

AN INVESTIGATION OF THE PROBLEMS OF THE PLAYWRIGHT AND DIRECTOR
IN THE PRODUCTION OF THREE ORIGINAL ONE-ACT PLAYS

by

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PREFACE

Writing and directing the one-act play as it is described in this thesis may constitute a slightly different approach to the thesis production than has been done previously in the Department of Speech at Kansas State University. While others have written and directed their own original play or directed the play of some worthy playwright, this writer's thesis took another turn. In this case two directors and three playwrights were involved, cooperating in the production of three one-act plays. To be truly involved with experimental and educational theater by testing the merits of three original one-act plays, was in essence the problem of this thesis. The opportunity of working alongside a veteran director was naturally of considerable benefit in this venture.

The growing interest in experimental theater productions on the Kansas State University campus is certain to be a stimulus to the inexperienced playwright or director. Perhaps in some small way this thesis and prompt book may prove helpful to others who experiment with the original play.

This thesis, then, is more than just a prompt book with the usual researched essay on author, period, and style. It is the description of a personal experience, the experience of writing and directing the original one-act play. It in no way covers every detail, but rather denotes those things that seem most significant to this writer.

The large number of students attending these original plays was extremely encouraging. One cannot help but look to the day when more and better plays will be written, and even better trained student directors and artisans will be available for this kind of experimentation.

The Speech Department of Kansas State University is to be commended for putting such a program into practice and giving students the chance to become involved in the process that makes for a truly living stage.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The writer wishes to express sincere appreciation to Professor Joel Climenhaga for his competent guidance and patient assistance throughout the production of the three one-act plays and the writing of this thesis.

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SECTION ONE

AN ESSAY

INTRODUCTION

Bringing life to the stage is the dictate of every theater playwright, director, and producer, and is no mean task for even the experienced professional. When undertaken by the amateur it becomes a formidable task, and at best is beset with the risk that life will never take place, that the script or the play will never come alive. Such is the predicament of the amateur playwright or director who works in experimental or educational theater. He is challenged by the opportunity of creating life, but, more than anyone else, runs the risk of abortion, still-life, and even creating the proverbial monster.

"Three One-Act Plays," produced by the Kansas State Players in the Purple Masque Theater on February 26 through March 1 of 1969 was such an experiment in bringing life to the stage. All three one-act plays were the first writings of amateur student playwrights. Two of these plays were directed by the writer of this essay and were his first experience in directing on the university level.

The question that this essay tries to answer may be phrased as follows: Can a play, or in this case, three plays, come to life under these circumstances? And if so, how did that life take place in terms of writing, directing, and producing the play is concerned?

The essay begins with the writing of Thursday's General. This section seeks to establish the purpose, meaning, and style of the play from the point of view of the playwright. Discussion

also concerns the basic changes in the script made while the play was undergoing rehearsals, as well as the relationship that existed between the playwright and the director of the play.

Another part of this section is concerned with the interpretation and methods of directing two one-act plays: No Sunrise Tomorrow and Mother Love and Apple Pie. The director's technique in terms of his interpretation of the plays and how he related the scripts to the actors and stage is the basis of this part.

All three plays presented in this thesis are products of a 1968 class in playwriting at Kansas State University, taught at that time by Dr. Wallace Dace. No Sunrise Tomorrow was written by Carolyn Kaberline, a junior majoring in Journalism. Mother Love and Apple Pie was written by Mary Anna Lowe, who at the time of its writing, was a graduate student in General Speech. David Gieschen wrote Thursday's General. He is an ordained Lutheran minister and a graduate student in Theater. No Sunrise Tomorrow and Mother Love and Apple Pie were directed by David Gieschen in partial fulfillment of his Master's thesis. Thursday's General was directed by Joel Climenhaga, Director of Theater at Kansas State University.

What follows is born out of the belief that drama, even when conceived by amateurs and inexperienced students, can be alive; and that the greatness of drama lies, not in its perfection, but in its capacity to contribute to the spiritual growth of man. It is the belief of this writer that drama can succeed in uniting

the whole of one man with the whole of another man, so that the result of the encounter will be a living experience. From that perspective "Three One-Act Plays" was such a living encounter.

ON WRITING THURSDAY'S GENERAL

At the time of writing Thursday's General, the playwright had no idea that the play would ever be produced. Thursday's General, like the other two plays discussed in this essay, was the written requirement for a course in playwriting. Though the play was graded high by the instructor, it was surely done so with the knowledge that this was the first play by the author and was therefore all that he could achieve as a beginner. When asked to produce the play as part of a bill of original one-acts and to make it the subject of his master's thesis, the author was reluctant to do so. It meant exposing to the public the sum product of his ability to write. It also meant that the playwright's beliefs would be exposed to the public. To the professional this is exactly what is wanted, but to the novice this experience is filled with fear and apprehension.

It is this very fear, however, that must be overcome by the playwright. After all, art that is efficient is personal for the very reason that the artist has something he wants to reveal.¹ Otherwise there is no point in writing the play. The fact that a play passes the requirements of a playwriting course certainly will not make it a good one. But if even the beginning playwright has the power to reveal what is personally his in a plausible and purposeful way, it can be said to be worthwhile, particularly in the environment of educational or experimental theater. With this fear overcome, Thursday's General was produced.

¹Clayton M. Hamilton, The Theory of the Theatre and Other Principles of Dramatic Criticism (New York, 1939), p. 240.

The Creative Impulse

According to Frank McNullan, "The creative impulse is possessed by everyone and finds expression in everyone."² In drama this creative impulse tries to say something about life--some truth, some characteristic that will reveal to the audience something about themselves. McNullan adds that "to be creative is to be godlike and, at the same time, to express the relationship between God and man. It is a source of deep spiritual satisfaction."³

Thursday's General is this kind of creation, not in perfection by any means, but from a stimulation emanating from life important enough to the author to be put in print, to be played on the stage, and to be subjected to the critics.

How Does A Play Begin?

How does a play begin? Is it born out of inspiration? Is it induced by some set of experiences? Is it the conceptualization of an idea? There is no doubt that Thursday's General comes out of the author's world. It represents things that are seen, felt, and believed by the author. It is hardly inspired. But perhaps it is the conceptualization of an idea that has been induced by the author's personal experiences. Therefore, it is a part of the author's life and as such makes it very difficult to determine its beginning, since each experience is relative to all other experiences.

²Frank McNullan, The Director's Handbook (Hemden, Connecticut, 1964), p. 9.

³McNullan, p. 9.

More than an idea, however, Thursday's General is a story-- a story meant to be played on the stage. The story is the first element of a play. Aristotle insisted that the story or plot is the first and most important thing in writing a play.⁴ He further added that the playwright must construct a series of incidents that complete a story, e.g., a story that has a beginning, middle, and end.

Thematic Concept of the Play

Thursday's General is an attempt at writing a religious play through symbolic images, and as such, developed from the current "God is dead" theory adopted by some secular Christians today. This theory has been expounded in different ways and many people are not sure exactly what is meant by "God is dead." The simplest way to describe it is to say that what most proponents mean by the term "God is dead" is that God does not exist in the way most people have conceived that he exists. The God in which most people believe is in truth actually dead; he is alive only out of their own determination to anthropomorphize him in terms of human experience. Any attempt to explain God is always set to its own destruction because God is inexplorable, and if he exists at all, it is by his own terms and not by ours. God exists only in terms of faith, which he himself gives, and in that faith alone is there any assurance of his existence.⁵ This could perhaps be shown by

⁴Aristotle, On Poetry and Style, trans. G.M.A. Grube (New York, 1958), p. 16.

⁵Paul Van Buren, The Secular Meaning of the Gospel (New York, 1963), pp. 75-76.

the child who believes that God looks like a gentle old man with a long white beard and a forgiving nature. As the child grows older his image of God may disappear without endangering the belief that he has in the existence of God. This is made possible by the fact that the child's faith was held intact throughout the ordeal of witnessing his "God's death."

In its story, Thursday's General describes such a belief. The characters in the play first believe that they could not survive without the existence of the General as they have known him. They live for him, fight for him, are even willing to die for him. When they are in trouble they believe that he will come and save them. And they are just as convinced that if their General is dead, there can be no hope for them either. It is only when they discover that the General has been dead for years that they realize he existed to them solely out of their own faithfulness to him and not through any actual physical presence. This discovery about faith momentarily shatters their image of the General. What they don't realize is that the General is alive in their faith in others. In Thursday's General the General is made alive first by one who speaks in his place and then by the General's children and followers who carry on as if the General were alive.

Christianity has never had any assurance that God exists other than through those who have been willing to carry his word, or in the case of Christ, follow the example of one who called himself the Son of God, knew his Father, and kept his word. History over and over again has witnessed the death of God only

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to find him living again in the faith of men. Even the Christian symbol of the cross relates the story of a God who dies and yet lives in the faithfulness of men who will not accept his death under any means.⁶

Obviously to attempt to say all this in a single one-act play is bound to penetrate only slightly beneath the surface of the theme. Anyone who tries to carry the symbolism too far will be led into blind alleys, for every symbol has its breaking point, and those presented in Thursday's General are no exception. Let only this one truth remain: God is dead, yet he lives.

There is, however, a question as to whether this theme is successfully conveyed to the audience. Only a theologian or perhaps a particularly astute student might conceivably draw the relationship between the "God is dead" controversy and the central idea of Thursday's General. Out of a group of thirty-three oral communication students who were given the requirement of seeing the three one-act plays and then writing a review of each play, only two mentioned that the play, Thursday's General might have some kind of religious meaning. Of these only one referred directly to God or Christ as being symbolically represented in the General or his son. The others ran the gamut of interpreting the play in terms of "the importance of believing in something," or that "freedom is the most important thing in life," or that the play "has no meaning at all."

It is difficult to know how important it is to convey in the script in some obvious and unmistakable way the meaning of

⁶Gustaf Aulen, The Faith of the Christian Church (Philadelphia, 1948), pp. 105-114.

the play. Some playwrights are fairly specific as to the meaning of their plays, or at least provide strong clues which the director may take as a significant statement of meaning. Others are less apparent, only barely hinting with hidden phrases, images, and symbols the suggested meaning. For instance, Death of a Salesman may have the clue to its entire meaning in the line, "He had the wrong dreams. All, all wrong . . . He never knew who he was."⁷ Is it possible that by missing that one line the point of the whole play might be lost?

Furthermore, it might be added that among the avant-garde it is popular to have meaningless dialogue which through action alone says what needs to be said. But frequently that very meaninglessness is the theme the playwright wishes to convey.

It is not the intention of the playwright of Thursday's General to hide the meaning of the play; in fact, to him the symbolic action of the theme is clearly stated.

In describing the condition of the world the playwright sees it as a corrupt world which through its own diabolical powers enslaves mankind. It is virtually a prison from which he cannot escape, unless of course, there is someone outside to whom he can turn, someone who has the power to save him. The thing that allows man to tolerate and someday overcome that imprisonment is his faith that there is someone who can save him. From the very beginning of time, all men, of all religions, have held this view in some form or another.⁸

⁷Arthur Miller, Death of a Salesman, ed. John Gassner, in A Treasury of the Theatre (New York, 1953), p. 1098.

⁸Erich Voehringer, Christianity and Other World Religions (Philadelphia, 1967).

It is when God dies that this dream for escape is shattered. As Borkov says of the General, "God, if he's dead we're all lost." The desire to be free does not depend on God, only its realization. Gelinka expresses this with his comment:

Besides, whether the General is alive or dead, I for one am not satisfied with this place. No execution for me. I'd rather die attempting to escape. Are you with me?

But that's the whole point. Death is the only out. The prisoners can try to escape but they are fully aware that they will probably die doing so. The prison, the cruel captain of the guards, the thick walls, the lack of any kind of real plan, or the fact that they cannot really accomplish much "outside" even if they could escape, are all written in the play.

Granted, this is not a very optimistic view. The fact that many people see the world through rose-colored glass is natural. They are not philosophers and are quite willing to accept things as they are without questioning their existence. Anna, the young servant girl knows this, and it prompts her to say:

Everything is regulated. The people are like dumb animals. Worse than that, they are prisoners like yourselves. Only difference is they don't know it.

The prisoners have staked everything on the living existence of their General. What happens if the General is dead? Is everything lost? For the prisoners it at first seems so. Everything depends on the General. "It is the General who makes things happen," says Gelinka halfway through the play. Thus all hope goes with the General. When the prisoners learn of the death of General Nekrasov through the one man who witnessed

his death, Gordova speaks for the group when he says, "This is it, then. Now it's all over."

But is it over? Who was the General anyway? As it develops in the play, what was thought to be the General was someone else. And those events of real significance were still accomplished, but now by one other than the General--someone who spoke his words, gave his commands, lived in his place.

Upon this realization the play ends. The General lives through his words which always give direction. No incident, not even the news of his death can block out this directive through his word. Christ said it long ago when he proclaimed, "Heaven and earth shall pass away; but my Word shall not pass away."⁹ Another man believed it, and it prompted him to say:

The Word of God is Living and Powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing to the division of soul and spirit, of joints and marrow, and discerning the thoughts and intentions of the heart.¹⁰

Director's Interpretation

Did Thursday's General actually succeed in bringing this message to the stage? Did the truth of a "living word" emerge from the death of General Nekrasov and into the lives of Zuskoff and his followers? If the playwright himself can judge by what he saw in Mr. Climenhaga's rendition of Thursday's General, it would seem that the play was properly interpreted. Reducing the stage to the bare necessities of existence, the ruthlessness of

⁹The Holy Bible, Revised Standard Version, Matthew 24:35.

¹⁰The Holy Bible, Hebrews 4:12.

the captain who holds their fate in his hands, and perhaps most of all the building of the scene following the death of Gorshek, all these reflected the proper mood, style, and interpretation of the play. There was never any question in the playwright's mind that Mr. Climenhaga had anything less than the correct interpretation of Thursday's General.

Three Problems of Transition

Few changes were made in the script, but some of those which were made are significant of mention. First there was the problem of lines. It was soon discovered that some lines did not lend themselves to constant action among the characters. It should be a lesson to the beginning playwright to read aloud and walk through all parts of the play during the writing process. In silent reading the play may read well. To the author this was the case. However, with action many lines were found to be stiff, formal, and inconsistent. Most of these were easily changed by the director and playwright, thus serving to strengthen the belief that whenever possible the playwright should be on hand during the rehearsals of the play for consultation. The whole death scene of Gorshek was substantially improved by the changing of a few lines. The need for these changes was discovered by the director, and together with the playwright, alterations were made. By so doing the credibility of this crucial scene was greatly enhanced.

Characterization presented another problem. The director inquired of the playwright as to who the leader of the group of three prisoners is: Gordova, Borkov, or Gelinka. Since Borkov

is a weakling, it is obviously not he. The confusion then was between Gordova and Gelinka. It would seem that Gelinka is the leader because he is an officier; by appearance he seems to take charge. But to the director, Gordova is the natural leader by nature of his character. This confusion was created in the process of rewriting the play, and again is something the beginning playwright has to take into consideration. Characterization was not always consistent. In the earlier development of the play Gordova was the intentional leader; in fact Gelinka was a very weak character who forced Gordova to take charge. When later rewriting part of the play, the characters were changed. What the director pointed out to the playwright was evidence of this earlier characterization which unintentionally carried over in the new characters of Gelinka and Gordova. This problem was never really resolved.

The third and final problem area worth mentioning here was the discussion that transpired between the playwright and the director concerning the ending of the play. It was originally intended that the play should be open-ended. The playwright believed that at the time the gun shots are heard and the prisoners are seen waiting with anticipation for something to happen, the play should end leaving the audience uncertain as to whether or not the prisoners are actually rescued. The playwright maintained that in actuality this is always the essence of faith; there always remains the possibility that there is no one "outside" who is able to rescue them. What may greet them at the door could perhaps be their captor. The prisoners believe that a

rescuer will appear at the door, but their faith continues to be "the assurance of things hoped for, the conviction of things not seen."¹¹

The director, on the other hand, had a different perspective. From the point of view of drama, the open-ended play was a poor choice. The Aristotelian concept of a beginning, middle, and end was not present; the play kept the audience hanging and anticipating something which never was going to happen. Occasionally an open-ended play is successful, but to the director it did not seem right for Thursday's General. From the point of view of faith the director also looked upon the matter differently. He was concerned with the object of faith rather than the nature of faith. Obviously the object of the prisoner's faith was rescue, even though the nature of faith is the conviction of things not seen.

The playwright agreed that both of these interpretations were correct. It was the nature of faith that was originally intended, but it was the object of faith that won out for the sake of the play. However, unless tried differently, there is no way of knowing whether or not audience reaction would have been different had the original ending been used.

Style of the Play

A word must also be said about the style of the play. Style may be defined as the kind of treatment intended by the author

¹¹The Holy Bible, Hebrews 11:1.

or given by the director to a play.¹² Thursday's General was written to be performed in a realistic or a simplified realistic style, either of which is needed to portray the outer reality of the plot. Much of this reality can be accomplished by suggestivism, a technique almost made mandatory in the Purple Masque Theater with its modified thrust and almost central staging. The illusion of a real prison, the physical condition of the prisoners, the death of Gorshek, all need to be realistically performed on the stage.

It would be a mistake, however, to think of Thursday's General as a realistic play. Actually it is a symbolic play, at times abstract and motivational in its search for a greater truth. For instance, the captain might symbolize evil, Borkov greed, Zuskoff a Christ-figure, Anna virtue, the prison earth, and so on. The entire play drives toward a greater truth than could probably be realistically presented on the stage. Many of the things said and done in the play are not normal human behavior. The play supposedly proves that faith will win out. It is not surprising then that those who did not see beyond the outer realism may have thought of the play as unoriginal and similar in certain respects to many "B movies" and television "mission impossibles." Perhaps the symbolic nature of the play was not obvious enough, but its presence can hardly be denied.

Gordon Craig was one of the first to advocate the unifying of all elements of theater to create an integrated impact upon

¹²John Dietrich, Play Direction (Englewood Cliffs, N.J., 1953), p. 394.

the audience.¹³ In Thursday's General the outer realism and inner symbolism must be integrated to form a single style compatible to a singular unified structure.

The One-Act Play

According to Milton Smith, "a program of one-act plays usually provides a greater variety of interesting problems in acting and production than one long play."¹⁴ These problems are also present for the playwright. The problems of plausibility, purpose, and continuity of structure are as serious in the one-act (perhaps even more so) as they are in the longer play. Thursday's General tries to mix traditional ideas with those more adventurous in the hope that it will succeed in presenting living characters and a living truth to the stage.

The Playwright and Educational Theater

It may be true that "dramatic talent is born, not made,"¹⁵ but in educational and experimental theater this talent is not the primary concern. Thus whether or not Thursday's General is the result of dramatic talent is of little importance when considering its value as an educational and personally satisfying experience to its playwright. The dramatist learns first of all that he must succeed in projecting characters to have a good play. Furthermore, he must tell an interesting story through

¹³Helen Krich Chinoy, "The Emergence of the Director," Directors on Directing, ed. Toby Cole and Helen Chinoy (New York, 1963), p. 41.

¹⁴Milton Smith, Play Production (New York, 1948), p. 29.

¹⁵Hamilton, p. 317.

his dialogue. And perhaps most important of all, his play must have a high emotional effect upon the audience, which is possibly the greatest function he can perform for the theater. All these things can be done without artificiality, for life itself provides all that is required for an interesting play. This is why bringing life to the stage is of utmost importance to the playwright, for when he has succeeded in this, he has provided that which is most interesting to those who have come to see his play.

ON DIRECTING NO SUNRISE TOMORROW AND MOTHER LOVE AND APPLE PIE

The Role of the Director

Another way of bringing life to the stage is through the art of directing. A good director has to be a technician-artist, a diplomat, and an organizer. He has to have the imagination to see the play as a whole, and at the same time he has to see it in all of its parts. He has to work well with his actors, designers, and technical aids, and through them has to conceive the vision he has for his play. He must be able to share his ideas and to communicate with his technical staff. In the working out of the action, as well as in the interpretation of the lines, the director must know the goal he wants to achieve. He is at times both a dictator and an expert diplomat, who knows how to listen to the advice of others. In short, he is perhaps the most pivotal person in the production; through his imagination alone, he is responsible for determining the successfulness of bringing life to the stage.

It is the director who determines positions on the stage, timing, and the interpretation of lines. It is the director who must have a sense of dramatic movement, a sense of the dramatic values in a play, and the ability to picture the total performance. He has to be cautious not to just manipulate actors or just interpret lines. These tasks are important, but above them lies the director's ability to provide dramatic unity--total dramatic unity. All of this so that life can be brought to the stage.¹⁶

¹⁶Dietrich, p. 272.

The beginning director stands in awe in face of the responsibility he has undertaken. Suddenly whatever experience this director had in the way of acting or playwriting seemed to contribute little to the assignment ahead of him. The burden now suddenly rested on the ultimate ability of the director, not the actors or the playwright.

In directing No Sunrise Tomorrow and Mother Love and Apple Pie, the obstacles which stood before the director seemed insurmountable. Original plays by inexperienced playwrights, too many inexperienced and young actors, inadequate staging and lighting facilities heaped upon his own inexperience, decreased the possibilities for any kind of successful performance.

In spite of all this, directing these two original one-act plays was an extremely gratifying experience, perhaps more valuable than this writer could have ever imagined. The remaining pages of this essay relate the specifics of these experiences in terms of the two plays involved.

The Script

The first step of the director is to read the script carefully and thoughtfully and if possible to condense the point or meaning of the play into one topic sentence.¹⁷ For instance, No Sunrise Tomorrow is a serious play about the generation gap in the setting of a present-day Indian reservation. Mother Love and Apple Pie is a farcical comedy that is much ado about nothing concerning the relationship of two boys, two Bonnie and Clyde

¹⁷John Cassner, Producing the Play (New York, 1953), pp. 212-219.

type gangsters in their seventies, and one very old car. This condensation was not difficult to determine in either of these plays. The next step was to discover how the rest of the action contributed to these central ideas, and how each piece of action is related to the climax of the play.

It is interesting to note that with the reading of each play, it was decided that certain changes in the scripts were necessary. Some of these changes became more obvious during rehearsals. No Sunrise Tomorrow was too long and needed extensive cutting and perhaps rewriting. Unfortunately this director chose to make only minor alterations in the script because he feared there would not be sufficient time for more elaborate changes. As it turned out, the play was too long and could have been more impressive with appropriate cuts.

Mother Love and Apple Pie revealed just the opposite after being read. The play needed something extra. It was too short. The director decided to add a scene to highlight the comic farcical action of the play and to give greater impetus to its climax. Fortunately it was possible to create this scene without the use of dialogue, the entire scene involving only action on the part of the actors. With this insertion there is some question as to whether the scene was in total harmony with the rest of the play. To some critics it may have seemed only a slap-stick interlude after which the play resumed action. This director does not think so, however, and holds to his decision to insert the scene.

Interpretation

Secondly, the director is very much concerned about the meaning of the play. Frequently this meaning can come by studying the life of the playwright or the period in which the play was written.¹⁸ In No Sunrise Tomorrow and Mother Love and Apple Pie, neither of these proved helpful. This director relied almost entirely upon the scripts for clues to their meaning. Neither of these plays was, however, difficult to understand since for the most part they relied on conventional means for their structure.

No Sunrise Tomorrow is a serious play and might be classified as a modern tragedy. It is a simple story of a young Indian man who wants to leave his primitive and backward reservation and try his luck in the "white man's world." Satisfied he has made the right choice, John returns to persuade his father, mother, and sister to join him in his new-found happiness. Failing to persuade his parents, he succeeds only in taking his sister away from the reservation, but in so doing inflicts banishment upon himself and his sister and humiliation upon his father. All this action occurs before the play starts. The play itself is but a series of flashbacks into these events. In reality the play takes place in an Indian burial ground where, by taking his own life, the father of the young man is preparing to regain the honor lost by his son's disobedience. The play thus ends in his tragic death without any conciliation between him and his son. Each scene in the play tells of the events which led to the departure

¹⁸John Dolman, The Art of Play Production (New York, 1946), pp. 76-77.

of his son and daughter and through their enactment gives rise to the meaning of the play.

To determine the meaning of No Sunrise Tomorrow it was necessary for the director to know the nature of the conflict involved. This is not a play about the death of an old Indian chief, nor is it just about youthful rebellion. The tragedy is really neither of these. Rather the theme of the play centers more on the idea that human values are often in contradiction to each other, and in our fight for these values we frequently sacrifice those we love. John sees the need for change, the need to go to new and better things. He rejects the past and all it stands for because to him the past has only served to bring hardships and needless restrictions to his people. John says he loves his people and wants to help them, but in the end he is concerned more with breaking the chains of the past than he is about his people. Yustan on the other hand sees no future outside of tribal traditions and past glories. He stubbornly resists any suggestion of change. The tragedy then is that tradition and ritual are allowed to lay waste the lives of others. The result of this conflict is that neither John or Yustan win; both of their values are laid to waste. John succeeds in bringing about change but loses the value of his spiritual heritage. His world is entirely materialistic. On the other hand, Yustan has the glories of the past together with his sacred laws, but his turns out to be a world without substance.

Coming from a university student of today's generation, it is not difficult to see that Carolyn Kaberline is indicating one

of the problems the two participants of the generation gap are facing. On one side there is spiritual heritage without relevance, on the other materialism without any direction. This play, however, may already be dated, for there seems to be even a third generation coming along to spread the gap. This new generation is tired of the conflict and has formed a new existentialism that seeks neither spirituality nor materialism. The question for them is do they have anything left to seek?

Mother Love and Apple Pie is a different sort of play altogether. It can be argued whether or not it takes the generation gap situation any less lightly than the previous play, but it cannot be denied that it confronts the problem with a less painful instrument: satire. At the same time it is difficult to say whether or not Mother Love and Apple Pie was intended to have any meaning at all. Granted, during the course of an evening the play takes a stab at the generation gap, law and order, religion and a few lesser categories. In addition, the average spectator may see a little of himself in the free adventure of Jonathan and Howard or recall the nature of their "dear ol' dad" in the blustery father. Someone might remember when watching the humorous Bunny and Leroy that sometimes the best laid enterprises of life can fall astray, and the observer might suspect that if such a couple is not successful by the age of seventy, crime most certainly does not pay.

But Mother Love and Apple Pie is meant primarily to entertain. The generation gap is closed and all things forgiven with a little love, and the play ends. It is possible to go too far

in attempting to attach meaning to a play like this one. Mary Anna Lowe wanted to entertain her audience, and she succeeded in writing a very funny play. Too much deep thinking can only spoil the outcome of her play. What was important for the director in this play was to make it as funny as possible. In this case it would seem that the theme of the play was secondary to its purpose. If a theme is needed for Mother Love and Apple Pie, let it be said: crime pays, but not for the one who commits it. To this, give comedy and a happy ending, and you have the essence of the play.

Observing the Elements of Character

Studying the script and interpreting the play are only part of the director's task in bringing life to the stage. In order to create life he must be an observer of life, keenly aware of all the elements of character. In the words of John Dietrich:

Since drama is derived from human conduct, the director must be a student of life. He must be a keen observer. Every experience, whether overt or vicarious, must be carefully stored for future reference. The wealth of his knowledge of the human being in any and all situations can be used again and again to bring the playwright's meanings to the audience.¹⁹

Characterization has to be studied in two ways. First you have to study the character from the inside, looking for those things that motivate action. Yustan and his son John in No Sunrise Tomorrow are studied in this way. Much of what drives these men cannot be observed from the outside. Secondly, the director wants to observe character from the outside, in order

¹⁹Dietrich, p. 65.

to see the action patterns that make people unique. If the stage is to be alive, each character must come alive. To the audience each character must appear to be real, alive and sensitive. In both of these plays the director tried to make the characters real within the limits of the play. The shyness of Tawanka and the arrogance of Luta in No Sunrise Tomorrow were products of character study. No line in the script said they had to be this way. The innocence mixed with devilishness in the character of Howard in Mother Love and Apple Pie and the domineering relationship of Leroy to Bunny are equally the result of character study.

Each character has to be authentic within the scope of the play. This does not mean that there might actually be a couple of gangsters like Bunny and Leroy, but they still have to be real within the limits of that particular play. If at any time within those bounds the character is not real, his actions are not authentic, and the audience will be quick to detect such an error.

One of the most interesting characters to see develop in No Sunrise Tomorrow was that of Luta, the medicine-man. Each night of rehearsal brought to the director's mind new developments in character. The question was frequently raised as to whether Luta should be cold and aloof, as one might conceive a medicine man to be, or should he display warmth and love to Yustan who has been his friend and comrad since childhood. What eventually emerged was a combination of the two, for his character seemed to contain both of these qualities. Every character in both

plays had to be unique in his own development. The director viewed it as absolutely crucial to a live performance.

The Director and the Stage Design (Style)

Whether or not the director has the task of designing the set himself, he considers the set design as an essential element in creating a unified production, and considers its development as one of his more important responsibilities.

In No Sunrise Tomorrow the technique of space staging was used, set in the style of selective realism.²⁰ The stage was actually kept quite simple. Small platforms were used to set off different areas from each other. As the actors never left the stage, the use of lighting was of extreme importance in showing when an actor was in or out of a particular scene. (These areas are described in more detail in Section Three.)

It can be noted that at the beginning of development for planning the set for this play, a much more elaborate setting was visualized in the mind of the director. It was his original intention to make the set much more realistic, using a backdrop with painted scenery and other more realistic stage properties. It was soon learned that such realism is difficult to achieve in the Purple Masque Theater. In the first place, it is nearly an arena theater with audience very close on three sides. Outdoor realism is difficult to achieve under normal circumstances; on the arena it would have been almost impossible. The only suggestions of realism in No Sunrise Tomorrow were

²⁰W. David Sievers, Directing for the Theatre (Dubuque, Iowa, 1961), p. 47.

the burial rack, the fire, and the costumes and props themselves. Mood was created almost entirely through lighting effects and the movement of the actors. The use of selective realism with space staging turned out to be a wise choice since the staging and lighting were two of the strong points of the production.

A completely stylized set as explained by Dolman²¹ was used for Mother Love and Apple Pie. This play had to be stylized in order to establish the proper mood. The danger, however, here was to create too much detail in the set design. The brightly colored scenery and the cardboard car were very much characteristic of this particular play, consistent in every way with its theme and intent. One of the difficulties encountered was to carry the idea of stylization throughout the entire production. Concern was given to the possibility that the set was more stylized than was the acting. This is not necessarily a fault, but it was at times disturbing. The director soon discovered how easy it is to slip from stylization into realism, particularly when dealing with the actors. What was intended in Mother Love and Apple Pie was to accentuate the unreality of the situation and to encourage the spirit of comedy.

The Actor and Acting

Finally the director is concerned about the actor and acting. The director must always see the actor as the center

²¹Dolman, pp. 308-310.

of attention in any play. He knows that with the proper use of blocking, through positioning and movement, the audience's attention can be properly focused on the actors without unnecessary loss of attention. The director knows that it is the actor who will ultimately make his production a success; he is the director's most valuable resource. Like an artist moving his brush across the canvas the director moves the actors on the stage. Blocking is necessary because the actor cannot see himself. Nor can the actor always put himself in proper balance with the other actors without suitable directions from someone who has better perspective.²²

In this director's opinion the actor must be an artist. It has already been said that there is something of the creator in everyone. The amount of this creativeness will vary from individual to individual, and this amount may very well determine whether or not a particular actor has potential. But the director seeks to bring out these potentialities, these qualities in each of his actors, no matter how much of an artist he is. In turn this will also be a test of the director's artistry as he strives to achieve the best performance from his actors.

