DLC

Ina X DW, Di follow

Mo X Di

Lu—start clear ta
Mo circle Ta
MC X LC
BOBBY. I thought maybe I might cut the grass or cut—cut something.

DWIGHT. My boy, every man should cut his own grass. Every man should come home at night, throw off his coat and, in his vigor, cut his own grass.

BOBBY. Yes, sir.

DWIGHT. Exercise, exercise is next to bread—next to gluten. Hold on, though—hold on. After dental hours I want to begin presently to work my garden. I have two lots. Property is a burden. Suppose you cut the grass on the one lot through the spring.

BOBBY. Good enough, sir. Can I start right in now? It isn't dark yet.

DWIGHT. That's right, that's right. Energy—it's the driving power of the nation. (They rise, DWIGHT goes toward the door with BOBBY.) Start right in, by all means. You'll find the mower in the shed, oiled and ready. Tools always ready—that's my motto, my boy. (Enter DI and CORNISH. CORNISH carries many favors.) Ah ha!

DI. Where is everybody? Oh, hullo, Bobby! You came to see me?

BOBBY. Oh, hullo! No. I came to see your father.

DI. Did you? Well, there he is. Look at him.

BOBBY. You don't need to tell me where to look or what to do. Good-by. I'll find the mower, Mr. Deacon. (Exit.)

DWIGHT. Mama! What do you s'pose? Di thought she had a beau—How are you, Cornish?

DI. Oh, papa! Why, I just hate Bobby Larkin, and the whole school knows it. Mama, wasn't Mr. Cornish nice to help carry my favors?

INA. Ah, Mr. Cornish! You see what a popular little girl we have.

CORNISH. Yes, I suppose so. That is—isn't that remarkable, Mrs. Deacon? (He tries to greet LULU, who is clearing the table.)

DI. Oh, papa, the sweetest party—and the dearest supper and the darlingest decorations and the georgeousest—Monona, let go of me!

DWIGHT. Children, children, can't we have peace in this house?

MONONA. Ah, you'll catch it for talking so smarty.

DI. Oh, will I?

INA. Monona, don't stand listening to older people. Run around and play. (MONONA runs a swift circle and returns to her attitude of listener.)

CORNISH. Pardon me—this is Miss Bett, isn't it?

LULU. I—Lulu Bett, yes.

CORNISH. I had the pleasure of meeting you the night I was here for supper.

LULU. I didn't think you'd remember.
Lu Ex St
MC X Dw

En Lu (ST) X Ta(UC), MC X Lu

Lu Ex St

MC X Di
DI, MC EX HD
CORNISH. Don't you think I'd remember that meat pie?

LULU. Oh, yes. The meat pie. You might remember the meat pie. (Exit, carrying plates.)

CORNISH. What the dickens did I say that for?

INA. Oh, Lulu likes it. She's a wonderful cook. I don't know what we should do without her.

DWIGHT. A most exemplary woman is Lulu.

INA. That's eggsemplary, Dwightie.

DWIGHT. My darling little dictionary.

DI. Mama, Mr. Cornish and I have promised to go back to help Jenny.

INA. How nice! And Mr. Cornish, do let us see you oftener.

DWIGHT. Yes, yes, Cornish. Drop in. Any time, you know.

CORNISH. I'll be glad to come. I do get pretty lonesome evenings. (Enter LULU, clearing table.)

I eat out around. I guess that's why your cooking made such an impression on me, Miss Lulu.

LULU. Yes. Yes. I s'pose it would take something like that...

CORNISH. Oh, no, no! I didn't mean–you mustn't think I meant– What'd I say that for?

LULU. Don't mind. They always say that to me. (Exit with dishes.)

DI. Come on, Mr. Cornish. Jenny'll be waiting. Monona, let go of me!

MONONA. I don't want you!

DWIGHT. Early, darling, early! Get her back here early, Mr. Cornish.

CORNISH. Oh, I'll have her back here as soon as ever she'll come–well, ah–I mean....

DI. Good-by Dwight and Ina! (Exit DI and MR. CORNISH.)

DWIGHT. Nice fellow, nice fellow. Don't know whether he'll make a go of his piano store, but he's studying law evenings.

INA. But we don't know anything about him, Dwight. A stranger so.

DWIGHT. On the contrary I know a great deal about him. I know that he has a little inheritance coming to him.

INA. An inheritance–really? I thought he was from a good family.

DWIGHT. My mercenary little pussy.

INA. Well, if he comes here so very much you know what we may expect.

DWIGHT. What may we expect?

INA. He'll fall in love with Di. And a young girl is awfully flattered when a good-looking older man pays her attention. Haven't you noticed that?
Mo circle Ta

Lu En St, X Ta(Re)

Dw X Fp

Ina X Dw

Mo X Ina
DWIGHT. How women generalize! My dear Ina, I have other matters to notice.

INA. Monona. Stop listening! Run about and play. (MONONA runs her circle and returns.) Well, look at our clock. It's almost your bedtime, anyway.

(Enter LULU.)

MONONA. No.

INA. It certainly is.

MONONA. That clock's wrong. Papa said so.

INA. Mama says bedtime. In ten minutes.

MONONA. I won't go all night.

DWIGHT. Daughter, daughter, daughter....

MONONA. I won't go for a week.

(DWIGHT sees on clock shelf a letter.)

INA. Oh, Dwight! It came this morning. I forgot.

LULU. I forgot too. And I laid it up there.

DWIGHT. Isn't it understood that my mail can't wait like this?

LULU. I know. I'm sorry. But you hardly ever get a letter.

DWIGHT. Of course pressing matters go to my office. Still my mail should have more careful— (He reads.) Now! What do you think I have to tell you?

INA. Oh, Dwightie! Something nice?

DWIGHT. That depends. I'll like it. So'll Lulu. It's company.

MONONA. I hope they bring me something decent.

INA. Oh, Dwight, who?

DWIGHT. My brother, from Oregon.

INA. Ninian coming here?

DWIGHT. Some day next week. He don't know what a charmer Lulu is or he'd come quicker.

INA. Dwight, it's been years since you've seen him.

DWIGHT. Nineteen–twenty. Must be twenty.

INA. And he's never seen me.

DWIGHT. Nor Lulu.

INA. And think where he's been. South America–Mexico–Panama and all. We must put it in the paper.
MRS. BETT. Who's coming? Why don't you say who's coming? You all act so dumb.

LULU. It's Dwight's brother, mother. His brother from Oregon.

MRS. BETT. Never heard of him.

LULU (taking photograph from shelf). That one, mother. You've dusted his picture lots of times.

MRS. BETT. That? Got to have him around long?

DWIGHT. I don't know. Wait till he sees Lulu. I expect when he sees Lulu you can't drive him away. He's going to take one look at Lulu and settle down here for life. He's going to think Lulu is –

LULU. I--think the tea must be steeped now. (Exit.)

DWIGHT. He's going to think Lulu is a stunner--a stunner.... (The clock strikes. MONONA shrieks.) Is the progeny hurt?

INA. Bedtime. Now, Monona, be mama's nice little lady.... Monona, quiet, pettie, quiet.... (LULU enters with tea and toast.) Lulu, won't you take her to bed? You know Dwight and I are going to Study Club.

LULU. There, mother. Yes, I'll take her to bed. Come, Monona. And stop that noise instantly. (MONONA stops. As they cross DWIGHT spies the tulip on LULU'S gown.)

DWIGHT. Lulu. One moment. You picked the flower on the plant.

LULU. Yes. I--picked it.

DWIGHT. She buys a hothouse plant and then ruins it!

LULU. I--I-- (She draws MONONA swiftly left; exeunt; the door slams.)

DWIGHT. What a pity Lulu hasn't your manners, pettie.

MRS. BETT. What do you care? She's got yours.

DWIGHT. Mother Bett! Fare thee well.

MRS. BETT. How do you stand him? The lump!

INA. Mama dear, now drink your tea. Good-night, sweetie.

MRS. BETT. You needn't think I forgot about the platter, because I ain't. Of all the extravagant doin's, courtin' the poorhouse-- (Exeunt DWIGHT and INA. MRS. BETT continues to look after them, her lips moving. At door appears BOBBY.)

BOBBY. Where's Mr. Deacon?

MRS. BETT. Gone, thank the Lord!

BOBBY. I've got the grass cut.

MRS. BETT. You act like it was a trick.

BOBBY. Is--is everybody gone?
MRS. BETT. Who's this you're talkin' to?

BOBBY. Yes, well, I meant—I guess I'll go now. (Enter DI.)

DI. Well, Bobby Larkin. Are you cutting grass in the dining room?

BOBBY. No, ma'am, I was not cutting grass in the dining room.

(Enter LULU, collects her mother's dishes, folds cloth and watches.)

DI. I used to think you were pretty nice, but I don't like you any more.

BOBBY. Yes you used to! Is that why you made fun of me all the time?

DI. I had to. They all were teasing me about you.

BOBBY. They were? Teasing you about me?

DI. I had to make them stop so I teased you. I never wanted to.

BOBBY. Well, I never thought it was anything like that.

DI. Of course you didn't. I—wanted to tell you.

BOBBY. You wanted—

DI. Of course I did. You must go now—they're hearing us.

BOBBY. Say—

DI. Good-night. Go the back way, Bobby—you nice thing. (Exit BOBBY.) Aunt Lulu, give me the cookies, please, and the apples. Mr. Cornish is on the front porch... mama and papa won't be home till late, will they?

LULU. I don't think so.

DI. Well, I'll see to the hall light. Don't you bother. Good-night.

LULU. Good-night, Di. (Exit DI.)

MRS. BETT. My land! How she wiggles and chitters.

LULU. Mother, could you hear them? Di and Bobby Larkin?

MRS. BETT. Mother hears a-plenty.

LULU. How easy she done it...got him right over...how did she do that?

MRS. BETT. Di wiggles and chitters.

LULU. It was just the other day I taught her to sew...I wonder if Ina knows.

MRS. BETT. What's the use of you findin' fault with Inie? Where'd you been if she hadn't married I'd like to know?...What say?... eh?... I'm goin' to bed.... You always was jealous of Inie. (Exit MRS. BETT.)

(LULU crosses to shelf, takes down photograph of NINIAN DEACON, holds it, looks at it.)
BL, DI @ window

Lu, Mo En St X T(C )
   BL Ex
   Di Ex Sd
SCENE II

SAME SET. Late afternoon. A week later. The table is cleared of dishes, and has an oilcloth cover. BOBBY is discovered outside the window, on whose sill DI is sitting.

BOBBY. So you despise me for cutting grass?

DI. No, I don't. But if you're going to be a great man why don't you get started at it?

BOBBY. I am started at it—inside. But it don't earn me a cent yet.

DI. Bobby, Bobby! I know you're great now, don't you ever think I don't, but I want everybody else to know.

BOBBY. Di, when you said that it sounded just like a—a you know.

DI. Like what?

BOBBY. Like a wife. Gee, what a word that is!

DI. Isn't it? It's ever so much more exciting word than husband.

(Enter LULU, followed by MONONA. LULU carries bowl, pan of apples, paring knife. MONONA carries basket of apples and a towel. As LULU rattles dishes, DI turns, sees LULU. BOBBY disappears from window.)

DI. There's never any privacy in this house. (Exit DI.)

LULU. Hurry, Monona, I must make the pies before I get dinner. Now wipe every one.

MONONA. What for?

LULU. To make the pies.

MONONA. What do you want to make pies for?

LULU. To eat.

MONONA. What do you want to eat for?

LULU. To grow strong—and even sensible.

MONONA. It's no fun asking you a string of questions. You never get mad. Mama gets good and mad. So does papa.

LULU. Then why do you ask them questions?

MONONA. Oh, I like to get them going.

LULU. Monona!

MONONA. I told mama I didn't pass, just so I could hear her.

LULU. Why, Monona!

MONONA. Then when I told her I did pass, she did it again. When she's mad she makes awful
Mo X Hd

Mo Ex HD, En Ni HD

Ni X Lu,
funny faces.

LULU. You love her, don't you, Monona?

MONONA. I love her best when there's company. If there was always company, I'd always love her. Isn't she sweet before Uncle Ninian though?

LULU. I--I don't know. Monona, you mustn't talk so.

MONONA. He's been here a week and mama hasn't been cross once. Want to know what he said about you?

LULU. I--did he--did he say anything about me?

MONONA. He told papa you were the best cook he'd ever ate. Said he'd eat a good many.

LULU. The cooking. It's always the cooking.

MONONA. He said some more, but I can't remember.

LULU. Monona, what else did he say?

MONONA. I don't know.

LULU. Try....

MONONA. Here he is now. Ask him to his face. Hullo, Uncle Ninian! Good-by. (*Exit
MONONA. Enter NINIAN.*)

NINIAN. Hello, kitten! Ask him what! What do you want to ask him?

LULU. I--I think I was wondering what kind of pies you like best.

NINIAN. That's easy. I like your kind of pies best. The best ever. Every day since I've been here I've seen you baking, Mrs. Bett.

LULU. Yes, I bake. What did you call me then?

NINIAN. Mrs. Bett--isn't it? Every one says just Lulu, but I took it for granted.... Well, now--is it Mrs. or Miss Lulu Bett?

LULU. It's Miss.... From choice.

NINIAN. You bet! Oh, you bet! Never doubted that.

LULU. What kind of a Mr. are you?

NINIAN. Never give myself away. Say, by George, I never thought of that before. There's no telling whether a man's married or not, by his name.

LULU. It doesn't matter.

NINIAN. Why?

LULU. Not so many people want to know.

NINIAN. Say, you're pretty good, aren't you?
LULU. If I am it never took me very far.
NINIAN. Where you been mostly?
LULU. Here. I've always been here. Fifteen years with Ina. Before that we lived in the country.
NINIAN. Never been anywhere much?
LULU. Never been anywhere at all.
NINIAN. H...m. Well, I want to tell you something about yourself.
LULU. About me?
NINIAN. Something that I'll bet you don't even know. It's this: I think you have it pretty hard around here.
LULU. Oh, no!
NINIAN. See here. Do you have to work like this all the time? I guess you won't mind my asking.
LULU. But I ought to work. I have a home with them. Mother too.
NINIAN. But glory! You ought to have some kind of a life of your own.
LULU. How could I do that?
NINIAN. A man don't even know what he's like till he's roamed around on his own.... Roamed around on his own. Course a woman don't understand that.
LULU. Why don't she? Why don't she?
NINIAN. Do you? (LULU nods.) I've had twenty-five years of galloping about--Brazil, Mexico, Panama.
LULU. My!
NINIAN. It's the life.
LULU. Must be. I--
NINIAN. Yes, you. Why, you've never had a thing! I guess you don't know how it seems to me, coming along--a stranger so. I don't like it.
LULU. They're very good to me.
NINIAN. Do you know why you think that? Because you've never had anybody really good to you. That's why.
LULU. But they treat me good.
NINIAN. They make a slavey of you. Regular slavey. Damned shame I call it.
LULU. But we have our whole living--
NINIAN. And you earn it. I been watching you ever since I've been here. Don't you ever go anywhere?
Ni by Lu,
LULU. Oh, no, I don't go anywhere. I–
NINIAN. Lord! Don't you want to? Of course you do.
LULU. Of course I'd like to get clear away–or I used to want to.
NINIAN. Say–you've been a blamed fine-looking woman.
LULU. You must have been a good-looking man once yourself.
NINIAN. You're pretty good. I don't see how you do it–darned if I do.
LULU. How I do what?
NINIAN. Why come back, quick like that, with what you say. You don't look it.
LULU. It must be my grand education.
NINIAN. Education: I ain't never had it and I ain't never missed it.
LULU. Most folks are happy without an education.
NINIAN. You're not very happy, though.
LULU. Oh, no.
NINIAN. Well you ought to get up and get out of here–find–find some work you *like* to do.
LULU. But, you see, I can't do any other work–that's the trouble–women like me can't do any other work.
NINIAN. But you make this whole house go round.
LULU. If I do, nobody knows it.
NINIAN. I know it. I hadn't been in the house twenty-four hours till I knew it.
LULU. You did? You thought that.... Yes, well if I do I hate making it go round.
NINIAN. See here–couldn't you tell me a little bit about–what you'd *like* to do? If you had your own way?
LULU. I don't know–now.
NINIAN. What did you ever think you'd like to do?
LULU. Take care of folks that needed me. I–I mean sick folks or old folks or–like that. Take *care* of them. Have them–have them want me.
NINIAN. By George! You're a wonder.
LULU. Am I? Ask Dwight.
NINIAN. Dwight. I could knock the top of his head off the way he speaks to you. I'd like to see you get out of this, I certainly would.
LULU. I can't get out. I'll never get out–now.
Mo En X Ni
NINIAN. Don't keep saying "now" like that. You—you put me out of business, darned if you don't.