In 10 Sunrise Tomorrow and Mother Love and Apple Pie there was a wide range of experience among the actors. Several of the younger actors had no more than high school experience. On the other hand there were a few who had performed in numerous college level productions. Each of these actors had to be treated as an individual, each with his own potential. It is no doubt "good

²²Sievers, pp. 78-85.

theater" to say that all things are done for the good of the performance. In the context of educational theater, this director, however, frequently felt that the greatest satisfaction was felt in observing the progress and achievements among the younger actors. A director should never forget the influence he has on the actors and the tremendous responsibility he has in the development of their talent.

It was extremely satisfying to know that among the best performers in the two plays were five freshmen actors, new to the university stage. Naturally, much of the credit goes to these actors themselves. But to have been partly responsible in that accomplishment was perhaps one of the greatest rewards of directing these two plays.

The Continuous Task of the Director

The task of the director goes on in many other areas not mentioned herein. Those things which reveal understanding of a play to a director are perhaps endless. Above all to be remembered is the fact that the director's interpretation is the controlling and integrating factor for the production. The directing, acting, ground plan, setting, costumes, make-up, lighting, and music of a production ultimately represent the purpose and meaning that a director gives to the play. He must be true to the script and honest to his audience, and at the same time, he must be fair to his cast and crews.

Whatever might have been said before, this director knows that there is no absolute interpretive formula, system, or procedure which can be followed to assure a successful performance.

In experimental theater none of the proven techniques may be completely useful. In such a situation the director must rely on his instincts and whatever artistic ability he might possess. With this knowledge in mind he creates life on the stage.

SECTION TWO

MANUSCRIPTS FOR THURSDAY'S GENERAL

A ONE-ACT PLAY BY DAVID GIESCHEN

THURSDAY'S GENERAL

A Play in One Act

by

David Gieschen

* Original Manuscript *

CAST OF CHARACTERS

FIRST JAILER

SECOND JAILER

CAPTAIN NICHOLOVICH in command of the prison

GORDOVA a prisoner

BORKOV a prisoner

GELINKA a prisoner

GORSHEK a wounded prisoner

ANNA

ZUSKOFF a prisoner

THE TIME: The present.

THE PLACE: A prison cell in the Balkan city of Borshtav.

THE SETTING: It is civil war. The scene takes place in an antiquated prison cell. As the curtain rises the stage is in darkness. Only the sound of keys unlocking a series of prison doors can be heard. Finally the door at the top of a stairway along the back outer wall is opened and two jailers enter, one carries a lantern and has the keys; the other carries blankets. The jailer carrying the lantern is considerably older than the other, by about 20 years. It is obvious that the older jailer outranks the younger. As it is a military jail, they are in uniform, yet their appearance is not neat. They descend the stairs into an area reserved for the guards. Here there is a single desk and chair. The first jailer lights a candle on the desk and proceeds to unlock the main cell door. He has great difficulty getting the key to work in the lock, only to discover that the door was unlocked. Opening the door the jailers enter the main cell, which is old and very much like a dungeon.

The room has only one window high on the wall. In the cell there are three wooden bunks without mattresses, a table and three wooden chairs. Four lamps on the wall light the room together with a single candle on the table. The jailer with the lantern begins to light the lamps on the wall while the other jailer sets the blankets down on the bunk.

FIRST JAILER

The lock is jammed. Fix it!

SECOND JAILER

This whole damn place is falling apart. It's the rust.

FIRST JAILER
(Counting blankets.)
Six blankets? I told you to get eight.

SECOND JAILER
That's the last of the blankets. They'll have to draw lots to see who gets them.

FIRST JAILER
The prison has never been so full. Look at this cell. It hasn't been used in fifty years.

SECOND JAILER
(Working on lock.)
Yeh, and executions every Thursday, too. They should skip the trials, then they might keep up.

FIRST JAILER
The trials are necessary. People are always watching...does it turn?

SECOND JAILER
A little.
(Pausing.)
It'll be done soon.

FIRST JAILER
The lock?

SECOND JAILER
No, the war.

FIRST JAILER
Who says? It started before I can remember. I see no end to it.

SECOND JAILER
The minister of way says...

FIRST JAILER
(Completing sentence of second jailer.)
...the enemy is crushed, the enemy is beaten, the enemy is dead. Yet day after day they keep coming. There's no end to it.

SECOND JAILER
Blast this lock!

FIRST JAILER
Here, let me try. The captain won't be happy if he gets here and the cell can't be used. It'll mean executions out of schedule. And you know how the captain is about schedules.
(Pausing.)
Can't understand it.

The lock?

SECOND JAILER

No. That last battle.

FIRST JAILER

What do you mean?

SECOND JAILER

THE PRISONERS. Don't they seem different to you? The way they act. They seem to know something. They don't act like the others.

FIRST JAILER

YOU'RE CRAZY. I haven't noticed anything.

SECOND JAILER

THEY'RE NOT AFRAID LIKE THE EARLY ONES. They know they're going to die, but they're not afraid.

FIRST JAILER

LOOK AT THEM ON THURSDAY. They'll be afraid.

SECOND JAILER

I'VE HEARD SEVERAL TALKING. They say their General will save them.

FIRST JAILER

GENERAL NEKRASOV? Just talk to bolster courage. I still say it's almost over. Reports are that thousands fled after the last battle, and there was even one rumor that General Nekrasov was killed. If that's true, the civil war is over for sure.

SECOND JAILER

THE LOOK IN THE PRISONER'S FACES SHOWS HOPE. I don't believe General Nekrasov is dead.

FIRST JAILER

THE EXECUTIONER WILL TAKE CARE OF THEIR FACES.
(Door opening at top of stairs is heard.)
THE CAPTAIN IS COMING. The lock?

SECOND JAILER

IT'S TURNING...THERE, AT LAST.

FIRST JAILER

IN THE NICK OF TIME, I'D SAY.

SECOND JAILER

THE CAPTAIN stands outside the cell door. He is flawlessly dressed in his uniform. He is in his thirties and is the type who runs things by the book.

CAPTAIN

You, corporal, bring in the prisoners. The guard is expecting you.

SECOND JAILER

Yes, captain.

CAPTAIN

And you, sergeant, is the cell in order?
(Captain inspects the cell.)

FIRST JAILER

As well as can be expected, captain. It's an old cell for sure, but I'd say it'll keep them alright...at least until Thursday.

CAPTAIN

It's unfortunate we have to use this old prison, but it's just a temporary measure. You'll see to it that it holds them.

The CAPTAIN feels the damp stones and looks up at the only window in the room. The light from the window is focused directly on him. His mind seems to wander for a moment and then he continues.

These prisoners have had their last fight for freedom. You understand, sergeant?

FIRST JAILER

Yes, sir.

CAPTAIN

Today is already Tuesday. The mass trials are set for tomorrow as always. That means the prisoners must be interrogated tonight. Make the preparations.

FIRST JAILER

Yes, sir.

CAPTAIN

In the meantime the prisoners are to be fed. See to it that the girl in the kitchen brings enough food...such as it is.

FIRST JAILER

Yes, sir.

CAPTAIN

By the way, sergeant, one of the prisoners to be in this cell is wounded. He's to be cared for by the other prisoners since there's no room in the hospital. We think he's an aide to General Nekrasov, but we're not sure. He's unconscious and chances are he won't live. But if he comes to, he could have important information. You will notify me immediately.

Yes, captain.

FIRST JAILER

The SECOND JAILER returns with four prisoners. Two of them support the unconscious prisoner with his arms around their shoulders. They are obviously battle-worn and tired. The wounded man is placed on one of the bunks. The others look for places to sit.

SECOND JAILER
Here are the prisoners, captain.

CAPTAIN
So I see. You will remain standing please, at attention.

The prisoners are slow to react, and they are pushed in a row by the FIRST JAILER.

FIRST JAILER
You'll answer him straight or get a cuff from me.
(To Gordova.)
You, step out!
(Gordova takes one step forward.)

CAPTAIN
Name?

GORDOVA
Gordova, Petra Gordova.

CAPTAIN
Gordova is a famous name in Borshtav. Do you have family here?

GORDOVA
For you to torture? I have no family.

CAPTAIN
You're a volunteer for the rebellion.

GORDOVA
I'm a member of the Liberation Army for Freedom.

CAPTAIN
Ah, yes, the noble army of volunteers fighting for freedom and glory. What do you think of your dreams of freedom now?

GORDOVA
Do you really want to know?

CAPTAIN

No, I've heard it before. I would expect you idealists to have an answer even in this cesspool of a prison. Occupation?

GORDOVA

I was a school teacher...until I was not allowed to teach anymore.

CAPTAIN

Yes, well maybe you can find some willing listener to your tripe among your comrades here. Next.

GORDOVA is pushed back in line,
and BORKOV is motioned out.

Your name?

BORKOV

(In a gasping voice, then almost hysterically.)
Joseph Borkov. Water. We haven't had water all day.

BORKOV grabs at the CAPTAIN and
the SECOND JAILER strikes him.
He falls back sobbing.

You've got to get us water. We need food.

(He goes on volunteering information as if it
might help.)

I worked in the mill. It was a good job while it lasted. But one by one we were replaced by party members. A man can't live without work...My family? What happened to my family?

CAPTAIN

Food and water will be the least of your worries here. By Thursday you'll hope for life and nothing more.

BORKOV

My family?

CAPTAIN

How should I know your family. Where do they live?

BORKOV

They live in...

GELINKA

Be quiet, Joseph! They'll kill your family.

CAPTAIN

We are not barbarians. Who are you?

BORKOV steps back in line and
GELINKA steps out.

GELINKA

Illya Gelinka.

CAPTAIN

You're an officer, aren't you?

GELINKA is silent. FIRST
JAILER strikes him but he
still does not answer.

It doesn't matter. You look like an officer. You should have some very interesting things to say later. You're a professional soldier I would guess.

GELINKA

I studied law. But that was a laugh, you see. There is no more law, except the law of the mob and the gun. The law has been twisted and turned by you madmen until it is worthless.

CAPTAIN

It is reform.

GELINKA

Yes, reform. Reform the law so that each man stays in his place. Keep the poor in their holes, blame it on the minorities, imprison the teachers and kill the legislators.

CAPTAIN

That is enough!

GELINKA

You've made this land stink. But General Nekrasov brings a breath of fresh air to the people. When he comes to this city, then you will know what justice is, and the word will burn on your tongue.

CAPTAIN

Justice is always determined by those who rule. We have justice, as you will see. And we rule by it. Your justice is out of date. You must not compare the future with the past.

GELINKA

It will be different.

CAPTAIN

For you there is no future. As for your General...he is reported to be dead.

GELINKA

He is not dead.

CAPTAIN

If not, he'll be taken soon.

GORDOVA

Wait and see.

GELINKA

He'll come soon.

CAPTAIN

I pity you because you do not understand our way of life.

BORKOV

We understand alright. We've seen you butcher!

CAPTAIN

It was we who started the rebellion, not you. It is our way. We foster rebellion and then crush it. That is the secret of our strength. Finally there will no longer be those with the stomach for rebellion. Like Borkov here. Already his stomach thinks of other things.

BORKOV

I'm over that. You've put a new taste in my mouth.

CAPTAIN

In a few short days there will be peace. You would be wise to cooperate with us. We have reason to believe that you four were on a special mission when we surprised your camp. Tonight you will give us that information.

GORDOVA

We have no information.

GELINKA

You'll be wasting your time.

CAPTAIN

Your cause is lost. You would be wise to join us. Stop this bloodshed so we can have peace.

GELINKA

What is peace without freedom and hope.

CAPTAIN

Very well, you will change your mind.

(He walks over to the wounded man, sees that he is still unconscious, and walks back to the other men.)

You better tend to him. I suspect he won't live the night. You'll have to make do with the blankets and beds. You see, we're overcrowded here. The main prison is full...it's only temporary.

CAPTAIN and FIRST JAILER leave. FIRST JAILER motions to SECOND JAILER to lock the door and take his position below the stairs where he stands guard. CAPTAIN and FIRST JAILER exit.

The prisoners break their formation. BORKOV slumps into the chair at the table. GELINKA and GORDOVA find their way to the beds. BORKOV suddenly realizes that all the beds are now taken.

BORKOV

There aren't enough beds.

GELINKA

We'll take turns. Right now let's just rest where we are.

BORKOV

Will they bring us something to eat?

GORDOVA

It'll be our last meal, I'm afraid. If we don't give in to them they'll kill us.

BORKOV

You mean execution? They can't kill all of us. Surely not all of us?

GELINKA

You heard the captain. By Thursday we'll hope for life and nothing else. It'll be execution.

BORKOV

O God, no! My family.

(The wounded prisoner moans.)

What about him?

GORDOVA

(Gets up from the bunk and crosses over to the wounded man.)

He's had a sharp blow on the head and has a high fever. If they want him alive, why don't they take care of him?

GELINKA

I suspect things are worse here than we think. They have more of their own wounded than they want to admit or they'd put him in a hospital. Will he die?

GORDOVA

Looks bad.

BORKOV

He was the general's best friend and confidant. He walked right into the ambush. Poor fool.

GELINKA

He might be the lucky one. God, that was awful. They ran right over us. What a helpless feeling.

GORDOVA

It's as if we were a part of the enemy. Watching our own men go down.

BORKOV

But it looked like most of our men got away. Don't you think so?

GELINKA

We must hope so. What about the old farm house where the general...

GORDOVA

It took a direct hit. But I'm not sure the general was in it.

BORKOV

Only Gorshek was permitted to see the general. And he came from the house with the general's orders. God, if he's dead we're lost.

GORDOVA

I don't believe he's dead.

BORKOV

Even if he isn't dead, we've sure botched things up. His plans depended on our getting into the city. Even if he is alive his plan can't work without our preparations in the city.

GELINKA

Not so loud. The guard will hear.

GORDOVA

Joseph is right. If our army survived they will go through with the plan. They have no way of knowing we've been captured.

GELINKA

I'm sure the general has thought of that. It's more important for us to know if he's alive. If he is alive, there is hope. Do you know for sure the general was in the house?

BORKOV

No one sees the general, you know that. Too many want to kill him. Only Gorshek is trusted. He was the last man to see the general, and I think they were in the house together.

GELINKA
You're not sure?

BORKOV
No.

GORDOVA
Then there's a chance.

BORKOV
The house was demolished.

GORDOVA
It's hard to believe he's dead.

GELINKA
We cannot believe it. We must go on as if he were alive. We must carry out the plan to take the city.

BORKOV
O sure...from the middle of this cell. How do you propose to do that?

GELINKA
We'll get out of this cell.

BORKOV
Are you kidding? These walls must be three feet thick. And the guards...they're all over the place.

GELINKA
We must try. The general is depending on us to organize the underground. Besides, whether the general is alive or dead, I for one am not satisfied with this place. No execution for me. I'd rather die attempting to escape. Are you with me?

GORDOVA
Count me in.

BORKOV
Me too.

(Pointing to wounded man.)
But what about him? We can't carry out the plan without Gorshek. He's the only one who knows the full plan. He was to command the underground forces.

GORDOVA
Joseph's right. We can't do it without Gorshek.

GELINKA
We'll do the best we can. Perhaps he will come to and can tell us what to do.

BORKOV

Then he can also tell us about the general.

GELINKA

Now we must make plans. It's late and I'm sure they have other ideas for us. We can't risk being tortured. They might make one of us talk. We must escape now.

GORDOVA

Shh! Someone's coming.

ANNA enters through the door at the top of the stairs. She has a pail of food for the prisoners, carries some plates and a canteen of water. After inspecting the food, the SECOND JAILER opens a small door for it and returns to his position at the bottom of the stairs. The girl is young and pretty, but there is a frightened and unhappy look about her.

ANNA

Here's your food.

BORKOV

At last. And water.

BORKOV rushes toward the food and water and places them on the table. They all drink from the canteen. Then GORDOVA goes over to the wounded man and wets the bandage on his head.

ANNA

You must hurry. I have other food to deliver and they don't like it if I get behind.

GORDOVA

Don't I know you? Aren't you...

ANNA

You don't know me. You must not say anything. They'll kill me if they think you know me. Please, don't say anything.

GELINKA

An old girl friend, Petra?

GORDOVA

No, I guess I was wrong.

ANNA

I'm sorry, but I must be careful. Everyone is suspected of being in with the rebels.

GORDOVA

I understand.

ANNA

The food is hot now. Eat it, then I must go.

(They sit down at the table and begin to eat the food.)

What about the wounded man?

GELINKA

He's still unconscious.

BORISOV

What's it like out there?

ANNA

The city is the same.

GELINKA

What do the people do?

ANNA

You hardly see them. They stay in their homes mostly.

GORDOVA

But how does the war affect them?

ANNA

How does the war affect anyone? It is useless.

GORDOVA

Do you believe that?

ANNA

I don't believe anything.

GELINKA

You must believe in something.

ANNA

We are taught to believe only in the system. Everything else is beaten from our minds.

GORDOVA

There will be a lot of fighting in these streets someday. What do you think of General Nekrasov?

ANNA

Why did you say that name?

GORDOVA

It's a great name.

ANNA

It is forbidden.

GORDOVA

That will not stop him from coming.

ANNA

They say he's dead. Is that true?
(Wounded prisoner moans.)

BORKOV

He knows.

GORDOVA

Shut up, Borkov!

GELINKA

He is alive. Does everyone believe the lies these butchers tell them?

ANNA

Everything is regulated. The people are like dumb animals. Worse than that, they are prisoners like yourselves. Only difference is they don't know it. The people will believe anything if it comes with food and coal.

GORDOVA

It'll be different.

ANNA

The news is still that you are losing the war and that General Nekrasov is...

(She turns away suddenly and begins to weep.)

GELINKA

You cannot say his name, but you can cry over it. Did you know him?

ANNA

I must go now. Forget about the people. They will be alive to see you die on Thursday.

BORKOV

The people must be on our side. We are fighting for them.

ANNA

They are on their own side. They're suffering. They have no hope.

GELINKA

Hope that is smashed is probably the basis of all suffering.
(Again the wounded man moans. GELINKA goes to him.)

His fever is very high. Isn't there anything we can give him?

ANNA

The medicine all goes to the front. There's not even enough drugs for the hospitals. Will he die?

GELINKA

It'll be a miracle if he doesn't.

ANNA

He'll be fortunate if he does.

BORKOV

What do you mean?

ANNA

You'll be made to talk. Tomorrow you'll be condemned and Thursday...

GORDOVA

Yes, we know.

ANNA

The captain will find your weakness. He always gets what he wants. I know. I used to clean his quarters until he got tired of me. He knows how to use you and turn you. I know.

SECOND JAILER

What's keeping you up there, girl. The others are waiting.

GORDOVA

Will you be back?

ANNA

Yes, I'll return soon for the dishes. Eat it all. You only get one meal a day. Good-by.

(ANNA exits.)

GELINKA

You knew that girl?

GORDOVA

Yes, I'm almost certain. She's General Nekrasov's daughter.

BORKOV

General Nekrasov's daughter? How? I mean, how can it be?

GORDOVA

My father and General Nekrasov were good friends. We used to visit the general's house often when I was young. The general had a daughter about my age and a younger son. I'm sure that's his daughter.

GELINKA

But how long ago was that?

GORDOVA

About ten years. But I'm still certain.

BORKOV

But isn't the general's family supposed to be safe?

GORDOVA

At the start of the revolution the general fled without his family. They were to be cared for in secret. The general didn't know this would turn into civil war. Now he has become separated from his family.

BORKOV

Something must have gone wrong or she would not be working here. The son, where is he?

GORDOVA

Don't ask me. I can only guess. He must still be in the city or else dead. The same for the general's wife.

GELINKA

She was afraid to mention her own father's name. We must get out of here.

BORKOV

Do you think she might help us. I mean, she's scared.

GORDOVA

She believes her father is dead. I could see that.

BORKOV

If only we knew the general were alive, it would be easier.

GELINKA

General or not, men should be free. But you are right, the general made things happen. Without him we would only have dreams. But for us he is alive; we must carry out our plan.

GORDOVA

Somehow freedom doesn't seem real anymore. Only the things in this prison seem real. Life is more real because it is about to be taken away. For the first time the past and the present mean nothing to me. It's the future I think about and I wonder if my future only goes until Thursday. Can we escape?

GELINKA

That's just it. Freedom still exists until we have examined all the avenues of escape.

BORKOV

Perhaps we are imagining things. We don't know the general is alive.

GELINKA

Yes, but can you believe in just nothing? Or if you believe in something will it just be what we are now and what we will be Thursday? You believe in what you want to believe. If the general is dead, then your dreams go with it. That's possible. But until Thursday, the general is alive.

BORKOV

Alright, on with it. How do we get out of here?

GELINKA

Well, this is the way I figure it. We can't dig our way out and we can't fight our way out.

BORKOV

We just walk out.

GORDOVA

Very funny.

GELINKA

Just listen. I figure there's only one chance even if it's a gamble.

GORDOVA

The girl?

GELINKA

The girl.

BORKOV

Good God, man. It's been ten years. How do you know that's Nekrasov's daughter? She won't admit it.

GORDOVA

That's right, she's too afraid.

GELINKA

She was afraid, but she seemed friendly. Besides, I don't think she is afraid, just for herself. She's protecting her family.

BORKOV

Boy, that's some gamble. She has nothing to gain by helping us, especially if she believes her father is dead.

GELINKA

It's a long shot, I know, but what else is there. We have only one more chance to see her...

GORDOVA
When she comes back for the dishes.

GELINKA
Right.
(The sound of guns is heard from a distance.)

BORKOV
Did you hear that?
(They look toward the window and then at each other.)

GORDOVA
Guns.

GELINKA
They're still fighting. We're still out there. If the plan is still in operation they will attack the city exactly fifty-six hours from the time we left camp.

BORKOV
And that'll be on Thursday...Thursday morning about sunrise.

GELINKA
Well, we have nothing to lose at least. Wednesday is just as good a day to die as Thursday.

BORKOV
How do we get the girl to help us?

GELINKA
Petra, do you think she recognized you? Does she know who you are?

GORDOVA
She must. We were good friends.

GELINKA
Then you must write her a note. Tell her who you are and tell her you know who she is. It's all or nothing. Ask her to help us. We'll have to have help from the outside, and she's the only one to get it for us. If she turns us in...well, what will we have lost?

GORDOVA takes a small pencil and piece of paper from his pocket and writes the note.

BORKOV
It makes my spine tingle. Everything depends on such little knowledge.

GELINKA

It's better than nothing.

The wounded man stirs. GELINKA picks up the canteen and tries to give him a drink. He gags and GELINKA shakes his head.

GORDOVA

(Referring to note.)

There, it's done.

BORKOV

Now it's all up to the girl.

GELINKA

You two better get some rest. I'll stay up with him. How silent is his knowledge. Gorshek, we need you. If only you knew how much we need you.

Before the prisoners can get to their bunks, sounds at the upper door are heard arousing the guard. Instead, they take seats around the table. The CAPTAIN enters the outer door with ZUSKOFF, another prisoner.

The note!

GORDOVA

Under the dish on the tray.

GELINKA

Get rid of it.

GORDOVA

Too late now. Where is that girl?

The SECOND JAILER opens the cell door as the CAPTAIN and ZUSKOFF enter.

CAPTAIN

This prisoner is assigned to your cell. I know there's not enough room, but you are the least crowded. He's a strange one. Caught him actually trying to sneak into the prison. He was hiding in the kitchen. Says his name is Zuskoff. By the fight he put up, I'd say he's just another rebel.

The CAPTAIN walks around the cell. He stops and looks at the wounded man. ANNA enters. She passes by.

the SECOND JAILER, goes into the cell, and picks up the tray of dishes. She turns to leave with the tray, but as she looks up, she sees ZUSKOFF. She is startled and drops the tray. The note falls openly on the floor. ZUSKOFF and the CAPTAIN see the note at the same time.

CAPTAIN

What's this?

Before the captain can pick up the note ZUSKOFF grabs it, runs to the candle on the table and sets it ablaze. The SECOND JAILER grabs ZUSKOFF, but it is too late, the note is burned.

ZUSKOFF

Sorry captain, but that fell from my pocket. Secrets, you know.

CAPTAIN

You lie! It fell from the tray.

GELINKA

That's right! It fell from the tray, but it was nothing. Just some, er, ah, doodling. I doodle.

CAPTAIN

(To girl.)

What do you know about this. Talk!

ANNA

Nothing, sir. Nothing.

GELINKA

The girl did nothing. Zuskoff's imagination just got carried away. It was nothing.

CAPTAIN

Jailer, see that this girl is watched. She will no longer bring food to the prisoners. Give her other duties. I no longer trust her.

SECOND JAILER

Yes, sir.

CAPTAIN

(To the prisoners.)

I will get my answers from you. There will be no lies, believe me. You will be interrogated one by one. Our methods are very good.

CAPTAIN

(To jailer.)

Bring them to me in one hour. One at a time.

The CAPTAIN exits. SECOND
JAILER locks door and takes
his place.

BORKOV

Boy, that was close. Do you think he believed it?

ZUSKOFF

He believed it. If he hadn't the girl would have been shot.

GELINKA

Who are you? You're a civilian.

GORDOVA

His name is not Zuskoff.

BORKOV

What do you mean?

GORDOVA

It's Nekrasov. Peter Nekrasov.

BORKOV

Nekrasov?

GORDOVA

You are the girl's brother and General Nekrasov's son.

GELINKA

Do you recognize him. Are you sure?

GORDOVA

Not as well as the girl. But it all fits. She recognized him.
That's why she dropped the dishes. He was looking for her in
the kitchen.

ZUSKOFF

You are mistaken. My name is Igor Zuskoff, and I was just
trying to steal some food.

GORDOVA

You needn't be afraid, Peter. We are friends of your father.

ZUSKOFF

How do I know I can trust you?

BORKOV

We better trust each other or we're all lost.

GORDOVA

We can be trusted.

ZUSKOFF

Then I have good news. The underground received a message only hours ago. Our Liberation Army survived the attack and is now preparing a counterattack.

GELINKA

I knew it. I knew it. That's great news! But why are you here?

ZUSKOFF

Well, this means my father plans to attack the city as planned. He would want me to get my sister to safety.

BORKOV

And your mother?

ZUSKOFF

She is dead...died of pneumonia last winter.

GELINKA

Does the general know?

ZUSKOFF

I sent word, but I haven't seen my father since the first day of the revolution. There was fierce fighting that day and we were separated. Since then I've remained in the city to work with the underground. We keep in contact by messenger. I've also been told to contact four men sent into the city last night. But they didn't tell me where to look.

GORDOVA

I'll bet you never thought of looking in jail!

ZUSKOFF

You?

GELINKA

That's right. We hardly got out of the camp when we were run over. The general had no way of knowing.

ZUSKOFF

But his plan?

BORKOV

We were to help the underground prepare for the attack on the city. Gorshek, here, was your father's aide.

GELINKA

He was to lead the battle from within the city.

GORDOVA

If Gorshek dies, it's up to us. We've got to get out of here.

ZUSKOFF

When does my father come?

GELINKA

Thursday, at sunrise. That's why we must hurry. That note was for your sister. We had hoped she would help us.

ZUSKOFF

Yes, she's my sister. I meet her every day in the kitchen. It was foolish; I was bound to get caught.

GELINKA

What do we do now?

ZUSKOFF

Don't worry. Anna knows what to do. She has been working for the underground as long as I have.

BORKOV

But she's afraid.

ZUSKOFF

That's for the guards to see. She'll come with help.

GORDOVA

Can they get in?

ZUSKOFF

The jail is not yet well defended. Guards will soon be moved from the main prison across town. We must get out before the main detachment gets here.

BORKOV

So we must wait.

ZUSKOFF

Is it so hard?

BORKOV

Yes, especially when you don't know what is to happen.

ZUSKOFF

There is much of that in life.

BORKOV

We are led into battle by a general no one sees. Only by his orders do we know him. We fight for a cause that so far is only a dream. Peace, does it exist? And now waiting, when there is no time to wait.

GORDOVA

The general has led us wisely. That is enough without seeing him. Besides, his messages come to us daily. What else can a general do but give orders?

GELINKA

There's not a man in the Liberation Army that doubts the general. Besides, Gorshek has seen him and I suspect others as well.

BORKOV

Yes, Gorshek knows, but he is silent.

ZUSKOFF

Are you afraid, Borkov?

BORKOV

A little. All I have to believe in are names. Names like General Nekrasov. Names like Peace, Freedom, Escape. Sometimes I think that is all they are...just names.

ZUSKOFF

But you still believe in them?

BORKOV

I must. I must because the opposite of those things also have names. And I hate those names.

ZUSKOFF

Then you're no different from the rest of us.

GORDOVA

That's right. The rest of us are waiting too.

GELINKA

Can we take Gorshek with us?

ZUSKOFF

We'll try, as long as he's alive.

GELINKA walks over to GORSHEK and tries to give him some water. GORSHEK begins to mumble and move. At first he is incoherent, then begins to speak.

GELINKA

He's talking. He's coming to!

GORSHEK

(In a stage whisper.)

I...am...dying. You must deliver a message.

He's delirious.

ZUSKOFF

A message? To whom?

GELINKA

The underground. It's led by General Nekrasov's son. He must know...

GORSHEK

ZUSKOFF approaches GORSHEK.

Must know what?

GELINKA

His father...General Nekrasov...is dead.

GORSHEK

It can't be. It must not be. I just got word from him.

ZUSKOFF

You must listen to me. Find his son.

GORSHEK

He's right here. This is Peter Nekrasov.

GELINKA

You are Peter?

GORSHEK

Yes. But I don't understand. How do you know my father is dead?

ZUSKOFF

Your father died years ago. On the first day of the revolution. I have been your father's voice. I sent all his messages.

GORSHEK

I don't believe it. It's not possible. Not all these years.

ZUSKOFF

It's true. At first it was hard. People wondered why they never saw the general. But the people also believed in me and I told them I saw the general, and they believed me. When we started having success and victories they believed it was because of the general, and then they no longer cared if they saw him. All they needed was a message from the general and they were reassured. When I told them it was a security measure, they believed me. But now I am dying.

GORSHEK

This is fantastic. It can't be.

BORKOV

GORDOVA

This is it, then. Now it's all over.

GORSHEK

No! It must not be over. The general must remain alive. In a way it is true. My messages were his messages. It is the way he would have done everything if he would have been alive. Do you understand? The general's orders were sent through me. Now they must be sent through you. Peter, it must be through you.

GELINKA

Gorshek's right. It must continue. Nothing has changed really. The general's dreams are still our dreams; our hope in the end remains the same.

GORSHEK dies.

He's gone.

BORKOV

But General Nekrasov lives.

As lights dim, the sound of fierce fighting is heard outside the prison. The guards rush out as the alarm is given.

ZUSKOFF

It is time. From now on my name is Zuskoff...remember, Igor Zuskoff...and we have been sent by General Nekrasov.

As the curtain closes the prisoners are silhouetted at the door of the cell anticipating someone to free them. Their backs are to the audience.

END OF THE PLAY

THURSDAY'S GENERAL

A Play in One Act

by

David Gieschen

* Production Manuscript *

CAST OF CHARACTERS

FIRST JAILER

SECOND JAILER

CAPTAIN NICHOLOVICH in command of the prison

GORDOVA a prisoner

BORKOV a prisoner

GELINKA a prisoner

GORSHEK a wounded prisoner

ANNA the kitchen maid

ZUSKOFF a prisoner

THE TIME: The present.

THE PLACE: A prison cell in the fictitious Balkan city of Borshtav.

THE SETTING: It is civil war. The scene takes place in an antiquated prison cell. The room has only one window high on the wall. It is a filthy place, occupied only by an old wooden refuse box, a lime can, and an old seemingly forgotten shovel and broom. A short staircase leads to the only entrance into the cell. It is blocked by the rusty bars of a cell door.

AT RISE: As the curtain rises the stage is in darkness. Only the sound of keys unlocking a series of prison doors can be heard. Finally at the door leading into the cell, two figures can be seen approaching. They can be recognized as two jailers: one carries a lamp and a ring of keys, the other carries a stack of blankets. The jailer carrying the lamp is considerably older than the other, by about 20 years. It is obvious that this older jailer outranks the other. As it is a military jail, they are in uniform, yet their appearance is not neat. Due to its lack of use the lock on the door has become rusty, and the FIRST JAILER struggles with the key in the lock. Frustrated by his vain attempts he is about to turn this menial task over to the younger SECOND JAILER.

FIRST JAILER

The lock is jammed. Fix it.

The SECOND JAILER drops the blankets he is holding. He takes the ring of keys and inserts one in the lock. After a short struggle, he finally opens the door. The FIRST JAILER picks up the blankets, and they both enter the cell.

SECOND JAILER

This whole damn place is falling apart. It's the rust.

FIRST JAILER

(Counting blankets.)

Six blankets? I told you to get eight.

SECOND JAILER

That's the last of the blankets. They'll have to draw lots to see who gets them.

FIRST JAILER

The prison has never been so full. Look at this cell. It hasn't been used in fifty years.

SECOND JAILER

(Working on lock.)

Yeh, and executions every Thursday, too. They should skip the trials, then they might keep up.

FIRST JAILER

The trials are necessary. People are always watching...does it turn?

SECOND JAILER

A little.

(Pausing.)

It'll be done soon.

FIRST JAILER

The lock?

SECOND JAILER

No, the war.

FIRST JAILER

Who says? Fighting in this country started before I can remember. This way is only the latest. I see no end to fighting.

SECOND JAILER

The minister of war says...

FIRST JAILER

(Completing the sentence of second jailer.)

...the enemy is crushed, the enemy is beaten, the enemy is dead. Yet day after day they keep coming. There's no end to it.

SECOND JAILER

Blast this lock!

FIRST JAILER

(Going to door.)

Here, let me try. The captain won't be happy if he gets here and the cell can't be used. It'll mean executions out of schedule. And you know how the captain is about schedules.

(There is a pause as he works with the lock.)
Can't understand it.

SECOND JAILER

The lock?

FIRST JAILER

No. That last battle.

SECOND JAILER

What do you mean?

FIRST JAILER

The prisoners. Don't they seem different to you? The way they act. They seem to know something. They don't act like the others.

SECOND JAILER

You're crazy. I haven't noticed anything.

FIRST JAILER

They're not afraid like the early ones. They know they're going to die, but they're not afraid.

SECOND JAILER

Look at them on Thursday. They'll be afraid.

FIRST JAILER

I've heard several talking. They say their general will save them.

SECOND JAILER

General Nekrasov? Just talk to bolster courage. I still say it's almost over. Reports are that thousands fled after the last battle, and there was even one rumor that General Nekrasov was killed. If that's true, the civil war is over for sure.

FIRST JAILER

The look in the prisoner's faces shows hope. I don't believe General Nekrasov is dead.

SECOND JAILER

The executioner will take care of their faces.

(The sound of footsteps is heard outside the cell.)
The captain is coming. The lock?

FIRST JAILER

It's turning...There, at last.

SECOND JAILER

In the nick of time, I'd say.

The CAPTAIN enters the cell. He is flawlessly dressed in his uniform. He is in his thirties and is the type who runs things by the book.

CAPTAIN

You, corporal, bring in the prisoners. The guard is expecting you.

SECOND JAILER

Yes, captain.

(He exits.)

CAPTAIN

And you, sergeant, is the cell in order?

(The captain begins to inspect the cell.)

FIRST JAILER

(Takes broom and begins sweeping the floor.)

As well as can be expected, captain. It's an old cell for sure, but I'd say it'll keep them alright...at least until Thursday.

CAPTAIN

It's unfortunate we have to use this old prison, but it's just a temporary measure. You'll see to it that it holds them.

(He feels the damp stones and looks up at the only window in the room. His mind seems to wander for a moment and then he continues.)

These prisoners have had their last fight for freedom. You understand, sergeant?

FIRST JAILER

Yes, sir.

CAPTAIN

Today is already Tuesday. The mass trials are set for tomorrow as always. That means that the prisoners must be interrogated tonight. Make the preparations.

FIRST JAILER

Yes, sir.

CAPTAIN

In the meantime the prisoners are to be fed. See to it that the girl in the kitchen brings enough food...such as it is.

FIRST JAILER

Yes, sir.

CAPTAIN

By the way, sergeant, one of the prisoners to be in this cell is wounded. He's to be cared for by the other prisoners since there's no room in the hospital. We think he's an aide to General Nekrasov, but we're not sure. He's unconscious and chances are he won't live. But if he comes to, he could have important information. You will notify me immediately.

FIRST JAILER

Yes, captain.

The SECOND JAILER returns with four prisoners. Two of them support an unconscious prisoner with his arms around their shoulders. They are obviously battle-worn and tired.

SECOND JAILER

Here are the prisoners, captain.

CAPTAIN

So I see. You will remain standing please...
(Savagely.)

At attention.

The prisoners, slow to react, are pushed in a row by the FIRST JAILER.

FIRST JAILER

You'll stay at attention or get a cuff from me.

CAPTAIN

(To Gordova.)

You, step out!

(GORDOVA takes one step forward.)

Name?

GORDOVA

Gordova, Petra Gordova.

CAPTAIN

Gordova is a famous name in Borshtav. Do you have family here?

GORDOVA

For you to torture? I have no family.

CAPTAIN

You're a volunteer for the rebellion.

GORDOVA

I'm a member of the Liberation Army for Freedom.

CAPTAIN

Ah, yes, the noble army of volunteers fighting for freedom and glory. What do you think of your dreams of freedom now?

GORDOVA

Do you really want to know?

CAPTAIN

No, I've heard it before. I would expect you idealists to have an answer even in this cesspool of a prison. Occupation?

GORDOVA

I was a school teacher...

(He spits at the captain's boots.)

...until I was not allowed to teach anymore.

CAPTAIN

Yes, well maybe you can find some willing listener to your tripe among your comrades here. Next.

The FIRST JAILER pushes GORDOVA back in line and then jerks BORKOV forward.

Your name?

BORKOV

(In a gasping voice, then almost hysterically.)

Joseph Borkov. Water. We haven't had water all day.

(He grabs at the captain, and the SECOND JAILER strikes him. He falls back sobbing.)

You've got to get us water. We need food.

(He goes on volunteering information as if it might help.)

I worked in the mill. It was a good job while it lasted.

But one by one we were replaced by party members. A man can't live without work...My family? What's happened to my family?

The SECOND JAILER strikes BORKOV in the stomach. He falls back against the wall in pain.

CAPTAIN

(To Borkov.)

Food and water will be the least of your worries here. By Thursday you'll hope for life and nothing more.

BORKOV

(Doubled over and gasping for air.)

My family?

CAPTAIN

(Impatiently.)

How should I know your family. Where do they live?

BORKOV
(Hopefully.)
They live in...

GELINKA
Be quiet, Joseph! They'll kill your family.

CAPTAIN
We are not barbarians. Who are you?

BORKOV steps back in line and
GELINKA steps out.

GELINKA
Illya Gelinka.

CAPTAIN
You're an officer, aren't you?

GELINKA is silent. The FIRST
JAILER strikes him from behind
but he still does not answer.

It doesn't matter. You look like an officer. You should have
some very interesting things to say later. You're a professional
soldier I would guess.

GELINKA
I studied law. But that was a laugh. There is no more law,
except the law of the mob and the gun. The law has been twisted
and turned by you madmen until it is worthless.

CAPTAIN
It is reform!

GELINKA
Yes, reform. Reform the law so that each man stays in his
place. Keep the poor in their holes, blame it on the minorities,
imprison the teachers and kill the legislators.

CAPTAIN
That is enough!

GELINKA
You've made this land stink. But General Nekrasov brings a
breath of fresh air to the people. When he comes to this city,
then you will know what justice is and the word will burn on
your tongue.

CAPTAIN
Justice is always determined by those who rule. We have justice,
as you will see. And we rule by it. Your justice is out of
date. You must not compare the future with the past.

GELINKA

It will be different.

CAPTAIN

For you there is no future. As for your general...he is reported to be dead.

GELINKA

He is not dead.

CAPTAIN

If not, he'll be taken soon.

GORDOVA

Wait and see.

GELINKA

He'll come soon.

CAPTAIN

I pity you because you do not understand our way of life.

BORKOV

We understand alright. We've seen you butcher!

CAPTAIN

It was we who started the rebellion, not you. It is our way. We foster rebellion and then crush it. That is the secret of our strength. Finally there will no longer be those with the stomach for rebellion. Like Borkov here. Already his stomach thinks of other things.

BORKOV

I'm over that. You've put a new taste in my mouth.

CAPTAIN

In a few short days there will be peace. You would be wise to cooperate with us. We have reason to believe that you four were on a special mission when we surprised your camp. Tonight you will give us that information.

GORDOVA

We have no information.

GELINKA

You'll be wasting your time.

CAPTAIN

Your cause is lost. You would be wise to join us. Stop this bloodshed so we can have peace.

GELINKA

What is peace without freedom and hope?

CAPTAIN

Very well, you will change your mind.

(He walks over to the wounded man, sees that he is still unconscious, and then walks back to the other men.)

You better tend to him. I suspect he won't live the night. You'll have to make do with the blankets. You see, we're overcrowded here. The main prison is full...it's only temporary.

The CAPTAIN motions for the jailers to leave and then he himself exits. The FIRST JAILER picks up the shovel and broom and walks to the door. As he reaches the door he motions with his head for the SECOND JAILER to follow him. The SECOND JAILER locks the door behind him as he leaves.

The prisoners quickly break their formation. GELINKA and GORDOVA help the wounded prisoner to the floor and try to make him comfortable by placing blankets under his head and over his body. BORKOV goes over to the remaining stack of blankets.

BORKOV

There aren't any beds.

GELINKA

There are more than enough blankets, we'll give you an extra one.

BORKOV

Where will we sleep?

GELINKA

Why don't you just rest where you are?

BORKOV

Will they bring us something to eat?

GORDOVA

It'll be our last meal, I'm afraid. If we don't give in to them they'll kill us.

BORKOV

You mean execution? They can't kill all of us. Surely not all of us?

GELINKA

You heard the captain. By Thursday we'll hope for life and nothing else. It'll be execution.

BORKOV

O God, no! My family.

The WOUNDED PRISONER moans.

What about him?

GORDOVA

(Crosses over to the wounded man and checks his wounds.)

He's had a sharp blow on the head, besides his other wounds. His fever is high. If they want him alive, why don't they take care of him?

GELINKA

I suspect things are worse here than we think. They have more of their own wounded than they want to admit or they'd put him in a hospital. Will he die?

GORDOVA

Looks bad.

BORKOV

He was the general's best friend and confidant. He walked right into the ambush. Poor fool.

GELINKA

He might be the lucky one. God, that was awful. They ran right over us. What a helpless feeling.

GORDOVA

It's as if we were a part of the enemy. Watching our own men go down.

BORKOV

But it looked like most of our men got away. Don't you think so?

GELINKA

We must hope so. What about the old farm house where the general...

GORDOVA

It took a direct hit. But I'm not sure the general was in it.

BORKOV

Only Gorshek was permitted to see the general. And he came from the house with the general's orders. God, if he's dead, we're lost.

GORDOVA

I don't believe he's dead.

BORKOV

Even if he isn't dead, we've sure botched things up. His plans depended on our getting into the city. Even if he is alive his plan can't work without our preparations in the city.

GELINKA

Not so loud. The guard will hear.

GORDOVA

Joseph is right. If our army survived they will go through with the plan. They have no way of knowing we've been captured.

GELINKA

I'm sure the general has thought of that. It's more important for us to know if he's alive. If he is alive, there is hope.

(To Borkov.)

Do you know for sure the general was in the house?

BORKOV

No one sees the general, you know that. Too many want to kill him. Only Gorshek is trusted. He was the last man to see the general, and I think they were in the house together.

GELINKA

You're not sure?

BORKOV

No.

GORDOVA

Then there's a chance.

BORKOV

The house was demolished.

GORDOVA

It's hard to believe he's dead.

GELINKA

We cannot believe it. We must go on as if he were alive. We must carry out the plan to take the city.

BORKOV

O sure...from the middle of this cell. How do you propose to do that?

GELINKA

We'll get out of this cell.

BORKOV

Are you kidding?

(He feels the wall.)

These walls must be three feet thick. And the guards...they're all over the place.

GELINKA

We must try. The general is depending on us to organize the underground. Besides, whether the general is alive or dead, I for one am not satisfied with this place. No execution for me. I'd rather die attempting to escape. Are you with me?

GORDOVA

Count me in.

BORKOV

Me too.

(Pointing to the wounded man.)

But what about him? We can't carry out the plan without Gorshek. He's the only one who knows the full plan. He was to command the underground forces.

GORDOVA

Joseph's right. We can't do it without Gorshek.

GELINKA

We'll do the best we can. Perhaps he will come to and can tell us what to do.

BORKOV

Then he can also tell us about the general.

GELINKA

Now we must make plans. It's late and I'm sure they have other ideas for us. We can't risk being tortured. They might make one of us talk. We must escape now.

The sound of someone approaching outside the door is heard by the prisoners.

GORDOVA

Shh! Someone's coming.

The door to the cell is opened by the SECOND JAILER. He permits ANNA, the kitchen maid, to enter with a tray of food and water for the prisoners. The girl is young and pretty, but there is a frightened and unhappy look about her.

ANNA
(Setting the tray in the middle of the floor.)
Here's your food.

BORKOV
(Grabbing at the tray.)
At last. And water.

Before BORKOV can drink the water, GORDOVA takes the pitcher from his hands in order to give some to the wounded man. BORKOV is first angry and then ashamed. GORDOVA then hands the water pitcher to GELINKA. It finally returns to BORKOV.

ANNA
You must hurry. I have other food to deliver and they don't like it if I get behind.

GORDOVA
Don't I know you? Aren't you...

ANNA
(Frightened.)
You don't know me. You must not say anything. They'll kill me if they think you know me. Please, don't say anything.

GELINKA
An old girl friend, Petra?

GORDOVA
No, I guess I was wrong.

ANNA
I'm sorry, but I must be careful. Everyone is suspected of being in with the rebels.

GORDOVA
I understand.

ANNA
The food is fresh. Eat it, then I must go.

They all sit down on the floor and begin to eat the food.
What about the wounded man?

GELINKA
He's still unconscious.

BORKOV

(To Anna.)

What's it like out there?

ANNA

The city is the same.

GELINKA

What do the people do?

ANNA

You hardly see them. They stay in their homes mostly.

GORDOVA

But how does the war affect them?

ANNA

How does the war affect anyone? It's useless.

GORDOVA

Do you believe that?

ANNA

I don't believe anything.

GELINKA

You must believe in something.

ANNA

We are taught only to believe in the system. Everything else is beaten from our minds.

GORDOVA

There will be a lot of fighting in these streets someday.

(Pause.)

What do you think of General Nekrasov?

ANNA

(Again very frightened.)

Why did you say that name?

GORDOVA

It's a great name.

ANNA

It is forbidden.

GORDOVA

That will not stop him from coming.

ANNA

They say he's dead. Is that true?

GORSHEK lets out a moan.

BORKOV

He knows.

GORDOVA

Shut up, Borkov!

GELINKA

Nekrosov is alive. Does everyone believe the lies these butchers tell them?

ANNA

Everything is regulated. The people are like dumb animals. Worse than that, they are prisoners like yourselves. Only difference is they don't know it. The people will believe anything if it comes with food and coal.

GORDOVA

It'll be different.

ANNA

The news is still that you are losing the war and that General Nekrasov is...

(She turns away suddenly and begins to weep.)

GELINKA

(He goes to Anna.)

You cannot say his name, but you can cry over it. Did you know him?

ANNA

I must go now. Forget about the people. They will be alive to see you die on Thursday.

BORKOV

The people must be on our side. We are fighting for them.

ANNA

They are on their own side. They're suffering. They have no hope.

GELINKA

Hope that is smashed is probably the basis of all suffering.

Again GORSHEK moans. This time GELINKA goes to him.

His fever is very high. Isn't there anything we can give him?

ANNA

The medicine all goes to the front. There's not even enough drugs for the hospitals. Will he die?

GELINKA
It'll be a miracle if he doesn't.

ANNA
He'll be fortunate if he does.

BORKOV
What do you mean?

ANNA
You'll be made to talk. Tomorrow you'll be condemned and Thursday...

GORDOVA
Yes, we know.

ANNA
The captain will find your weakness. He always gets what he wants. I know. I used to clean his quarters until he got tired of me. He knows how to use you and turn you. I know.

SECOND JAILER
(From outside the door.)
What's keeping you in there, girl. The others are waiting.

ANNA goes to the door.

GORDOVA
Will you be back?

ANNA
Yes, I'll return soon for the dishes. Eat it all. You only get one meal a day. Good-by.
(She exits.)

GELINKA
(To Gordova.)
You knew that girl?

GORDOVA
Yes, I'm almost certain. She's General Nekrasov's daughter.

BORKOV
(Dumbfounded.)
General Nekrasov's daughter? How? I mean, how can it be?

GORDOVA
My father and General Nekrasov were good friends. We used to visit the general's house often when I was young. The general had a daughter somewhat younger than myself. She was really just a girl then, but I'm sure that was his daughter.

GELINKA

But how long ago was that?

GORDOVA

About ten years. But I'm still certain.

BORKOV

But isn't the general's family supposed to be safe?

GORDOVA

At the start of the revolution the general fled without his family. They were to be cared for in secret. The general didn't know this would turn into civil war. Now he has become separated from his family.

BORKOV

Something must have gone wrong or she wouldn't be working here. The son, where is he?

GORDOVA

Your guess is as good as mine. He must still be in the city or else dead. The same for the general's wife.

GELINKA

She was afraid to mention her own father's name. We must get out of here.

BORKOV

Do you think she might help us? I mean, she's scared.

GORDOVA

She believes her father is dead. I could see that.

BORKOV

If only we knew the general were alive, it would be easier.

GELINKA

General or not, men should be free. But you are right, the general made things happen. Without him we would only have dreams. But for us he is alive; we must carry out our plan.

GORDOVA

Somehow freedom doesn't seem real to me anymore. Only the things in this prison seem real. And life is more real because it's about to be taken away. For the first time the past and the present mean nothing to me. It's the future I think about ...and I wonder if my future only goes until Thursday. Can we escape?

GELINKA

That's just it. Freedom still exists until we have examined all the avenues of escape.

BORKOV

Perhaps we are imagining things. We don't know the general is alive.

GELINKA

Yes, but can you believe in just nothing? Or if you believe in something will it just be what we are now and what we will be Thursday? You believe in what you want to believe. If the general is dead, then your dreams go with it. That's possible...but until Thursday, the general is alive.

BORKOV

Alright, on with it. How do we get out of here?

GELINKA

Well, this is the way I figure it. We can't dig our way out and we can't fight our way out.

BORKOV

We just walk out.

GORDOVA

Very funny.

GELINKA

Just listen. I figure there's only one chance even if it's a gamble.

GORDOVA

The girl?

GELINKA

The girl.

BORKOV

Good God, man. It's been ten years. How do you know that's Nekrasov's daughter? She won't admit it.

GORDOVA

That's right. She's too afraid.

GELINKA

She was afraid, but she seemed friendly. Besides, I don't think she is afraid just for herself. She's protecting her family.

BORKOV

Boy, that's some gamble. She has nothing to gain by helping us, especially if she believes her father is dead.

GELINKA

It's a long shot, I know, but what else is there. We have only one more chance to see her...

GORDOVA
When she comes back for the dishes.

GELINKA
Right.

The sound of guns is heard from
a distance.

BORKOV
Did you hear that?

They look towards the window
and then at each other.

GORDOVA
Guns.

GELINKA
They're still fighting. We're still out there. If the plan
is still in operation they will attack the city exactly
fifty-six hours from the time we left our camp.

BORKOV
And that'll be on Thursday...Thursday morning about sunrise.

GELINKA
Well, we have nothing to lose at least. Wednesday is just
as good a day to die as Thursday.

BORKOV
How do we get the girl to help us?

GELINKA
Petra, do you think she recognized you? Does she know who
you are?

GORDOVA
She must. We were good friends.

GELINKA
Then you must write her a note. Tell her who you are and tell
her you know who she is. It's all or nothing. Ask her to
help us. We'll have to have help from the outside, and she's
the only one to get it for us. If she turns us in...well,
what will we have lost?

GORDOVA takes a small piece of
paper hidden in his cap and
writes a note, using a burnt
match as a marker.

BORKOV

It makes my spine tingle. Everything depends on such little knowledge.

GELINKA

It's better than nothing.

GORSHEK moans. GELINKA picks up the water pitcher and tries to give him a drink. He gags and GELINKA shakes his head.

GORDOVA

(Referring to the note.)

There, it's done.

BORKOV

Now it's all up to the girl.

GELINKA

You two better get some rest. I'll stay up with him. How silent is his knowledge. Gorshek, we need you. If only you knew how much we need you.

Before BORKOV and GORDOVA can get settled, sounds of footsteps are again heard outside the door. The SECOND JAILER unlocks the door and the CAPTAIN enters with ZUSKOFF, another prisoner.

GELINKA

(In a whisper to Gordova.)

The note!

GORDOVA

Under the dish on the tray.

GELINKA

Get rid of it.

GORDOVA

Too late now. Where is that girl?

CAPTAIN

(Roughly pushing ZUSKOFF down on the floor.)

This prisoner is assigned to your cell. I know there's not enough room, but you are the least crowded. He's a strange one. Caught him actually trying to sneak into the prison. He was hiding in the kitchen. Says his name's Zuskoff. By the fight he put up, I'd say he's just another rebel.

The CAPTAIN walks around the cell. He stops and looks at GORSHEK. ANNA enters to pick up the tray of dishes. As she turns to leave with the tray, her eyes fall on ZUSKOFF. She is suddenly startled and drops the tray of dishes, the note falling openly to the floor. ZUSKOFF and the CAPTAIN see the note at the same time.

CAPTAIN

What's this?

Before the CAPTAIN can pick up the note, ZUSKOFF grabs it, crushes it tightly, and swallows it. The SECOND JAILER grabs at ZUSKOFF, but he is too late.

ZUSKOFF

Sorry captain, but that fell from my pocket. Secrets, you know.

CAPTAIN

You lie! It fell from the tray.

GELINKA

That's right! It fell from the tray, but it was nothing. Just some, er, ah, doodling. I doodle.

CAPTAIN

(Grabbing ANNA by the hair.)

What do you know about this? Talk!

ANNA

Nothing sir. Nothing.

GELINKA

The girl did nothing. Zuskoff's imagination just got carried away. It was nothing.

CAPTAIN

Jailer, see that this girl is watched. She will no longer bring food to the prisoners. Give her other duties. I no longer trust her.

SECOND JAILER

Yes, sir.

SECOND JAILER and ANNA exit.

CAPTAIN

(To the prisoners.)

I will get my answers from you. There will be no lies, believe me. You will be interrogated one by one. Our methods are very good.

(To jailer.)

Bring them to me in one hour. One at a time.

The CAPTAIN exits and the SECOND JAILER locks the door and takes his place at guard.

BORKOV

Boy, that was close. Do you think he believe it?

ZUSKOFF

He believed it. If he hadn't the girl would have been shot.

GELINKA

(To Zuskoff.)

Who are you? You're a civilian.

GORDOVA

His name is not Zuskoff.

BORKOV

What do you mean?

GORDOVA

It's Nekrasov. Peter Nekrasov.

BORKOV

(Baffled.)

Nekrasov?

GORDOVA

(To Zuskoff.)

You are the girl's brother and General Nekrasov's son.

GELINKA

Do you recognize him. Are you sure?

GORDOVA

Not as well as the girl. But it all fits. She recognized him. That's why she dropped the dishes. He was looking for her in the kitchen.

ZUSKOFF

(Nervously.)

You are mistaken. My name is Igor Zuskoff, and I was just trying to get some food.

GORDOVA

You needn't be afraid, Peter. We are friends of your father.

ZUSKOFF

How do I know I can trust you?

BORKOV

We better trust each other or we're all lost.

GORDOVA

We can be trusted.

ZUSKOFF

(He pauses to make his decision.)

Then I have good news. The underground received a message only hours ago. Our Liberation Army survived the attack and is now preparing a counterattack.

GELINKA

I knew it. I knew it. That's great news! But why are you here?

ZUSKOFF

Well, this means my father plans to attack the city as planned. He would want me to get my sister to safety.

BORKOV

And your mother?

ZUSKOFF

She is dead...died of pneumonia last winter.

GELINKA

Does the general know?

ZUSKOFF

I sent word, but I haven't seen my father since the first day of the revolution. There was fierce fighting that day and we were separated. Since then I've remained in the city to work with the underground. We keep in contact by messenger. I've also been told to contact four men sent into the city last night. But they didn't tell me where to look.

GORDOVA

I'll bet you never thought of looking in jail!

ZUSKOFF

You mean---you!

GELINKA

That's right. We hardly got out of the camp when we were run over. The general had no way of knowing.

ZUSKOFF

But his plan?

BORKOV

We were to help the underground prepare for the attack on the city. Gorshek, here, was your father's aide.

GELINKA

He was to lead the battle from within the city.

GORDOVA

If Gorshek dies, it's up to us. We've got to get out of here.

ZUSKOFF

When does my father come?

GELINKA

Thursday, at sunrise. That's why we must hurry. That note was for your sister. We had hoped she would help us.

ZUSKOFF

Yes, she's my sister. I meet her every day in the kitchen. It was foolish; I was bound to get caught.

GELINKA

What do we do now?

ZUSKOFF

Don't worry. Anna knows what to do. She has been working for the underground as long as I have.

BORKOV

But she's afraid.

ZUSKOFF

That's for the guards to see. She'll come with help.

GORDOVA

Can they get in?

ZUSKOFF

The jail's not yet well defended. Guards will soon be moved from the main prison across town. We must get out before the main detachment gets here.

BORKOV

So we must wait.

ZUSKOFF

Is it so hard?

BORKOV

Yes, especially when you don't know what is to happen.

ZUSKOFF

There is much of that in life.

BORKOV

We are led into battle by a general no one sees. Only by his orders do we know him. We fight for a cause that so far is only a dream. Peace, does it exist? And now waiting, when there is no time to wait.

GORDOVA

The general has led us wisely. That is enough without seeing him. Besides, his messages come to us daily. What else can a general do but give orders?

GELINKA

There's not a man in the Liberation Army that doubts the general. Besides, Gorshek has seen him and I suspect others as well.

BORKOV

Yes, Gorshek knows, but he is silent.

ZUSKOFF

(To Borkov.)

Are you afraid?

BORKOV

A little. All I have to believe in are names. Names like General Nekrasov. Names like Peace, Freedom, Escape. Sometimes I think that is all they are...just names.

ZUSKOFF

But you still believe in them?

BORKOV

I must. I must because the opposite of those things also have names. And I hate those names.

ZUSKOFF

Then you're no different from the rest of us.

GORDOVA

That's right. The rest of us are waiting too.

GELINKA

(Changing the subject.)

Can we take Gorshek with us?

ZUSKOFF

We'll try, as long as he's alive.

GELINKA walks over to GORSHEK and tries to give him some water. GORSHEK begins to mumble and move. At first he is incoherent, then he speaks.

GELINKA
(Rushing to Gorshek.)
He's talking. He's coming to!

GORSHEK
(In a stage whisper.)
Where...am...I?

GELINKA
The old prison in Borshtav.

GORSHEK
(Tries to get up, but can't.)
Tell me, my wounds, how bad...are...they?

GELINKA
Shrapnel, sir. In your back and stomach.

GORSHEK
Tell me how bad.

GELINKA
The bleeding won't stop and there are no doctors.

GORSHEK
Am I dying?

GELINKA
(Does not answer.)

GORSHEK
You must deliver a message.

GELINKA
A message? To whom?

GORSHEK
The underground. It's led by General Nekrasov's son. He must know...

ZUSKOFF comes over to GORSHEK.

GELINKA
Must know what?

GORSHEK
His father...General...Nekrasov...is dead.

ZUSKOFF
(Grabbing Gorshek by the shirt collar.)
It can't be. I must not be. I just got word from him.

GORSHEK
You must listen to me. Find his son.

GELINKA
He's right here.
(Pointing to Zuskoff.)
This is Peter Nekrasov.

GORSHEK
You are Peter?

ZUSKOFF
Yes. But I don't understand. How do you know my father is dead?

GORSHEK
Your father died years ago...on the first day of the revolution. I've been your father's voice. I sent all his messages.

ZUSKOFF
I don't believe it. It's not possible. Not all these years.

GORSHEK
It's true. At first it was hard. People wondered why they never saw the general. But the people also believed in me and I told them I saw the general, and they believed me.

ZUSKOFF
But how could you keep such a secret?

GORSHEK
When we started having success and victories they believed it was because of the general, and then they no longer cared if they saw him.

BORKOV
This is fantastic. It can't be.

GORSHEK
All they needed was a message from the general and they were reassured. When I told them it was a security measure, they believed me. But now I am dying.

CORDOVA
This is it, then. Now it's all over.

GORSHEK
No! It must not be over.

BORKOV
What do you mean?

GORSHEK

The general must remain alive.

BORKOV

Alive?

GORSHEK

In a way it's true. My messages were his messages. It is the way he would have done everything if he would have been alive. Do you understand?

GORDOVA

Yes, we understand.

GORSHEK

The general's orders were sent through me. Now they must be sent through you. Peter, it must be through you.

GELINKA

Gorshek's right. It must continue. Nothing has changed really. The general's dreams are still our dreams; our hope in the end remains the same.

GORSHEK

Peter...

(He slumps over and dies.)

GELINKA

(Checking his pulse.)

He's gone.

BORKOV

But General Nekrasov lives.

The sound of fierce fighting breaks out near the prison. The SECOND JAILER rushes out as the alarm is given. He suddenly returns. A shot rings out and he slumps to the floor, dead.

ANNA appears at the door, gun in hand. She quickly takes the keys from the jailer and opens the cell door.

ZUSKOFF

It is time. From now on my name is Zuskoff. Remember, Igor Zuskoff. And we have been sent by General Nekrasov.

END OF THE PLAY

EXPLANATION OF PLATE I

The captain interrogates the prisoners.

Gelinka, First Jailer, Captain, Gorshek, Borkov, Gordova, and Second Jailer

PLATE I



EXPLANATION OF PLATE II

Anna saves the prisoners.

Gordova, Gorshek (under blanket), Gelinka, Zuskoff, Anna, and Borkov

PLATE II



SECTION THREE

PROMPT BOOK FOR NO SUNRISE TOMORROW.

A ONE-ACT PLAY BY CAROLYN KABERLINE

CHARACTER DESCRIPTION

John (Kinunka)

John is a young Indian man around twenty years of age. He stands about six feet tall, is handsome and well built, and has dark hair and dark eyes. John was raised on an Indian reservation typical of those in the southwest region of the United States. He speaks English fluently, and it can be assumed that he has been educated in the mission school. He does not wear the traditional Indian dress like the others on the reservation, but rather dresses in the modern style of the day.