LULU. Oh, I don't mean to feel sorry for myself— you stop making me feel sorry for myself!

NINIAN. I know one thing—I'm going to give Dwight Deacon a chunk of my mind.

LULU. Oh, no! no! no! I wouldn't want you to do that. Thank you.

NINIAN. Well, somebody ought to do something. See here—while I'm staying around you know you've got a friend in me, don't you?

LULU. Do I?

NINIAN. You bet you do.

LULU. Not just my cooking?

NINIAN. Oh, come now—why, I liked you the first moment I saw you.

LULU. Honest?

NINIAN. Go on— go on. Did you like me?

LULU. Now you're just being polite.

NINIAN. Say, I wish there was some way—

LULU. Don't you bother about me.

NINIAN. I wish there was some way— (MONONA'S voice chants.) (Enter MONONA.)

MONONA. You've had him long enough, Aunt Lulu— Can't you pay me some 'tention?

NINIAN. Come here. Give us a kiss. My stars, what a great big tall girl! Have to put a board on her head to stop this growing.

MONONA (Seeing diamond ). What's that?

NINIAN. That diamond came from Santa Claus. He has a jewelry shop in heaven. I have twenty others like this one. I keep the others to wear on the Sundays when the sun comes up in the west.

MONONA. Does the sun ever come up in the west?

NINIAN. Sure— on my honor. Some day I'm going to melt a diamond and eat it. Then you sparkle all over in the dark, ever after. I'm going to plant one too, some day. Then you can grow a diamond vine. Yes, on my honor.

LULU. Don't do that— don't do that.

NINIAN. What?

LULU. To her. That's lying.

NINIAN. Oh, no. That's not lying. That's just drama. Drama. Do you like going to a good show?

LULU. I've never been to any— only those that come here.

NINIAN. Think of that now. Don't you ever go to the city?
LULU. I haven't been in six years and over.

NINIAN. Well, sir, I'll tell you what I'm going to do with you. While I'm here I'm going to take you and Ina and Dwight up to the city, to see a show.

LULU. Oh, you don't want me to go.

NINIAN. Yes, sir. I'll give you one good time. Dinner and a show.

LULU. Ina and Dwight do that sometimes. I can't imagine me.

NINIAN. Well, you're coming with me. I'll look up something good. And you tell me just what you like to eat and we'll order it–

LULU. It's been years since I've eaten anything that I haven't cooked myself.

NINIAN. It has. Say, by George! why shouldn't we go to the city to-night.

LULU. To-night?

NINIAN. Yes. If Dwight and Ina will. It's early yet. What do you say?

LULU. You sure you want me to go? Why--I don't know whether I've got anything I could wear.

NINIAN. Sure you have.

LULU. I--yes, I have. I could wear the waist I always thought they'd use--if I died.

NINIAN. Sure you could wear that. Just the thing. And throw some things in a bag--it'll be too late to come back tonight. Now don't you back out....

LULU. Oh, the pies--

NINIAN. Forget the pies--well, no, I wouldn't say that. But hustle them up.

LULU. Oh, maybe Ina won't go....

NINIAN. Leave Ina to me. (Exit NINIAN.)

LULU. Mother, mother! Monona, put the rest of those apples back in the basket and carry them out.

MONONA. Yes, Aunt Lulu.

LULU. I can't get ready. They'll leave me behind. Mother! Hurry, Monona. We mustn't leave such a looking house. Mother! Monona, don't you drop those apples. (MONONA drops them all.) My heavens, my pies aren't in the oven yet. (Enter MRS. BETT.)

MRS. BETT. Who wants their mother?

LULU. Mother, please pick up these things for me--quick.

MRS. BETT (leisurely). What is the rush, Lulie?

LULU. Mother, Mr. Deacon--Ninian, you know--wants Ina and Dwight and me to go to the theater to-night in the city.

MRS. BETT. Does, does he? Well, you mind me, Lulie, and go on. It'll do you good.
Lu Ex St

Mo Ex Sd, Ni En Hd X Mb

Lu En St, X Ta (C)

Ni X Lu

Ina En Hd, X Lu
LULU. Yes, mother. I will. (Exit with pies.)

MRS. BETT. No need breaking everybody's neck off, though, as I know of. Monona, get out from under my feet.

MONONA. Grandma, compared between what I am, you are nothing.

MRS. BETT. What do you mean—little ape?

MONONA. It's no fun to get you going. You're too easy, grandma dear! (Exit. Enter NINIAN.)

NINIAN. All right—Dwight and Ina are game. Oh, Mrs. Bett! Won't you come to the theater with us to-night?

MRS. BETT. No. I'm fooled enough without fooling myself on purpose. But Lulie can go.

NINIAN. You don't let her go too much, do you, Mrs. Bett?

MRS. BETT. Well, I ain't never let her go to the altar if that's what you mean.

NINIAN. Don't you think she'd be better off?

MRS. BETT. Wouldn't make much difference. Why look at me. A husband, six children, four of 'em under the sod with him. And sometimes I feel as though nothin' more had happened to me than has happened to Lulie. It's all gone. For me just the same as for her. Only she ain't had the pain. (Yawns.) What was I talkin' about just then?

NINIAN. Why—why—er, we were talking about going to the theater.

MRS. BETT. Going to the theater, are you? (Enter LULU.)

NINIAN. It's all right, Miss Lulu. They'll go—both of them. Dwight is telephoning for the seats.

LULU. I was wondering why you should be so kind to me.

NINIAN. Kind? Why, this is for my own pleasure, Miss Lulu. That's what I think of mostly.

LULU. But just see. It's so wonderful. Half an hour ago I never thought I'd be going to the city now—with you all....

NINIAN. I'm an impulsive cuss you'll find, Miss Lulu.

LULU. But this is so wonderful.... (Enter INA.) Ina, isn't it beautiful that we're going?

INA. Oh, are you going?

NINIAN. Of course she's going. Great snakes, why not?

INA. Only that Lulu never goes anywhere.

NINIAN. Whose fault is that?

LULU. Just habit. Pure habit.

NINIAN. Pure cussedness somewhere. Miss Lulu, now you go and get ready and Ina and I'll finish straightening up here.

LULU. Oh, I'll finish.
Ni Drag Lu X Hd

Lu Ex Hd,

Ni Ex Hd

Ina X window

Di X Window(backstage)

Mc NI En Hd

Ina X DLC, Mc Ni X Ina

Di En Sd, X Ina
NINIAN. Go and get ready. I want to see that waist.

LULU. Oh, but I don't need to go yet–

NINIAN. Ina, you tell her to go–

INA. Well, but Lulu, you aren't going to bother to change your dress, are you? You can slip something on over.

LULU. If you think this would do–

NINIAN. It will not do. Not for my party! (Shuts the door upon her.)

INA. How in the world did you ever get Lulu to go, Ninian? We never did.

NINIAN. It was very simple. I invited her.

INA. Oh, you mean–

NINIAN. I invited her. (Doorbell rings.) Shall I answer it?

INA. Will you, please? (Exit NINIAN.) Mother, have you seen Di anywhere?

MRS. BETT. I ain't done nothing but see her. (Motions to window.)


DI'S VOICE. Yes, mama. (At window.) Want me?

INA. I want you to stop making a spectacle of me before the neighborhood.

DI. Of you!

INA. Certainly. What will people think of me if they see you talking with Robert Larkin the whole afternoon?

DI. We weren't thinking about you, mummy.

INA. No. You never do think about me. Nobody thinks about me. And mama does try so hard–

DI. Oh, mama, I've heard you say that fifty hundred times.

INA. And what impression does it make? None.... Nobody listens to me. Nobody. (Enter NINIAN and CORNISH.)

NINIAN. All right to bring him in here?

INA. Oh, Mr. Cornish! how very nice to see you.

CORNISH. Good afternoon, Mrs. Deacon. How are you, Miss Di?

NINIAN. I've just been asking Mr. Cornish if he won't join us to-night for dinner and the show.

INA. Oh, Mr. Cornish, do–we'd be so glad.
DI Ina Ex Hd, MB X Mc

Dw En Hd, X Mc

MB X sideboard Ex St, MC Follows
CORNISH. Why, why, if that wouldn't be–

NINIAN. You're invited, Di, you know.

DI. Me? Oh, how heavenly! Oh, but I've an engagement with Bobby–

INA. But I'm sure you'd break that to go with Uncle Ninian and Mr. Cornish.

DI. Well, I'd break it to go to the theater–

INA. Why, Di Deacon!

DI. Oh, of course to go with Uncle Ninian and Mr. Cornish.

CORNISH. This is awfully good of you. I dropped in because I got so lonesome I didn't know what else to do—that is, I mean....

NINIAN. We get it. We get it.

INA. We'd love to see you any time, Mr. Cornish. Now if you'll excuse Di and me one minute.

DI. Uncle Ninian, you're a lamb. (Exeunt DI and INA.)

MRS. BETT. I'm just about the same as I was.

CORNISH. What–er–oh, Mrs. Bett, I didn't see you.

MRS. BETT. I don't complain. But it wouldn't turn my head if some of you spoke to me once in a while. Say–can you tell me what these folks are up to?

CORNISH. Up to... up to?

MRS. BETT. Yes. They're all stepping round here, up to something. I don't know what.

NINIAN. Why, Mrs. Bett, we're going to the city to the theater, you know.

MRS. BETT. Well, why didn't you say so? (Enter DWIGHT.)

DWIGHT. Ha! Everybody ready? Well, well, well, well. How are you, Cornish? You going too, Ina says.

CORNISH. Yes, I thought I might as well. I mean–

DWIGHT. That's right, that's right. Mama Bett. Look here!

MRS. BETT. What's that?

DWIGHT. Ice cream—it's ice cream. Who is it sits home and has ice cream put in her lap like a ku-ween?

MRS. BETT. Vanilly or chocolate?

DWIGHT. Chocolate, Mama Bett.

MRS. BETT. Vanilly sets better.... I'll put it in the ice chest—I may eat it. (Takes spoon from sideboard. Exit. CORNISH goes with her.)

DWIGHT. Where's the lovely Lulu?
NINIAN. She'll be here directly.

DWIGHT. Now what I want to know, Nin, is how you've hypnotized the lovely Lulu into this thing.

NINIAN. Into going? Dwight, I'll tell you about that. I asked her to go with us. Do you get it? I invited the woman.

DWIGHT. Ah, but with a way—with a way. She's never been anywhere like this with us.... Well, Nin, how does it seem to see me settled down into a respectable married citizen in my own town—eh?

NINIAN. Oh—you seem just like yourself.

DWIGHT. Yes, yes. I don't change much. Don't feel a day older than I ever did.

NINIAN. And you don't act it.

DWIGHT. Eh, you wouldn't think it to look at us, but our aunt had her hands pretty full bringing us up. Nin, we must certainly run up state and see Aunt Mollie while you're here. She isn't very well.

NINIAN. I don't know whether I'll have time or not.

DWIGHT. Nin, I love that woman. She's an angel. When I think of her I feel—I give you my word—I feel like somebody else.

(Enter MRS. BETT and CORNISH.)

NINIAN. Nice old lady.

MRS. BETT. Who's a nice old lady?

DWIGHT. You, Mama Bett! Who else but you—eh? Well, now, Nin, what about you. You've been saying mighty little about yourself. What's been happening to you, anyway?—

NINIAN. That's the question.

DWIGHT. Traveling mostly—eh?

NINIAN. Yes, traveling mostly.

DWIGHT. I thought Ina and I might get over to the other side this year, but I guess not—I guess not.

MRS. BETT. Pity not to have went while the going was good.

DWIGHT. What's that, Mama Bett? (Enter LULU.) Ah, the lovely Lulu. She comes, she comes! My word what a costoom. And a coiffure.

LULU. Thank you. How do you do, Mr. Cornish?

CORNISH. How do you do, Miss Lulu? You see they're taking me along too.

LULU. That's nice. But, Mr. Deacon, I'm afraid I can't go after all. I haven't any gloves.

NINIAN. No backing out now.
DWIGHT. Can't you wear some old gloves of Ina's?

LULU. No, no. Ina's gloves are too fat for me–I mean too–mother, how does this hat look?

MRS. BETT. You d ought to know how it looks, Lulie. You've had it on your head for ten years, hand-running.

LULU. And I haven't any theater cape. I couldn't go with my jacket and no gloves, could I?

DWIGHT. Now why need a charmer like you care about clothes!

LULU. I wouldn't want you gentlemen to be ashamed of me.

CORNISH. Why, Miss Lulu, you look real neat.

MRS. BETT. Act as good as you look, Lulie. You mind me and go on. (Enter INA.)

DWIGHT. Ha! All ready with our hat on! For a wonder, all ready with our hat on.

INA. That isn't really necessary, Dwight.

LULU. Ina, I wondered–I thought about your linen duster. Would it hurt if I wore that?

DWIGHT. The new one?

LULU. Oh no, no. The old one.

INA. Why take it, Lulu, yes, certainly. Get it, Dwightie, there in the hall. (DWIGHT goes.)

CORNISH. Miss Lulu, with all the solid virtues you've got, you don't need to think for a moment of how you look.

LULU. Now you're remembering the meat pie again, aren't you? (Enter DWIGHT.)

DWIGHT. Now! The festive opera cloak. Allow me! My word, what a picture! Lulu the charmer dressed for her deboo into society, eh?

NINIAN. Dwight, shut your head. I want you to understand this is Miss Lulu Bett's party–and if she says to leave you home, we'll do it.

DWIGHT. Ah, ha! An understanding between these two.

CORNISH. Well, Miss Lulu, I think you're just fine anyway.

LULU. Oh, thank you. Thank you.... (Enter DI.)

INA. All ready, darling?