John appears three times in the dialogue of the play, and only then in the dreams of his father, Yustan. He first appears as a young man who is preparing to join the army, leaving the reservation for the first time. His second appearance is his return from the army. The third and final appearance is a continuation of this visit to the reservation and leads to his final banishment from the land of his fathers. Since John never leaves the stage during the play, it is necessary that he wear the same clothing in each scene.

Each appearance of John in the memory of Yustan reveals a variety of personality characteristics. It was the task of Jim Jagger, who played John, to express these characteristics which often changed rapidly as the play progressed. Since each appearance offers an argument with Yustan about the merits or demerits of remaining on the reservation as opposed to moving

to the city, it is necessary to build to a climax at some point during each scene. At the same time each scene must build toward the final episode of conflict between John and Yustan in John's final appearance. This movement of action and plot was not always easy for the actor to achieve.

In addition to the conflict with his father, John also experiences moments of great tenderness and concern toward him and his family. This is especially true in his relationship with his mother and sister, but it is necessary that it be revealed in his action with Yustan as well. For it is out of love and concern that John tries to persuade his family to leave the reservation. In his own words to Yustan he says:

I'm trying to help my people. I'm trying to show them the way to the present. Look. Bring Mom and Tawanka and come with me. It's still not too late for us.

John and Yustan are of the same blood, both demonstrating a certain amount of stubbornness. Neither is willing to give in to the other. In this sense both John and Yustan are tragic figures and share in the tragedy of the play. John wants to abandon everything in the past; Yustan will have nothing to do with the future. John, then, has little understanding for his father's real need to relate to the past. His character is that of compassion, but his compassion is blunted by his stubbornness.

In costume John wears a light blue dress shirt, open at the neck and without a tie. His trousers are dark blue wash pants, and he wears a black belt. He has dark shoes and dark socks. His appearance is casual but neat.

To create the character of John, Jim Jagger used a Texas make-up base for an Indian complexion. His lines were youthful. Mr. Jagger's only make-up problem was his wavy black hair. It was necessary to treat his hair with a straightening solution in order to give him the straight hair typical of most Indians.

Yustan

Yustan is the tribal chief of his people and is John's father. It can only be guessed that he is middle-aged, perhaps around fifty-five. His face is weathered; his long hair is partly grey and hangs to his shoulders Apache style. He wears a red cloth band around his head tied at the back. In the band is stuck a single white feather hanging down toward the back of his head. His shirt is a long-sleeved blue Indian print that hangs down over his blue denims and is cinched at the waist by a wide leather belt. He wears leggings of hopsacking tied with rawhide; moccasins protect his feet. Around his neck is tied a double strand of Indian beads. He wears a ring on each hand.

It has already been said that like John, Yustan is strongly motivated by his stubbornness. He is the proud guardian of the traditions and values of his people. He sees no good in the white man or his ways, prejudiced by all the events of the past. Aside from this, he is basically a good and wise chief. The medicine man describes him well when he says:

You have led us wisely for thirty winters. You have tried to protect us from the men at the trading post who have robbed us. You have kept us in harmony

with the agent. The young men listen to you and to their heads or we would have slain those who mistreated us.

The part of Yustan was played by Bernie Williams who was able to capture the part quite well. To do so, it was necessary on one hand to be the unsure and doubting Yustan who prepares to take his own life in a ritual of death, and at the same time, the proud, steady, and chiefly Yustan who banishes his children from his land because they prefer the ways of the "whiteman" over those of the Indian reservation. Thus it was necessary for John to portray these diverse aspects of Yustan's character.

For make-up Mr. Williams used the Texas Dirt base with deep lines and shadows to give him a weathered appearance. He wore a black wig streaked with grey.

Luta

Luta is the tribal medicine man. He is a large man, standing over six feet tall. By appearance he is about the same age as Yustan, though his hair is not yet grey. He speaks with the authority of a medicine man, always sure of himself and his counsel. The bond of friendship between Luta and Yustan is very close and though he believes it is right, it is still not an easy thing for Luta to prepare Yustan's ritual of death.

The conflict that separates Yustan and John also exists between Luta and John. After all, it is Luta that has convinced Yustan that he is right and that John is wrong. When Yustan expresses his concern for John and Tawanka, Luta answers, "Do

not trouble yourself on their account. You did what was right."

When considering the different episodes and when comparing the other characters in the play, Luta changes the least. His assurance of being right never swerves.

Luta's costume is almost identical to that worn by Yustan. He wears a green headband but with no feather. His shirt is orange with a small floral print. Over the shirt he wears a woolen knit vest with brightly colored horizontal stripes. A triple strand of beads hangs over the vest. His pants are grey, and he wears the same style of leggings and moccasins as Yustan. From his belt hangs a leather pouch which holds a powdered medicine. In his hand he holds a gourd-like medicine stick.

Luta's make-up is the same as that worn by Yustan except he wears the white paint of a medicine man on his cheeks.

Mike Parker, who played Luta, did a fine performance all three nights of the bill. He was probably one of the most improved actors in the cast.

Wacaka

Wacaka is the wife of Yustan and is John's mother. She has done the hard, back-breaking work of an Indian woman and shows the physical signs of this labor in her outward appearance. For this reason, though she may be her husband's age, Wacaka looks older than Yustan. Her hair is quite grey and is rolled in a bun at the back of her head. Her green overblouse is much like that worn by the men except that it is much less colorful, and instead of being cinched by a leather

belt, it is tied by a sash. Her skirt, a dull orange with vertical brown stripes, hangs loosely to the floor. She too wears moccasins and beads.

Just how important Wacaka is to the plot of the play is questionable. She does little to move it forward except once or twice when she intercedes before Yustan in her son's behalf. Other than that, she has little to say. She is the object of John's sympathy, for John would certainly like to make her life more comfortable, but unlike Tawanka, Wacaka cannot loosen the hold of the tribal customs. Twice in the play she almost yields to John's pleas, but always at Yustan's command she walks away from her son.

Marty Guenther played the mother to a certain degree of success. At times her voice was weak, but fortunately this often fit the part. When addressing a man, tribal customs dictated that she use the third person, thus resulting in a tendency to make the speech sound stiff and formal. When Miss Guenther overcame this tendency, her lines were for the most part convincing.

Miss Guenther probably had the most difficult make-up of anyone in the cast. In the first place she has blond hair which had to be sprayed black and then streaked with grey. In addition to this, she had to look old and tired. This was achieved well with the use of heavy lines and shadows on her Texas Dirt make-up.

Tawanka

Though her role was not a large one, Sue Tasker did an excellent part in her performance of Tawanka, the younger sister

of John. The part demanded delicacy and innocence, both of which were displayed by Miss Tasker. Tawanka is an eighteen year-old Indian maiden who must perform the same womanly tasks as her mother. She must also use the third person when speaking of men, to fulfill tribal tradition. She is attractive with slender limbs, and her long black hair hangs over one shoulder in a braid.

When considering progressive change in a character throughout the play, more is demanded of Tawanka than anyone else. Her position is fixed and traditional in the beginning, just like Yustan and Wacaka. When John asks whether or not she will go with him to San Francisco, she replies, "My brother knows that I would like to see the things he has spoken of, but I cannot go against the wishes of my father." Yet in the end it is she, and she alone, who is able to break the ties of tradition, to go against mother and father, and enter the new world which her brother has described for her. She says to John, "I want to see San Francisco. Will you still take me?"

The scene between Tawanka and her father toward the end of the play was perhaps the most moving and convincing piece of action in the entire play. Miss Tasker did it extremely well.

The base make-up for Tawanka was also Texas Dirt. Her features were kept youthful and attractive with the correct tones and lines. Her hair, which was dark brown, was tinted black and a black fall was used for the braid. Her costume consisted of a red short-sleeved peasant blouse with beads around the neck. Her skirt, which hung to her ankles, was blue with small white polka dots. She wore moccasins on her feet.

EXPLANATION OF PLATES III, IV, V, VI, VII

Costumes

Plate III	Page 104	John
Plate IV	Page 105	Yustan
Plate V	Page 106	Luta
Plate VI	Page 107	Wicaka
Plate VII	Page 108	Tawanka

PLATE III

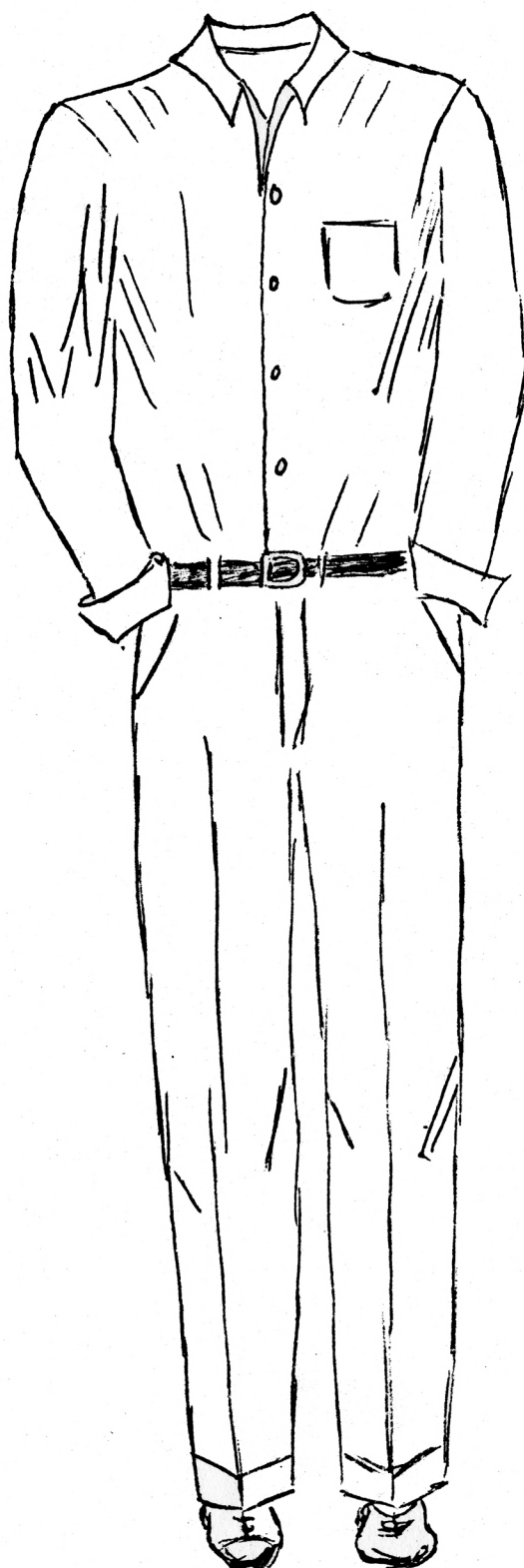


PLATE IV

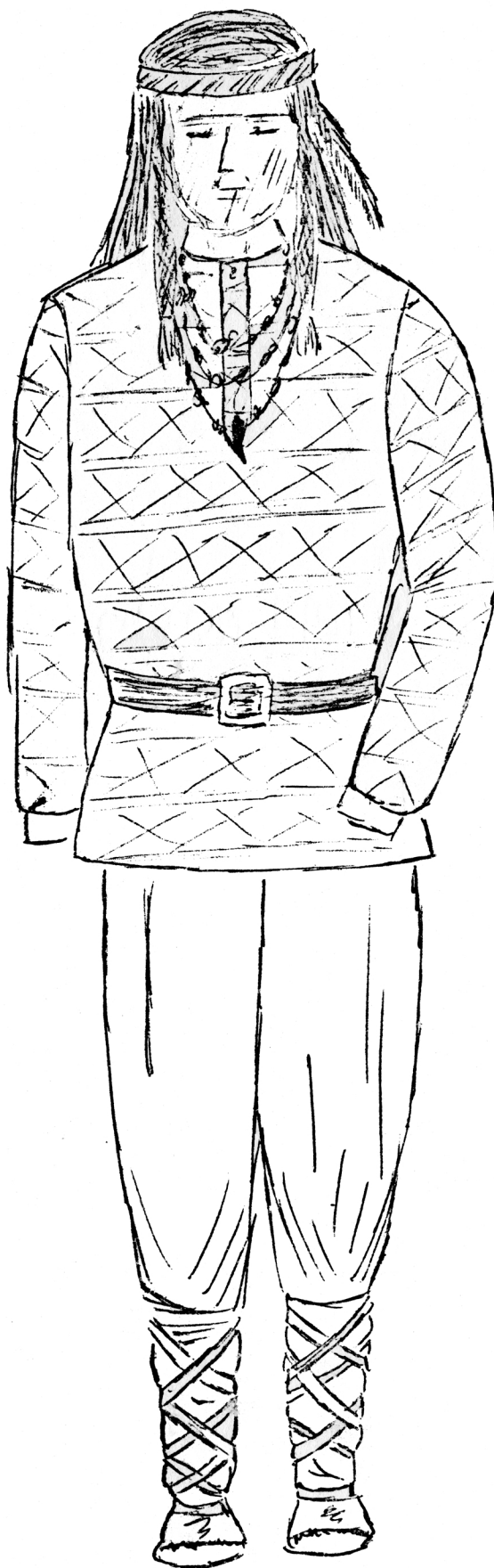


PLATE V

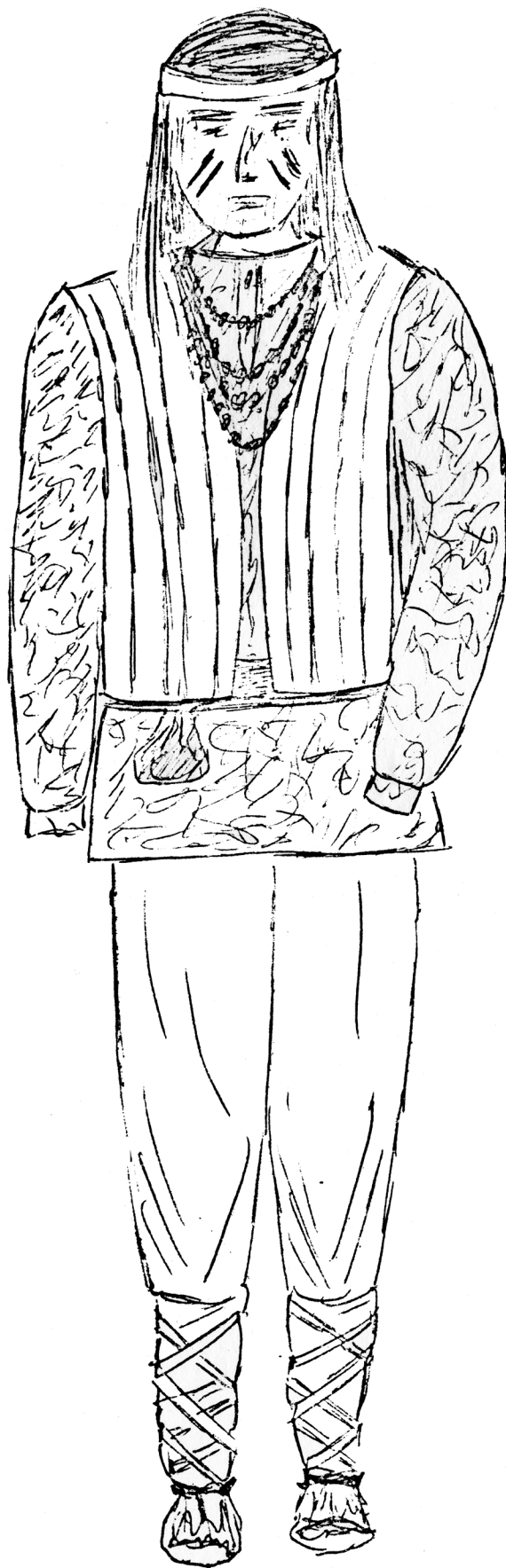


PLATE VI

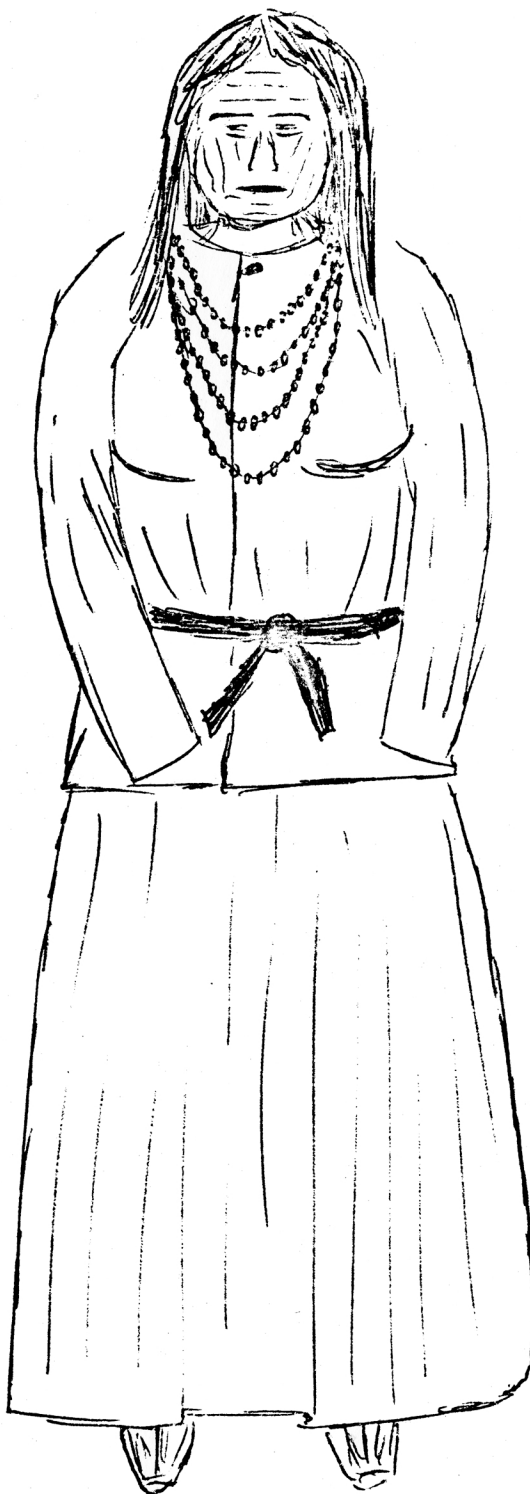
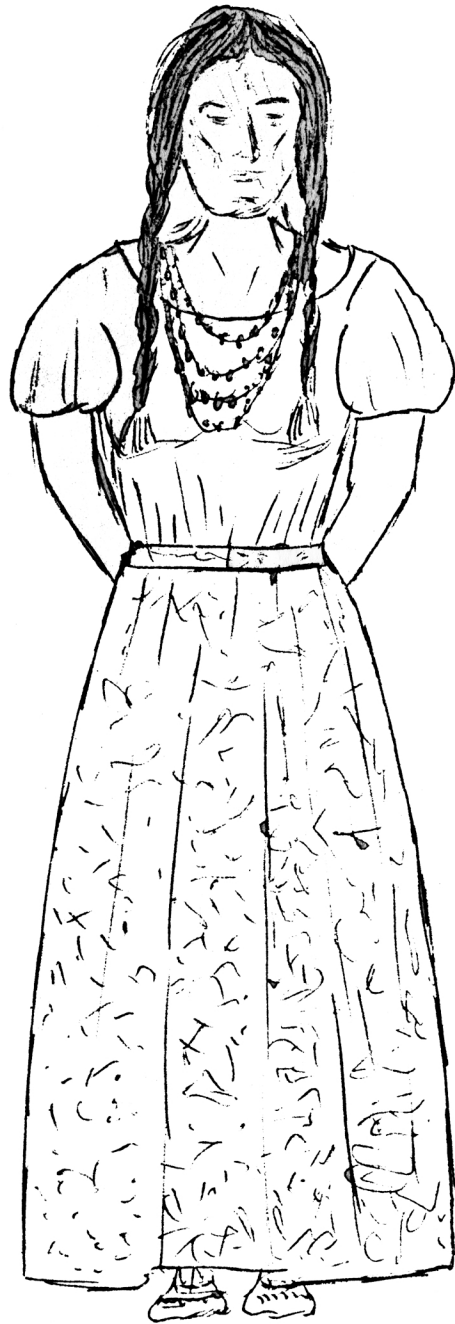


PLATE VII



MAKE-UP CHART

<u>Cast</u>	<u>Base</u>	<u>Shadow</u>	<u>Rouge</u>	<u>Powder</u>	<u>Others</u>
John	Texas Dirt 10 Alcone	Clown white Blue liner Brown pencil Brown liner	Brown liner	Max Factor 16	
Yustan	Texas Dirt 10 Alcone	Black pencil Clown white Silver liner Blue liner	Brown liner	Max Factor 16	Long hair wig (black) Silver streaks and tips
Luta	Texas Dirt 10 Alcone	Brown liner Clown white Brown pencil Blue liner	Brown liner	Max Factor 16	White tempera for war paint. Long hair wig (black)
Tawanka	Texas Dirt 10 Alcone	Brown liner Black pencil	Brown liner	Max Factor 16	
Wacaka	Texas Dirt 10 Alcone	Max Factor 17 Clown white Black pencil Silver liner	Brown liner	Max Factor 16	Black streaks and tips Silver streaks and tips

STAGE SETTING

No Sunrise Tomorrow was produced at the Purple Masque Theater in the East Stadium of Kansas State University. The standard arrangement of a twelve foot by twenty-four foot modified thrust stage twelve inches from the auditorium floor was used. The stage abutted a solid black wall with a four foot aisle separating it from an auditorium seating one hundred fifty people who viewed the stage from three sides.

To best meet the requirements of the play, a space staging technique was used. This was done by a series of platforms ranging from six inches to eighteen inches off the stage floor in continuous formation from downstage-right, along the back wall and elevating to a high, but small platform at the extreme upstage-left corner of the stage. In all, these platforms covered over one-third of the total stage area. The purpose of these levels was to separate the different areas of action. For instance, the platform stage-right symbolized the village. Here Wicaka weaved her basket with Tawanka assisting her. The higher platform, upstage-left, is the area where John entered each of Yustan's dreams. It also symbolized the avenue of escape from the reservation. The rest of the platform was but a rampway from one elevated area to another.

These areas were also important in that they separated the actors, who during much of the play stood motionless when apart from the action of the play. Although during these times there was little light on the platforms, the actors could still be

seen. Thus the use of the platforms gave them a certain distance not confusing to the audience.

At center stage and left-center stage the action was at stage level. This area represented the Indian burial ground where the action play took place. All other scenes were only in the memory of Yustan. Against the elevated ramp which ran along the back wall, stage-center, stood a burial rack made of tree limbs and boughs. This and a campfire which was directly downstage and to the left of the bier, (about twelve inches from the fore edge of the stage,) were the only scenery on the stage. All other effects were achieved through lighting, costuming, and of course actor movement and speech. Other props aiding the set were a basket for Tawanka and Wicaka, a duffel bag for John, and a buffalo skull which hung on the burial rack.

Since No Sunrise Tomorrow was on a bill with two other plays, it was necessary that the set be kept as simple as possible. In the early stages of production the director had envisioned a more elaborate backdrop and set. But this plan was abandoned for the more simple, and as it turned out, very successfully designed, space stage arrangement.

No Sunrise Tomorrow was the first one-act play of the three presented. During the intermission following the play, it was only necessary to have the stage hands remove the platforms, bier and fire. Of the six platforms, none measured more than four feet by eight feet, thus making them easy to handle. The

change from this set to the next, which required even less stage scenery, took only about five minutes.

In all, No Sunrise Tomorrow offered a strange combination of the natural and the abstract in its setting, offering the actor a wide range of possibilities in conjunction with the director.

LIST OF PROPERTIES

Set Properties

Basket and weaving materials
Buffalo skull
Bier
Flask for the death ritual
Cup for the death ritual
Campfire

Hand Properties

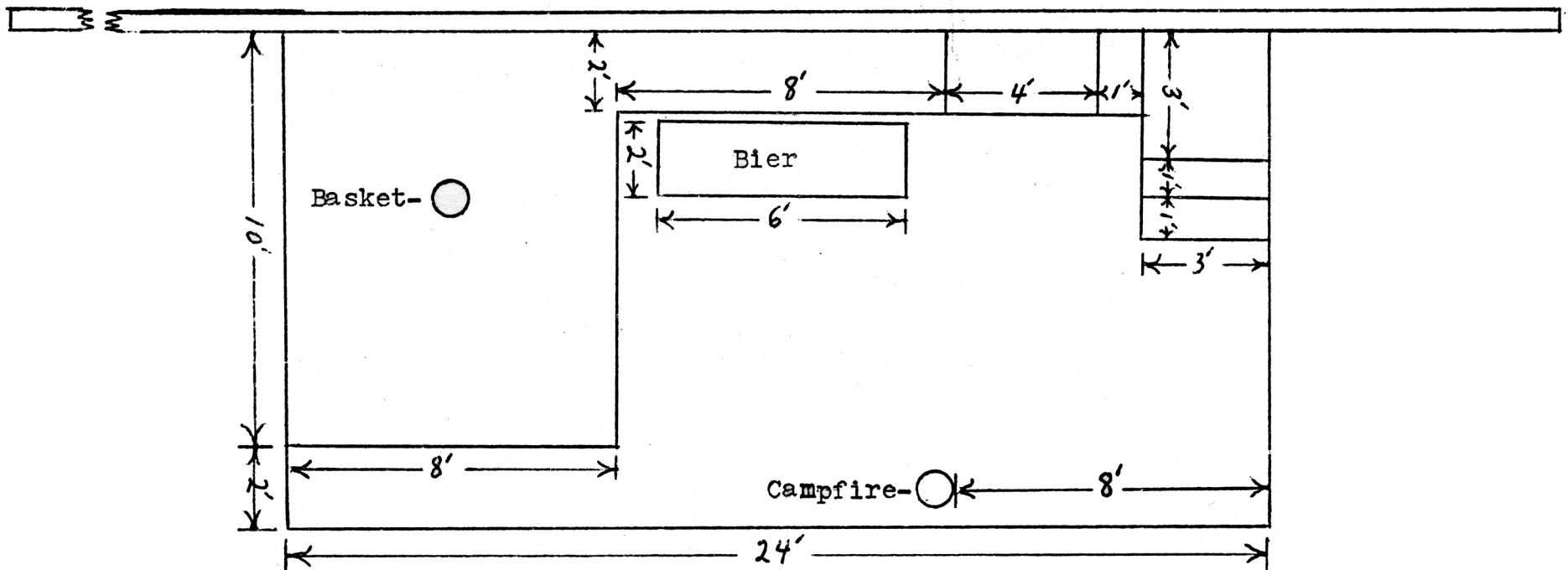
Duffel bag
Music box
Medicine stick
Medicine bag
Wristwatch and gift case
Jewelry case
Assorted clothing to put in duffel bag
Blanket

EXPLANATION OF PLATE VIII

Floor Plan of Setting

No Sunrise Tomorrow

PLATE VIII



EXPLANATION OF PLATE IX

Wacaka tries to make peace.

Tawanka, John, Wacaka, Yustan, and Luta

PLATE IX



EXPLANATION OF PLATE X

John tells Tawanka of the city.

Wacaka, Tawanka, and John

PLATE X



LIGHTING

The production of No Sunrise Tomorrow as part of a three play bill gave particular problems to the lighting technician. Because of the limited supply of lighting instruments, the general lighting had to be similar for all three performances. This meant that the same lighting was used for the more serious plays as well as the one comedy. In order to do this, a kind of happy medium had to be reached in the selection of instruments and the color of gels used on them. In most cases the specials needed were available.

The total effect of No Sunrise Tomorrow was very much dependent on the success of its lighting. Setting, movement, and mood were established to a great extent by the lights. Since all characters remained on the stage even when they were in actuality out of the action, it was essential that certain areas of the stage be almost blacked out. The area lighting followed the movement of the actors from place to place, giving special emphasis to that particular movement or locale that could not be established otherwise. The mood from within the graveyard and the village was also accomplished by intensifying or decreasing the lighting level.

Special lighting was used to single out the death ritual at the burial rack, the skull on the rack, and the sequences which led into the memory of Yustan. Red specials were used on the bier and skull, while a blue light was used to signify the dreams.

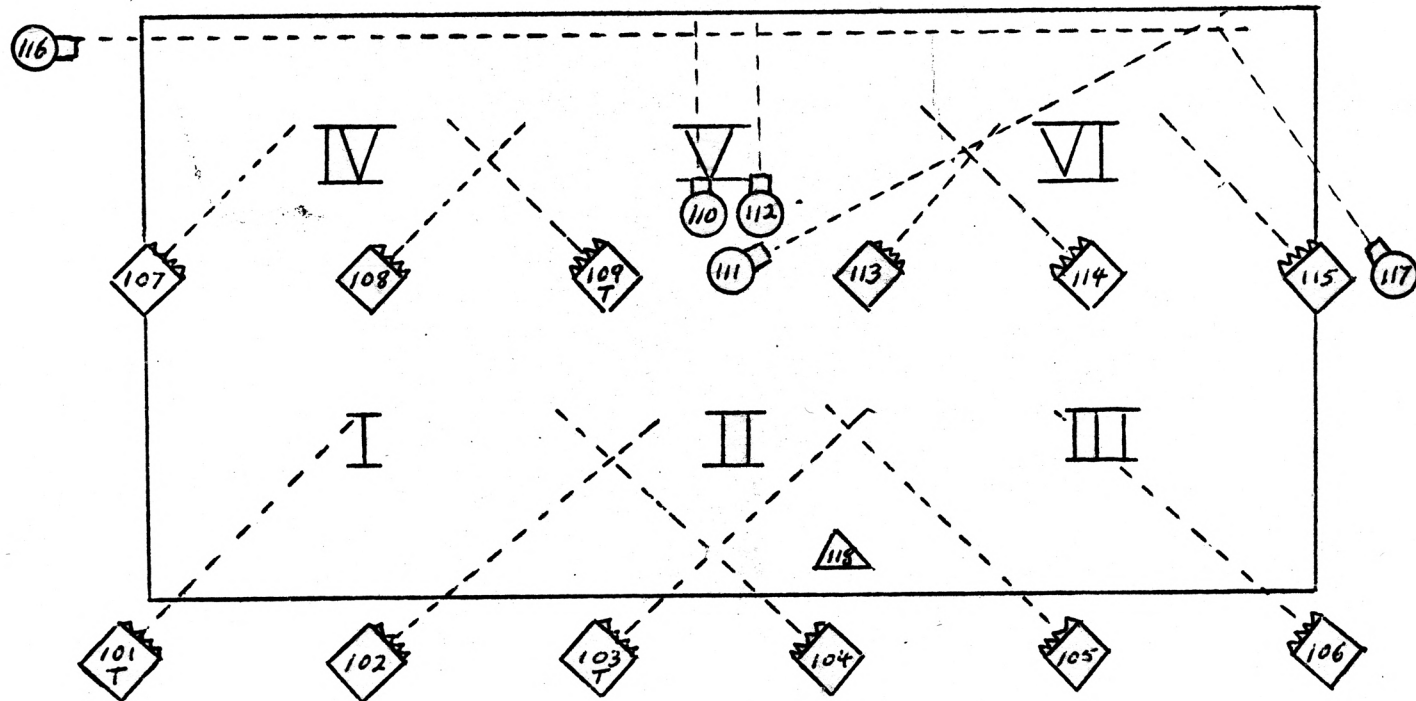
Throughout most of the play the light intensity was kept quite low since much of the play takes place at night. The shadowy effect of moving from one lighted area to another gave just the right effect for shadows and tones suitable for the graveyard and memory scenes. There is no doubt that more could have been accomplished had more instruments been available for use, but the results were still very satisfying.