DI. All ready–and so excited! Isn't it exciting, Mr. Cornish?

DWIGHT. Bless me if the whole family isn't assembled. Now isn't this pleasant! Ten–let me see–twelve minutes before we need set out. Then the city and dinner–not just Lulu's cooking, but dinner! By a chef.

INA. That's sheff, Dwightie. Not cheff.

DWIGHT (indicating INA). Little crusty tonight. Pettie, your hat's just a little mite–no, over the other way.
Bl en Window (backstage), DI X Bl

Mb X Sideboard

Mo En Hd X Ina

Mo X Mb
INA. Was there anything to prevent your speaking of that before?

LULU. Ina, that hat's ever so much prettier than the old one.

INA. I never saw anything the matter with the old one.

DWIGHT. She'll be all right when we get started--out among the bright lights. Adventure--adventure is what the woman wants. I'm too tame for her.

INA. Idiot. (Back at window, BOBBY LARKIN appears. DI slips across to him.)

MRS. BETT. I s'pose you all think I like being left sitting here stark alone?

NINIAN. Why, Mrs. Bett--

INA. Why, mama--

LULU. Oh, mother, I'll stay with you.

DWIGHT. Oh, look here, if she really minds staying alone I'll stay with her.

MRS. BETT. Where you going anyway?

LULU. The theater, mama.

MRS. BETT. First I've heard of it. (MONONA is heard chanting.)

INA. You'll have Monona with you, mama. (MRS. BETT utters one note of laughter, thin and high.) (Enter MONONA.)

MONONA. Where you going?

INA. The city, dear. (MONONA cries.) Now quiet, pettie, quiet--

MONONA. You've all got to bring me something. And I'm going to sit up and eat it, too.

MRS. BETT. Come here, you poor, neglected child. (Throughout the following scene MRS. BETT is absorbed with MONONA, and DI with BOBBY.)

DWIGHT. What's Lulu the charmer so still for, eh?

LULU. I was thinking how nice it is to be going off with you all like this.

DWIGHT. Such a moment advertises to the single the joys of family life as Ina and I live it.

INA. It's curious that you've never married, Ninian.

NINIAN. Don't say it like that. Maybe I have. Or maybe I will.

DWIGHT. She wants everybody to marry but she wishes she hadn't.

INA. Do you have to be so foolish?

DWIGHT. Hi--better get started before she makes a scene. It's too early yet, though. Well--Lulu, you dance on the table.

INA. Why, Dwight?
DWIGHT. Got to amuse ourselves somehow. They'll begin to read the funeral service over us.

NINIAN. Why not the wedding service?

DWIGHT. Ha, ha, ha!

NINIAN. I shouldn't object. Should you, Miss Lulu?

LULU. I—I don't know it so I can't say it.

NINIAN. I can say it.

DWIGHT. Where'd you learn it?

NINIAN. Goes like this: I, Ninian, take thee, Lulu, to be my wedded wife.

DWIGHT. Lulu don't dare say that.

NINIAN. Show him, Miss Lulu.

LULU. I, Lulu, take thee, Ninian, to be my wedded husband.

NINIAN. You will?

LULU. I will. There—I guess I can join in like the rest of you.

NINIAN. And I will. There, by Jove! have we entertained the company, or haven't we?

INA. Oh, honestly—I don't think you ought to—holy things so—what's the matter, Dwightie?

DWIGHT. Say, by George, you know, a civil wedding is binding in this state.

NINIAN. A civil wedding—oh, well—

DWIGHT. But I happen to be a magistrate.

INA. Why, Dwightie—why, Dwightie....

CORNISH. Mr. Deacon, this can't be possible.

DWIGHT. I tell you, what these two have said is all that they have to say according to law. And there don't have to be witnesses—say!

LULU. Don't... don't... don't let Dwight scare you.

NINIAN. Scare me! why, I think it's a good job done if you ask me. (Their eyes meet in silence.)

INA. Mercy, sister!

DWIGHT. Oh, well—I should say we can have it set aside up in the city and no one will be the wiser.

NINIAN. Set aside nothing. I'd like to see it stand.

INA. Ninian, are you serious?

NINIAN. Of course I'm serious.

INA. Lulu. You hear him? What are you going to say to that?
LULU. He isn't in earnest.

NINIAN. I am in earnest—hope to die.

LULU. Oh, no, no!

NINIAN. You come with me. We'll have it done over again somewhere if you say so.

LULU. Why—why—that couldn't be....

NINIAN. Why couldn't it be—why couldn't it?

LULU. How could you want me?

NINIAN. Didn't I tell you I liked you from the first minute I saw you?

LULU. Yes. Yes, you did. But—no, no. I couldn't let you—

NINIAN. Never mind that. Would you be willing to go with me? Would you?

LULU. But you—you said you wanted—oh, maybe you're just doing this because—

NINIAN. Lulu. Never mind any of that. Would you be willing to go with me?

LULU. Oh, if I thought—

NINIAN. Good girl—

INA. Why, Lulu. Why, Dwight. It can't be legal.


NINIAN. Good enough—eh, Lulu?

LULU. It's—it's all right, I guess.

DWIGHT. Well, I'll be dished.

CORNISH. Well, by Jerusalem....

INA. Sister!

NINIAN. I was going to make a trip south this month on my way home from here. Suppose we make sure of this thing and start right off. You'd like that, wouldn't you? Going to Savannah?

LULU. Yes, I'd like that.

NINIAN. Then that's checked off.

DWIGHT. I suppose we call off our trip to the city to-night then.

NINIAN. Call off nothing. Come along. Give us a send-off. You can shoot our trunks after us, can't you? All right, Miss Lulu—er—er, Mrs. Lulu?

LULU. If you won't be ashamed of me.

NINIAN. I can buy you some things in the city to-morrow.

LULU. Oh....
Mb Mo Drift to Lu

BL Ex, Di X Lu

Mo dance around Ta
INA. Oh, mama, mama! Did you hear? Di! Aunt Lulu's married.

DI. Married? Aunt Lulu?

INA. Just now. Right here. By papa.

DI. Oh, to Mr. Cornish?

CORNISH. No, Miss Di. Don't you worry.

INA. To Ninian, mama. They've just been married—Lulu and Ninian.

MRS. BETT. Who's going to do your work?

LULU. Oh, mother dearest—I don't know who will. I ought not to have done this. Well, of course, I didn't do it—

MRS. BETT. I knew well enough you were all keeping something from me.

INA. But, mama! It was so sudden—

LULU. I never planned to do it, mother—not like this—

MRS. BETT. Well, Inie, I should think Lulie might have had a little more consideration to her than this. (At the window, behind the curtain, DI has just kissed BOBBY goodbye.)

LULU. Mother dearest, tell me it's all right.

MRS. BETT. This is what comes of going to the theater.

LULU. Mother—

DWIGHT. Come on, everybody, if we're going to make that train.

NINIAN. Yes. Let's get out of this.

CORNISH. Come, Miss Di.

INA. Oh, I'm so flustrated!

DWIGHT. Come, come, come all! On to the festive city!

MONONA (dancing stiffly up and down). I was to a wedding! I was to a wedding!

NINIAN. Good-by, Mama Bett!

LULU. Mother, mother! Don't forget the two pies!

Curtain.
Ina Dw Sit at Ta, Mb on Re, Mo in Yard playing

Di En Sd X Ina

Mo X Ta
ACT TWO

SCENE I

SIDE PORCH, wicker furnished. At the back are two windows, attractively curtained and revealing shaded lamps; between the windows a door, of good lines, set in white clapboards The porch is raised but a step or two. Low greenery, and a path leading off sharply left. It is evening, a month after LULU'S marriage. (Discover INA, DWIGHT, MRS. BETT and MONONA.)

INA. Dwight dear, the screen has never been put on that back window.

DWIGHT. Now, why can't my puss remind me of that in the morning instead of the only time I have to take my ease with my family.

INA. But, Dwight, in the mornings you are so busy–

DWIGHT. What an argumentative puss you are. By Jove! look at that rambler rosebush. It's got to be sprayed.

INA. You've said that every night for a week, Dwight....

DWIGHT. Don't exaggerate like that, Ina. It's bad for Monona.

INA. Dwight, look, quick. There go our new neighbors. They have a limousine–Perhaps I have been a little slow about calling. Look at them, Dwight!

DWIGHT. My dear Ina, I see them. Do you want me to pat them on the back?

INA. Well, I think you might be interested. (MONONA chants softly.) Dwight, I wonder if Monona really has a musical gift.

DWIGHT. She's a most unusual child. Do you know it? (Enter DI, from house.)

INA. Oh, they both are. Where are you going, I'd like to know?

DI. Mama, I have to go down to the library.

INA. It seems to me you have to go to the library every evening. Dwight, do you think she ought to go?

DWIGHT. Diana, is it necessary that you go?

DI. Well, everybody else goes, and–

INA. I will not have you downtown in the evenings.

DI. But you let me go last night.

INA. All the better reason why you should not go to-night.

MONONA. Mama, let me go with her.

INA. Very well, Di, you may go and take your sister.

MONONA. Goody, goody! last time you wouldn't let me go.
INA. That's why mama's going to let you go to-night.

DWIGHT. I thought you said the child must go to bed half an hour earlier because she wouldn't eat her egg.

INA. Yes, that's so, I did. Monona, you can't go.

MONONA. But I didn't want my egg—honest I didn't.

INA. Makes no difference. You must eat or you'll get sick. Mama's going to teach you to eat. Go on, Di, to the library if it's necessary.

DWIGHT. I suppose Bobby Larkin has to go to the library to-night, eh?

INA. Dwight, I wouldn't joke her about him. Scold her about him, the way you did this morning.

DI. But papa was cross about something else this morning. And to-night he isn't. Goody-by, Dwight and Ina! (Exit DI.)

MONONA. I hate the whole family.

MRS. BETT. Well, I should think she would.

INA. Why, mama! Why, Pettie Deacon! (MONONA weeps silently.)

DWIGHT (to INA). Say no more, my dear. It's best to overlook. Show a sweet spirit...

MRS. BETT. About as much like a father and mother as a cat and dog.

DWIGHT. We've got to learn—

MRS. BETT. Performin' like a pair of weathercocks. (Both talking at once.)

DWIGHT. Mother Bett! Are you talking, or am I?

MRS. BETT. I am. But you don't seem to know it.

DWIGHT. Let us talk, pussy, and she'll simmer down. Ah—nothing new from the bride and groom?

INA. No, Dwight. And it's been a week since Lulu wrote. She said he'd bought her a new red dress—and a hat. Isn't it too funny—to think of Lulu—

DWIGHT. I don't understand why they plan to go straight to Oregon without coming here first.

INA. It isn't a bit fair to mama, going off that way. Leaving her own mother—why, she may never see mama again.

MRS. BETT. Oh I'm going to last on quite a while yet.

DWIGHT. Of course you are, Mama Bett. You're my best girl. That reminds me, Ina, we must run up to visit Aunt Mollie. We ought to run up there next week. She isn't well.

INA. Let's do that. Dear me, I wish Lulu was here to leave in charge. I certainly do miss Lulu—lots of ways.

MRS. BETT. 'Specially when it comes mealtime.
Lu En Hd, X Ta

Mo X Ta

Mo Ex Sd, MB X Lu
INA. Is that somebody coming here?

DWIGHT. Looks like it—yes, so it is. Some caller, as usual. (Enter LULU.) Well, if it isn't Miss Lulu Bett!

INA. Why, sister!

MRS. BETT. Lulie. Lulie. Lulie.

LULU. How did you know?

INA. Know what?

LULU. That it isn't Lulu Deacon.

DWIGHT. What's this?

INA. Isn't Lulu Deacon. What are you talking?

LULU. Didn't he write to you?

DWIGHT. Not a word. All we've had we had from you—the last from Savannah, Georgia.

LULU. Savannah, Georgia....

DWIGHT. Well, but he's here with you, isn't he?

INA. Where is he? Isn't he here?

LULU. Must be most to Oregon by this time.

DWIGHT. Oregon?

LULU. You see, he had another wife.

INA. Another wife!

DWIGHT. Why, he had not!

LULU. Yes, another wife. He hasn't seen her for fifteen years and he thinks she's dead. But he isn't sure.

DWIGHT. Nonsense. Why of course she's dead if he thinks so.

LULU. I had to be sure.

INA. Monona! Go upstairs to bed at once.

MONONA. It's only quarter of.

INA. Do as mama tells you.

MONONA. But—

INA. Monona! (She goes, kissing them all good-night and taking her time about it. Everything is suspended while she kisses them and departs, walking slowly backward.)

MRS. BETT. Married? Lulie, was your husband married?
LULU. Yes, my husband was married, mother.

INA. Mercy, think of anything like that in our family.

DWIGHT. Well, go on—go on. Tell us about it.

LULU. We were going to Oregon. First down to New Orleans and then out to California and up the coast.... Well, then at Savannah, Georgia, he said he thought I better know first. So then he told me.

DWIGHT. Yes—well, what did he say?

LULU. Cora Waters. Cora Waters. She married him down in San Diego eighteen years ago. She went to South America with him.

DWIGHT. Well, he never let us know of it, if she did.

LULU. No. She married him just before he went. Then in South America, after two years, she ran away. That's all he knows.

DWIGHT. That's a pretty story.

LULU. He says if she was alive she'd be after him for a divorce. And she never has been so he thinks she must be dead. The trouble is he wasn't sure. And I had to be sure.

INA. Well, but mercy! Couldn't he find out now?

LULU. It might take a long time and I didn't want to stay and not know.

INA. Well then why didn't he say so here?

LULU. He would have. But you know how sudden everything was. He said he thought about telling us right here that afternoon when—it happened, but of course that'd been hard, wouldn't it? And then he felt so sure she was dead.

INA. Why did he tell you at all then?

DWIGHT. Yes. Why indeed?

LULU. I thought that just at first but only just at first. Of course that wouldn't have been right. And then you see he gave me my choice.

DWIGHT. Gave you your choice?

LULU. Yes. About going on and taking the chances. He gave me my choice when he told me, there in Savannah, Georgia.

DWIGHT. What made him conclude by then that you ought to be told?

LULU. Why, he'd got to thinking about it. (A silence.) The only thing as long as it happened I kind of wish he hadn't told me till we got to Oregon.

INA. Lulu! Oh, you poor poor thing.... (MRS. BETT suddenly joins INA in tears, rocking her body.)

LULU. Don't, mother. Oh, Ina, don't. . . . He felt bad too.
DWIGHT. He! He must have.

INA. It's you. It's you. My sister!

LULU. I never thought of it making you both feel bad. I knew it would make Dwight feel bad. I mean, it was his brother–

INA. Thank goodness! nobody need know about it.

LULU. Oh, yes. People will have to know.

DWIGHT. I do not see the necessity.

LULU. Why, what would they think?

DWIGHT. What difference does it make what they think?

LULU. Why, I shouldn't like--you see they might--why, Dwight, I think we'll have to tell them.

DWIGHT. You do. You think the disgrace of bigamy in this family is something the whole town will have to know about.

LULU. Say. I never thought about it being that.

DWIGHT. What did you think it was? And whose disgrace is it, pray?

LULU. Mine. And Ninian's.