EXPLANATION OF PLATE XI

Lighting Plan

No Sunrise Tomorrow

PLATE XI



Fresnel



Leko



Campfire

T = Top hat

LIGHTING CHART

No.	Instrument	Location	Purpose	Lamp	Color	Remarks	Dimmer	Gang
101	6" Fresnel	1st pipe	Area 1	500W T-20	849	Top hat	C-1	101-104
102	6" Fresnel	1st pipe	Area 2	500W T-20	849		C-2	102-105
103	6" Fresnel	1st pipe	Area 3	500W T-20	849	Top hat	C-3	103-106
104	6" Fresnel	1st pipe	Area 1	500W T-20	805		C-1	104-101
105	6" Fresnel	1st pipe	Area 2	500W T-20	805		C-2	105-102
106	6" Fresnel	1st pipe	Area 3	500W T-20	805		C-3	106-103
107	6" Fresnel	2nd pipe	Area 4	500W T-20	849	Top hat	C-4	107-109
108	6" Fresnel	2nd pipe	Area 5	500W T-20	849		C-5	108-114
109	6" Fresnel	2nd pipe	Area 4	500W T-20	805	Top hat	C-4	109-107
110	6" Leko	2nd pipe	Special on bier.	500W T-12			B-4	110
111	6" Leko	2nd pipe	Special	500W T-12	856		B-3	111-117
112	6" Leko	2nd pipe	Special skull	500W T-12			B-2	112
113	6" Fresnel	2nd pipe	Area 6	500W T-20	849		C-6	113-115
114	6" Fresnel	2nd pipe	Area 5	500W T-20	805		C-5	114-108
115	6" Fresnel	2nd pipe	Area 6	500W T-20	805		C-6	115-113
116	6" Leko	3rd pipe	Special	500W T-12	856		B-1	116
117	6" Leka	2nd pipe	Special	500W T-12	856		B-3	117-111
118	Bulb	Downstage center	Fire	75W	Red		D-1	118

LIGHT CUE SHEET

BOARD	A						B						C						D
*Cue	1	2	3	4	5	6	1	2	3	4	5	6	1	2	3	4	5	6	1
1										3									7
2														5			5		
3									7					6 $\frac{1}{2}$			6 $\frac{1}{2}$		
4									0					4 $\frac{1}{2}$			4 $\frac{1}{2}$		
5														4 $\frac{1}{2}$			4 $\frac{1}{2}$		
6															4 $\frac{1}{2}$				
7							7		7					0			0		
8							0		0										
9																8			
10													8						
11														7			7		
12														0		0	0		
13														7			7		
14													0						
15															7				
16															0				
17														4 $\frac{1}{2}$			4 $\frac{1}{2}$		
18															4 $\frac{1}{2}$				
19															0				
20									7					6 $\frac{1}{2}$			6 $\frac{1}{2}$		
21									0										
22														0		6 $\frac{1}{2}$			
23														7					
24										4									
25														4 $\frac{1}{2}$		0	4 $\frac{1}{2}$		
26															4 $\frac{1}{2}$				
27															0				
28								4											
29														0			0		
30										0									
31								0											0

*Red numbers in prompt script indicate light cues.

SOUND

Only four different sound effects had to be reproduced for No Sunrise Tomorrow. Two of these were variations of the beat of a tom-tom, another was the music which introduced the memory scenes, and the final one was the sound of a music box. The first three were produced by recorded tape, while the music box emitted its own sound as a prop in the play.

The soft beat of the drum was used whenever there was not a dream sequence in progress. It was a part of the death ritual throughout the play. It was actually reproduced from the sound of a hand beating on a base drum. Toned down it gave the sound of a tom-tom. Since the drum had to beat continuously, it was placed on a tape loop, the sound being brought up or down simply by adjusting the sound level. A second tape recorder was used for the other sounds.

The second recording of a drum beat was needed for the last scene of the play where the beat not only had to be increased in volume at the death of Yustan, but also had to have a faster rate of interval. Otherwise the two beats were alike.

The sound of the dream music is difficult to describe other than stating that it was typical of the sound generally used for that sort of thing. It was played only for a few seconds at a time. Recorded from the background of a recording of Hamlet, it emitted an erie sound which very successfully set the mood of the dreams.

The sound of a music box was used twice during the play. At first a recording was tried, but this proved unsatisfactory.

It was finally decided to use the sound of the actual box. Although this gave the desired sound, it also presented its hazards. Once during the performance the lid of the music box, buried deep in the duffel bag, became dislodged even though it had been secured with tape. Thus the muffled sound of the music was heard at the wrong time. Also during one scene the music box is thrown on the stage floor with full expectation that it will begin to play when the lid falls off. At one performance the lid came off as planned but the box landed upside down, shutting off the trigger mechanism. Neither of these incidences, however, were unduly distracting to the audience, many of whom were probably not aware of either happening.

SOUND CUE SHEET

<u>*Cue</u>	<u>Tape</u>	<u>Live</u>	<u>Level</u>	<u>Instrument</u>
Start 1a Stop 1b	Slow drum beat		Start 7, fade to 1½	Revere tape recorder
Start 2a Stop 2b	Memory music		3	Aiwa tape recorder
Start 3a Stop 3b	Drum beat		1½	Revere tape recorder
Start 4a Stop 4b	Memory music		3	Aiwa tape recorder
Start 5a Stop 5b		Music box	Live	Music box
Start 6a Stop 6b	Drum beat		1½	Revere tape recorder
Start 7a Stop 7b	Memory music		3	Aiwa tape recorder
Start 8a Stop 8b		Music box	Live	Music box
Start 9a Stop 9b		Music box	Live	Music box
Start 10a Stop 10b	Drum beat		1½	Revere tape recorder
Start 11a Stop 11b	Fast drum beat		1½ increase to 4	Aiwa tape recorder

*Green numbers in prompt script indicate sound cues.

CAST LIST

<u>Name</u>	<u>Address</u>	<u>Phone</u>
Martha Mae Guenther	Goodnow Hall	JE9-2281
Jim Jagger	1830 College Hts.	JE9-2321
Mike Parker	Jardine Terrace	JE9-3728
Sue Tasker	Ford Hall	JE9-8261
Berney Williams	908 Bertrand	PR6-6063

REHEARSAL SCHEDULE

Feb. 3	7:30 - 11:00 p.m.	Read through script
Feb. 4	9:30 - 11:00 p.m.	Block
Feb. 5	8:00 - 9:30 p.m.	Block
Feb. 6	8:00 - 9:30 p.m.	Block
Feb. 7	6:30 - 8:00 p.m.	Block
Feb. 8	No rehearsal	
Feb. 9	3:30 - 5:00 p.m.	Block
Feb. 10	8:00 - 10:00 p.m.	Lines
Feb. 11	8:00 - 9:30 p.m.	Lines
Feb. 12	9:30 - 11:00 p.m.	Lines
Feb. 13	8:00 - 9:30 p.m.	Lines
Feb. 14	8:00 - 9:30 p.m.	Lines
Feb. 15	1:00 - 2:00 p.m.	Lines
Feb. 16	2:00 - 3:30 p.m.	Partial dress
Feb. 17	8:00 - 9:30 p.m.	Partial dress
Feb. 18	8:00 - 9:30 p.m.	Partial dress
Feb. 19	9:30 - 11:00 p.m.	Partial dress
Feb. 20	6:30 - 8:00 p.m.	Partial dress
Feb. 21	8:00 - 9:30 p.m.	Partial dress
Feb. 22	8:00 - 11:00 p.m.	Full dress run through
Feb. 23	2:00 - 11:00 p.m.	Technical rehearsal
Feb. 24	6:30 - 11:00 p.m.	Full dress with make-up
Feb. 25	6:30 - 11:00 p.m.	Full dress with make-up
Feb. 26	6:30 - 10:30 p.m.	Production (opening night)
Feb. 27	6:30 - 11:30 p.m.	Production (pictures)
Feb. 28	6:30 - 10:30 p.m.	Production
Mar. 1	6:30 - 11:30 p.m.	Production (strike)

NO SUNRISE TOMORROW

A Play in One Act

by

Carolyn Kaberline

CAST OF CHARACTERS**LUTA****YUSTAN****JOHN (Kinunka)****WICAKA****TAWANKA**

THE TIME: 1968.

THE PLACE: An ancient burial ground on an Indian reservation.

AT RISE: The sun has just set. From the distance is heard the soft beat of a ceremonial drum. Upstage center stands a burial rack not yet used. On its left hangs the white skull of a buffalo, on its right some vessels and herbs to be used in the ritual of death. Several paces down from the bier is a small campfire. To the right of the bier and campfire is a large stage area upon which is sitting a woman weaving a basket. Downstage from her on a lower level sits a young girl. The raised stage continues by way of a ramp behind the bier and by a series of steps leading to a small but even higher level upon which stands a young man with an army duffel bag. These raised levels of the stage are not a part of the burial ground, as becomes apparent as the play progresses. While all characters remain on the stage during the entire performance, they assume no action except when drawn into the memory of Yustan, the chief.

At first only the light from the campfire and its reflection on the bier is visible. Only the silhouette of Luta, the medicine man, and Yustan, the chief, are noticeable. The rest of the stage is dark. As Luta begins chanting the death ritual, a dim light comes upstage center, lighting only the bier and campfire. The rest of the stage still remains in darkness. Luta can be seen standing at the bier, his back to the audience, his hands uplifted to the sky. Yustan sits cross-legged at the fire facing the audience. Luta continues his chanting.

LUTA

e ya ha we...ye he ye ye he ye...ye whi ye ye...how we...ye
 whi ye ye...e ya ha we...ye he ye ye he ye...ho we...ye i yi
 hi ha hi...ye ha i...ya ha ya ya ha ai ya ha ai yo yu ai ye
 ye ha ai yu ho ho yu ho ai ho ho ho-o yu he ye he a ya.

(He lowers his arms and slowly turns toward
 Yustan.)

YUSTAN

(Carefully, while looking around, he pulls his
 blanket around him.)

It is growing cold. It will soon be dark.

LUTA

Darkness is the time when the spirits walk.

YUSTAN

Once I believed in spirits, now I'm not so sure.

LUTA

(Reproachfully.)

You dare to anger the spirits of our ancestors with such doubts?

YUSTAN

I only question whether spirits may be only memories of the
 past come to haunt us and not the remains of our ancestors.

LUTA

(Facing the bier and lifting his arms once more
 to the sky.)

Forgive him, ancestors. He knows not what he says.

YUSTAN

I know what I say.

LUTA

(Raises hands higher, beseechingly.)

Forgive him, you who wander the darkness. The heart of Yustan
 is full of grief for his children who have left him.

YUSTAN

(Removes the blanket from around him and stands.
 He walks several paces downstage-left and looks
 out over the audience.)

Once I had two children, Luta, but no more.

(He pauses, turns, and looks at Luta.)

Why did they leave, Luta? Ask your spirits why.

LUTA

(In thought, he walks to the fire, sits facing
 left.)

It was their will.

YUSTAN is lost in thought about his children. Out of his memory come events from the past. What is seen now is the first of three flashbacks which recall to his memory the agony of his children's departure. The memory effect is achieved by bringing JOHN out of the darkness with a pale blue light and an appropriate sound effect. It is all in Yustan's memory, but it becomes more and more real to the audience as JOHN and YUSTAN engage in dialogue.

JOHN

Spirits? No, father, the spirits don't demand that I stay. You do.

YUSTAN

(Looking up and searching for the voice.)
But it is the will of our ancestors that you live on this land.

JOHN

Our ancestors are dead. They don't care what I do.

YUSTAN

You are wrong. Our tribe has lived on this land for centuries.

JOHN

Then don't you think it's about time they left?

YUSTAN

Everyone else seems to be content.

JOHN

(Takes one step down from raised platform.)
But are they really?

YUSTAN

(Turns to John as blue light fades out and general lighting is increased.)
You do not see anyone else desiring to leave, do you?

JOHN

Everyone else has the same fear as you do...the "Spirits of our ancestors."

YUSTAN

Quiet! Do not dare to ever speak of our ancestors in that fashion again!

JOHN

(Stepping all the way down from the
steps of the platform.)

And what'll happen if I do? Will they rise up and haunt me?

YUSTAN

(Crossing to bier, his back to the
audience.)

If you only knew the history of our people you wouldn't feel...

JOHN

(Stepping toward Yustan and raising
his voice.)

I do know the history of our people. It's been drilled into
me as long as I can remember.

YUSTAN

(Facing John.)

Then you should be proud of our people.

JOHN

I am proud of my people, but does that mean that I have to live
here in the past forever?

YUSTAN

(Crossing in front of the bier, touching
the ritual vessels as he speaks.)

The past? All of the other young people here are content. You
are the only one who desires to leave. They do not think they
are living in the past.

JOHN

It only proves that I'm the only one who's not afraid to point
out the difference between the past and the present.

YUSTAN

You talk of the past, yet you have forgotten that the white man
took our land.

JOHN

I haven't forgotten anything.

YUSTAN

(Facing John.)

Then why do you want to enlist in the white man's army? Why
do you want to defend his land?

JOHN

It's my land too.

YUSTAN

This is your land. Why won't you stay and work for it?

JOHN

What good would it do anyone if I stayed here? Stayed here and lived in the past and worked in the past and eventually died in the past?

YUSTAN

(Pointing to cemetery beyond the bier.)

Your grandfather is buried on this land and his father and his father before him.

JOHN

(Moving forward to engage his father more intimately.)

Then there's enough dead people here! What about the ones who are still living?

YUSTAN

(Walking away from John toward the fire.)

It's you who are dead, not us...dead to the ways of our people.

JOHN

(Following Yustan, speaks with great patience.)

I'm trying to help my people. I'm trying to show them the way to the present.

(He pauses, then starts slowly.)

Look. Bring Mom and Tawanka and come with me. It's still not too late for us.

YUSTAN

It is too late...

(Facing John.)

...too late to make you realize that our ways are the best.

(He turns away from John again.)

JOHN

Can't you take the best of our ways and the best of the white man's ways? Can't you mix the best of both?

YUSTAN

(Turning to John once more.)

Why won't you realize that the ways of the white man are wrong?

JOHN

Are they any more wrong than living in the past?

YUSTAN

(Deliberately.)

We are not in the past!

JOHN

(Visibly angered, he moves toward Yustan and they are now face to face.)

Then where the hell are we?

YUSTAN

(Shocked, he turns and takes one step
downstage-right.)

You will not talk to me in such a manner.

JOHN

I'll talk any way that I can to let you realize how wrong we
are to live this way.

YUSTAN

You do not know what you are saying.

JOHN

I know damn well what I'm saying!

YUSTAN

We will wait and talk more tomorrow when...

JOHN

(Interrupting.)

No! We're going to get this settled--now!

YUSTAN

Perhaps you will feel different tomorrow.

JOHN

I won't be here tomorrow.

YUSTAN

(Quickly turning to John, his voice
almost breaking in anger.)

Do you really hate the land of your ancestors that much?

JOHN

(Angerly.)

Yes!

YUSTAN

(Pointing to platform where John first
entered.)

Leave then! Go and enlist in the white man's army. You are
defiled. There is no Indian blood in you. Go!

JOHN

(Turning, he starts to leave. He has one
foot on the first step of the platform.)

Don't worry. I will!

YUSTAN

But just remember one thing.

JOHN turns to listen.

Remember you are leaving the land of your ancestors forever.

JOHN

(Realizing the conversation has taken
an unexpected turn.)

What do you mean?

YUSTAN

I have a son no longer and you have no father.

JOHN

(Taking one step down toward Yustan,
and with second thoughts.)

But father, I want only to...

YUSTAN

(Turning his back on John.)

Go!

JOHN

But I only want to...

YUSTAN

(In almost a whisper, but deliberately.)

Go!

JOHN

(Remains silent for a moment.)

I will leave. And I'll show you that I can make it in the
white man's world!

JOHN turns, walks up the steps
to the platform, and takes his
position as before. Later in
darkness he turns to face the
audience.

The lights dim on the burial
scene. LUTA is still seated
at the fire and seems to be
observing some kind of ritual
as he waves his arms over the
fire. YUSTAN remains standing.
He is still deep in thought,
as LUTA stands and begins
chanting again. In his hand
LUTA holds a small pouch of
"medicine" which he offers to
the four winds during his chant.

LUTA

(Pausing.)

The time grows near, O spirits.

YUSTAN

(He stirs from his thoughts and moves
downstage-left of the fire.)

The sky grows dark.

LUTA

(Sprinkling more "medicine" from the pouch.)
Be pleased, O mighty ancestors.

YUSTAN

(Moving to downstage-left corner of
the stage.)

Where did we go wrong, Luta?

LUTA

We are not wrong.

YUSTAN

Then why do our crops wither and the ground stay parched?

LUTA

(Troubled by the attitude of Yustan,
LUTA goes to him.)

The spirits are testing us.

YUSTAN

Have we not yet proved ourselves worthy of their favor?

LUTA

The spirits will reward us.

YUSTAN

But when, Luta, when?

As a gesture of comfort,
LUTA places his hand on
the chief's shoulder.

LUTA

You have doubts, my friend?

YUSTAN

(Removing Luta's hand and taking
two steps downstage-left.)

I have seen no spirits. I have seen only memories.

LUTA

Do not displease the spirits now. Ask that they forgive you.

YUSTAN

(Turning to face Luta.)

But how can I forgive myself if my children cannot?

LUTA

Do not trouble yourself on their account. You did what was right.

YUSTAN

(Walking to his original position at the fire, he faces the audience and sits down.)

Did I, Luta? Was there no other way?

LUTA

(Walking to bier, he gestures to the burial ground.)

The blood of your ancestors did not flow in them. They have been defiled by an evil spirit or they would have stayed.

YUSTAN

But my blood was their blood. Why did they leave, Luta?

LUTA

(Walks to left of fire and sits down.)

It was the will of the spirits.

As Yustan's memory recalls more of the past, the blue light again comes up on John. The lights on Yustan and Luta slowly fade out and lights come up on Wicaka.

JOHN

Mother.

WICAKA is weaving a basket. She is startled by the voice of her son but is obviously pleased to hear it. Tribal law, however, forbids her to speak directly to her son, or to any man.

WICAKA

(Looking up at him.)

My son has returned.

JOHN picks up his duffel bag and crosses behind the bier to upstage-right, just left of his mother. He kisses her.

JOHN

It's good to be back, Mom.

Again WICAKA is startled and somewhat ashamed of the boldness of her son.

9 WICAKA
My son has been away for a long time. He has forgotten the ways of his people.

JOHN
 (Looking around in search of his father or sister, he crosses behind Wicaka.)
 And what ways have I forgotten?

WICAKA
 Does he not remember that tribal law forbids him to speak directly to his mother and sister?

JOHN
 (Moving back left of Wicaka.)
 That is an old law.

WICAKA
 But we are an old people and that is the law.

JOHN
 (Facing Wicaka.)
 Where's Father? And Tawanka?

WICAKA
 (Realizing now the possible consequences of her son's return, she rises to speak.)
 Kinunka plans to stay? He does not remember the words of his father on the day he left?

JOHN
 I call myself John now. I remember what Father said, but he spoke in anger.

WICAKA
 Many bitter words passed between my son and his father that day.

10 JOHN
I was only mad because he didn't understand me. I'm sure he didn't mean everything he said.

A light comes up on Tawanka who is seated on the downstage-right corner of the stage. WICAKA returns to her weaving.

TAWANKA
 Is that my brother Kinunka that I hear?
 (She is visibly excited as she stands and faces her brother.)

TAWANKA

I couldn't believe my ears when I heard his voice. It's been so long since I've seen him.

JOHN walks to TAWANKA and extends his hand to her as if to help her come to him. In doing so TAWANKA steps to the level of the stage where her mother sits. They stand facing each other.

JOHN

It's good to see you too. Now cut out that silly talk and speak to me, not about me, for a change.

TAWANKA

(Taking several paces left on platform.)
But the tribal law...

JOHN steps down to face his sister, his back to the audience, he has one foot on the lower stage while the other rests on the upper level.

JOHN

That's an old law and you're a young lady.
(Addressing his mother.)
Now then, where's Father?

WICAKA

He will be back soon, but my son had better leave before then.

JOHN

I'm staying...at least for a little while. I've got some great news.

TAWANKA

(Running to her mother excitedly and turning to John.)
What is the news my brother has for us?

JOHN

Just be patient. You'll know soon enough.

TAWANKA

What did my brother think of the white man's world? What did he see? And where did he stay?

As the lights come up on them, YUSTAN and LUTA are now standing. They act as if they are in conversation with each other.

JOHN
 Well, now, I'll tell you. For a while I was stationed in...

YUSTAN
 (Not yet noticing John.)
 The crops should be better this year.

LUTA
 (Moving left of bier, he does not
 notice John either.)
 My medicine is powerful. There will be enough rain.

YUSTAN
 Good. The crop last year was very poor.

JOHN
 (Standing erect.)
 Father?

YUSTAN is first surprised and then stares coldly at John. JOHN walks toward his father and offers to shake hands with him, but he holds his hand out in vain. There is silence as the two study each other.

It's good to be home, I've missed all of you.

YUSTAN is still silent. JOHN, unsure of himself stops. He lowers his hand.

(Embarrassed.)
 Well, now that you're all here together, I've got a little present for each of you.

John's duffel bag sits on the floor right of the bier. JOHN goes to it and opens it.

On our way back from Vietnam, we stopped in San Francisco. You would all like San Francisco, especially you, Tawanka. It was a big lively place. That's where I picked these up.

JOHN draws three gifts from the bag. He offers a jewelry box to Wicaka.

Sorry I didn't have time to gift wrap these or anything, but I'm sure you'll like them just the same.

WICAKA takes it, but makes no move to open it. JOHN does not notice and continues handing out the rest of the gifts.

And this one's for you, little sister. I know you'll like it, since I've caught you over at the trading post looking at one like this many times.

JOHN hands her the box. She can hardly wait to open it, but her father's stare keeps her from doing so. JOHN walks downstage-left to Yustan.

And for you, Father, I have a little something that I know you'll like, adjustable band, seventeen jewels and all. Keeps good time, too. Anyway, that's what the man at the F-X said.

JOHN tries to hand his father the small package, but YUSTAN refuses to take it. He looks at the others and sees that they have not opened his gifts to them.

You can go on and open them any time. I promise that there's nothing in them that's going to bite.

YUSTAN continues to stare at the others. WICAKA rises and puts her gift on the duffel bag. TAWANKA starts to open the box again, but YUSTAN frowns at her. She starts to give it back.

Go on, Tawanka, it's yours.

TAWANKA

Father?

(She obviously wants to keep her gift, but her father answers her question with only a stare.)

I thank my brother for his thoughtfulness, but...

JOHN

(Hurt.)

Please keep it, Tawanka.

YUSTAN

Give it back, Tawanka.

TAWANKA complies by placing the music box on the duffel bag.

JOHN

(Facing Yustan.)

It's only a music box as you can see.

YUSTAN

What brought you to our land? Was the white man's way of life not like you expected after all?

JOHN

(Moving downstage-right.)

I came to tell you of a job I have...with a construction company. I learned to drive some big machines in the army and I'll be making enough to rent a small house. In fact, I've already put a down-payment on one. And I want...

YUSTAN

Since you already have a home, I think that it is time for you to return to it.

JOHN

(Looking first to Yustan and then to Wicaka and Tawanka.)

But I want you to come with me...you and Mom and Tawanka. You can find a job...

YUSTAN

(Turning away from John.)

And I can be the white man's slave too. Is that what you mean?

JOHN

No. I mean nothing of the kind. I want you to come with me for your own good.

YUSTAN

I am content here on the land of my fathers.

JOHN

Are you really?

YUSTAN

(Facing John again.)

Yes. I am content. I am proud of the ways of my people.

JOHN

You're still living in the past here. I thought three years might change things around here, but I was wrong. Everything is the same.

LUTA, who has been silently standing left of the bier now crosses downstage-right and faces John.

LUTA

Our past was a glorious one. We conquered all of our enemies, those who raided our remudas and made war upon us.

(Crossing upstage-right.)

We followed the buffalo and the Great Spirit was good to us.

(Crossing upstage-center.)

Even when the white eyes came we fought successfully. His scalps hung from our lodgepoles and all the warriors counted many coup.

(His movements now have carried him left of fire with his back to John.)

JOHN

Maybe that was true once, but you can't live in the past forever. Our people will have to step into the real world one day, so why not now?

LUTA

(Angerly turning to John.)

This is the real world. It is you who live in a dream world.

JOHN

(Taking two or three steps toward Luta.)

You can't fight a river with a coup stick, Luta. You either have to move with that river or you drown. That's what the future is, Luta. It's a river and it moves swiftly. So what are our people going to do? Are we going to swim or are we going to drown?

LUTA turns away in disgust.

YUSTAN

(Reproachfully.)

You will watch your tongue! It is time that you at least learned a little respect for your elders. Luta has seen many more winters than you have.

JOHN

And after all those winters why won't he leave the cold and come into the warmth of summer?

LUTA moves angerly upstage-left of bier.

YUSTAN

Before you left I told you never to return and now you dare to come back and insult Luta.

JOHN

You're only afraid I'm right. You know I am telling the truth.

YUSTAN

I know nothing of the kind. All I know is that you have returned a stranger to this land.

JOHN

I came back hoping to find that things had changed, between you and me and for our people.

YUSTAN

And have they?

JOHN

Not by a long shot.

YUSTAN

And did you really believe that they would change?

JOHN

(Turning away from Yustan.)

No. I guess not. But how I hoped.

YUSTAN

We have nothing more to discuss. You may leave.

JOHN

(Turning again to face Yustan.)

Are you sending me away again?

YUSTAN

It is you who send yourself away.

JOHN

Do I? Why don't you face the truth, Father?

YUSTAN

(Turning away from John.)

I am not your father!

JOHN

(Steps toward Yustan.)

Saying that you're not my father doesn't change anything. You're still not facing the truth.

YUSTAN

(Wheeling toward John.)

And what truth am I not facing?

JOHN

(Gesturing toward Wicaka and Tawanka.)

That our people are dying. Not physically maybe, at least not yet. But our people can never be strong again as long as they live like this.

LUTA

(Taking two steps toward John.)

We will be strong once more. Once we defeated the long knives and for awhile the whiteman stayed away from our land. We were strong then, we will be strong once more.

JOHN

That's only the talk of an old man.

LUTA again shocked and hurt turns away from John. WICAKA who has been observing all this with concern, stands.

YUSTAN

Apologize and then leave! And this time do not come back!

WICAKA

(Crossing to left-center stage, stands between John and Yustan.)

My son is tired from his long journey. He needs rest.

YUSTAN

(Turning his head away from John.)

Then let him return to his rented house in the white man's land.

WICAKA

You will both feel better in the morning. Let him stay until then.

YUSTAN

No!

WICAKA

You say that he does not remember the ways of our people. One of our customs is that of hospitality, even to our enemies. Do you, the chief of our people, forget our ways?

YUSTAN

(Facing Wicaka.)

I have not forgotten our ways. He may remain until morning. Then he must leave.

YUSTAN and LUTA return to be seated at the fire. YUSTAN faces the audience; LUTA faces stage-right.

JOHN motions to his sister to be seated on the downstage-left corner of the raised stage. TAWANKA is to the right of John and they face each other.

JOHN

Come, let's sit and talk for awhile. It's been so long since I've seen you.

(They are now seated.)

TAWANKA

(Bashfully.)

My brother should not address me so. It is not the way of our law.

JOHN

I thought you would be different from the others.

TAWANKA

Will my brother tell me about the great city of San Francisco?

JOHN

And what would you like me to tell you about it?

TAWANKA

I would like my brother to tell me about the people.

JOHN

Well, the people were like any other people. Some were nice and friendly, others growled at you if you even said hello. But I guess they were pretty nice for the most part.

TAWANKA

Did my brother by any chance notice what the ladies wore?

JOHN

Sure! Most of the dresses were short--real short.
(Indicates with his hand on his leg the length of the skirts. Again TAWANKA blushes.)

And the colors were bright--like war paint.

TAWANKA

(Smiling.)

And what kind of things do the people do in San Francisco?

JOHN

They work, they play, they relax with their families. They have a lot of movies and theatres and things like that in the city. You'd like it.

TAWANKA

Maybe someday I too will see a place like San Francisco.

JOHN

(Standing.)

Why don't you come with me, Tawanka?

TAWANKA

Our father would not approve.

JOHN

(Kneeling before her.)

You would rather stay here in this museum with the others?

TAWANKA

My brother knows that I would like to see the things he has spoken to, but I cannot go against the wishes of my father.

JOHN

Even if what he wants is wrong?

TAWANKA

How do I know that he is wrong and my brother is right?

JOHN

(Motioning with his hands.)

Look around you. The women still weave baskets and make blankets. They still do the wash by hand in the muddy stream that flows by the village. They work in the gardens as hard as the men, with only hoes and shovels. Is this the life you want for yourself?

TAWANKA

But our father says...

JOHN

(Rising and walking away from Tawanka.)

Can't you ignore what he says for once?

(Turning to her.)

Can't you follow your own wishes for a change?

(Pausing.)

Come with me, Tawanka, even if I can't persuade our parents to come. Please come, for your own good.

TAWANKA

(Rising and crossing to John.)

My brother knows I can't go, not without our father's permission.

JOHN

(He goes to the duffel bag and again presents the music box to Tawanka.)

Please take this, Tawanka.

TAWANKA

(She visibly wants to take the box, but still hesitates.)

No, I can't. My brother knows...

JOHN

(Holding out the music box to her.)
Your brother knows no reason why you can't accept it and
neither do you.

TAWANKA

But what will our father say if...

JOHN

(Interrupting again.)
Hang what our father says! He can refuse his gift if he wants,
but this one is yours, not his.

TAWANKA

But...

JOHN

Please take it.

With caution TAWANKA takes the
music box and opens it. It
plays for a few moments.
Meanwhile the lights have come
up on YUSTAN who is now standing
behind Tawanka in such a way
that she has not seen him
approach.

YUSTAN

I told my daughter not to take gifts from strangers.

TAWANKA

(She is startled and quickly closes
the music box.)
But he's no...stranger.

YUSTAN

Quiet. My daughter will return his gift.

TAWANKA reluctantly returns
the gift to the duffel bag.

(To Tawanka.)

Leave and let us talk.

TAWANKA sits left of her
mother who is working on a
basket.

JOHN

(Facing Yustan.)
You have no right to make her give the music box back.

YUSTAN

I do not want her head full of your wild ideas.

JOHN

Do you have any right to make her think the way you do?

YUSTAN

I am her father.

JOHN

And that gives you the right to control her thoughts?

YUSTAN

I promised I would let you stay the night. Do not make me change my mind.

JOHN

Won't you at least come with me for a little while, Father?
Won't you at least try another way of the present?

YUSTAN

(Moving several paces upstage-left.)

I have all that I desire here. Why should I be walked on by the white man?

JOHN

(Moving toward Yustan.)

Do you really have all that you want for yourself? How about Mother and Tawanka? Do you have all you want for them? Do they have all they want for themselves?

YUSTAN

(Now moving downstage-left.)

What makes you so sure that we will have any more than we do now if we go with you?

(Turning toward John.)

Why do you want us to become the slaves of the white man?

JOHN

(Following and pleading with Yustan.)

You will not be slaves. Please, Father, please come with me and try the new ways before it is too late.

YUSTAN

(Stubbornly, facing away from John.)

It is late. You will want to leave early in the morning.

JOHN is bewildered. There is a pause, then he slowly turns and walks up the steps to the high platform upstage-left.

The lights dim slightly as attention is directed again to the reality of the cemetery. Once more LUTA is chanting and performing some ritual over the fire. He stands and invokes the spirits of the four winds, stopping in each direction for a short time. At the close of the chant he notices that YUSTAN is starring off in space obviously still preoccupied with his thoughts about his children. LUTA walks to Yustan and gently turns him in the direction of the fire and bids him to be seated. YUSTAN complies. LUTA then goes to the bier to make further preparations for the ritual of death.

YUSTAN

(Looking to the eastern sky.)

The hour draws near. My time of fasting is almost finished.

LUTA

(Going about his work, not looking at Yustan.)

Our ancestors will be proud that you have regained your honor. They will welcome you.

YUSTAN

When I was but a child, they told us a story at the mission school about a Greek boy who made himself a pair of wings with feathers and wax. When he tried to fly, he approached too near the sun and the sun melted the wax of the wings and the boy fell to the earth, where he died.

LUTA

It is a sad story.

YUSTAN

Yes, it is sad and I sometimes wonder if our people have not done the same.

LUTA

(Turning his head slightly toward Yustan.)

I know of no young man who has made a pair of wings.

YUSTAN

Is it not possible that our young people could have made themselves wings with dreams for feathers and hope for wax? Is it not possible that the sun of our tradition has melted the hope and let the dreams fall one at a time to the ground?

LUTA

(Turning to Yustan.)

But you have been a good chief. You have led our people wisely.

YUSTAN

But have I melted the dreams of our young people?

LUTA

You have kept alive the traditions of our people.

YUSTAN

But should they all have been kept alive?

LUTA

Our people grew strong because of our customs.

YUSTAN

But did they not also grow weak because of them?

LUTA

We will be strong again!

YUSTAN

Will we, Luta, or will we grow weaker and finally die?

LUTA

(Stepping toward Yustan.)

We will not die!

YUSTAN

My children once had wings of dreams and hope. I tried to destroy their wings, but they were stronger than I. Now I have no children.

LUTA

(Crossing left of bier and gesturing to platform where John is standing.)

Do not blame yourself for the departure of Kinunka and Tawanka. You tried to teach them the ways of our people but the blood of our ancestors did not flow in them.

YUSTAN

My time grows short, yet I wonder if it would not be better if even yet I helped our young people to fly.

LUTA

(Crossing downstage toward Yustan.)

The young people are the hope of our tribe. We will die if all of them leave.

YUSTAN

No, Luta. I think that that is the only way we can live. Sometimes the best thing we can do is to let go and not hold on to our children so long.

LUTA

You speak this way because of the grief in your heart.

YUSTAN

Maybe so.

(He beats his heart once with his hand.)

But is it so wrong to speak from the heart?

LUTA

(Crossing right behind Yustan.)

You have led us wisely for thirty winters. You have tried to protect us from the men at the trading post who have robbed us. You have kept us in harmony with the agent. The young men listen to you and to their heads or we would have slain those who mistreated us.

YUSTAN

Would you have done so if another had led you? I doubt it, Luta. Many years ago, in another century, maybe, but not now. We followed the only course we had, or so I believed. Now I wonder.

LUTA

(Turning to Yustan.)

The only other way would have been to slay them.

YUSTAN

You are wrong. We could have left this reservation. We could have found jobs. But we did not. We told our young men to stay, and now we are dying.

LUTA

(Moving downstage-left, then turning sharply to Yustan.)

No! We are not dying!

YUSTAN

Aren't we, Luta, aren't we?

(Pausing for a moment, he stands.)

Kinunka tried to tell me all this many times, but I...

(He pauses again thinking carefully about what he is going to say. Meanwhile he crosses downstage-left.)

But I was too afraid to change--too afraid to face the truth or even listen.

LUTA

(Moving toward Yustan.)

You were not afraid. Our ancestors were not afraid and their blood is your blood. You were not afraid.

YUSTAN

(Moving away from Luta and going to the bier.)

Our ancestors are not here. They are dead. But even if they were here, would they have done the same as I? Or would they have changed?

LUTA

(First looking out over audience, then facing Yustan.)

Your words have no meaning. You did what was right. All agree.

YUSTAN

Kinunka did not agree.

LUTA

(Moving left of fire, facing right, while pointing to the bier.)

He did not know of our ancestors and the past of our people.

YUSTAN

(Still looking at the bier.)

But he did know, Luta. He knew the history of our people as well as you or I, yet he desired to leave. Could his view of history have been the right one?

LUTA

(Wanting to change the subject.)

It is growing late. Do not torture yourself with thoughts of Kinunka. It will do no good.

YUSTAN

(Turning to Luta.)

But if he was right...

LUTA

(Moving upstage-left behind Yustan.)

But he was not right. You are only telling yourself all this to be kind to him. I tell you he was wrong. You owe him only your pity.

YUSTAN

(Turning again toward the bier.)

How can you be sure that he should be pitied and not us?

LUTA

Must I again remind you that you speak only from your grief. You are tired--you have fasted the required three days. It will soon be time. Do not torture yourself in the time that remains.

LUTA

(Sitting at fire, facing right, looking
for the first signs of sunrise.)

The hour of the spirits will soon be upon us.

YUSTAN remains at the bier. He
is standing in such a way that
he faces the platform where
John is standing. Again his
mind thinks back to the days
of yesterday. As he does the
blue light comes up on JOHN.

YUSTAN

You are still here?

JOHN

I was hoping to talk to you once more before I left.

YUSTAN

(Turning his back on John.)

I have said all I have to say.

JOHN

But won't you reconsider?

YUSTAN

There is nothing to reconsider.

JOHN

(Stepping down to first step next to bier.)

but I want you to come with me. I want you to see for yourself
what the world's like.

YUSTAN

(Moving downstage-center.)

And live a prisoner in the white man's land?

JOHN

(Walking in front of the bier until he is
almost behind Yustan.)

You don't have to live there. Not if you don't want to. But
at least come and look.

YUSTAN

And what am I supposed to see?

JOHN

(Coming much closer to Yustan feeling he
may now have a chance to convince his
father that they should leave the reservation.)

You'll see a whole new world. One you never even believed ex-
isted. A world with big cities and electricity and running
water in the houses. You'll see fields plowed with tractors.
You'll see big harvests and...

YUSTAN

(Turning to John and cutting him off.)

And I will see the white man looking as if he owned me.

JOHN

(Speaking over Yustan's shoulder, almost behind and to the right of him.)

You won't! The white man is just like we are. He has the same fears and the same hopes. Why don't you come see for yourself?

YUSTAN

I have seen the white man. I have seen the men who run the trading post and try to sell us poor goods and charge us high prices. I have seen the agents who side with them.

JOHN

But these are only a few of them. Not all white men are like them.

YUSTAN

Aren't they?

JOHN

(Walking several paces downstage-right.)

In the army, I fought side by side with them. They're every bit as brave as our people. And they're just as honest. When I left you said I knew nothing about the white man's world. Well, I do now. And even if all of their ways aren't the best, neither are ours.

YUSTAN

Since you find more fault with our ways than with theirs, why did you come back?

JOHN

For the very same reason that I told you yesterday. I want to show you the present.

YUSTAN

I have seen the present!

JOHN

Have you, Father, have you really seen the present?

YUSTAN

The present is all around.

JOHN

(Motioning.)

It's all around the reservation all right. But as soon as you cross into the reservation from the white man's land, you're surrounded by the past.

YUSTAN

(Turning away from John, he obviously does not like what he is hearing.)

I have nothing more I want to say. You will leave now.

JOHN

(Not wanting to be cut off again.)

There's more I want to say.

YUSTAN

(The tempo of the argument begins to increase in anger.)

There's no more that I want to listen to.

JOHN

(Moving downstage-center, behind Yustan.)

So you just close your ears and make believe that you don't hear anything that you don't like. Is that it?

YUSTAN

(Very deliberately.)

Who are you to be telling me that you know what's best for me?

JOHN

(Beginning to loose his control.)

And who are you to be telling everyone else what's best for them?

YUSTAN raises his hand to strike John, hesitates for a moment, then slaps him soundly on the left cheek. There is silence. JOHN is almost in tears due more to his anger than to the force of the slap.

YUSTAN

(Speaking slowly and deliberately.)

I am the chief of our people. I have the duty to guide them, to counsel them. You have turned your back on our people and you dare to question me in such a manner?

JOHN

(Rubbing his cheek, he speaks in soft tones, but his voice trembles because of the anger within himself.)

You are afraid to face the truth. You've just admitted it.

YUSTAN

I want you off this land just as soon as you can get your things together.

JOHN

Out of sight, out of mind, is that it?

YUSTAN

Your time is growing short. You had better get your things.

JOHN is furious and he goes to replace the garments he removed from his duffel bag just left of the bier, haphazardly throwing things into it. As he does so the light dims center stage and comes up on TAWANKA who stands next to her mother on the large platform.

TAWANKA

(Taking a step or two toward John.)

I could not help but hear the angry words of my brother and father.

JOHN

(Still working at his duffel bag, not looking up.)

If only he would listen to reason.

TAWANKA

I do not want to see my brother leave again. Perhaps if he would apologize to our father he could stay.

JOHN

(Still not looking up.)

I couldn't stay here. I'd always feel like I'd been a traitor to our people.

TAWANKA

But why should my brother feel like a traitor?

JOHN

(Standing and looking at Tawanka now for the first time.)

You don't understand, do you?

TAWANKA

I am trying to understand my brother, but all I really understand is that he is going to leave us once again.

JOHN

I had hoped so much that at least you would understand. Even if no one else felt the same way about it, I wanted you to understand.

TAWANKA

Will my brother apologize to our father?

JOHN

(Returning to his duffel bag.)

It would do no good. He'd know I really didn't mean it.

TAWANKA

But what keeps my brother from meaning it? Does his pride keep him from saying that he's wrong?

JOHN

(Irritated, he again stands and faces Tawanka.)

But why must I be wrong? Isn't it possible that he's wrong?

TAWANKA starts to think this over as YUSTAN appears in the light. He is standing three or four paces downstage-left from John.)

YUSTAN

(To John.)

I thought you would be gone by now.

JOHN

(Finishes buckling his duffel bag and lifts it to his shoulder.)

I'm going.

As JOHN starts to leave, WICAKA, who has been observing everything, can remain silent no longer nor contain her feelings on the departure of her son. She defies tradition by interfering in the affairs of the chief as she rises and goes to her son's side.

WICAKA

(To Yustan.)

My son is not leaving, is he?

(She looks from Yustan to John and back to Yustan.)

Please say that he is not leaving. He has been here for so short a time.

YUSTAN

I said only that he could stay the night.

TAWANKA

Please do not let him leave, Mother.

WICAKA

Why must my son leave? This is his home.

YUSTAN

It is not his home any longer. He gave it up when he left three winters ago.

WICAKA

(Again looking back and forth between John and Yustan.)

Can you two not agree to forget what has happened between you?
Can you not live together peacefully?

YUSTAN

Kinunka doesn't believe our land is good enough for him. He thinks we are living in the past.

In one last vain attempt to change his father's mind, JOHN drops the duffel bag and moves downstage so that he is once more face to face with his father.

JOHN

Our people are living in the past.

JOHN sees that he has no effect on his father, and he pauses. He drops his hands to his sides, lowers his head and slowly walks back to pick up his duffel bag.

It's no use, Mother. Father and I see things too differently for me to live here any longer.

YUSTAN

It is well that you leave quickly.

JOHN

(Addressing Wicaka and Tawanka.)

Won't you two come with me? I've rented such a nice little house for us. Nothing very fancy, but it's in good shape.

YUSTAN

They will remain here.

JOHN

(Turning to Yustan.)

Can't they speak for themselves?

YUSTAN

(With authority.)

I will speak for them.

JOHN

Are you afraid that they might decide to come with me?

YUSTAN

I have said that they will remain here.

JOHN

(Going to his mother.)

Does he speak for you, Mother? Do you really want to stay here?

WICAKA says nothing. She looks at Yustan, then to John and back to Yustan again. She bows her head and walks slowly up on the platform. She looks once more to Yustan and John. She then obeys the chief and sits at the basket. JOHN, seeing this, turns now to his sister.

And what about you, Tawanka? Do you want to remain here too?

TAWANKA starts to say something but catches Yustan's eye and changes her mind.

So you're afraid to talk for yourself too, is that it?

There is a pause as JOHN looks back and forth between Tawanka, Wicaka, and Yustan.

What's the matter with all of you? Do you really want to live here the rest of your lives?

There is another pause. Then JOHN lifts the bag to his shoulder and moves up to the ramp which extends behind the bier and stands just left of the bier. He turns and faces his family once more.

I have done all I can. If any of you should change your mind, you can find me working at the Carson Construction Company in San Francisco.

JOHN crosses behind the bier and is about to ascend the stairs to the high platform when he thinks of one more thing to say to Yustan.

You've won, Father, I'll be leaving now.

(He turns and begins to ascend the stairs.)

YUSTAN

(At center stage.)

Wait!

JOHN turns and looks expectantly at Yustan. YUSTAN goes to the spot where the duffel bag once stood and where still remain the three gifts John had wanted to present to his family. He picks them up and returns to center stage.

You forgot these.

YUSTAN throws the gifts at John's feet. The music box begins to play and everyone stares at it speechlessly.

Take them with you.

JOHN

I left those for you--so you'd at least know there were such things.

YUSTAN

Take them and go.

TAWANKA

(Her voice cuts the silence that follows Yustan's last line.)

John!

(Unexpectedly she runs over to the music box and picks it up.)

It's a fine music box.

TAWANKA closes the lid on the music box and then slowly turns to address Yustan who is still staring at John. She takes one or two steps toward Yustan.

I want to go with him, Father. I want to see the pretty dresses and the movies and the theatres.

YUSTAN is crushed. He turns to face the audience, who can see his utter dejection; his head is bowed.

TAWANKA now turns to John.

TAWANKA

And I want to see San Francisco. Will you still take me?

JOHN

(Stepping down to take his sister's hand.)

O yes, little sister.

(Pausing.)

Is there anything you'd like to bring?

TAWANKA

No, nothing. Nothing except this music box. I want to get everything else new.

JOHN

(Starting to turn up the stairs.)

We'd better go now.

TAWANKA

Wait.

She bends over and picks up the watch that was the gift to Yustan. She turns and walks to Yustan.

It's broken...the glass, that is. It's a nice watch, Father, and it wouldn't take much to fix it.

(Looking longingly at Yustan.)

Please come, Father. Please come with us.

YUSTAN makes no move of any kind. TAWANKA sadly looks at her mother.

Mother?

WICAKA looks first at Yustan, then lowers her eyes.

JOHN

Come on, Tawanka. There's nothing more we can do here.

(The two turn and start to walk away.)

YUSTAN

Wait!

JOHN and TAWANKA turn expectantly. YUSTAN is facing his children.

YUSTAN

Once I had two children of whom I was very proud. My heart is sad now, for from this moment on I have no children.

JOHN and TAWANKA turn and walk to the platform where they stand hand in hand with their backs to the audience. It is only after the lights on them fade out that they turn and face the audience. The light dims on Yustan as the audience is again brought back to reality. The silence is broken by the mournful chanting of LUTA who is still seated at the fire. YUSTAN continues to look off in the direction of John and Tawanka. The drum is now beating.

LUTA works his "medicine" over the fire and looks to the eastern sky as he stops chanting.

LUTA

In a few moments the hour will be upon us.

YUSTAN

(Without moving, but brought back to reality.)

Yes, I have but a few short moments left.

(He turns downstage and stops right of the fire.)

I have thought much on the subject these last few hours of my vigil.

LUTA

Of what subject do you speak?

YUSTAN

Mainly of Kinunka.

LUTA

(Standing and facing Yustan.)

Did we not agree that you should forget him?

YUSTAN

(Crossing in front of fire to downstage-left corner of the stage.)

There is so little time left, what does it matter that I should think of him?

LUTA

(Turning to Yustan.)

It will only fill your last moments with sorrow.

YUSTAN

But he was right, Luta. I know now that he was right.

LUTA

No, he was wrong.

YUSTAN

No, Luta, it is we who were wrong.

LUTA

(Stepping toward Yustan.)

No, I tell you he was wrong.

YUSTAN

(With a motion.)

Look around you, Luta. Do you see any trees? Do you even see any shrubs? Even the grass withers. And the ground is dry and blows easily. Everything here is dying. This land is a land of death.

LUTA

(Crossing even closer to Yustan.)

It has been a dry year, but when the rains come...

YUSTAN

It has been like this for longer than a year. It has been like this as long as I can remember.

LUTA

There will be a day when the streams will again run full and the land will prosper.

YUSTAN

(Crossing left in front of the fire and stopping just to the left of it.)

Everything on this land is dying. Our children were our only hope. Without them there can be no tomorrow.

LUTA

(Turning to Yustan.)

There are still enough children for us to become strong again one day.

YUSTAN

Not as long as the heat of our tradition and tribal law melt the wax that is their hope.

LUTA

(Moving over to Yustan.)

You talk of wax and hope, but I tell you that we will be strong again.

YUSTAN

(Going back to fire and facing audience.)

Everything here is dying, Luta. That is why I belong here. Soon I will join our ancestors beneath a sun that is high overhead. Here in this world, the sun has set upon our people. For us, there can be no sunrise tomorrow.

(He pauses while he sits at the fire.)

It's time. Luta. I am tired and cold.

LUTA moves behind Yustan and places the blanket around Yustan's shoulders.

I want the noonday sun to shine upon me. The spirits that are but memories haunt me. It is time that I join the great spirit in his home beyond the stars.

LUTA slowly turns from Yustan and walks to the bier where hang the vessels for the death ritual. From them he takes a cup which has in it the death potion. He carefully hands YUSTAN the cup.

LUTA

Drink this and I will go and prepare the way for you so you may quickly find your way to the home of our ancestors.

LUTA returns to the bier while YUSTAN lifts the cup to his lips.

May you find the peace you desire in the ancient land of our people, and may the great spirit welcome you into his house.

LUTA, facing the bier, begins a chant while YUSTAN drinks the potion. The chant becomes louder and faster as the cup is drained. The lights dim and only the glow of a red light can be seen on the bier, much

as when the play began. As the chant reaches a high pitch, it suddenly stops as do the drums. At the same time YUSTAN'S head jerks back to receive the last drop of the potion, and he then slumps forward.

The red light slowly dims out leaving a smaller red light on the buffalo skull. This light remains for a moment and then it too slowly fades into darkness.

END OF THE PLAY

SECTION FOUR

PROMPT BOOK FOR MOTHER LOVE AND APPLE PIE

A ONE-ACT PLAY BY MARY ANNA LOWE

CHARACTER DESCRIPTION

The Farmer

The farmer has a small but important part in Mother Love and Apple Pie. He plants the first seeds for the plot which involves the transaction of selling for two cents an old broken-down jalopy to two young boys.

The age of the farmer can be placed near sixty. He is tall and portly, and certainly somewhat dim-witted. He knows nothing about cars and even less about the younger generation.

The farmer is dressed in blue bibbed overalls and a bright red, long-sleeved flannel shirt. He also wears high topped work shoes. There is a hay-seed tone to his voice and a humorous twinkle in his eye.

Wayne Henson, who played the farmer, created his own make-up including a skull cap which gave him the appearance of being bald. This was done by cutting and shaping an old felt hat to fit his head and then applying the proper flesh colored grease paint. A line of hair was then added along the lower perimeter of the cap. The edge of the cap came down to the bridge of his nose and to his eyebrows in front. Here it was concealed either by the eyebrows or by carefully securing the edge with spirit gum and then covering it with a base make-up. The effect of this make-up was very convincing. Rouge was then applied to the nose and cheeks to give him a jovial appearance.

The Father

Hal Knowles was a natural for the role of father in this play. His scraggily black hair and thick, natural mustache

gave him just the appearance needed for the "don't you know there's a depression goin' on" father. Only a few wrinkles had to be added here and there to age him to about forty-five years old.

Father is pretty much of a loud-mouthed, boisterous person from beginning to end. He distrusts the younger generation, namely his two sons, Jonathan and Howard. Distrustful though he may be, his is usually slow to catch on to what is happening around him. This is true both of the antics of his two sons and those of Leroy and Bunny. Finally he thinks the world is "going to hell in a hand-basket," and he's probably not far from right.

Father is a junk dealer. For a costume he wears an old, dirty and torn T-shirt, soiled and unpressed grey work trousers, and suspenders. One of the suspender straps is broken and hangs uselessly down in the back. His shoes are old, scuffed work shoes.

Jonathan

George Spurlock, performing as Jonathan, turned out to be the most improved actor in the cast in the director's opinion. Starting as an inexperienced player, he often stole the show with his convincing portrayal of the not-yet-fifteen year-old juvenile.

Jonathan, together with his brother Howard, makes the show run; and Jonathan dominates Howard (although Howard sometimes gets the upper hand.) He has the most predominate part in the play and can be consistently funny throughout the performance.

His opening scene with father, his quarrels with Howard, and his scenes with the car are all comic, and they depend very much on a good performance by Jonathan.

One of the problems Mr. Spurlock faced in developing this role was to play the fifteen year-old with reality. He had to rehearse mannerisms typical of that age, such as figeting with his hands and feet, quarreling over little things, mimicing, etc. At the same time he had to act just a little older and more mature than Howard, his younger brother. All these requirements were achieved successfully by Mr. Spurlock.

For make-up Jonathan was given a youthful skin tone with a lot of color in the cheeks. Little else was needed.

Jonathan's costume was very much like that worn by boys in the 1930's. He wore a brown sweater over a white dress shirt, grey knickers, black stockings, and black shoes. He also wore a woolen cap.

Howard

There is a great deal of similarity between Howard and Jonathan; after all, they are brothers. Howard is a year younger than Jonathan, making him thirteen years old. He is considerably smaller than his older brother, but he makes up for his size in his delight to annoy Jonathan, or get the upper hand, whenever he can. He does this by using the universal reply, "I'll tell Dad if you don't." This generally works. What really irks Jonathan is that Howard wants to have all the privileges of the older brother: such as being fifteen, (which he himself is not,) driving the car, (which he's not old enough

to do either;) or ordering other people around, (which he's not wise enough to do either.)

Howard has his good qualities, however. It was his idea to buy the car and give it to his father for a birthday present. The rest of the play moves on that innocent decision. On the other hand, Howard is often slow to catch on. One of the funniest lines in the play comes after the shoot-out between Leroy, Bunny, and the cops. The loot is found in the car and it is only then that Howard says, "They were gangsters, I just knew it!"

Make-up for Howard was the same as for Jonathan. Paul Stagner, who played the part, was already youthful in appearance, and actually about the size of many thirteen year-olds.

His basic costume was also like Jonathan's. He wore a brown sleeveless sweater over a tan sportshirt, grey knickers with black stockings, and brown shoes. He also wore a grey work cap cocked to one side of his head with the bill turned up.

Leroy

By picturing Clyde of the popular "Bonnie and Clyde" legend, who has managed to dodge the cops and jails until he is almost seventy years old, one has a pretty good idea of what Leroy should look like. It is obvious that Bunny and Leroy are a take-off on the "Bonnie and Clyde" legend in a comic manner. Leroy is stopped over and walks with a shuffle. He still talks like a gangster which is illustrated when he speaks of "Mudder Love." Leroy treats Bunny like any gangster should treat his moll; he takes off his hat and belts her over the head with

it a couple of times. He tries to act tough and big, but at seventy this is not easy, and to the audience it turns out to be a loveable gag. Does Leroy ever get caught for hustling "green apple pies" and for running guns to "Mudder Love?" The play does not tell. The last we see of Leroy and Bunny is when they high-tail it off the stage with five keystone cops in hot pursuit.

Originally Bill Jackson was one of the keystone cops. When the actor first cast for Leroy could not take the part, Mr. Jackson stepped into the role at the fourth rehearsal. In the director's opinion he played Leroy exceptionally well.

Leroy was dressed in a grey pin-stripped, double-breasted suit with a red rose in the lapel. He wore black and white winged-tip shoes, and a black shirt with white tie, and a grey fedora hat.

Leroy's make-up had to make him look old without making him look grotesque. First wrinkled latex was used, but this did not prove satisfactory. It was then decided to stylize the make-up more with the use of clown white, with blue and brown lines. Leroy didn't look quite as old this way, but it fit the part much better. In addition to this, Leroy's hair was greyed a silver white.

Bunny

Bunny is Leroy's "fair dame." She is about the same age as Leroy (around seventy) and has many of the same aging features as Leroy. She walks and talks more slowly than she used to. She tries to act the part of the "moll" and still dreams of

being glamorous and rich. This is evident in her remark to Leroy, "Why couldn't you steal a good car. A big one so we could get away in style. I always dreamed of bein' a real lady ridin' in a big fancy limousine."

In her old age she has become the typical nagging "wife" to Leroy, and she pesters him ceaselessly. When he steals an old car instead of a new one or when he fails to make a clean get-away, she cannot keep from nagging him. All these happenings make Bunny a very funny character in the play.

Bunny was played by Donita Seim who has a "Judy Holiday" voice and was excellent for the part. She was able to carry the dumb blond image into the role of this seventy year-old gun moll very nicely.

The desired make-up effect for Bunny was extremely difficult. She not only had the same problems as Leroy in creating stylized age lines, but she also had to have the appearance of a very old woman trying to look twenty-nine again. On top of the wrinkles was a heavy layer of red rouge and green eye shadow. Her blond hair streaked with grey cascaded down in ringlets. The make-up and hair styling were well done, and the correct image of Bunny was created.

Bunny wore the long skirt typical of the 1930's. Actually she wore a two-pieced light wine colored, pin-stripped suit with an orange scarf around the collar and a rust colored tam on her head. She wore long black stockings and black shoes fashionable in that day. In her hand she carried a needle-point knitting bag large enough to hold a hammer, gun, and a few other needed items.

The Policemen

Because of the brevity of the play, the "keystone cops" were added by the director to give the play a little more body and substance. Actually the original script called for two or more policemen, but the "chase scene" with more policemen behaving in a comic manner was glossed in as an afterthought by the director.

Five policemen were used for the chase and were made to look as much like the original keystone cops as was possible. Costuming was limited by the fact that old band uniforms were transformed into policemen's uniforms. Military collars were added to the uniforms which were a light blue, and the white trim was dyed a light red. A double row of silver buttons was added to the front together with a shiny officer's badge. Inexpensive, light blue keystone cop helmets were purchased from a supplier. These along with penciled mustaches, night sticks, and whistles made up the policemen for the chase.

Except for three lines by three of the policemen, the rest of the action was entirely in the form of a chase; the policemen were after Bunny and Leroy. The chase was made to look like those seen in silent movies with exaggerated movements, slapstick falls, etc. Each movement of the policemen and Bunny and Leroy had to be plotted out for the best results. Even then, one of the policemen was hurt in a fall when he was trampled on by some of the others in pursuit. In the end, however, this scene turned out to be one of the funniest in the play.

EXPLANATION OF PLATES XII, XIII, XIV, XV, XVI, XVII, XVIII

Costumes

Plate XII	Page 180	Farmer
Plate XIII	Page 181	Father
Plate XIV	Page 182	Jonathan
Plate XV	Page 183	Howard
Plate XVI	Page 184	Leroy
Plate XVII	Page 185	Bunny
Plate XVIII	Page 186	Policemen