DWIGHT. Ninian's. Well, he's gone. But you're here. And I'm here--and my family. Folks'll feel sorry for you. But this disgrace, that would reflect on me.

LULU. But if we don't tell what'll they think?

DWIGHT. They'll think what they always think when a wife leaves her husband. They'll think you couldn't get along. That's all.

LULU. I should hate that. I wouldn't want them to think I hadn't been a good wife to Ninian.

DWIGHT. Wife? You never were his wife. That's just the point.

LULU. Oh!

DWIGHT. Don't you realize the position he's in?...See here--do you intend--Are you going to sue Ninian?

LULU. Oh! no! no! no!

INA. Why, Lulu, any one would think you loved him.

LULU. I do love him. And he loved me. Don't you think I know? He loved me.

INA. Lulu.

LULU. I love him--I do, and I'm not ashamed to tell you.

MRS. BETT. Lulie, Lulie, was his other wife--was she there?

LULU. No, no, mother. She wasn't there.
MRS. BETT. Then it ain't so bad. I was afraid maybe she turned you out.

LULU. No, no. It wasn't that bad, mother.

DWIGHT. In fact I simply will not have it, Lulu. You expect, I take it, to make your home with us in the future on the old terms.

LULU. Well–

DWIGHT. I mean did Ninian give you any money?

LULU. No. He didn't give me any money–only enough to get home on. And I kept my suit and the other dress–why! I wouldn't have taken any money.

DWIGHT. That means that you will have to continue to live here on the old terms and of course I'm quite willing that you should. Let me tell you, however, that this is on condition–on condition that this disgraceful business is kept to ourselves.

INA. Truly, Lulu, wouldn't that be best? They'll talk anyway. But this way they'll only talk about you and the other way it'll be about all of us.

LULU. But the other way would be the truth.

DWIGHT. My dear Lulu, are you sure of that?

LULU. Sure?

DWIGHT. Yes. Did he give you any proofs?

LULU. Proofs?

DWIGHT. Letters–documents of any sort? Any sort of assurance that he was speaking the truth?

LULU. Why–no. Proofs–no. He told me.

DWIGHT. He told you!

LULU. That was hard enough to have to do. It was terrible for him to have to do. What proofs–

DWIGHT. I may as well tell you that I myself have no idea that Ninian told you the truth. He was always imagining things, inventing things–you must have seen that. I know him pretty well–have been in touch with him more or less the whole time. In short I haven't the least idea he was ever married before.

LULU. I never thought of that.

DWIGHT. Look here–hadn't you and he had some little tiff when he told you?

LULU. No–no! Not once. He was very good to me. This dress–and my shoes–and my hat. And another dress, too. (She takes off her hat.) He liked the red wing–I wanted black–oh, Dwight! He did tell me the truth!

DWIGHT. As long as there's any doubt about it–and I feel the gravest doubts–I desire that you should keep silent and protect my family from this scandal. I have taken you into my confidence about these doubts for your own profit.

LULU. My own profit! (Moves toward the door.)
Lu Ex Sd

Dw, MB Ex, Mo En

En Dw X Ta, Mo Playing

Ex Mb X Re

Di En Sd X Lc
INA. Lulu–You see! We just couldn't have this known about Dwight's own brother, could we now?

DWIGHT. You have it in your own hands to repay me, Lulu, for anything that you feel I may have done for you in the past. You also have it in your hands to decide whether your home here continues. This is not a pleasant position for me to find myself in. In fact it is distinctly unpleasant I may say. But you see for yourself. (LULU goes into the house.)

MRS. BETT. Wasn't she married when she thought she was?

INA. Mama, do please remember Monona. Yes–Dwight thinks now she's married all right and that it was all right, all the time.

MRS. BETT. Well, I hope so, for pity sakes.

MONONA'S VOICE (from upstairs). Mama! Come on and hear me say my prayers, why don't you?

Darkness.

SCENE II

INA seated. MONONA jumping on and off the porch, chanting. (Enter DWIGHT.)

DWIGHT. Ah, this is great...no place like home after all, is there?

INA. Now Monona, sit down and be quiet. You've played enough for one day. (Enter MRS. BETT.)

MONONA. How do you know I have?

DWIGHT. Ah, Mama Bett. Coming out to enjoy the evening air?

MRS. BETT. No, I thank you.

DWIGHT. Well, well, well, let's see what's new in the great press of our country.... (They are now seated in the approximate positions assumed at the opening of SCENE I.)

INA. Dwight dear, nothing has been done about that screen for the back window.

DWIGHT. Now why couldn't my puss have reminded me of that this morning instead of waiting for the only time I have to take my ease with my family.

INA. But Dwightie, in the mornings you're so busy–

DWIGHT. You are argumentative, pussy–you certainly are. And you ought to curb it. For that matter I haven't sprayed that rambler rosebush.

INA. Every single night for a month you've spoken of spraying that rosebush.

DWIGHT. Ina, will you cease your exaggerations on Monona's account if not on mine. Exaggeration, my pet, is one of the worst of female faults. Exaggeration–

INA. Look, Dwight! our new neighbors have got a dog. Great big brute of a thing. He's going to tear up every towel I spread on our grass.... (Enter DI, from the house.) Now, Di, where are you going?
DI. Mama, I have to go down to the liberry.

INA. Now, Di–

DI. You let me go last night.

MONONA. Mama, I can go, can't I? Because you wouldn't let me go last night.

INA. No, Monona, you may not go.

MONONA. Oh, why not?

INA. Because mama says so. Isn't that enough?

MRS. BETT. Anybody'd think you was the king—layin' down the law en' layin' down the law en' layin' down—Where's Lulie?

DI. Mama, isn't Uncle Ninian coming back?

INA. Hush.... No. Now don't ask mama any more questions.

DI. But supposing people ask me. What'll I say?

INA. Don't say anything at all about Aunt Lulu.

DI. But, mama, what has she done?

INA. Di! Don't you think mama knows best?

DI (softly). No, I don't.... Well anyway Aunt Lulu's got on a perfectly beautiful dress to-night....

INA. And you know, Dwight, Lulu's clothes give me the funniest feeling. As if Lulu was wearing things bought for her by some one that wasn't—that was—

DWIGHT. By her husband who has left her.

DI. Is that what it is, papa?

DWIGHT. That's what it is, my little girl.

DI. Well, I think it's a shame. And I think Uncle Ninian is a slunge.

INA. Di Deacon!

DI. I do! And I'd be ashamed to think anything else. I'd like to tell everybody.

DWIGHT. There's no need for secrecy now.

INA. Dwight, really—do you think we ought—

DWIGHT. No need whatever for secrecy. The truth is Lulu's husband has tired of her and sent her home. We may as well face it.

INA. But Dwight—how awful for Lulu...

DWIGHT. Lulu has us to stand by her. (Enter LULU.)

LULU. That sounds good. That I have you to stand by me.
DWIGHT. My dear Lulu, the family bond is the strongest bond in the world. Family. Tribe. The–er–pack. Standing up for the family honor, the family reputation is the highest nobility. (*Exit DI by degrees. Left.*) I tell you of all history the most beautiful product is the family tie. Of it are born family consideration–

INA. Why, you don't look like yourself...is it your hair, Lulu? You look so strange.

LULU. Don't you like it? Ninian liked it.

DWIGHT. In that case I think you'd show more modesty if you arranged your hair in the old way.

LULU. Yes, you would think so. Dwight, I want you to give me Ninian's Oregon address.

DWIGHT. You want what?

LULU. Ninian's Oregon address. It's a funny thing but I haven't it.

DWIGHT. It would seem that you have no particular need for that particular address.

LULU. Yes I have. I want it. You have it haven't you, Dwight?

DWIGHT. Certainly I have it.

LULU. Won't you please write it down for me? (*She offers him tablet.*)

DWIGHT. My dear Lulu, now why revive anything? No good can come by–

LULU. But why shouldn't I have his address?

DWIGHT. If everything is over between you why should you?

LULU. But you say he's still my husband.

DWIGHT. If my brother has shown his inclination as plainly as I judge that he has it is certainly not my place to put you in touch with him again.

LULU. I don't know whose place it is. But I've got to know more–I've got to know more, Dwight. This afternoon I went to the post office to ask for his address–it seemed so strange to be doing that, after all that's been–They didn't know his address–I could see how they wondered at my asking. And I knew how the others wondered–Mis' Martin, Mis' Curtis, Mis' Grove. "Where you hiding that handsome husband of yours?" they said. All I could say was that he isn't here. Dwight! I won't live like that. I want to know the truth. You give me Ninian's address.

DWIGHT. My dear Lulu! My dear Lulu! You are not the one to write to him. Have you no delicacy?

LULU. So much delicacy that I want to be sure whether I'm married or not.

DWIGHT. Then I myself will take this up with my brother. I will write to him about it.

LULU. Here's everything–if you're going to write him, do it now.

DWIGHT. My dear Lulu! don't be absurd.

LULU. Ina! Help me! If this was Dwight–and they didn't know whether he had another wife or not and you wanted to ask him and you didn't know where he was–oh, don't you see? Help me.
INA. Well of course. I see it all, Lulu. And yet–why not let Dwight do it in his own way? Wouldn't that be better?

LULU. Mother!

MRS. BETT. Lulie. Set down. Set down, why don't you?

LULU. Dwight, you write that letter to Ninian. And you make him tell you so that you'll understand. I know he spoke the truth. But I want you to know.

DWIGHT. M–m. And then I suppose as soon as you have the proofs you're going to tell it all over town.

LULU. I'm going to tell it all over town just as it is–unless you write to him.

INA. Lulu! Oh, you wouldn't!

LULU. I would. I will.

DWIGHT. And get turned out of the house as you would be?

INA. Dwight. Oh, you wouldn't!

DWIGHT. I would. I will. Lulu knows it.

LULU. I shall tell what I know and then leave your house anyway unless you get Ninian's word. And you're going to write to him now.

DWIGHT. You would leave your mother? And leave Ina?

LULU. Leave everything.

INA. Oh, Dwight! We can't get along without Lulu.

DWIGHT. Isn't this like a couple of women?...Rather than let you in for a show of temper, Lulu, I'd do anything. ( Writes.)

MONONA (behind INA). Mama, can I write Uncle Ninian a little letter, too?

INA. For pity sakes, aren't you in bed yet?

MONONA. It's only quarter of.

INA. Well you may go to bed now because you have sat there listening. How often must mama tell you not to listen to grown people.

MONONA. Do they always say something bad?

INA. Monona, you are to go up to bed at once. (She makes her leisurely rounds for kisses)

MONONA. Papa, it's your turn to hear me say my prayers to-night.

DWIGHT. Very well, pettie. When you're ready call me. (Exit MONONA.) There Lulu. The deed is done. Now I hope you're satisfied. (Places the letter in his pocket.)

LULU. I want you to give me the letter to mail, please.

DWIGHT. Why this haste, sister mine? I'll mail it in the morning.
Lu X Re

Lu Ex Hd

Mb Ex Sd
LULU. I'll mail it now. Now.

DWIGHT. I may take a little stroll before bedtime—I'll mail it then. There's nothing like a brisk walk to induce sound restful sleep.

LULU. I'll mail the letter now.

DWIGHT. I suppose I'll have to humor your sister, Ina. Purely on your account you understand. (Hands the letter.)

INA. Oh, Dwight, how good you are!

LULU. There's—there's one thing more I want to speak about. If—if you and Ina go to your Aunt Mollie's then Ninian's letter might come while you're away.

DWIGHT. Conceivably. Letters do come while a man's away.

LULU. Yes. And I thought if you wouldn't mind if I opened it—

DWIGHT. Opened it? Opened my letter?

LULU. Yes, you see it'll be about me mostly. You wouldn't mind if I did open it?

DWIGHT. But you say you know what will be in it, Miss Bett?

LULU. I did know till you—I've got to see that letter, Dwight.

DWIGHT. And so you shall. But not until I show it to you. My dear Lulu, you know how I hate having my mail interfered with. You shall see the letter all in good time when Ina and I return.

LULU. You wouldn't want to let me—just see what he says?

DWIGHT. I prefer always to open my own letters.

LULU. Very well, Dwight. (She moves away. Right.)

INA. And Lulu, I meant to ask you: Don't you think it might be better if you— if you kept out of sight for a few days?

LULU. Why?

INA. Why set people wondering till we have to?

LULU. They don't have to wonder as far as I'm concerned. (Exit.)

MRS. BETT. I'm going through the kitchen to set with Grandma Gates. She always says my visits are like a dose of medicine. (Exit MRS. BETT.)

INA. It certainly has changed Lulu—a man coming into her life. She never spoke to me like that before.

DWIGHT. I saw she wasn't herself. I'd do anything to avoid having a scene—you know that.... You do know that, don't you?

INA. But I really think you ought to have written to Ninian. It's—it's not a nice position for Lulu.

DWIGHT. Nice! But whom has she got to blame for it?
INA. Why, Ninian.

DWIGHT. Herself! To tell you the truth, I was perfectly amazed at the way she snapped him up here that afternoon.

INA. Why, but Dwight–

DWIGHT. Brazen. Oh, it was brazen.

INA. It was just fun in the first place.

DWIGHT. But no really nice woman–

INA. Dwightie–what did you say in the letter?

DWIGHT. What did I say? I said, I said: "DEAR BROTHER, I take it that the first wife story was devised to relieve you of a distasteful situation. Kindly confirm. Family well as usual. Business fair." Covers it, don't it?

INA. Oh, Dwightie–how complete that is.

DWIGHT. I'm pretty good at writing brief concise letters–that say the whole thing, eh?

INA. I've often noticed that....

DWIGHT. My precious pussy.... Oh, how unlike Lulu you are! (Right. DI and BOBBY appear, walking very slowly and very near.) (DWIGHT rises, holds out his arms.)

INA. Poor dear foolish Lulu! oh, Dwight–what if it was Di in Lulu's place?

DWIGHT. Such a thing couldn't happen to Di. Di was born with ladylike feelings. (They enter the house. INA extinguishes a lamp. DWIGHT turns down the hall gas. Pause. DI and BOBBY come to the veranda.)

DI. Bobby dear! You don't kiss me as if you really wanted to kiss me to-night....

Darkness.

SCENE III

THE SAME. Evening, a week later. Stage flooded with moonlight, house lighted. At the piano, just inside the window, LULU and CORNISH are finishing a song together; LULU accompanying.

How sweet the happy evening's close,
'Tis the hour of sweet repose–
Good-night.

The summer wind has sunk to rest,
The moon serenely bright
Unfolds her calm and gentle ray,
Softly now she seems to say,
Good-night.

(As they sing, DI slips into the house, unseen.)
Di Ex St
Lu MC X Ta(LC)
CORNISH. Why, Miss Lulu, you're quite a musician.

LULU. Oh, no. I've never played in front of anybody—(They come to the porch.) I don't know what Ina and Dwight would say if they heard me.

CORNISH. What a pretty dress that is, Miss Lulu!

LULU. I made this from one of Ina's old ones since she's been gone. I don't know what Ina and Dwight are going to say about this dress, made like this, when they get home.

CORNISH. When are they coming back?

LULU. Any time now. They've been gone most a week. Do you know I never had but one compliment before that wasn't for my cooking.

CORNISH. You haven't!

LULU. He told me I done up my hair nice. That was after I took notice how the ladies in Savannah, Georgia, done up theirs.

CORNISH. I guess you can do most anything you set your hand to, Miss Lulu: Look after Miss Di and sing and play and cook—

LULU. Yes, cook. But I can't earn anything. I'd like to earn something.

CORNISH. You would! Why, you have it fine here, I thought.

LULU. Oh, fine, yes. Dwight gives me what I have. And I do their work.

CORNISH. I see. I never thought of that.... (Pause.)

LULU. You're wondering why I didn't stay with him!

CORNISH. Oh, no.

LULU. Yes you are! The whole town's wondering. They're all talking about me.

CORNISH. Well, Miss Lulu, you know it don't make any difference to your friends what people say.

LULU. But they don't know the truth. You see, he had another wife.

CORNISH. Lord sakes!

LULU. Dwight thinks it isn't true. He thinks—he didn't have another wife.... You see, Dwight thinks he didn't want me.

CORNISH. But—your husband—I mean, why doesn't he write to Mr. Deacon and tell him the truth—

LULU. He has written. The letter's in there on the piano.

CORNISH. What'd he say?

LULU. Dwight doesn't like me to touch his mail. I'll have to wait till he comes back.

CORNISH. Lord sakes!...You—you—you're too nice a girl to get a deal like this. Darned if you aren't.
LULU. Oh, no.

CORNISH. Yes you are, tool And there ain't a thing I can do.

LULU. It's a good deal to have somebody to talk to....

CORNISH. Sure it is.

LULU.... Cora Waters. Cora Waters, of San Diego, California. And she never heard of me.

CORNISH. No. She never did, did she? Ain't life the darn–

(Enter MRS. BETT.)

MRS. BETT. I got Monona into bed. And it's no fool of a job neither.

LULU. Did you, mother? Come and sit down.

MRS. BETT. Yes. She went to bed with a full set of doll dishes.... Ain't it nice with the folks all gone?...I don't hear any more playin' and singin'. It sounded real good.

LULU. We sung all I knew how to play, mama.

MRS. BETT. I use' to play on the melodeon.

CORNISH. Well, well, well.

MRS. BETT. That was when I was first married. We had a little log house in a clearing in York State. I was seventeen–and he was nineteen. While he was chopping I use' to sit on a log with my sewing. Jenny was born in that house. I was alone at the time. I was alone with her when she died, too. She was sixteen–little bits of hands she had–(Yawns. Rises, wanders toward door. Can't we have some more playin' and singin'?

LULU. After a little while, mama–dear.

MRS. BETT. It went kind of nice—that last tune you sung. (Hums the air. Enters house.)

CORNISH. I must be going along too, Miss Lulu.

LULU. I can't think why Di doesn't come. She ought not to be out like this without telling me.

(MRS. BETT appears beside the piano, lifts and examines the letters lying there.)

CORNISH. Well, don't you mind on my account. I've enjoyed every minute I've been here.

LULU. Mother! Those are Dwight's letters–don't you touch them.

MRS. BETT. I ain't hurting them or him either. (Disappears, the letters in her hand.)

CORNISH. Good-night, Miss Lulu. If there was anything I could do at any time you'd let me know, wouldn't you?

LULU. Oh, thank you.

CORNISH. I've had an awful nice time, singing, and listening to you talk–well of course–I mean the supper was just fine! And so was the music.

LULU. Oh, no.
(MRS. BETT *appears at the door with a letter.*

MRS. BETT. Lulie. I guess you didn't notice. This one's from Ninian.

LULU. Mother—

MRS. BETT. I opened it—why of course I did. It's from Ninian. *Holds out unfolded letters and an old newspaper clipping.* The paper's awful old—years back, looks like. See. Says "Corie Waters, music hall singer—married last night to Ninian Deacon"—Say, Lulie, that must be her.

LULU. Yes, that's her. That's her—Cora Waters.... Oh, then he *was* married to her just like he said!

CORNISH. Oh, Miss Lulu! I'm so sorry!

LULU. No, no. Because he wanted me! He didn't say that just to get rid of me!

CORNISH. Oh, that way.... I see....

LULU. I'm so thankful it wasn't that.

MRS. BETT. Then everything's all right once more. Ain't that nice!

LULU. I'm so thankful it wasn't that.

CORNISH. Yes, I can understand that. Well, I—I guess I ought to be going now, Miss Lulu.... Why, it *is* Miss Lulu Bett, isn't it?

LULU *abstractedly, with the paper*. Yes—yes—good-night, Mr. Cornish. Good-night.

CORNISH. Good-night, Miss Lulu.... I wonder if you would let me tell you something.

LULU. Why—

CORNISH. I guess I don't amount to much. I'll never be a lawyer. I'm no good at business and everything I say sounds wrong to me. And yet I do believe I do know enough not to bully a woman—not to make her unhappy, maybe even—I could make her a little happy. Miss Lulu, I hate to see you looking and talking so sad. Do you think we could possibly arrange—

LULU. Oh!

CORNISH. I guess maybe you've heard something about a little something I'm supposed to inherit. Well, I got it. Of course, it's only five hundred dollars. We could get that little Warden house and furnish up the parlor with pianos—that is, if you could ever think of marrying me.

LULU. Don't say that—don't say that!

MRS. BETT. Better take him, Lulie. A girl ought to take any young man that will propose in front of her mother!

CORNISH. Of course if you loved him very much then I'd ought not to be talking this way to you.

LULU. You see Ninian was the first person who was ever kind to me. Nobody ever wanted me, nobody ever even thought of me. Then he came. It might have been somebody else. It might have been you. But it happened to be Ninian and I do love him.

CORNISH. I see. I guess you'll forgive me for what I said.
MC Ex Hd

MB Ex St

En Di Hd X Ta(C)

Lu X Ta(C)
LULU. Of course.

CORNISH. Miss Lulu, if that five hundred could be of any use to you, I wish you'd take it.

LULU. Oh, thank you, thank you, I couldn't.

CORNISH. Well, I guess I'll be stepping along. If you should want me, I'm always there. I guess you know that. (Exit.)

MRS. BETT. Better burn that up. I wouldn't have it round.

LULU. But mother! Mother dear, try to understand. This means that Ninian told the truth. He wasn't just trying to get rid of me.

MRS. BETT. Did he want you to stay with him?

LULU. I don't know. But I think he did. Anyway, now I know the truth about him.

MRS. BETT. Well, I wouldn't want anybody else to know. Here, let me have it and burn it up.

LULU. Mama, mama! Aren't you glad for me that now I can prove Ninian wasn't just making up a story so I'd go away?

MRS. BETT (clearly and beautifully). Oh, Lulu! My little girl! Is that what they said about you? Mother knows it wasn't like that. Mother knows he loved you.... How still it is here! Where's Inie?

LULU. They've gone away, you know....

MRS. BETT. Well, I guess I'll step over to Grandma Gates's a spell. See how her rheumatism is. I'll be back before long – I'll be back.... (Exit. For a moment LULU breaks down and sobs. Rises to lay DWIGHT’S letter through the window on piano. Slight sound. She listens. Enter DI from house. She is carrying a traveling bag.)

LULU. Di! Why Di! What does this mean? Where were you going? Why, mama won't like your carrying her nice new satchel....

DI. Aunt Lulu–the idea. What right have you to interfere with me like this?

LULU. Di, you must explain to me what this means.... Di, where can you be going with a satchel this time of the night? Di Deacon, are you running away with somebody?

DI. You have no right to ask me questions, Aunt Lulu.

LULU. Di, you're going off with Bobby Larkin. Aren't you? Aren't you?

DI. Aunt Lulu, you're a funny person to be telling me what to do.

LULU. I love you just as much as if I was married happy, in a home.

DI. Well, you aren't. And I'm going to do just as I think best. Bobby and I are the ones most concerned in this, Aunt Lulu.
LULU. But—but getting married is for your whole life!

DI. Yours wasn't.

LULU. Di, my dear little girl, you must wait at least till mama and papa get home.

DI. That's likely. They say I'm not to be married till I'm twenty-one.

LULU. Well, but how young that is.

DI. It is to you. It isn't young to me, remember, Aunt Lulu.

LULU. But this is wrong— it is wrong!

DI. There's nothing wrong about getting married if you stay married.

LULU. Well, then it can't be wrong to let your mother and father know.

DI. It isn't. But they'd treat me wrong. Mama'd cry and say I was disgracing her. And papa—first he'd scold me and then he'd joke me about it. He'd joke me about it every day for weeks, every morning at breakfast, every night here on the porch— he'd joke me.

LULU. Why, Di! Do you feel that way, too?

DI. You don't know what it is to be laughed at or paid no attention to, everything you say.

LULU. Don't I? Don't I? Is that why you're going?

DI. Well, it's one reason.

LULU. But Di, do you love Bobby Larkin?

DI. Well.... I could love almost anybody real nice that was nice to me.

LULU. Di... Di....

DI. It's true. (BOBBY enters.) You ought to know that.... You did it. Mama said so.

LULU. Don't you think that I don't know....

DI. Oh, Bobby, she's trying to stop us! But she can't do it— I've told her so—

BOBBY. She don't have to stop us. We're stopped.

DI. What do you mean?

BOBBY. We're minors.

DI. Well, gracious— you didn't have to tell them that.

BOBBY. No. They knew I was.

DI. But, silly. Why didn't you tell them you're not.

BOBBY. But I am.

DI. For pity sakes— don't you know how to do anything?

BOBBY. What would you have me do, I'd like to know?
Dw Ina En Hd X Rc

Di X Ina, BL Follow

Lulu X Di
DI. Why tell them we're both—whatever it is they want us to be. We look it. We know we're responsible—that's all they care for. Well, you are a funny....

BOBBY. You wanted me to lie?

DI. Oh! don't make out you never told a fib.

BOBBY. Well, but this—why, Di—about a thing like this....

DI. I never heard of a lover flatting out like that!

BOBBY. Anyhow, there's nothing to do now. The cat's out. I've told our ages. We've got—to have our folks in on it.

DI. Is that all you can think of?

BOBBY. What else is there to think of?

DI. Why, let's go to Bainbridge or Holt and tell them we're of age and be married there.

LULU. Di, wherever you go I'll go with you. I won't let you out of my sight.

DI. Bobby, why don't you answer her?

BOBBY. But I'm not going to Bainbridge or Holt or any town and lie, to get you or any other girl.

DI. You're about as much like a man in a story as—as papa is.

(Enter DWIGHT and INA.)

DWIGHT. What's this? What's this about papa?

INA. Well, what's all this going on here?

LULU. Why, Ina!

DI. Oh, mama! I—I didn't know you were coming so soon. Hello, dear! Hello, papa! Here's—here's Bobby....

DWIGHT. What an unexpected pleasure, Master Bobby.

BOBBY. Good-evening, Mrs. Deacon. Good evening, Mr. Deacon.

DWIGHT. And Lulu. Is it Lulu? Is this lovely houri our Lulu? Is this Miss Lulu Bett? Or is this Lulu something else by now? You can't tell what Lulu'll do when you leave her alone at home. Ina—our festive ball gown!

LULU. Ina, I made it out of that old muslin of yours, you know. I thought you wouldn't care—

INA. Oh, that! I was going to use it for Di but it doesn't matter. You are welcome to it, Lulu. Little youthful for anything but home wear, isn't it?

DWIGHT. It looks like a wedding gown. Why are you wearing a wedding gown—eh, Lulu?

INA. Di Deacon, what have you got mama's new bag for?

DI. I haven't done anything to the bag, mama.
INA. Well, but what are you doing with it here?

DI. Oh, nothing! Did you--did you have a good time?

INA. Yes, we did--but I can't see... Dwight, look at Di with my new black satchel.

DWIGHT. What is this, Diana?

DI. Well, I'm--I'm not going to use it for anything.

INA. I wish somebody would explain what is going on here. Lulu, can't you explain?

DWIGHT. Aha! Now, if Lulu is going to explain that's something like it. When Lulu begins to explain we get imagination going.

LULU. Di and I have a little secret. Can't we have a little secret if we want one?

DWIGHT. Upon my word, she has a beautiful secret. I don't know about your secrets, Lulu.

(Enter MRS. BETT.)

MRS. BETT. Hello, Inie.

INA. Oh, mother dear....

DWIGHT. Well, Mother Bett....

MRS. BETT. That you, Dwight? (To BOBBY.)... Don't you help me. I guess I can help myself yet awhile. (Climbs the two steps.) (To DI.) Made up your mind to come home; did you? (Scats herself.) I got a joke. Grandma Gates says it's all over town they wouldn't give Di and Bobby Larkin a license to get married. (Single note of laughter, thin and high.)

DWIGHT. What nonsense!

INA. Is it nonsense? Haven't I been trying to find out where the new black bag went? Di! Look at mama....

DI. Listen to that, Bobby. Listen!

INA. That won't do, Di. You can't deceive mama, and don't you try.

BOBBY. Mrs. Deacon, I--

DWIGHT. Diana!

DI. Yes, papa.

DWIGHT. Answer your mother. Answer me. Is there anything in this absurd tale?

DI. No, papa.

DWIGHT. Nothing whatever?

DI. No, papa.

DWIGHT. Can you imagine how such a ridiculous story started?

DI. No, papa.
DWIGHT. Very well. Now we know where we are. If anybody hears this report repeated, send them to me.

INA. Well, but that satchel–

DWIGHT. One moment. Lulu will of course verify what the child has said.

LULU. If you cannot settle this with Di, you cannot settle it with me.

DWIGHT. A shifty answer. You're a bird at misrepresenting facts....

LULU. Oh!...

DWIGHT. Lulu, the bird!

LULU. Lulu, the dove to put up with you. (Exit.)

INA. Bobby wanted to say something....

BOBBY. No, Mrs. Deacon. I have nothing–more to say. I'll–I'll go now.

DWIGHT. Good-night, Robert.

(INA and DWIGHT transfer bags and wraps to the house.)

BOBBY. Good-night, Mr. Deacon. Good-by, Di.

(DI follows BOBBY. Right.)

DI. Bobby, come back, you hate a lie–but what else could I do?

BOBBY. What else could you do? I'd rather they never let us see each other again than to lose in the way I've lost you now.

DI. Bobby!

BOBBY. It's true. We mustn't talk about it.

DI. Bobby! I'll go back and tell them all.

BOBBY. You can't go back. Not out of a thing like that. Good-by, Di. (Exit.)

(Enter DWIGHT and INA.)

DI. If you have any fear that I may elope with Bobby Larkin, let it rest. I shall never marry him if he asks me fifty times a day.

INA. Really, darling?

DI. Really and truly, and he knows it, too.

DWIGHT. A-ha! The lovelorn maiden all forlorn makes up her mind not to be so lorn as she thought she was. How does it seem not to be in love with him, Di–eh?

DI. Papa, if you make fun of me any more I'll–I'll let the first train of cars I can find run over me.... (Sobs as she runs to house.)

MRS. BETT. Wait, darling! Tell grandma! Did Bobby have another wife too?
INA. Di, I'd be ashamed, when papa's so good to you. Oh, my! what parents have to put up with....

DWIGHT. Bear and forbear, pettie–bear and forbear.... By the way, Lulu, haven't I some mail somewhere about?