PLATE XII

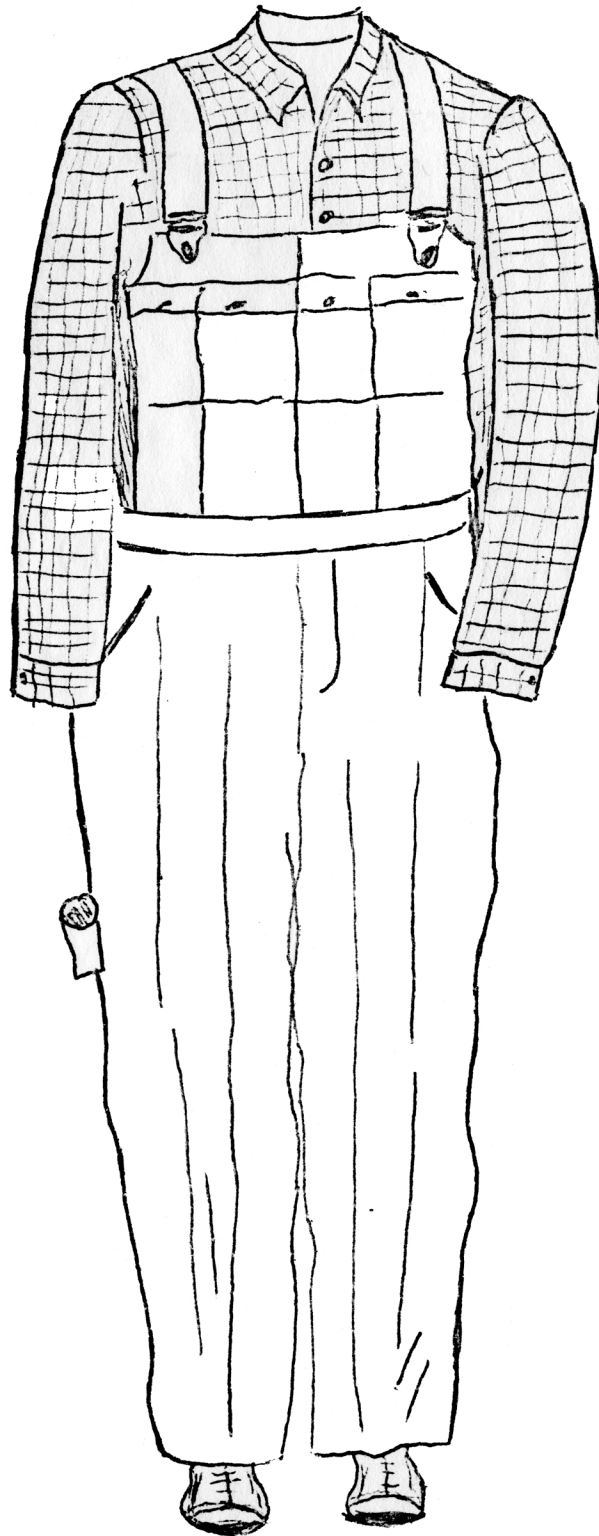


PLATE XIII

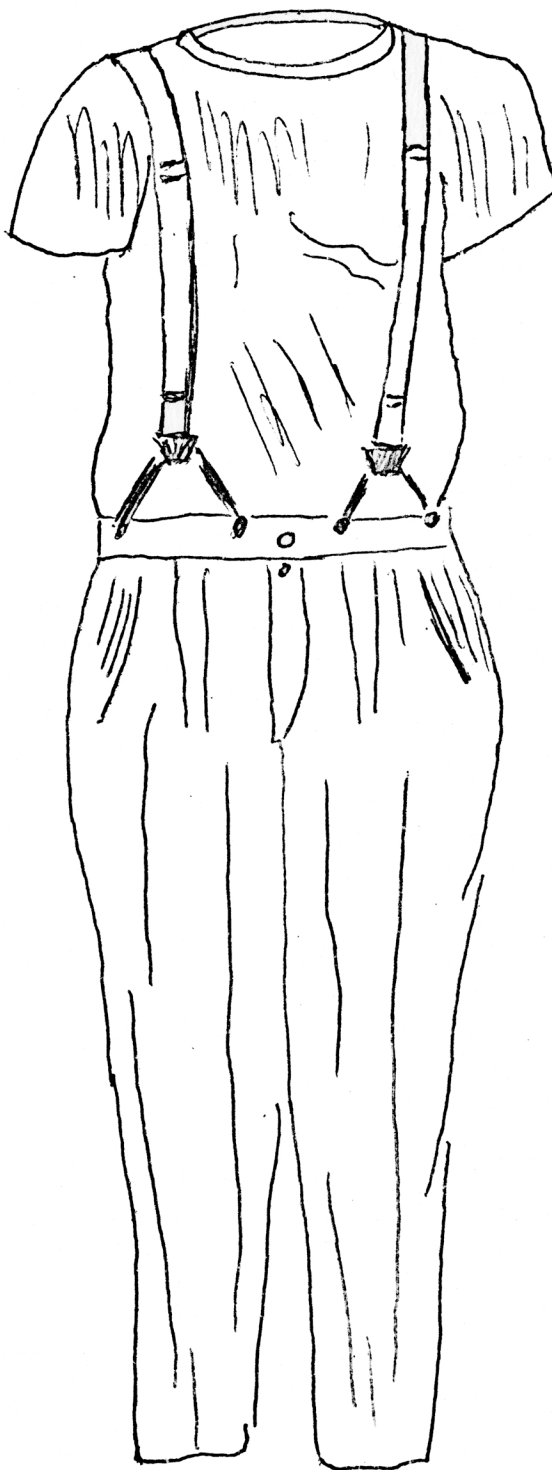


PLATE XIV



PLATE XV

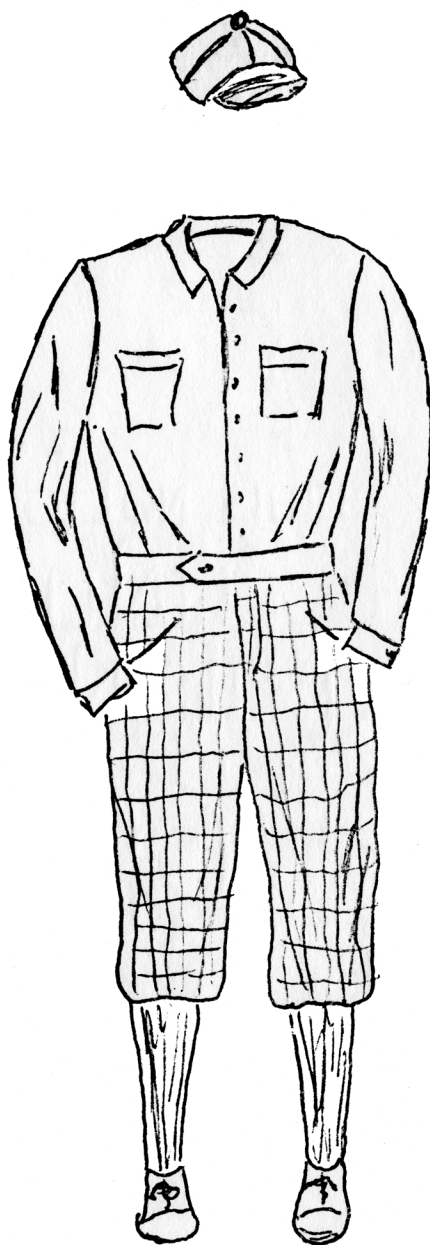
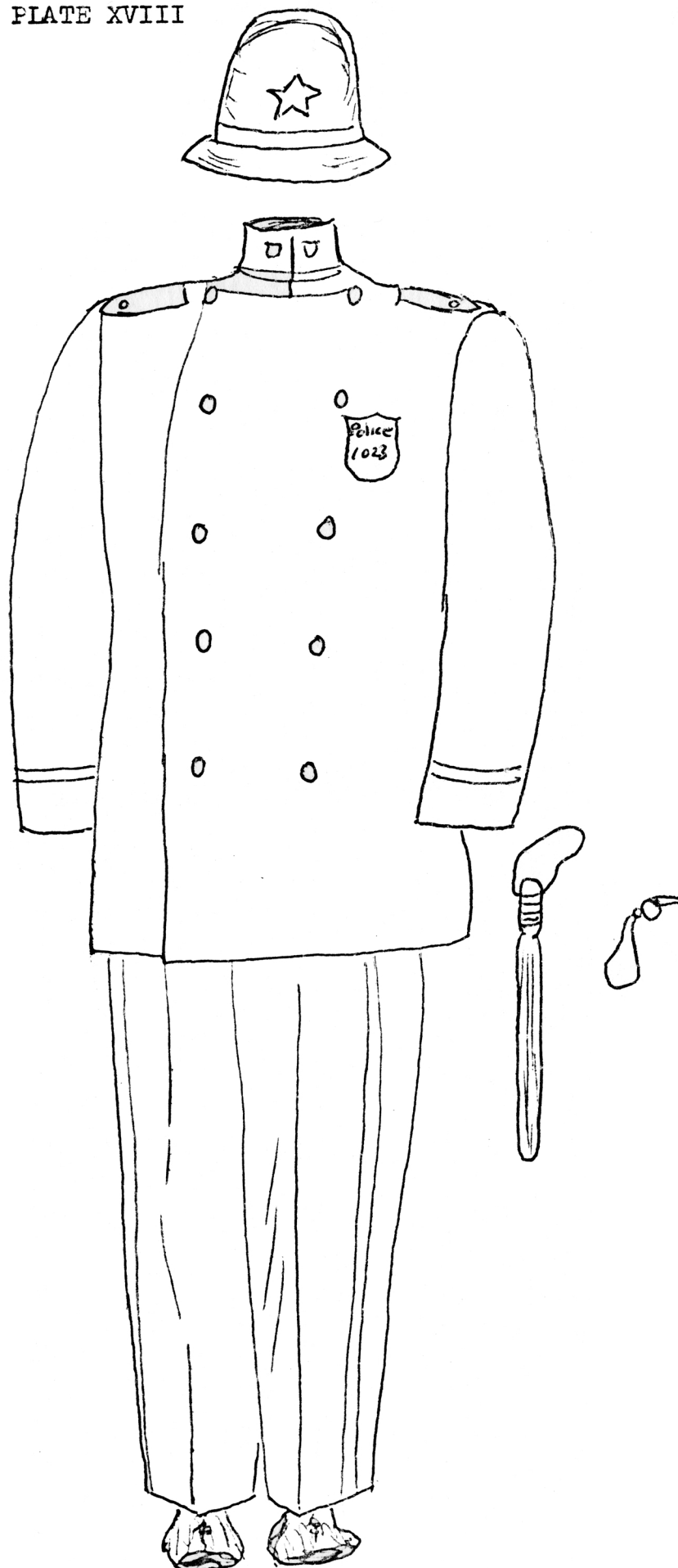


PLATE XVI



PLATE XVII





MAKE-UP CHART

<u>Cast</u>	<u>Base</u>	<u>Shadow</u>	<u>Rouge</u>	<u>Powder</u>	<u>Others</u>
Farmer	4, 7	Brown liner Black liner	Red	Translucent	Bald skull-cap. Mustache
Father	4, 7	Brown liner Black liner		Translucent	
Jonathan	4, 5, 7	Clown white Brown pencil	Red Brown	Translucent	
Howard	4, 5, 7	Clown white Brown pencil		Translucent	
Leroy	Pan Stik "Fair Dawn"	Brown liner Clown white Blue liner		Translucent	Grey hair
Bunny	Pan Stik "Fair Dawn"	Brown liner Clown white Blue liner	Red	Translucent	Brown lines used for age. Green eyeshadow Grey hair
Policemen	4, 5, 7	Brown pencil	Red	Translucent	Penciled mustaches

STAGE SETTING

The set for Mother Love and Apple Pie was designed to catch the spirit of the play and to express it through stylization. It was important to suggest two things to the audience through means of the set: first and most important, was a car; and the second was a shack, the office of a junk yard. A third item, though not necessary, supported the need for the shack. It was a high fence above which was a sign, "Junk Yard."

The fence was made from common stage flats six feet high and running sixteen feet along the back wall of the stage starting at the extreme right edge of the stage. Vertical boards twelve inches wide were then painted on the flats.

The shack was also made from stage flats eight feet long, two feet wide, and ten feet high. Two sides were hinged to the form which contained a window and door. The shack was then placed along the back wall of the stage in a continuous line with the fence, but projected two feet out from the fence. The door of the shack stood directly in line with the stage left door through the back wall of the stage. The lines of vertical boards, window and door framing were then painted on the set. The roof of the shack was a wooden frame covered with common tar roofing paper. On the door was painted in letters about three inches high the word, "Office." The comic mood of the play suggested that the fence and shack be painted yellow with the detail in a pleasing shade of purple.

The most difficult and technical piece of scenery was the car. It was necessary that this car represent an old touring car of the 1920's. The car had to be open, expose the motor, seat three people, and store two crates, about the size of apple crates. In addition to this, the car at a given time had to break in half and explode from the engine or radiator.

The finished car was one that stood thirteen feet long, four feet and four inches wide and four feet high at the highest point of the windshield. The frame was made of two-by-fours covered with one-eighth of an inch decorator board. The suggestion of the motor was only barely given, and the wheels were simply cut-out cardboard. A front seat and steering wheel were provided, but the back seat was left open for the crates. Three people were able to sit in the car by having two sit in the front seat and one on the crates in the back.

The car was hinged in the middle so that it could break apart. A single support in the middle of the car extending to the stage floor kept the car in its proper position. To that support was a powerful rubber spring stretched from the support to a position at the rear of the car. A heavy safety wire extended from the support to the front bumper where it was secured by a pin. The spring was activated when the pin was pulled by one of the actors releasing the safety wire. This allowed the rubber spring to pull the support from beneath the car, thus causing the car to collapse. It was not necessary for anyone to be in the car at the time of the collapse. This contraption was quite successful in the performance of the play.

The explosion from the radiator was also triggered by the collapse of the car. A switch placed in the proper position allowed the spark from a six-volt dry cell battery to ignite black powder in a glass container hidden beneath the radiator cap. When the spark ignited the powder, it gave off a huge puff of smoke to give the desired effect. The idea was a good one but the results showed that a more powerful source of electricity should have been used. In two of the four performances the powder failed to ignite.

The car was painted green with black detail. The bumpers and wheels were silver. Inside the radiator was hidden a six-inch speaker from which emitted the sound of the car's engine. The speaker was wired backstage to the control booth.

Standard properties on the set included assorted items of junk along the fence, a chair in front of the window of the shack, and an old discarded, but workable, wheelchair just off upstage-left. This, in essence, completed the set, establishing a very delightful mood for the audience.

LIST OF PROPERTIES

Set Properties

Old cans (assorted)
Wheelchair
Stick (30")
Gas can
Fan (junk)
Radio (junk)
Phonograph (junk)
Wooden crates (two)
Chair
Car

Hand Properties

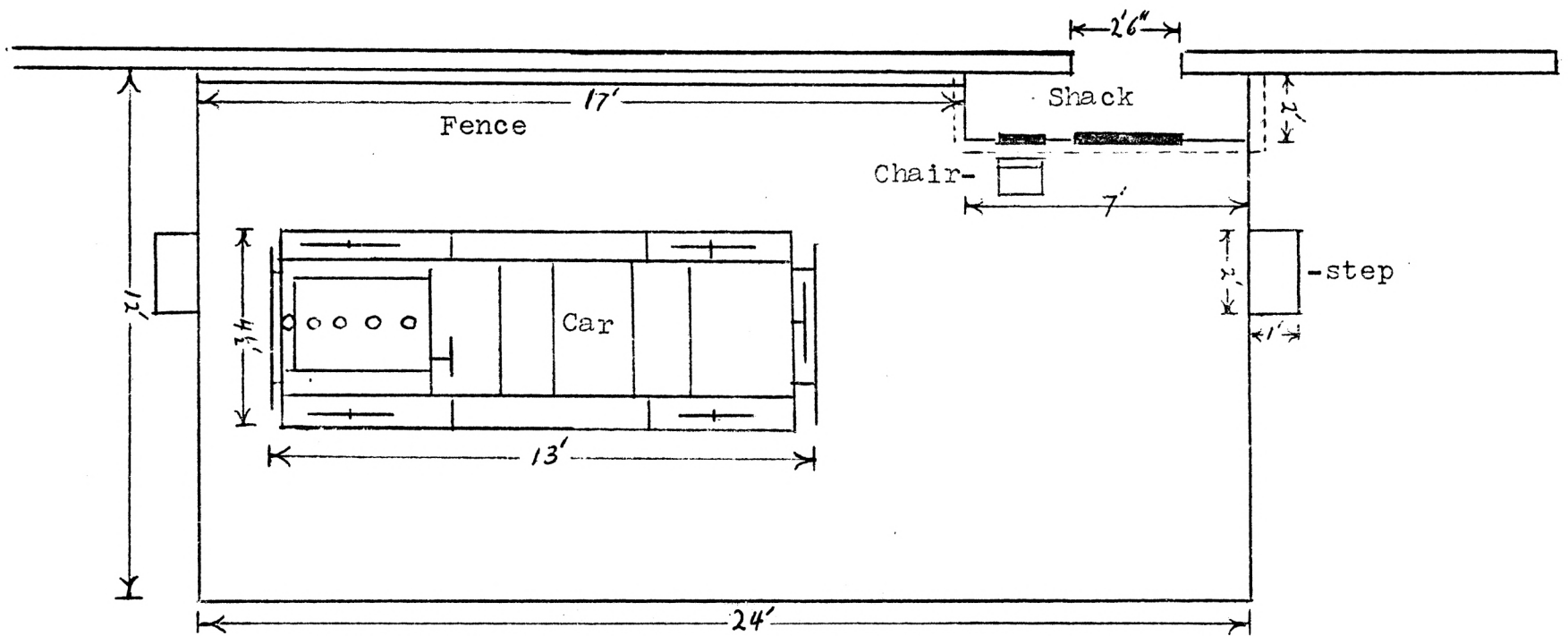
Tools (assorted)
Pennies
Wrench (large)
Sledge hammer (small)
Rubber cement
Paper signs
Police pistols (three)
Police whistles (three)
Police night sticks (three)
Pistol for Leroy
Pistol for Bunny
Hammer
Pie boxes (two)
Paper money (enough to fill pie boxes)

EXPLANATION OF PLATE XIX

Floor Plan of Setting

Mother Love and Apple Pie

PLATE XIX



EXPLANATION OF PLATE XX

The set.

Leroy, Jonathan, Bunny, and Howard

PLATE XX



EXPLANATION OF PLATE XXI

The chase.

The cops, Bunny, and Leroy

PLATE XXI



LIGHTING

For most of Mother Love and Apple Pie the stage was flooded with light, the brilliance of the yellow, purple and green set being almost psychedelic. Area lighting was used in six areas of the stage with specials to the right and left of the stage, lighting the paths of entrance and exit to and from the stage. There was also a special placed on the car.

During the eulogy scene the general stage lights were dimmed, leaving a beam projector focused on the car for the desired effect. In all, only six light cues were needed for the entire play.

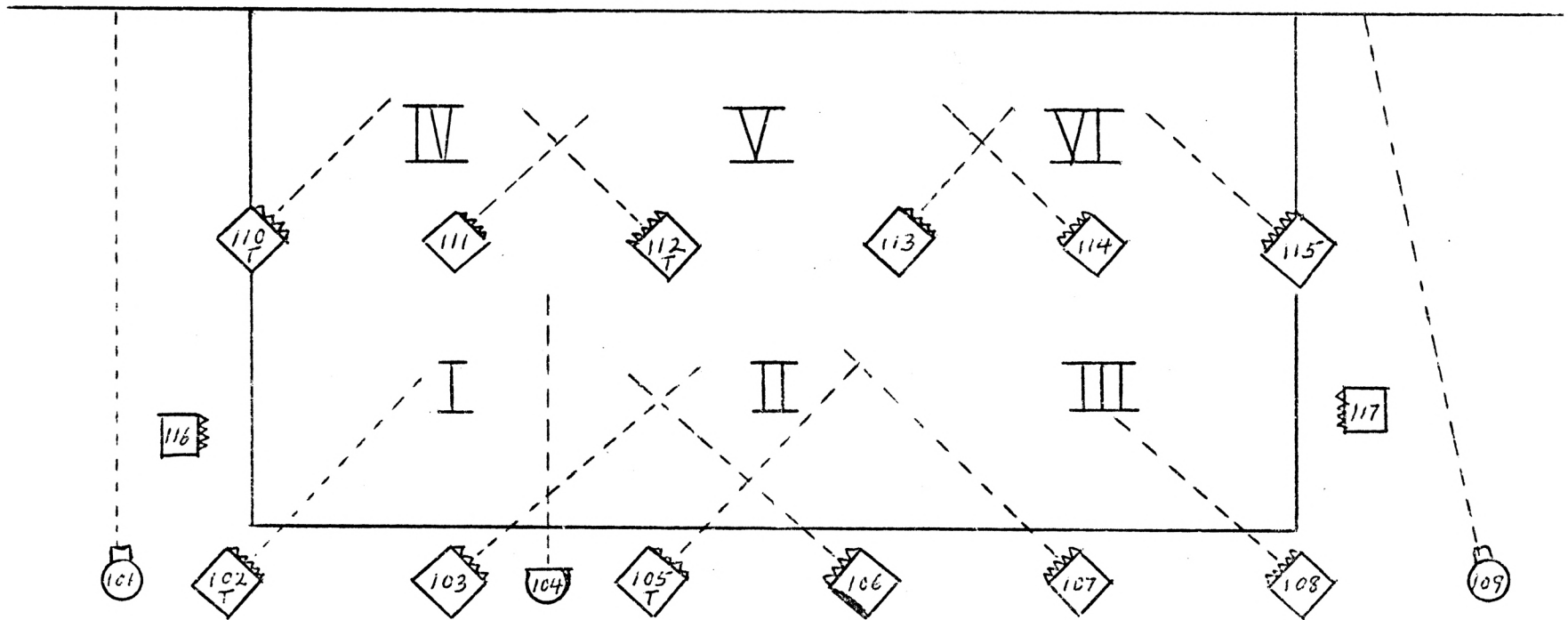
It was essential that the stage lighting fit the spirit of comedy which existed throughout the play. It was learned that this could be done simply and successfully in the manner described above.

EXPLANATION OF PLATE XXII

Lighting Plan

Mother Love and Apple Pie

PLATE XXII



 Fresnel
  Leko
 T = Top hat
  Beam projector

LIGHTING CHART

No.	Instrument	Location	Purpose	Lamp	Color	Remarks	Dimmer	Gang
101	8" Leko	1st pipe	Spot r. of stage	500W T-12	802		B-5	101-109
102	6" Fresnel	1st pipe	Area 1	500W T-20	849	Top hat	C-1	102-106
103	6" Fresnel	1st pipe	Area 2	500W T-20	845		C-2	103-107
104	10" Beam projector	1st pipe	Spot on car	500W T-12	802		A-5	
105	6" Fresnel	1st pipe	Area 3	500W T-20	849	Top hat	C-3	105-108
106	6" Fresnel	1st pipe	Area 1	500W T-20	805		C-1	106-102
107	6" Fresnel	1st pipe	Area 2	500W T-20	805		C-2	107-103
108	6" Fresnel	1st pipe	Area 3	500W T-20	805		C-3	108-105
109	8" Leko	1st pipe	Spot l. of stage	500W T-12	802		B-6	109-101
110	6" Fresnel	2nd pipe	Area 4	500W T-20	849	Top hat	C-4	110-112
111	6" Fresnel	2nd pipe	Area 5	500W T-20	849		C-5	111-114
112	6" Fresnel	2nd pipe	Area 4	500W T-20	805	Top hat	C-4	112-110
113	6" Fresnel	2nd pipe	Area 6	500W T-20	849		C-6	113-115
114	6" Fresnel	2nd pipe	Area 5	500W T-20	805		C-5	114-111
115	6" Fresnel	2nd pipe	Area 6	500W T-20	805		C-6	115-113
116	8" Fresnel	1st pipe	General	500W T-20	825	Flood stage	B-3	116
117	8" Fresnel	1st pipe	General	500W T-20	825	Flood stage	B-4	117

LIGHT CUE SHEET

BOARD	A						B						C						D
*Cue	1	2	3	4	5	6	1	2	3	4	5	6	1	2	3	4	5	6	1
1									10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	
2									0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	
3									10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	
4					10				3 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	
5					0				10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	
6									0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	

*Red numbers in prompt script indicate light cues.

SOUND

In Mother Love and Apple Pie it was necessary that suitable sound be reproduced to indicate the sounds of a Model-T Ford (sometimes starting and sometimes not starting,) footsteps, the rapping at a door, distant voices speaking, a police siren, and organ music for the eulogy.

The most difficult of these to reproduce, oddly enough, was the Model-T Ford. Sound effect records frequently record the sounds of old cars, but none of them sounded as real as was desired for these purposes. As a result it was necessary to tape the sound that emits from the exhaust of a real Model-T, having the engine perform as was required in the play. Through the aid of a friend of the director who owned a Model-T, this was accomplished. Except for the footsteps and door knocking, the police siren, background music for the chase, and the organ music were all reproduced from other recordings. The footsteps and door knocking were recorded live.

A six inch speaker was placed in the radiator of the car so that the actual sound of the car was more realistic. All other sounds came from an auxiliary speaker above the stage.

The background music for the chase was the "Foggy Mountain Breakdown," the theme from the movie "Bonnie and Clyde." This, of course, added an element of fun to the farcical play.

The only other sound needed came live from the policemen from backstage. This was all ad-libbed following the sound of the siren and marked their impending entrance to the stage.

SOUND CUE SHEET

*Cue	Tape	Live	Level	Instrument
Start 1a Stop 1b	Model-T engine starting.		4 $\frac{1}{2}$	Aiwa speaker in car
Start 2a Stop 2b	Model-T engine dies.		3 $\frac{1}{2}$ -4 $\frac{1}{2}$	Aiwa speaker in car
Start 3a Stop 3b	Model-T starts and dies.		3 $\frac{1}{2}$ -4 $\frac{1}{2}$	Aiwa speaker in car
Start 4a Stop 4b	Model-T starts. Model-T stops. Footsteps. Knock on door. Voices. Footsteps. Model-T starts. Model-T stops and dies.		4 $\frac{1}{2}$	Aiwa speaker in car.
Start 5a Stop 5b	Police siren.		2 increase to 4	Aiwa Recorded from Audio Fidelity DFS7016 Side 2 band 8
Start 6a Stop 6b	Chase music.		9	Aiwa Recorded from Columbia CS9596 side 2 band 4
Start 7a Stop 7b	Organ music for eulogy.		3 fade to 2 $\frac{1}{2}$	Aiwa Recorded from Columbia MS6261 side 2 band 2

*Green numbers in prompt script indicate sound cues.

CAST LIST

<u>Name</u>	<u>Address</u>	<u>Phone</u>
Jeff Danielson	Goodnow Hall	JE9-2281
Larry Gilbert	Moore Hall	JE9-8211
Wayne Henson	1203 Thurston	PR6-5586
Bill Jackson	331 N. 17th	JE9-4685
Hal Knowles	D-30 Jardine Terrace	JE9-5162
Mike Parker	Jardine Terrace	JE9-3728
Donita Seim	Ford Hall	JE9-8261
Richard Smethers	Moore Hall	JE9-8122
George Spurlock	512 N. 9th	PR6-4336
Paul Stagner	Van Zile Hall	JE9-4641
William Walseth	505 Denison	JE9-5331

REHEARSAL SCHEDULE

Feb. 3	7:30 - 11:00 p.m.	Read through script
Feb. 4	8:00 - 9:30 p.m.	Block
Feb. 5	9:30 - 11:00 p.m.	Block
Feb. 6	6:30 - 8:00 p.m.	Block
Feb. 7	8:00 - 9:30 p.m.	Block
Feb. 8	No rehearsal	
Feb. 9	2:00 - 3:30 p.m.	Block
Feb. 10	6:30 - 8:00 p.m.	Lines
Feb. 11	9:30 - 11:00 p.m.	Lines
Feb. 12	8:00 - 9:30 p.m.	Lines
Feb. 13	9:30 - 11:00 p.m.	Lines
Feb. 14	6:30 - 8:00 p.m.	Lines
Feb. 15	No rehearsal	
Feb. 16	3:30 - 5:00 p.m.	Partial dress
Feb. 17	6:30 - 8:00 p.m.	Partial dress
Feb. 18	9:30 - 11:00 p.m.	Partial dress
Feb. 19	8:00 - 9:30 p.m.	Partial dress
Feb. 20	8:00 - 9:30 p.m.	Partial dress
Feb. 21	9:30 - 11:00 p.m.	Partial dress
Feb. 22	8:00 - 11:00 p.m.	Full dress run through
Feb. 23	2:00 - 11:00 p.m.	Technical rehearsal
Feb. 24	6:30 - 11:00 p.m.	Full dress with make-up
Feb. 25	6:30 - 11:00 p.m.	Full dress with make-up
Feb. 26	6:30 - 10:30 p.m.	Production (opening night)
Feb. 27	6:30 - 11:30 p.m.	Production (pictures)
Feb. 28	6:30 - 10:30 p.m.	Production
Mar. 1	6:30 - 11:30 p.m.	Production (strike)

MOTHER LOVE AND APPLE PIE

A Play in One Act

by

Mary Anna Lowe

CAST OF CHARACTERS

FARMER

FATHER A junk dealer in an automobile graveyard
JONATHAN A Huck Finn sort of boy about 14 years old
HOWARD Jonathan's 12 year-old brother
LEROY A gangster typical of the stereotype of the
 1930's except that he is a doddering 65
 years of age.
BUNNY Leroy's lady friend
POLICEMEN Much like the keystone cops

THE TIME: 1931 - a summer in the early years of the depression.

THE PLACE: Just outside an automobile graveyard.

THE SETTING: At the entrance of an automobile graveyard. This is indicated by a tall fence that runs almost the full length of the rear stage. A ramshackle office to the yard interrupts the fence and is almost flush with it. Above the fence there is a large sign that says "Junk Yard;" above the office door is a weathered sign reading "Proprietor." There is scattered junk along the fence and in the general vicinity of the shack. However, the only thing halfway useable is a straight-back chair near the door of the shack.

In front of the fence and almost at center stage stands the remains of what was once a grand 1926 touring car. It has been brought to the yard for some part or another that might make it run just a little longer. But to look at it, you wouldn't bet a penny on it moving another inch.

AT RISE: ¹ The FARMER and FATHER are working over the front end of the old car. Their heads are almost into the engine, if that were possible, and FATHER is pounding away with a large wrench with the hopes of jarring something into workability. JONATHAN and HOWARD enter almost simultaneously with the rise of the curtain. As the FARMER and FATHER are speaking we see HOWARD snatch the cap off JONATHAN'S head, and though he is younger, we see HOWARD successfully prevent his older and bigger brother from retrieving it.

FARMER
Ya find it?

FATHER
No.
(Handing Farmer the horn which has
broken off.)

FARMER
(Examining the horn.)
What's this?

FATHER
(Now almost lost in the engine.)
The horn.

FATHER raises his head and looks
stage left toward JONATHAN and
HOWARD who are wrestling directly
in front of the shack door.

Jonathan!

FARMER
(Still looking at horn.)
Looks like junk to me.
(He throws the horn over his left shoulder.)

FATHER
(Not seeing what the farmer has done with
the horn.)
Well, it ain't. Jonathan! Damn kids!

JONATHAN is about to give HOWARD
a rap in the mouth when he
realizes FATHER is at the brink
of losing his patience, the
verbal consequences of which is
a fate worse than death. JONATHAN
gives HOWARD a dirty glance and
with one last lunge successfully
grabs his cap and places it on
his own head. He now turns his
attention to his father.

JONATHAN
(Moving upstage and to the left of the car.)
Yeah, Dad?

FATHER
Yeah, Dad? My God! Hasn't your generation got any manners.

HOWARD

(His attention now turns to the car,
and he gives it the old once-over.)

Dad--

FATHER

(Paying no attention to Howard.)

No manners, no decency. No nothing!

HOWARD crawls into the front seat
of the car behind the wheel.

FARMER

(Not sure what the father is talking
about.)

This thing ain't gonna run.

FATHER

(Returning to his pounding.)

Yes, it will.

(Getting back to the younger generation.)

If this is what the world's coming to, thank God I won't be
around. Going to hell in a handbasket, that's what.

(Begins working on the car again.)

HOWARD

Dad--

FATHER

(To Jonathan.)

Go get me that big wrench.

Unruffled by his father's
ranting, JONATHAN goes into the
office upstage left.

HOWARD

Dad--

FATHER

(Looking up from the engine.)

What?

HOWARD

(Playing with the steering wheel.)

When are you going to teach me to drive?

FATHER

(Almost flipping his lid.)

Drive! Oh, my God!

HOWARD

You taught Jonathan.

FATHER

(As if to begin a speech.)

There's a depression on, you know.

(Pausing and looking directly into
Howard's face.)

No, I'll bet you don't know.

(Then for all to hear.)

Gasoline, gentlemen, does not come from water faucets.

HOWARD

But, Dad--

FATHER

(Pointing his wrench at Howard.)

There you sit. If you had any sense, you'd be out making something of yourself. Learn to drive!

FARMER

(Trying to be helpful.)

If they could learn to drive one of these things, maybe they could get hired as chauffeurs. Rich people...

FATHER

(Giving the farmer a dirty look.)

Humph!

HOWARD

Yeah, Dad, rich people don't drive their own cars.

FATHER

(Snorting.)

There's a depression on, you know. Just how many people do you know who are still rich enough to hire chauffeurs?

HOWARD

Well--

FARMER

(Trying to be funny.)

You, me, and the undertaker.

FATHER

(Standing behind the car, daydreaming
as he looks off into space.)

When this depression's over, I'm going to sell this place. Get into something alive again. No more bodies for me.

(To Howard.)

Show those money-grubbing relatives of your mother's. Lost every cent they had.

(Returning to his daydream.)

Gonna buy a new car, too. A big one, too.

JONATHAN
(From the open door of the shack.)

Dad--

FATHER
(His bubble popping.)

What?

JONATHAN
I can't find--

FATHER
(Crossing stage-left to Jonathan.)
Can't find, can't find. If you had any spunk from my side of this outfit, you'd get yourself a job.

HOWARD prepares himself for a long lecture.

Be useful for a change.

HOWARD has heard what's coming next many times, and he mouths the words as his father says them.

Money, gentlemen, does not grow on trees.
(He exits righteously into the office.)

Now JONATHAN becomes extremely interested in the car. Like any boy his age, he would love to own one.

JONATHAN
(Moving over next to the farmer, trying to nose in where his father once stood.)
Can we help you, sir? My name's Jonathan and he's my brother Howard.

HOWARD
(Standing up in the car, leaning over the windshield.)
We know a lot about cars.

FARMER
(Pushing Jonathan away from that choice position.)
No, you can't help me.

JONATHAN moves around to the other side of the engine with his back to the engine. As JONATHAN and the FARMER talk, their heads bob up and down like a see-saw.

FARMER

So you know a lot about these things?

JONATHAN

Yes, sir.

FARMER

Well, I wish you'd tell me just why people ever buy 'em. Blame things. Can't rely on 'em.

JONATHAN

(Tinkering with the engine.)

It just needs to be fixed.

FARMER

People hock everything to buy 'em. When they can't pay for 'em, I get stuck with the blamed things. Never again. Listen, son, for two cents I'd sell this thing so fast.

The heads of both JONATHAN and HOWARD pop up at once as if they both have suddenly hit upon a great idea. HOWARD jumps out of the car moving stage-left in front of the shack. He motions JONATHAN to follow him which he does. The FARMER goes on looking into the engine of the car.

HOWARD

(With great secrecy.)

Wow! Two cents! Jonathan, come on. Let's buy it. We could fix it up and give it to Dad for his birthday. You know he wants a car.

JONATHAN

Yeah, but that's a long time off.

HOWARD

Then I could learn to drive! You could teach me.

JONATHAN

Teach you? Yeah, uh, but where would we get the money for the gas and stuff.

HOWARD

We could get jobs. Like Dad says, there must be lots of jobs around.