LULU. Yes, there's a letter there. I'll get it for you. *(She reaches through the window.)*

DWIGHT. A-ha! An epistle from my dear brother Ninian.

INA. Oh, from Ninian, Dwight?

DWIGHT. From Ninian—the husband of Miss Lulu Bett.... You opened the letter?...Your sister has been opening my mail.

INA. But, Dwight, if it's from Ninian—

DWIGHT. It is my mail.

INA. Well, what does he say?

DWIGHT. I shall read the letter in my own time. My present concern is this disregard for my wishes. What excuse have you to offer?

LULU. None.

INA. Dwight, she knows what's in it and we don't. Hurry up.

DWIGHT. She is an ungrateful woman. *(Opens the letter, with the clipping.)*

INA *(over his shoulder).* Ah!...Dwight, then he was...

DWIGHT. M–m–m–m. So after having been absent with my brother for a month you find that you were not married to him.

LULU. You see, Dwight, he told the truth. He did have another wife. He didn't just leave me.

DWIGHT. But this seems to me to make you considerably worse off than if he had.

LULU. Oh, no! No! If he hadn't–hadn't liked me, he wouldn't have told me about her. You see that, don't you?

DWIGHT. That your apology?...Look here, Lulu! This is a bad business. The less you say about it the better for all our sakes. You see that, don't you?

LULU. See that? Why, no. I wanted you to write to him so I could tell the truth. You said I mustn't tell the truth till I had the proofs.

DWIGHT. Tell whom?

LULU. Tell everybody. I want them to know.

DWIGHT. Then you care nothing for our feelings in this matter?

LULU. Your feelings?
DWIGHT. How this will reflect on us–it's nothing to you that we have a brother who's a bigamist?
LULU. But it's me–it's me.

DWIGHT. You! You're completely out of it. You've nothing more to say about it whatever. Just let it be as it is...drop it. That's all I suggest.

LULU. I want people to know the truth.

DWIGHT. But it's nobody's business but our business...for all our sakes let us drop this matter.... Now I tell you, Lulu–here are three of us. Our interests are the same in this thing–only Ninian is our relative and he's nothing to you now. Is he?

LULU. Why–

DWIGHT. Let's have a vote. Your snap judgment is to tell this disgraceful fact broadcast. Mine is, least said soonest mended. What do you say, Ina?

INA. Oh, goodness–if we get mixed up in a scandal like this we'll never get away from it. Why, I wouldn't have people know of it for worlds.

DWIGHT. Exactly. Ina has stated it exactly. Lulu, I think you should be reconciled.

INA. My poor, poor sister! Oh, Dwight! when I think of it–what have I done, what have I've done –that I should have a good kind loving husband–be so protected, so loved, when other women... Darling! You know how sorry I am–we all are–

LULU. Then give me the only thing I've got–that's my pride. My pride that he didn't want to get rid of me.

DWIGHT. What about my pride? Do you think I want everybody to know that my brother did a thing like that?

LULU. You can't help that.

DWIGHT. But I want you to help it. I want you to promise me that you won't shame us like this before all our friends.

LULU. You want me to promise what?

DWIGHT. I want you–I ask you to promise me that you will keep this with us–a family secret.

LULU. No! No! I won't do it! I won't do it! I won't do it!

DWIGHT. You refuse to do this small thing for us?

LULU. Can't you understand anything? I've lived here all my life–on your money. I've not been strong enough to work they say–well, but I've been strong enough to be a hired girl in your house–and I've been glad to pay for my keep.... But there wasn't a thing about it that I liked. Nothing about being here that I liked.... Well, then I got a little something, same as other folks. I thought I was married and I went off on the train and he bought me things and I saw different towns. And then it was all a mistake. I didn't have any of it. I came back here and went into your kitchen again –I don't know why I came back. I suppose it's because I'm most thirty-four and new things ain't so easy any more–but what have I got or what'll I ever have? And now you want to put on to me having folks look at me and think he run off and left me and having them all wonder. I can't stand it. I can't stand it. I can't....
Dw Force (no contact) Lu X LC, Ina Follow
DWIGHT. You'd rather they'd know he fooled you when he had another wife?

LULU. Yes. Because he wanted me. How do I know—maybe he wanted me only just because he was lonesome, the way I was. I don't care why. And I won't have folks think he went and left me.

DWIGHT. That is wicked vanity.

LULU. That's the truth. Well, why can't they know the truth?

DWIGHT. And bring disgrace on us all?

LULU. It's me—It's me—

DWIGHT. You—you—you you're always thinking of yourself.

LULU. Who else thinks of me? And who do you think of— who do you think of Dwight? I'll tell you that, because I know you better than any one else in the world knows you—better even than Ina. And I know that you'd sacrifice Ina, Di, mother, Monona, Ninian—everybody, just to your own idea of who you are. You're one of the men who can smother a whole family and not even know you're doing it.

DWIGHT. You listen to me. It's Ninian I'm thinking about.

LULU. Ninian....

DWIGHT. Yes, yes...Ninian!...Of course if you don't care what happens to him, it doesn't matter.

LULU. What do you mean?

DWIGHT. If you don't love him any more....

LULU. You know I love him. I'll always love him.

DWIGHT. That's likely. A woman doesn't send the man she loves to prison.

LULU. I send him to prison! Why, he's brought me the only happiness I've ever had....

DWIGHT. But prison is just where he'll go and you'll be the one to send him there.

LULU. Oh! That couldn't be.... That couldn't be....

DWIGHT. Don't you realize that bigamy is a crime? If you tell this thing he'll go to prison...nothing can save him.

LULU. I never thought of that....

DWIGHT. It's time you did think. Now will you promise to keep this with us, a family secret?

LULU. Yes. I promise.

DWIGHT. You will?....

LULU. Yes... I will.

DWIGHT. A...h. You'll be happy some day to think you've done this for us, Lulu.

LULU. I s'pose so....
INA. This makes up for everything. My sweet self-sacrificing sister!

LULU. Oh, stop that!

INA. Oh, the pity of it... the pity of it!...

LULU. Don't you go around pitying me! I'll have you know I'm glad the whole thing happened.

Curtain.

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ACT THREE

(As originally produced December 27, 1920)

THE PIANO STORE: empty, bare, three or four upright pianos with bright plush spreads and plush-covered stools. Back, a dark green sateen curtain. It is the following morning.

(Discover CORNISH at a little table, on which is opened a large black book. Enter MONONA, carrying basket of parcels.)

MONONA: Oh, Mr. Cornish...

CORNISH: Hello, there Monona! How's everything?

MONONA: Everything's perfectly awful up to our house.

CORNISH: Miss Lulu's all right, I hope?

MONONA: Aunt Lulu is--

CORNISH: There! I knew it. I knew this thing was going to wind up in a fit of sickness--

MONONA: Sick... No. She s gone.

CORNISH: Gone! Miss Lulu gone?

MONONA: Run away.

CORNISH: Oh, with who?

MONONA: Nobody, I guess. She skipped out of the house early this morning. It was me saw her going down the walk with her bag. It was me told everybody. It was me found her trunk packed and locked in her room. That's all.

CORNISH: This is terrible, terrible--and your people not home yet?

MONONA: I should say they are. Came last night.

CORNISH: But what are they doing to find her?

MONONA: Papa said he wouldn't do a thing. Mamma's been getting breakfast and she's burned all over, and she's so cross--m-m!

CORNISH: Yes, but aren't they trying to find Lulu--your Aunt Lulu--

MONONA: Grandma says she knows she's dead. Probably she's drowned in the river and
they'll get her out with her hair all stringy–

CORNISH: See here. I think I'll come up to your house. I'll put a little notice on my door–

MONONA: I better go now. I'll catch it anyhow. I've been catching it all the morning and I didn't do a thing. Mr. Cornish, honestly, do you see why, because Aunt Lulu ran away, the whole family should pick on me?

CORNISH: Well, we must all help as much as we can, Monona–

MONONA: Up to our house, honestly, you'd think I was the one that had done it. And I may!

(Exit, running)

CORNISH: I'll be right there, as soon as I can lock up.

LULU: Mr. Cornish. Mr. Cornish.

(CORNISH appears.)

CORNISH: Well!

LULU: Well!

CORNISH: You're out early.

LULU: Oh, no!

CORNISH: My, but I'm glad to see you. Won't you sit down?

LULU: I can only stay a minute. Wasn't that Monona just went out of here?

CORNISH: Yes, that was Monona.

LULU: Did she say anything about me?

CORNISH: She–she said you'd run away. She–she must have been mistaken.

LULU: No, she wasn't. I have.

CORNISH: Why, Miss Lulu!

LULU: Or I'm going on the 10:10. My bag's in the bakery. I had my breakfast in the bakery.... I've left them for good.

CORNISH: Then I suppose he cut up like a hyena over that letter being opened.

LULU: Oh, he forgave me that.

CORNISH: Forgave you!

LULU: Overlooked it, rather.

CORNISH: Anyway he's convinced now about that other Mrs. Ninian Deacon?

LULU: Yes, but you mustn't say anything about that, please, ever.
CORNISH: Even now? Well, I'll be jumped up. Even now? Then—I guess I see why you're going.
LULU: It isn't only that. I'm going... I'm going!
CORNISH: I see. Would—would you tell me where?
LULU: Maybe. After a while.
CORNISH: I do want you to. Because I—I think you're a brick.
LULU: Oh, no!
CORNISH: Yes, you are. By George! you don't find very many married women with as good sense as you've got. That is, I mean—
LULU: All right. I know. Thank you.
CORNISH: You've been a jewel in their home—I know that. They're going to miss you no end.
LULU: They'll miss my cooking.
CORNISH: They'll miss more than that. I've watched you there....
LULU: You have?
CORNISH: You made the whole place go.
LULU: You don't mean just the cooking?
CORNISH: No.
LULU: I never had but one compliment before that wasn't for my cooking. He told me I done up my hair nice.... That was after I took notice how the ladies in Savannah, Georgia, done up theirs.
CORNISH: Well, well, well!...
LULU: I must go now. I wanted to say good-by to you....
CORNISH: I hate to have you go. I—I hate to have you go.
LULU: Oh, well!
CORNISH: Look here, I wish— I wish you weren't going.
LULU: Do you? Good-by.
CORNISH: Can't I come to the depot with you?
LULU: You can't leave the store alone.
CORNISH: Yes. I'll put a little notice on the door....
LULU: No. That would be bad for the business. Good-by.
CORNISH: Good-by, Miss Lulu! Good-by, good-by, good-by!...
LULU: There's something else. I'm going to tell you—I don't care what Dwight says. (Takes letter from her handbag) As long as I told you the other part, I'm going to tell you this.
CORNISH: I want to know everything you'll let me know.

LULU: See—at the office this morning was this. It's from Ninian.

CORNISH: Well, I should think he'd better write.

LULU: Nobody must know. It was bad enough for the family before, but now... here it is:

"... just want you to know you're actually rid of me. I've heard from her, in Brazil. She ran out of money and thought of me, and her lawyer wrote to me...." ... He incloses the lawyer's letter.

"I've never been any good—Dwight would tell you that if his pride would let him tell the truth once in a while. But there isn't anything in my life makes me feel as bad as this...."

... well, that part doesn't matter. But you see. He didn't lie to get rid of me—and she was alive just as he thought she might be!

CORNISH: And you're free now.

LULU: That's so—I am. I hadn't thought of that.... It's late. Now I'm really going. Good-by..

CORNISH: Don't say good-by.

LULU: It's nearly train time.

CORNISH: Don't you go.... Do you think you could possibly stay here with me?

LULU: Oh!...

CORNISH: I haven't got anything. I guess maybe you've heard something about a little something I'm supposed to inherit. Well, it's only five hundred dollars.... That little Warden house—it don't cost much—you'd be surprised. Rent, I mean. I can get it now. I went and looked at it the other day but then I didn't think... well, I mean, it don't cost near as much as this store. We could furnish up the parlor with pianos... that is, if you could ever think of such a thing as marrying me.

LULU: But—you know! Why, don't the disgrace—

CORNISH: What disgrace?

LULU: Oh, you—you—

CORNISH: There's only this about that. Of course, if you loved him very much then I ought not to be talking this way to you. But I didn't think—

LULU: You didn't think what?

CORNISH: That you did care so very much about him. I don't know why.

LULU: I wanted somebody of my own. That's the reason I done what I done. I know that now.

CORNISH: I figured that way.... Look here, I ought to tell you. I'm not—I'm awful lonesome myself. This is no place to live. Look—look here. (He draws the green curtain revealing the mean little cot and washstand.) I guess living so is one reason why I want to get married. I want some kind of a home.

LULU: Of course.
CORNISH: I ain't never lived what you might say private.
LULU: I've lived too private.

(Pause)

CORNISH: Then there's another thing. I--I don't believe I'm ever going to be able to do anything with the law.
LULU: I don't see how anybody does.

CORNISH: And I'm not much good in a business way. Sometimes I think that I may never be able to make any money.
LULU: Lots of men don't.

CORNISH: Well, there it is. I'm no good at business. I'll never be a lawyer. And--and everything I say sounds wrong to me. And yet I do believe that I'd know enough not to bully a woman. Not to make her unhappy. Maybe--even, I could make her a little happy.

LULU: Lots of men do.

(Voices. Enter INA, DWIGHT and MRS. BETT.)

INA: Oh, Dwight! she's still here.

DWIGHT: So this is where we find our Lulu!

LULU: Did you want me, Dwight?

INA: Want you? Why, Lulu! are you crazy? Of course we want you. Why aren't you home?

(Nursing her wrist, which is bandaged, with the other hand, which is bandaged, too)

MRS. BETT: Lulie, Lulie, we thought you'd gone off again.

LULU: Mother, darling...

DWIGHT: Here am I kept home from the office, trying my best to take your place. You're a most important personage, Miss Lulu Bett.

LULU: What did you want of me?

INA: Want of you? Why, my goodness...

DWIGHT: If you had tasted bacon fried as the bacon was fried which I have tasted this day--

INA: Oh, Dwight, that's not funny!

DWIGHT: No. And the muffins were not funny either. Yes they were!

LULU: How good of you to miss me!

INA: Lulu, you don't act like yourself.

LULU: That was the way I heard the women talk in Savannah, Georgia. "So good of you to miss me."
DWIGHT: Lulu, what does this mean? No more of this nonsense.
LULU: Whose nonsense, Dwight?

DWIGHT: We know that your trunk is locked and strapped in your room and you were seen going down the street with a bag. You have flown here, presumably to discuss your situation with an outsider. Is this fair to us?
LULU: What do you want me to do, Dwight?
INA: Do? Why, we want you to come home.
LULU: Home!

DWIGHT: Also to explain your amazing behavior.
CORNISH: May I do that, Miss Lulu?
LULU: No–no thank you. I think I'd like to speak for myself. Dwight, I've left your home for good and all.
INA: Sister...

MRS. BETT: Lulie... Lulie!...

DWIGHT: Ah-ha! You have thought better of the promise you made to Ina and me last evening not to tell our affairs broadcast.
LULU: I've thought no better of it--and no worse. I couldn't. But I've been thinking of something else. Of you, Dwight.

DWIGHT: Ah--I'm flattered.
LULU:... Let it go at that.... In any case, I've left your home.
INA: But where are you going?

LULU: I meant to go somewhere else and work.
INA: Go somewhere else and work. Cook? Lulu, have you no consideration for Dwight and me at all? What would people think if we let you do that....

DWIGHT: Patience, patience, pettie. Let's have no more of this, Lulu. I imagine you're not quite well. Come home with us, now, there's a good girl.
LULU: No, Dwight.
INA: Lulu, I simply can't keep house without you. When I think of going through with what I went through this summer while you were away.... Everything b-boils over and what I don't expect to b-boil b-burns.... (Sobs) Dwightie, you've got to make her stay.

DWIGHT: Pettie–control yourself.... Lulu, I ask you, I implore you, to come back home with us.
CORNISH: Miss Lulu...

LULU: Yes?
CORNISH: May I tell them?

LULU: What is there to tell them?

CORNISH: I think Miss Lulu and I are going to–arrange.

LULU: O but not yet–not yet.


LULU: Cora Waters is alive. Ninian's heard from her. There's her lawyer's letter.

INA: Forevermore!

MRS. BETT: What you talking–what you talking. I want to know but I ain't got something in my head.... Lulie, you ain't going to get married again, are you–after waiting so long?

DWIGHT: Don't be disturbed, Mother Bett. She wasn't married that first time. No marriage about it.

INA: Dwight! If Lulu marries Mr. Cornish then everybody'll have to know about Ninian and his other wife.

LULU: That's so. You would have to tell, wouldn't you? I never thought of that. Well–you can get used to the idea while I'm gone.

DWIGHT: Gone?

INA: Gone where?

MRS. BETT: Where you goin' now, for pity sakes?

LULU: Away. I thought I wanted somebody of my own. Well, maybe it was just myself.

DWIGHT: What ridiculous talk is this?

CORNISH: Lulu–couldn't you stay with me–

LULU: Sometime, maybe. I don't know. But first I want to see out of my own eyes. For the first time in my life. Good-by, mother.

MRS. BETT: Lulie, Lulie...

LULU: (At the door) Good-by. Good-by, all of you. I'm going I don't know where–to work at I don't know what. But I'm going from choice!

(Exit. CORNISH follows her.)

MRS. BETT: Who's going to do your work now, I'd like to know?

End.

L35 —curtain call

L36—curtain call

L37—house
Section: Cue Lists

This sections contains all the cues for the show.
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<tr>
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<th>P</th>
<th>trigger</th>
<th>action</th>
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<td>2</td>
<td>house opens</td>
<td>house lights</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L2</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>house closes</td>
<td>house down</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L3</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Act1.1 ready to start</td>
<td>stage up, slightly dim, some warmth</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L4</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>before lulu: sour and I can't make a custard pie</td>
<td>subtle, add some green/purple.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L5</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>lulu exit after Ina: she has a terrible will</td>
<td>back to L3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L6</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>doorbell</td>
<td>lights brighten, add a bit of red</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L7</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>when DI and Cornish exit</td>
<td>lose tension, add a bit of warmth</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L8</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>lulu: and stop that noise instantly</td>
<td>add anger</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L9</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>Dwight, in exit</td>
<td>remove anger, go to more sweet, truthful</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L10</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>exit bobby</td>
<td>back to normal</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L11</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>Mrs. bet exit</td>
<td>lights fade to photograph then black</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L12</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>scene 2 set</td>
<td>lights up scene 2, some light green and yellow</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L13</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>enter lulu</td>
<td>Back to L3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L14</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>enter Ninian ex Monona</td>
<td>add some orange/pink</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L15</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>Monona en</td>
<td>back to L3 add some indigo</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L16</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>lulu: don't do that</td>
<td>Slow fade out indigo in orange</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L17</td>
<td>18</td>
<td>Ninian: you don't let her…</td>
<td>slowly darken a bit</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L18</td>
<td>18</td>
<td>Mrs. What was I talking' about just then</td>
<td>brighten to previous L18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L19</td>
<td>19</td>
<td>lulu: if you think this would do</td>
<td>add a bit of red</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L20</td>
<td>19</td>
<td>Cornish enters</td>
<td>remove red</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L21</td>
<td>23</td>
<td>Ina: idiot</td>
<td>window light on</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L22</td>
<td>24</td>
<td>Lulu: I do</td>
<td>slowly fade out excitement, replace with red</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L23</td>
<td>26</td>
<td>Lulu: don't forget he two pies</td>
<td>blue out, house up</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L24</td>
<td>27</td>
<td>end intermission</td>
<td>blue out, stage up(dull evening)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L25</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>enter lulu</td>
<td>brighten up a bit, then fade to a bit of blue</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L26</td>
<td>31</td>
<td>Lulu: people will have to know</td>
<td>add in red, lose a bit of blue</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L27</td>
<td>33</td>
<td>Monona: say my prayers, why don't you?</td>
<td>blue out</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L28</td>
<td>33</td>
<td>start of act 2.2</td>
<td>lights up, early evening</td>
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<tr>
<td>L29</td>
<td>38</td>
<td>Di: kiss me to-night</td>
<td>blue out</td>
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<tr>
<td>L30</td>
<td>38</td>
<td>start of 2.3</td>
<td>moonlight outside, lighted inside the house some orange/yellow</td>
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<tr>
<td>L31</td>
<td>40</td>
<td>lulu: mother</td>
<td>lose a bit of warmth</td>
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<tr>
<td>L32</td>
<td>50</td>
<td>LULU: I am glad the who thing happened</td>
<td>blue out</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L33</td>
<td>50</td>
<td>Start act 3</td>
<td>Bright sunny outside, dull gray inside</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L34</td>
<td>51</td>
<td>enter lulu</td>
<td>brighten up inside</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L35</td>
<td>56</td>
<td>lulu exits</td>
<td>dim, then fades out</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L36</td>
<td>56</td>
<td>curtain call</td>
<td>bright stage</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L37</td>
<td>56</td>
<td>end curtain call</td>
<td>fade to house lights</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cue #</td>
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<td>Sound</td>
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<tr>
<td>S1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>house music</td>
<td>house opens</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S2</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>end house music</td>
<td>house closes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S3</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>clock sound</td>
<td>Dwight: Women Cannot Generalize</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S4</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>doorbell</td>
<td>Mrs. Bett sits</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S5</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>clock sound</td>
<td>DWIGHT. Lulu is a stunner—a stunner....</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S6</td>
<td>19</td>
<td>doorbell</td>
<td>Ninian: I invited her</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S7</td>
<td>24</td>
<td>very faint, slow fade in wedding march</td>
<td>Ninian why not the weeding service</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S8</td>
<td>24</td>
<td>fade out</td>
<td>Lulu: I do</td>
</tr>
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<td>S9</td>
<td>26</td>
<td>intermission music on</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S10</td>
<td>27</td>
<td>intermission music out</td>
<td></td>
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</tbody>
</table>
The project should be placed so it hits the door in set 1. It is used to get the audience in the mood of the play.

This list was last updated Nov 13, 2007.

<table>
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<th>Cue #</th>
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<th>Trigger</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>P1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>Before house opens</td>
<td>Old black and white pictures and movies slideshow. Shows family life of the middle class from a rural town around the turn of the 20th century.</td>
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<tr>
<td>P2</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>As show starts</td>
<td>Ends the slideshow.</td>
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<tr>
<td>P3</td>
<td>26</td>
<td>Start of intermission</td>
<td>Similar slideshow showing courtship and marriage.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>P4</td>
<td>27</td>
<td>End of intermission</td>
<td>Ends slideshow</td>
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Section: Show Information

This is information that is only relevant to show in this binder (Miss Lulu Bett).
# Production Calendar

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Place</th>
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<td>10/4/07</td>
<td>14:00</td>
<td>Taping preliminary Set</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10/24/07</td>
<td>21:00</td>
<td>Production meeting</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Set build</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4/27/07</td>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Set build</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4/28/07</td>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Set build</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4/31/07</td>
<td>19:00</td>
<td>Production meeting</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11/2/07</td>
<td>20:00</td>
<td>Light strike</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11/3/07</td>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Light hang/focus</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11/4/07</td>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Light hang/focus</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11/7/07</td>
<td>19:00</td>
<td>Production meeting</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11/10/07</td>
<td>all day</td>
<td>last tech day</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11/11/07</td>
<td>15:00</td>
<td>tech rehearsal</td>
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<tr>
<td>11/11/07</td>
<td>19:00</td>
<td>painting the LT</td>
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<tr>
<td>11/14/07</td>
<td>19:00</td>
<td>Tech call for show</td>
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<tr>
<td>11/15/07</td>
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<td>Tech call for show</td>
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<tr>
<td>11/16/07</td>
<td>19:00</td>
<td>Tech call for show</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11/17/07</td>
<td>19:00</td>
<td>Tech call for show</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Lighting areas:

The areas are shown as square, but they should be more oval and overlap each other.

- A,B,C,D - these areas help to fill in the stage and cover the gaps left by the other areas
- E – this lights up the area in front of the store curtain
- F – this lights up the area behind the curtain
- BS – This is back stage light to provide some the actors and crew with some light
- Po – this lights up the riley side of the porch
- Pr – this lights up the booth side of the porch
- P1 – This is to light up the piano and a bit of the area surrounding it.
- T1 – this lights up part of the table (T1) in the house.
- T3 – this lights up the rest of the house table and the entire store table (T3)
- YS – this yard special is used for when bobby is at the window
- General Wash – the stage will have a genral wash to provide some colors to the scenes.
Set Basics:

The main set will consist of two large pieces on casters and a small side wall. You can see these splits marked (a line with dots at either end) on the set 1 picture. These will be made of flats for the base and the wall will be flats.

The two large pieces will rotate to form two different areas. The fireplace mantel will be a key that helps to lock the pieces in place.

The small side wall will have a panel that flips to match the two larger pieces. This will be accomplished with magnets? Behind the panel will be the curtain for set three.

Set 1 - Dinning room:

The walls will be beige. The two windows will have 12 panes and slide up and down. Curtains will be hung on the windows. The fireplace will be brick.

The other set pieces will be a baby grand style piano, a nice wood table with 6 chairs, and a dish cupboard.

The exits are to the hall, kitchen, and yard

Set 2 - Porch:

The house exterior walls will be light blue. The porch will have a white fence and no roof.

There will be a rocking chair on the porch. Also there will be a metal yard table with 4 chairs to match.

The exits are to the house, to more yard, and the front of the house (FOH).

Set 3 - Store:

The wall setup will be the same as the dinning room scene.

The set pieces will be two stand up piano and the baby grand from before. There will also be a small ratty table with a similarly chair.

The exits are the curtain and the street
<table>
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<th>In by who?</th>
<th>where</th>
<th># of</th>
<th>General set dressing to fill in the scene</th>
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Act 1 scene 2

12 in scene     di, bobby

12 kitchen | en | lulu | w/bowl of apple, pan w/pie dough, paring knife, monona w/basket
12 yard    | ex | di   |                                           |
13 yard    | ex | monona |                                        |
13 hall    | en | ninian | w/diamond                               |
16 yard    | en | monona |                                        |
17 hall    | ex | ninian |                                        |
17 kitchen | en | mother |                                        |
18 kitchen | ex | lulu   | w/pies                                  |
18 yard    | ex | monona |                                        |
18 hall    | en | ninian |                                        |
18 kitchen | en | lulu   |                                        |
18 hall    | en | ina    |                                        |
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**Act Two**

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**Act 2 scene II**

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<td>Di, Mother</td>
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<td>monona</td>
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<td>door</td>
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Section: Miscellaneous Information

This is information that is not show specific, but still useful to have.
WPI DEPARTMENT OF HUMANITIES AND ARTS,
DRAMA/THEATRE

LITTLE THEATRE TERMS OF USE

The Little Theatre is a valued space where you work towards your academic, or extracurricular goals, exactly like any other lab or space on campus. Just like other campus resources, there are rules associated with use of this space. The following list should apply to all of your work in the Little Theatre.

1. A Little Theatre work study squad member will be assigned to your event and will work as your liaison. Access, times of use, keys and equipment must all be arrange with your liaison. If you have any questions, please direct them to your squad member

2. ANY special effects, or strange requests MUST be run by your liaison.

3. The GHOST LIGHT must be turned off when you arrive and illuminated when you depart, for the health and safety of everyone.

4. For the health and comfort of all who use the theatre, the air conditioning unit controlled by the panel nearest the booth must always be left on.

5. The upholstered chairs, both permanent and moveable, provide seating for the audience. These are NOT prop chairs, or chairs to sit on during rehearsal, or technical work, or other non-performance activities. At all times the audience chairs must be covered with the supplied tarps. The moveable chairs live in the corner next to the long seating bank, and must also be covered. They should stay there, unless extra seating is to be placed there, and they should only be moved once the seating is being placed. With all of this in mind, 13 bent wood stage chairs have been provided for rehearsals or any other staging.

6. You must provide at least 99 seats for audience members for your event. There are 67 permanent seats in the theatre at all times. We provide 48 other upholstered chairs, for a total of 115. Additional seating must be negotiated other ways. Talk to your Little Theatre liaison.

7. Work lights for rehearsals may be any and/or all of the house lights in the theatre. If you want or need different lighting, talk to your theatre liaison about the basic lighting plot ready in the theatre at all times. Only by special arrangement can full theatrical lighting be used for anything other than technical rehearsals or performances.

8. If your use of the Little Theatre includes a performance of any type, you will fill out and file a performance report to be kept in the HU&A department Little Theatre records.

9. “Strike” for your event follows the final performance immediately after the audience departs. No exceptions, no extensions into the next day, and no excuses. You will fill out a strike report to be filed in the HU&A Little Theatre records.

10. If your event is the production of a play of any kind, we will need one copy of the script to be kept on file in the HU&A records.

11. No food or drink in the Little Theatre … EVER!

12. Leave the space better than when you found it.

This is a replica of an older Terms of use document, check with you liaison for the most up to date copy.
Producer/Staff Contract

A few things to remember:

- The Director, as an academic officer of WPI, is in “charge” of the production, and therefore has the final say on all aspects of the production.

- At the onset of the production, the Director has empowered the producer with certain powers and responsibilities. Namely the Producer is responsible for you completing your work in an efficient manner that is acceptable to the Director.

- Specifically if you are completing an academic project”
  - Think of the Producer as you TA
  - The Producer, in order to fulfill his responsibilities can reassign activity and replace staff members.
  - There is an established protocol between your project advisor and the producer for the removal of project students from the production. Don’t let it come to that.

- In order to make theatre a tremendous group effort is involved: don’t lose sight of that as you may be working in “isolation.”

- No Matter what your reasons for being involved with the production, the Producer, the director, and everyone else involved assumes that you are here for the pure sake of the art. “performances is its own reward.”

Please acknowledge that fact that you have read all of the above and agree by signing and dating below. Welcome aboard.

__________________________________________________________________________  ___________________________________________________________________
[Producer]                                                                 [Production Staff Member]

__________________________________________________________________________  ___________________________________________________________________
[date]                                                                 [date]

Sign both copies; return one to the producer and keep the other for your records. Thank you.

This is from a show where the director was a WPI professor.
Ten Audition Tips

1. Read the Script. You should be familiar with the show you are auditioning for. You do not necessarily need to audition for a specific role unless you want to.

2. Practice the material you will be reading for your audition piece beforehand. You do not need to have it memorized, however you should be familiar enough with the material to avoid stumbles while speaking.

3. Use a role or show you are familiar with as your audition piece. You do not have to, however it may make it easier for you to relax and get in character.

4. Keep your audition piece one to two minutes unless otherwise directed.

5. Arrive early. That will give you time to relax or prepare, and it will avoid the congestion of trying to audition late in the session.

6. Remember during your audition that those watching want to see your face and hear your voice. Follow down the lines with your thumb so you can look up without getting lost and don’t fall into the trap of dropping your voice because your audience is right in front of you.

7. Don’t rush through your lines. Reading slowly will be helpful for both you and those watching your audition.

8. Don’t try to play both characters in a scene by talking to and answering “yourself.”

9. Don’t ask questions about “what my chances are…?” Those watching your audition don’t necessarily know at that moment any more than you do.

10. Don’t say “sorry I’m nervous.” Most people are—those watching want to see your confident side.

This is a hand out that Tom Collins gives out during his audition help sessions.
**Miss Lulu Bett by Zona Gale**

Audition Information Form: PLEASE Answer each question. Use the back of the page where necessary.

Name____________________________________ email____________________________________
[please print all info so it can be easily read]
Box# or local address__________________________ phone(s)____________________________

Status:_________________________________________
(I.e. student: freshman; community; staff; please be kind of specific.)

**NOTE: If you have not read the play, do not audition. Read the play.**

*Miss Lulu Bett* needs performers and technicians and designers who are willing and able to make an earnest commitment to the production at vital points in its preparation and performance. Please take a moment to consider all that’s going on in your life to make sure Miss Lulu Bett can be a priority.

Miss Lulu Bett performs the week of Nov. 11, 2007, with evening performances Nov. 15, 16, and 17. Performances begin at 8p.m. in the Little Theatre. We will have open dress rehearsal and previews starting Tues., Nov. 13. If you cannot be available Nov. 11-17 in the evening, you cannot audition. You will be expected to stay following the final performance on November 17 until the strike is over. Also look at your planner: Evening during the week prior to performance week also are important, excepting Wed. and Sat.

**FYI: Prior to pre-production week and performance week:**
Rehearsals begin with a full read thought at 6:30pm on Tuesday, October 9th. After that, most cast members will not have rehearsal again until the evening of Oct. 22, the night before C-term begins. Rehearsals usually take place in the late, late afternoon/early evening, generally MTF & sometimes F. Wednesday and weekends are avoided when possible until performance week.

In summary: Beginning Oct. 22, work work work to bring this great theatrical event to the living stage. And enjoy it. If you understand and agree to this tentative rehearsal schedule, please indicate so by signing your name:

Please answer the questions [all of them!!!]: use reverse of this sheet if necessary

1. Are you sure you are free as requested above? [review it– this is important!]
2. What major conflicts do you have weekdays late afternoons and evenings [excluding Wednesdays and excluding fall break, until Oct. 22] between now and November 17? If you do not yet know your conflicts, please express your concerns. Use the reverse if necessary.
3. What role(s) are you auditioning for?
4. Any role(s) you would not take?
5. If you are a student, are you doing well academically? Explain if necessary.
6. On the reverse, give a brief list of your performance experiences - - specifically show/role, length of run, size of production, ect..
7. Describe yourself in a performance situation:
8. What is your audition piece?
9. Do you have any special talent, such as playing an instrument, singing, dancing, or something very creative that we might not find out about from your audition?
10. If you are cast, do you plan to enroll in the 1/6th performance credit option?
11. If you are not cast in the show, would you be interested in a production position and, if so, what position?
12. Are you available for call backs Friday, Oct. 5, 6-7:30p.m., IF you are called back?

Thank you for auditioning. Please give this form to the staff member in charge.
This is a slightly modified version of the Romeo and Juliet audition form.
# Alpha Psi Omega Mentor List

## Light Design and Master Electrician
- Matt Housle  mhoustle  3
- Andrew Wilkins  awilkins  2,3
- Chris Kingsley  kingsley
- Chris Pardy  cpardy

## Sound
- Matt Housle  mhoustle  3
- Andrew Wilkins  awilkins  2,3

## Set Design and Construction
- Dom DiGiovanni  dominicd  2,3
- Pat Crowe  phcrowe1  3
- Cara Marcy  cmarcy  1,2,3
- Chris Kingsley  kingsley
- Chris Pardy  cpardy

## Scenography
- Pat Crowe  phcrowe1  3
- Dom DiGiovanni  dominicd  2,3
- Carol Wood  carol  3

## Run Crew
- Lauren Ferrechio  lferrer  1,2
- Corey Randall  crandall  2

## Costumes/Props
- Lauren Ferrechio  lferrer  1,2
- Lindsey Lucier  lodi.alamode*

## House
- Lauren Ferrechio  lferrer  1,2
- Rich Pavis  rpavis

## Acting
- Carol Wood  carol  3
- Dan Morehouse  dmore  1
- Dom DiGiovanni  dominicd  2,3
- Nick Bebel  bebel415
- Rick Desilets  witoki  2
- Rich Pavis  rpavis
- Joel Sutherland  jsuth  2
- Lindsey Lucier  lodi.alamode*
- Jake Troiano  jtroiano
- Tofer Carlson  tofer

## Directing
- Cara Marcy  cmarcy  1,2,3
- Dan Morehouse  dmore  1
- Dom DiGiovanni  dominicd  2,3
- Lindsey Lucier  lodi.alamode*
- Joel Sutherland  jsuth  2
- Rich Pavis  rpavis
- Jake Troiano  jtroiano
- Tofer Carlson  tofer
- Nick Bebel  bebel415

## Stage Managing
- Lauren Ferrechio  lferrer  1,2
- Dan Morehouse  dmore  1
- Corey Randall  crandall  2
- Pat Crowe  phcrowe1  3

## Publicity
- Lauren Ferrechio  lferrer  1,2
- Pat Crowe  phcrowe1  3
- Dan Morehouse  dmore  1

---

1 - AYO officer  
2 - Masque Officer  
3 - Little Theatre Squad  
*@gmail.com*
Blocking Notation (sample)

“Sam cross left, above the chair, to downstage center.” = Sa XL↑ ch to DSC.

[Sa] [X] [L] [↑ ch] to [DSC].

- cross
- Destination (stage location)
- character
- general direction of actor’s pathway
- navigation relative to obstacles in pathway

“Sam cross left, above the chair, to below the bookcase.” = SaXL↑ ch to ↓ b.c.

Sa X L ↑ ch to [↓ bookcase].  
[DL of Su]  
[L of UC door]  
[b/t Je & Fr]

Destinations may also be relative to objects or other characters on the stage.

Standard symbols

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>U</th>
<th>Up</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>D</td>
<td>down</td>
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<tr>
<td>L</td>
<td>left</td>
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<tr>
<td>R</td>
<td>right</td>
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<tr>
<td>C</td>
<td>center</td>
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<tr>
<td>S</td>
<td>stage</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>X</td>
<td>cross</td>
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</table>

Other symbols

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>b/t</th>
<th>between</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>↑</td>
<td>above, (upstage of)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>↓</td>
<td>below (downstage of)</td>
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<tr>
<td>c.</td>
<td>counter, or turn</td>
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<td>T</td>
<td>table</td>
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<td>h</td>
<td>chair</td>
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<tr>
<td>☛</td>
<td>phone</td>
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</table>

\[ f \] -ing suffix  
[ō] clockwise  
[c] counter-clockwise  
/ 3 / pause 3 seconds  
X2 cross 2 steps  
ent enter  
ex exit

from: Didaskalos <http://smnetwork.org/forum/>
Line Notes Example

Page 14:

NAR. 1, line 2: missed gavel after “the opening speech for the prosecution”

CLARKE, line 10: “visiting card of the Marquess's” should have been “visiting card of Lord Queensberry's”

Page 15:

CLARKE:

line 7: “in some way the person of whom those words” should have been “in some way or other the person of whom those words”

line 13: “as to whom the libel was written” should have been “as to whom that injurious suggestion was made”

line 17: “Now the matter does not stop” should have been “But the matter does not stop”

line 18: “whether the card was printed” should have been “whether the card was delivered”

line 21: “In his plea which the defendant” should have been “By the plea thich the defendant”

NAR. 1:

line 31: missed cue for “John Sholto Douglas, Marquess of Queensberry, how do you plead?”

line 38: missed gavel after “and I abide by what I wrote”

Page 16:

WILDE:

line 13: “I have devoted my lift to art” should have been “I have devoted myself to art”

line 32: “imaginative and intellectual enjoyments” should have been “intellectual and imaginative enjoyments”

CLARKE, line 22: “You have toured America lecturing” should have been “You have also toured America and Ireland lecturing”

Page 17:

NAR. 3, line 15: left out “written thirty years later”
Section: Extra Information for Actors

This section is for extras of anything (mostly paperwork, forms, information packets…) given out to the actors. There would normally be multiple copies of any one thing, however I will just put in examples of each.
ISP [independent study project] Application

For 1/6th credit in TH or EN Performance

Term of enrollment [term and year] B-2007

Name ___________________________  email: ___________________________

ID #_____________________________  Major____  Class Year ____  Box #____

ISP Course # and Title of the 1/6th course for which you are applying:

________________________________________________________________________

Production title:___________________________________________________________

Your Activity on the production:_____________________________________________

Your immediate supervisor:__________________________________________________

ISP ENROLLMENT FORM:
BOTTOM GOES TO ADVISOR; TOP REMAINS WITH PLA
Your enrollment should appear on your class list within the first two weeks of the term.
If this does not happen, please contact your PLA.

Name ___________________________  email: ___________________________

ID #_____________________________  Major____  Class Year ____  Box #____

ISP Course # and Title of the 1/6th course for which you are applying:

________________________________________________________________________

Production title:___________________________________________________________

Your Activity on the production:_____________________________________________

Your immediate supervisor:__________________________________________________

Signature ________________________________________________________________

Date __________
ISP [independent study] Report Form

Due to PLA at STRIKE to get a grade!!!

1/6th TH or EN Performance

Term of enrollment [term and year] B-2007

Name ___________________________ email: ___________________________

ISP Course #____________________ ISP Title: _______________________

Specific ISP Activity ________________________________________________

Signature of PLA or supervisor________________________________________

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>DATE WORKED ON ISP ACTIVITY</th>
<th>HOURS WORKED</th>
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Total HOURS

You must total your hours in order to earn credit. See the reverse for important information.

Explanation, as needed:
ISP Hours
Earning an ISP in Theatre PERFORMANCE

[for descriptions, see the end of EN listing of courses in the WPI Catalog]

NOTE: to earn credit, you must enroll with an advisor. Since performance work usually begins during the term prior to the performance, you should process the necessary form once you have been accepted for the activity. Credit will not be given until you have completed the performance and the strike following the final performance. Please enroll with the Drama/Theatre PLA [as announced].

For the purposes of granting academic credit for performance, the Department of Humanities and Arts, division of Drama/Theatre has established these guidelines:

Following a widely held opinion of the number of hours of work that can be expected from undergraduates at WPI, we based these guidelines upon the generally accepted work week of 37.5-40 hours of work which most adults practice.

With 3 [three] 1/3rd unit courses usually taken per term, an undergraduate can be expected to spend 13.33 hours per week on each course. This would include 4 hours in class, and 9.33 hours of preparation for class [which we acknowledge can vary quite a bit], including homework, reading, writing, preparing presentations, etc. For the term, that number would multiply by 7 weeks. Thus the formula results that 13.33 x 7 = 93.31 hours. In a 7-week term, therefore, 93.31 hours of inclusive work can be expected for the term from the student who enrolls for 1/3rd unit—class, project, or other activity.

For 1/6th unit, the usual amount of credit available to be registered for a performance activity, we would assume that the student would work 1/2 of the hours worked for a 1/3rd unit, or a "rounded up" total of 47 hours of performance activity for the term of the enrollment.

A performance activity requires reading but usually little to no written work. Due to the nature of performance, a student might need to be available but might be idle during some of the hours of availability. The nature of performance figured in, we usually conclude that 60 hours of work on the ISP would earn an A for the performance credit. Variables exist by range of activities. For instance, a Theatre Production Practicum student working on scenography will usually be active throughout all the hours of work. By contrast, an Acting student might have a number of "sitting around" hours: he or she must be present for the rehearsal or performance, but might be able to do homework or something else while not onstage or in rehearsal. Thus, 45 hours of Theatre Production Practicum might equal an A, while 65 hours of Acting might equal an A. The Acting example will, of course vary by size of role and other factors, much as variable will affect the amount of hours worked on any course or project.

QUALITY of work plus getting the job done to necessary standards also figures in to the grade determination, as do many other factors. An Acting student who works 75 hours might not earn an A for some reason [for example, never being on time to rehearsal], whereas a Theatre Production Practicum student who works 39 hours might earn an A for some reason [for example, solving a difficult to impossible challenge].

You can best judge your work on your ISP. Your supervisor or PLA will offer feedback and suggestions. We base your grades on the hours you report on the reverse of this sheet, which will be signed by your supervisor, or your PLA, or both, and from verbal evaluations we receive from your supervisor, or your PLA, or both. Break a leg!!!
These wallet cards are for the actors. I had much better luck in them contacting me if they were late when I gave these out.
Section: Extra Paper for Stage Manager

At the end I would keep extra printer paper, lined paper, and paperwork that I use. Normally there would be as many copies as I thought I needed and then some more. I only put in one copy of some examples in order to not waste paper.
## Attendance Record

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<th>Name</th>
<th>Role</th>
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<th>L</th>
<th>A</th>
<th>E</th>
<th>NC</th>
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P = Present  L = Late  A = Absent  E = excused  NC = Not called to rehearsal
Contact Info For:

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Role</th>
<th>Cell phone</th>
<th>E-Mail</th>
<th>IM name/service</th>
<th>Script #</th>
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Rehearsal Calendar for Month
Cue List

Show: _______________________________

For (L,S, ..?): _________________

Revision Date: _________________

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Cue</th>
<th>Page #</th>
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<th>What it does</th>
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<td>Line</td>
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<td>Entrance or Exit?</td>
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Rehearsal Report

Show: ___________________________         Date:__________________
Name: ___________________________         Position:__________________________
Rehearsal Start:________________        End:_________________

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Act/Scene</th>
<th>Start</th>
<th>Stop</th>
<th>Total</th>
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What was worked on:

What needs work:

Notes:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Lights:</th>
<th>Other:</th>
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<tbody>
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</table>

| Set: |
|      |

| Sound: |
|        |

| Costume/Props |
|               |

| Run Crew: |
|          |
Little Theatre Performance Report

Date:____________________

Person in charge: ____________________________________________
(Print)

__________________________________________
(Sign)

Organization: _______________________
Show Name: _______________________
Performance #: _______________________

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Curtain Up:</th>
<th>Act 1:</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Curtain Down:</td>
<td>Act 2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Run Time:</td>
<td>Intermission:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Weather:</td>
<td>Attendance</td>
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</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Performance Notes:</th>
<th>Notes outside the theater:</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Tech notes:</td>
<td>Line notes:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Illness/Accidents (attached report form):</td>
<td>Miscellaneous concerns/FYI:</td>
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