JONATHAN

Like what?

HOWARD

(Not too sure of himself now.)

I dunno. We'll think of something.

(He digs into his pocket for some change
which consists of three or four pennies.)

Here, I've got the two cents.

JONATHAN

(Concerned about ownership.)

Nothing doin'. If we're gonna do it, we're gonna be partners.

(Digging for his own pennies.)

Here's a penny. Even up.

HOWARD

We can use it to deliver things.

HOWARD and JONATHAN move quickly
over to the FARMER, who is still
looking into the engine. With
great pride, HOWARD, holding the
two cents in one hand gently taps
the farmer on the shoulder with
the other.

HOWARD

Here, mister, we decided to take the car.

FARMER

(At first not understanding when HOWARD
holds out his hand with the two pennies.)

Take it?

JONATHAN

Yes, sir.

FARMER

Well, I'll be dogged.

(Wrapping up the tools.)

Son, I almost hate to do this to you. But I just can't resist.

There, it's all yours. You just bought yourselves an automobile.

(He throws the tools in the back seat of
the car.)

HOWARD

Thank you.

FARMER

(Moving downstage-center with an
aside to the audience.)

Suckers. What do they want that thing for?

(Now as if talking to God.)

Curse the day I ever took it on that loan.

FARMER

(Facing the audience.)

Good riddance to rubbish.

(He walks over to the car and gives it a sound kick on the back bumper. His vengeance complete, he exits stage-left.)

HOWARD and JONATHAN begin to walk admiringly around the car. HOWARD finally sits on the runningboard facing the audience. He begins to worry about the complications involved in owning a car, especially when your father doesn't know you have it.

HOWARD

Where can we keep it? Suppose Dad will let us keep it in the garage?

JONATHAN

(Standing upstage and to the right of the front bumper.)

Nah, we can't take it home. You know how Dad is. We'd get another lecture.

(Moving downstage and beginning to mimic his father.)

There's a depression on, you know. The younger generation's going to hell in a handbasket.

This almost breaks HOWARD up with laughter.

HOWARD

Not so loud, Jonathan.

(Motioning with his thumb to the shack.)

Dad'll hear ya.

JONATHAN

Well, besides, it's a surprise.

HOWARD

(Chin in his hands.)

I guess.

(Pausing. Then he thinks he has a great idea.)

Maybe we could find an old barn somewhere.

JONATHAN

Nah, that won't work. Dad knows all the farmers around here. They'd go tell him.

HOWARD

He'd miss it before that.

JONATHAN

(Moving around to front, left fender of the car and looking toward Howard.)

I guess we'll have to leave it here. He won't do anything with it if he thinks it won't run. We can drive it when Dad's not around.

HOWARD

(Quickly standing up and facing Jonathan.)

Can I drive it?

JONATHAN

(Only inches separate their noses as they face each other.)

Nah. After all, you're not fifteen.

HOWARD

Neither are you.

JONATHAN

(Puffing his chest out with pride.)

I can pass for fifteen. You can't even do that.

As they argue with each other, fists set in a fighting position, they pace in a circle, always facing each other.

HOWARD

No, you can't.

JONATHAN

Yes, I can.

HOWARD

No, you can't.

JONATHAN

(Very deliberately.)

Yes, I can.

HOWARD

(Louder.)

No, you can't.

JONATHAN

(Louder yet and threatening.)

Yes, I can.

HOWARD

(He holds the trump card.)

You'd better let me, or I'll go tell Dad. He'll make you give it back. He'll take it away from you.

JONATHAN

(He knows he's lost the battle. He is still angry, but he drops his fists in resignation, looking over his shoulder at the shack as he does so.)

Well, OK, I guess you can. After you learn to drive it. And only on the back roads where nobody can see you.

JONATHAN turns away and walks several paces stage-left until he is almost center stage. Angry with himself, he kicks at the dirt with the toe of his shoe. HOWARD, all smiles, victoriously returns to sit on the runningboard. The smile is short lasting as he thinks of other problems connected with the car.

HOWARD

(Chin in his hands.)

How are we gonna pay for the gas and stuff if we can't tell Dad? Probably doesn't have much gas in it.

JONATHAN, finding a long stick near the car, proceeds to remove the gas cap and dip the stick into the tank to measure its contents. After removing the stick he holds it up to examine it for wetness. HOWARD, seeing this, jumps up to examine the stick also. Their eyes gaze up the stick until they come to the end. No gas. In disgust, JONATHAN throws the stick to the ground and turns away. HOWARD has a similar reaction as he turns the other way.

JONATHAN

I guess we'll have to get a job after all. Aw, come on, Howard, it won't be so bad. Old Mrs. Crocker will let us mow her yard, and we can pull weeds in Dr. Payne's garden.

HOWARD

Come on, let's see if it will start.

HOWARD and JONATHAN both rush to the door of the car each wanting to be the driver. They reach the door at the same time but JONATHAN being bigger manages to push HOWARD

aside. HOWARD disgustedly goes around the front of the car and gets in from the other side.

JONATHAN turns the key in the ignition, but except for a few groans, the car will not start.

JONATHAN

Hey, the choke's out.

(He tries the engine again, but it still won't start.)

HOWARD

Maybe it's out of gas. I've still got some money. Let's go get some.

Both HOWARD and JONATHAN jump from the open car and start to exit stage right. Suddenly JONATHAN stops HOWARD and motions to two empty gas cans standing near the shack. HOWARD, not happy he has to take orders from an older brother, reluctantly goes and gets the cans. They both exit stage-right.

As the boys leave, LEROY and BUNNY enter from stage-left. LEROY is puffing and panting from carrying a huge crate. BUNNY carries only a large knitting bag. The crate is clearly marked "Dynamite." LEROY sets the crate down near the right rear wheel of the car and then in exhaustion goes to the chair near the door of the shack and sits down.

LEROY

Whew!

(Mopping his brow.)

Sure is hot.

BUNNY

(Standing downstage-left from Leroy.)

Come on, Leroy. Let's get these lids changed.

LEROY

Yeah, this looks like as good a place as any. Nobody around, looks like.

BUNNY

You go get the others. I'll get these off.

LEROY exits stage-left to get another box that has been left behind. Meanwhile, BUNNY takes a hammer from her bag, dropping out a revolver as she does so.

Damn.

As BUNNY opens the crate with her hammer, LEROY begins dragging a second, but larger, crate onto the stage. This one is marked "Rock Island Arsenal" in stenciled letters. BUNNY by this time has reversed the lid marked "Dynamite" and has begun to paste a sign over that same word printed on the side of the box which now says "Mother Love's Apple Pies." While LEROY begins to examine the car, BUNNY follows the same procedure with the other crate. LEROY stands upstage of the car while BUNNY remains by the right rear fender of the car.

LEROY

You got any objection to a new car, Bunny?

BUNNY

(Getting up and looking at the old car.)

That thing?

LEROY

(Mimics her.)

That thing? What other car do you think I mean?

BUNNY

Well, this place is full of old bodies.

LEROY

(Walks around the car and picks up the small crate, loading it into the back seat of the car.)

We're gonna take this one.

BUNNY

(Moving upstage of the car about even with the back seat.)

Leroy, I told you when you stole that last one it wouldn't get us very far. Now this. Oh, Leroy.

LEROY

What's wrong with this?

BUNNY

(Moving left center stage.)

Why couldn't you steal a good car? A big one so we could get away in style.

(Full front as if modeling in a fashion show.)

I always dreamed of bein' a real lady ridin' in a big fancy limousine.

LEROY

(Continuing to load the small crate.)

Be of some help, will ya? We gotta get goin'.

BUNNY

(Moving back to upstage of car.)

You know we can't go into any town. Things are gettin' hot. The cops are lookin' for us. That last delivery to Mother Love nearly did it.

LEROY

(Going back to get the larger crate which is filled with guns of all kinds.)

We ain't gonna get caught. Now either get in or help me with this crate.

(He rests the crate on the side of the car and it emits a resounding "clank.")

BUNNY

How much longer do you think we're gonna get by with that story about the green apples?

LEROY finally drops the heavy crate down on the floor of the back seat of the car. There is another loud "clank."

Leroy, apples don't clank.

BUNNY starts to get into the car from its upstage side when she notices JONATHAN and HOWARD approaching from stage-right. They each carry a full can of gas.

BUNNY

Hey, Leroy, looka.

LEROY

(Startled, he starts to go for his gun which is inside his coat pocket.)

Who the hell...Who do you suppose they are?

LEROY

(Stepping toward the boys.)

You two! Whaddya think you're doin' here?

JONATHAN

My name's Jonathan and he's my brother Howard.

LEROY

(Grandly.)

How do you do, I'm sure. I'm Leroy and this fair dame is Miss Bunny.

HOWARD AND JONATHAN

How do, Ma'm.

JONATHAN

(Stepping closer to the car.)

This car is ours. We just bought it. We had to go get some gas for it.

HOWARD

(Moving a little closer too.)

It was nearly out.

LEROY

(Moving upstage-left toward the shack door.)

Don't you boys think you're just a little young to own a car?
(Turning to the boys.)

If you do?

JONATHAN goes to the gas tank
and starts to pour the contents
of his can into it.

HOWARD

Well, maybe, but our father doesn't know about it, so it's OK.

JONATHAN

We're gonna give it to him for his birthday.

LEROY

(Facing Jonathan.)

His birthday; oh, yeah?

BUNNY

(Coming from behind the car, walks to
Leroy and then down to Jonathan.)

Ya know, Leroy, I think we've got the last of the big spenders here.

LEROY

Yeah.

BUNNY

(Sitting down on the runningboard
and speaking to Jonathan.)

Listen Diamond Jim, if your old man don't know about this pile of junk you call a car, uh, where do you get the cash for that stuff?

(Pointing to the gas cans.)

Got your own oil well tucked away somewhere?

HOWARD

(Standing by left front fender of
the car.)

Oh, no, ma'm. We don't need much gas. The car's for our father for his birthday.

LEROY

(Becoming interested.)

Well, then...

HOWARD

(Very proudly.)

We've got it all figured out. We're gonna have a business. All the neighborhood ladies always have something they'll pay somebody to do even though there's a depression on, you know.

BUNNY

I know.

HOWARD

We're only gonna charge five cents instead of ten cents like all the other boys. That way we'll get more to do.

JONATHAN finishes pouring both cans of gas into the tank. LEROY has begun to hatch a scheme and he motions HOWARD and JONATHAN to come to him downstage-left-center.

LEROY

Listen boys, I'm no housewife, as you say; but how about doing a little job for me?

HOWARD AND JONATHAN

Yes, sir.

HOWARD

(While LEROY is looking around to make
sure no one is listening.)

Wow! Our first job.

LEROY

(Convinced everything is safe.)

OK. Now I've got this friend. Mother Love's Boarding House--you boys know where that is?

JONATHAN

Yes, sir.

LEROY

So, I'm takin' some apples over there. Our limousine broke down back up the road, so I need you to take them over there. OK?

BUNNY

And you gotta promise not to open then, ya hear?

LEROY

Now, if anybody asks you where you're goin' or what you're doin', you tell 'em you're deliverin' some apples to Mother Love's Boarding House. Got that?

HOWARD

(A little confused.)

Yeah, but--

BUNNY

They're green apples 'cause green apples weigh more and have more juice.

LEROY

(Reaching in his pocket for a roll of bills.)

Here's some money. You stop by one of those fruit stands and buy another basket of green apples.

(Feeling off a bill.)

You do a good job, now, and don't open those crates. We'll wait for you back here.

HOWARD and JONATHAN get into the car with JONATHAN at the wheel. BUNNY and LEROY start to exit stage-left when FATHER bursts through the door of the shack carrying the large wrench.

FATHER

Found it at last.

(Stopping short when he sees Bunny and Leroy, who have been caught trying to sneak away.)

Hey, now--what's goin' on here?

BUNNY

(Angry at Leroy for getting her into this situation.)

Oh, Leroy.

LEROY

(Removes his hat and slugs Bunny on the head with it.)

Shut up!

Jonathan
Nothin', Dad.

FATHER
(Standing just left of Bunny and Leroy
and now moving swiftly toward Jonathan.)
Nothin'!! Well, it don't look like nothin' to me.

LEROY
(Stepping up and offering to shake
hands with him.)
How do you do, sir. These young men were just about to do us
a little favor.

FATHER
(Tries to shake hands, but is holding
the large wrench. LEROY almost shakes
the wrench.)
What kind of favor?

LEROY
Well, you see, our automobile--Miss Bunny's and mine--broke
down back up the road a piece. Your boys here were just
helping us out.

BUNNY
We gotta get these green apples to Mother Love's Boarding
House before they spoil.

FATHER
(Moving several paces stage-left
to face Bunny.)
Mother Love's? Yeah, ain't she in pies?

LEROY
(Moving up and sticking his head between
Father and Bunny who are standing very
close to each other.)
Among other things.

FATHER
(Repeating.)
Among other--
(Realizing who Mother Love really is.)
My God! Listen, there's a depression on, you know. Givin'
people apples when there's a depression on.

BUNNY
Green apples.

FATHER
Green apples, then. Oh, well, can't see no harm done. It's
your doing!

FATHER

(Moving over to the front door of the car.)
Jonathan, boy, you get outta that driver's seat. Any drivin' done here, I'm doin'.

JONATHAN

But, Dad--

FATHER

(Starts to get into the car.)
Don't but, Dad, me. Get on over.

JONATHAN, realizing he can't argue with his father, motions HOWARD to get into the back seat. Being the younger brother and somewhat afraid of JONATHAN, HOWARD climbs into the back seat and sits on top of the crates. FATHER gets in behind the wheel and turns the ignition key. At first the car won't start, but after turning over several times the engine finally starts.

As the motor is revved up, the lights on the stage dim to total darkness. The audience now is able to hear only the sound of the car driving off. After a moment or two the car comes to a stop. There is the sound of footsteps running up a flight of stairs, a knock on a door, the incoherent sounds of a man and woman talking, the sound of returning footsteps, and the sound of a car driving away again.

The sound of the car approaching continues for several seconds when suddenly there is the sound of some heavy metal thing falling from the car. The lights suddenly are brought up full and FATHER, JONATHAN, and HOWARD can be seen looking over the side of the car to see what fell off. The car engine has died and FATHER tries to restart it. It's useless. FATHER gets out of the car.

FATHER

(Rushing toward the door of the shack.)
 Damn! Where's my sledge hammer?
 (He exits through the door of the shack.)

HOWARD

(Getting out of the car and looking
 around for Bunny and Leroy who have
 been hiding behind the shack.)
 Where do you guess they are? They did say they'd be here,
 didn't they?

JONATHAN

(Still in the car.)
 They'll be here. They probably got in a hold-up somewhere.

HOWARD

(Standing front, center stage and
 facing the audience.)
 That Mother Love was really something. Sure didn't look like
 our mom, though.
 (Looking to Jonathan.)
 Mothers aren't supposed to wear all that paint and those fancy
 dresses, are they?

JONATHAN

(About to answer, but instead notices
 BUNNY and LEROY appear from behind the
 shack. Jumping out of the car, he says,)
 Here they come, now.

BUNNY and LEROY enter stage-left.
 They act very suspicious.

LEROY

Have any trouble with the apples?

BUNNY

(Right behind Leroy.)
 Did you see anybody?

LEROY

(Once more removing his hat and hitting
 Bunny over the head with it.)
 Shut up.
 (Then to boys.)
 Did you?

HOWARD

(Standing near the left rear fender
 of the car.)
 No sir, we didn't see anybody.

JONATHAN

(From near the front door of the car.)

Except Mother Love.

HOWARD

(Looking over his shoulder to Jonathan.)

She sure didn't look like our mom.

BUNNY

She's not that kind of moth--

(She catches herself and is just saved
from being hit again with Leroy's hat.)

Uh, well, uh, did Mother Love give you anything? For bringing
her the apples, I mean?

HOWARD

(Moving toward the back seat of the car
where ride two neat, white boxes clearly
marked "Mother Love's Apple Pies.")

Oh, yes, ma'm. She sent you these pies. She said you'd want
'em real bad.

(He starts to reach for the pies, but
BUNNY gets there first.)

LEROY

(Puzzled.)

Pies?

BUNNY

(Dropping obvious clues.)

Why, yes, Leroy. Green apple pies. You know you like her
green apple pie.

LEROY

(Catching on.)

Oh, yeah, yeah. Green apple pies.

(Taking the two boxes from Bunny.)

Well, boys, thanks for your trouble.

BUNNY and LEROY exit stage-left
with the pie boxes and without
paying the boys for their
services.

JONATHAN

(Rushing after them but to no avail.)

But, sir, our--

HOWARD

(Standing downstage-center facing
full front.)

Boy, Jonathan, that was really scary. That police car was
really followin' us close.

JONATHAN

(Dejectedly walking back toward Howard.)
Leroy forgot to pay us for delivering those apples.

HOWARD

(Not paying any attention to Jonathan.)
Those men looked kinda mean; not like policemen are supposed to look.

(Looking at Jonathan.)

Why do you suppose they waited across the road from Mother Love's?

JONATHAN

(Looking at the car.)
They were just lookin' at our car.

HOWARD

(Turning and walking toward the front of the car.)
But it's nothin' special. It won't hardly run.

JONATHAN

(Again imitating his father and this time HOWARD can hardly stand the poor imitation. He moves downstage-right from the car.)
There's a depression on, you know. Haven't you heard? There aren't many people these days who can afford cars at all.

HOWARD

(Facing Jonathan.)
I hope we don't make any more deliveries for them. I think one of those men had a gun.
(Frightened.)
You don't suppose they weren't really policemen? I mean--

JONATHAN

Nah. They didn't want anything. I think it's kind of fun. Hey, look.

JONATHAN hops in the car and begins playing cops and robbers by "shooting" his finger at HOWARD, who picks up the game by ducking behind the rear fender and "shooting" back.

The faint sound of a police siren can be heard in the distance.

While HOWARD and JONATHAN are playing, BUNNY and LEROY enter stage-left. Back to back, they

stealthily approach the car.
BUNNY is carrying the pie boxes
and LEROY holds a revolver
ready in one hand. Making too
quick a turn, LEROY gooses BUNNY
with the gun. The police siren
gets louder and louder.

BUNNY

(Feeling the revolver.)

Be careful with that thing, Leroy. You'll shoot somebody.

LEROY

(Almost hitting her again with his hat.)

You shut up and be careful with those pies.

BUNNY

(At the car.)

Oh, Leroy, we gotta get outta here. They're gonna get us for sure.

LEROY is looking off stage to
see if the police are coming.

Leroy, please. Come on.

LEROY

(Now in a hurry he crosses over
to the car.)

Get in that car.

HOWARD and JONATHAN have stopped
playing their game. They look
befuddled.

BUNNY

But Leroy.

LEROY

(Poking his gun in Jonathan's ribs.)

Listen, will this trap make it to the next town? Will it?

BUNNY

Oh, please, Leroy.

JONATHAN

(Frightened, but still befuddled.)

I guess so, sir.

They all pile into the car.
JONATHAN tries to start the car,
but it only grinds away.

LEROY

(Looking back.)

Come on, get this thing started.

BUNNY

(Also looking back.)

They're getting closer, I just know. Oh, hurry and get it started.

(They both begin to panic.)

The sound of a police car stopping is heard stage-left and now there is the muffled voices of several policemen getting ready for the hunt.

LEROY

(Getting out of the car.)

Come on, Bunny, we're gettin' outta here. This trap ain't gonna go nowhere.

BUNNY

(Getting out of the car.)

Leroy, I told you to steal a good car. Now we're gonna get it for sure. Oh, Leroy.

LEROY

(Hitting her with his hat.)

Shut up.

BUNNY and LEROY scramble off stage-right. As they do, five policemen looking very much like the keystone cops rush upon the stage frantically blowing their whistles and swinging their night sticks. The first policeman on, however, trips and falls flat on his face. The others proceed to go right over him. They finally make it to the car, bumping into each other as they go.

FIRST POLICEMAN

(To the boys.)

Hey, have you two boys seen...No, I guess you haven't. Where could they have gone.

SECOND POLICEMAN

(Looking into the car and seeing the pies left hastily behind by Bunny and Leroy.)

Nothin' here but apple pies.

THIRD POLICEMAN

(Seeing Bunny and Leroy just before they
disappear out of sight.)

There they go!

What is seen now is a big chase. The cops chase BUNNY and LEROY all over the stage, backstage, and out into the audience. The sequence should go as follows: BUNNY and LEROY appear somewhat winded stage-left. They circle the car and hide behind it. They aren't alone. The boys are also hiding there. The COPS enter stage-left, circle the car without seeing any of the four hidden there. They start to exit stage-right. As they do, BUNNY and LEROY sneak into the shack. LEROY barely gets the shack door shut, when all five COPS come bursting out of the shack from backstage. The COPS exit again stage-right.

BUNNY and LEROY come out of the shack and start to exit stage-left, the COPS spot them and come dashing across the stage after them. BUNNY and LEROY appear again stage-right almost completely exhausted. LEROY spots an old, discarded wheelchair among the junk near the fence. He whistles to BUNNY to get in and he wheels her on the run, the COPS right behind them. They disappear off stage-left. There is a brief pause before BUNNY and LEROY and the wheelchair appear from stage-left. This time BUNNY is pushing LEROY, who is fanning himself with his hat. They quickly exit stage-right.

Temporarily the COPS have lost BUNNY and LEROY and the search for them continues in the audience. While they have their backs to the stage, BUNNY and LEROY, without the chair, sneak slowly across the stage from right to left. BUNNY

walks ahead of LEROY. As LEROY approaches the car, he looks at it in utter contempt. He is thinking of sweet revenge as he lifts his revolver and shoots the car right in the engine. The car immediately falls apart in complete ruin with a huge puff of steam emitting from the radiator.

This shot gives them away to the COPS in the audience, and the chase is on once more. It ends with this final exit off stage-left, guns ablaze and whistles blowing.

JONATHAN and HOWARD appear from behind the car. They can't believe what has happened. They stare first at each other, and then at the broken car.

JONATHAN

(Standing near the engine of the car.)

Look, Howard. I guess it just isn't going any farther.

HOWARD

(Standing behind the car.)

Yeah, I guess not.

The boys circle the car until HOWARD faces the radiator and JONATHAN is upstage of the car looking over it. By this time FATHER has burst through the shack door. He is panic stricken.

FATHER

My God! What's all that noise? Sounds like shots. You boys shoot anybody?

The boys pay no attention to their father as they stand reverently looking at the junk that was once a car. The lights dim on stage except for a special spot on the car. HOWARD, JONATHAN, and FATHER can be seen on three sides of the car. An eulogy, complete with organ music, follows.

JONATHAN

4 (In his best preacher tones.)
Dearly beloved, we are gathered here before these witnesses
 and in the sight of God, even though there's a depression on,
 to pay our last respects to an old and true, though departed,
 friend, our car.

FATHER

(Getting out his handkerchief.)
 Oh, God! Oh, my God!

HOWARD

Let us join together in singing.

They sing "Nearer My God to Thee,"
 substituting the word "Ford" for
 the word "God." FATHER joins in
 on the second phrase.

JONATHAN

There are but few in this day of financial peril, in this time
 when money, gentlemen, does not grow on trees, who could find
 a love or a use in society for such a fine automobile as our
 dear and departed. But we did. Our car was good, and loyal,
 and thoughtful, and trustworthy to its dying day. It is in
 its passing from this earthly life that we find solace in our
 hour of need and grief.

FATHER lets out with a great
 snort into his handkerchief.

FATHER

Amen, amen.

HOWARD

Amen. Yea, though it be in the valley of the shadow of death,
 it will be remembered well by those who have loved it, by
 those in whose service and for whom it died. We beseech thee,
 whomever may so be at the chrome gates of automobile heaven,
 to welcome our dear and departed one with open arms and joyous
 singing and thanksgiving.

JONATHAN

Amen.

FATHER

(Weeping profusely now.)
 And whosoever put their trust and faith in it, be they absolved,
 even in this day of great depression, this day when, forgive me
 ...us, the younger generation is bound straight for hell in a
 handbasket; be they absolved from their lack of love for this
 automobile. Amen.

Amen.

JONATHAN

Amen.

HOWARD

Then with a complete change of character, FATHER spots the pie boxes on the back seat of the car. The lights suddenly come up full and the music stops as FATHER says:

FATHER

(Lifting pie box.)

Hey, what are these?

(Reading.)

Mother Love's Apple Pies?

JONATHAN

(Looking at the box.)

Bunny and Leroy must have left them when they ran off so fast.

HOWARD

(Stepping in closer.)

Do you suppose...?

FATHER

(Carrying box downstage of car.)

Well, those two won't be back. Not for a long time, anyway.

(Kneeling down on the stage to open the box.)

We might as well eat these while they're still fresh.

(He opens the lid, sees what's inside, lets out a loud shriek, and slams the lid shut again.)

Oh, my God!

HOWARD

(Almost bending over his father.)

What's the matter, Dad?

FATHER

(To Jonathan.)

Jonathan, you open that other one. Careful!

JONATHAN reaches down and picks up the other box carefully opening it.

JONATHAN

(Holding up bundles of paper money.)

But, Dad, these aren't pies.

FATHER

(Drooling as he reopens his box.)

Really?

JONATHAN

No wonder Mother Love wanted us to be sure to give them to Miss Bunny.

HOWARD

(It all comes clear.)

They were gangsters. I just knew it.

FATHER

(Still kneeling over the money.)

All that money.

JONATHAN

You take it, Dad.

(Hands his father the second box. It is almost jerked from his hands.)

Even though there's a depression on, we won't tell. Nobody will find out.

HOWARD

(Proudly.)

Yeah, Dad, the car was for your birthday. We were going to surprise you.

FATHER

(Getting up and clutching the money to his chest, he slowly walks to the shack door.)

Me? My birthday? And I thought--well, maybe the younger generation isn't so bad off after all.

(Going into shock again.)

My God! All that money for me! That's the best birthday present I ever got.

(He exits.)

JONATHAN and HOWARD, pleased with the outcome, shake hands over the "dead" car.

END OF THE PLAY

APPENDIX A

TIME SHEET FOR ALL PERFORMANCES INCLUDING DRESS REHEARSALS

No Sunrise Tomorrow

Feb. 24	Dress	Rise: 8:00 p.m. Curtain: 8:42 p.m.
Feb. 25	Dress	Rise: 8:09 p.m. Curtain 8:51 p.m.
Feb. 26		Rise: 8:00 p.m. Curtain 8:44 p.m.
Feb. 27		Rise: 8:00 p.m. Curtain: 8:40 p.m.
Feb. 28		Rise: 8:05 p.m. Curtain 8:42 p.m.
Mar. 1		Rise: 8:10 p.m. Curtain: 8:50 p.m.

Thursday's General

Feb. 24	Dress	Rise: 8:52 p.m. Curtain: 9:25 p.m.
Feb. 25	Dress	Rise: 9:00 p.m. Curtain: 9:35 p.m.
Feb. 26		Rise: 8:54 p.m. Curtain 9:25 p.m.
Feb. 27		Rise: 8:50 p.m. Curtain: 9:20 p.m.
Feb. 28		Rise: 8:52 p.m. Curtain: 9:23 p.m.
Mar. 1		Rise: 9:00 p.m. Curtain: 9:30 p.m.

Mother Love and Apple Pie

Feb. 24	Dress	Rise: 9:35 p.m. Curtain: 10:05 p.m.
Feb. 25	Dress	Rise: 9:45 p.m. Curtain: 10:15 p.m.
Feb. 26		Rise: 9:35 p.m. Curtain: 10:00 p.m.
Feb. 27		Rise: 9:30 p.m. Curtain: 9:55 p.m.
Feb. 28		Rise: 9:33 p.m. Curtain: 9:55 p.m.
Mar. 1		Rise: 9:40 p.m. Curtain: 10:05 p.m.

APPENDIX B
DATA AND PLACE OF EACH PERFORMANCE

<u>Date</u>	<u>Place</u>	<u>Curtain time</u>	<u>House</u>
Feb. 26	Purple Masque	8:00 p.m.	60% full
Feb. 27	Purple Masque	8:00 p.m.	90% full
Feb. 28	Purple Masque	8:00 p.m.	100% full standing room only
Mar. 1	Purple Masque	8:00 p.m.	100% full standing room only

APPENDIX C
BUDGET AND EXPENSES

Basic amount allowed for the Thesis Production by the Department of Speech	\$150.00
Total income from ticket sales at the door and at K. S. U. Union	<u>305.50</u> \$455.50

Expenses:

Costumes (material)	\$ 32.96
Cleaning	36.94
Properties	55.85
Scenery	27.44
Make-up	15.00
Advertising (posters)	2.00
Tickets	18.85
Programs	<u>72.50</u>
Total	\$261.54

Summary:

Total receipts	\$455.50
Total expenses	<u>261.54</u>
Net profit	\$193.96

APPENDIX D

PROGRAM

THE DEPARTMENT OF SPEECH
and
THE K-STATE PLAYERS
present



ORIGINAL
ONE ACTS

NO SUNRISE TOMORROW

by Carolyn Kaberline

THURSDAY'S GENERAL

by David Gieschen

MOTHER LOVE AND APPLE PIE

by Mary Anna Lowe

8:00 p.m. Curtain Feb. 26-28, Mar. 1, 1969

APPENDIX D

PROGRAM

ORIGINAL ONE-ACT PLAYS

presented February 26-March 1, 1969

Purple Masque Theatre

Kansas State University

Manhattan, Kansas

8:00 p.m.

3

<i>Yu-stan</i>		Berney Williams
<i>Luta</i>		Mike Parker
<i>John</i>		Jim Jagger†
<i>Tawanka</i>		Sue Tasker
<i>Wicaka</i>		Marty Guenther

Assistant Stage Manager . . . Mike Pule

NO SUNRISE TOMORROW

*direction and scenic
design by*

DAVID GIESCHEN†

THURSDAY'S GENERAL

direction by

JOEL CLIMENHAGA†

scenic design by

HAL KNOWLES†

<i>1st Jailer</i>	Wayne Henson†
<i>2nd Jailer</i>	Mike Pule
<i>Captain</i>	John Jagger†
<i>Gelinka</i>	Dennis Karr†
<i>Borkov</i>	Larry Gilbert
<i>Gordova</i>	Jeff Danielson†
<i>Gorsbek</i>	Rick Smethers
<i>Anna</i>	Nancy Tipton
<i>Zuskoff</i>	Kirk Lovell†
<i>Assistant Stage Manager</i>	Chris Macho†

<i>Farmer</i>		Wayne Henson†
<i>Father</i>		Hal Knowles†
<i>Jonathan</i>		George Spurlock
<i>Howard</i>		Paul Stagner
<i>Leroy</i>		Bill Jackson
<i>Bunny</i>		Donita Seim
<i>Policemen</i>		Rick Smethers, Mike Parker, Larry Gilbert, Bill Walseth, Jeff Danielson†

Assistant Stage Manager . . Daryl Denny

MOTHER LOVE AND APPLE PIE

*direction and scenic
design by*

DAVID GIESCHEN†

THERE WILL BE A TEN-MINUTE INTERMISSION BETWEEN PLAYS.

NO SUNRISE TOMORROW and MOTHER LOVE AND APPLE PIE are directed by David Gieschen in partial fulfillment of the requirements for his Master's Thesis.

DEPARTMENT OF SPEECH THEATRE STAFF

Norma D. Bunton†	Head, Department of Speech
Wallace Dace†	Director of Graduate Studies in Theatre
Joel Climenhaga†	Director of Theatre
Elizabeth Cleary†	Director of Children's Theatre
Carl Hinrichs†	Associate Director of Theatre
Letitia Dace†	Associate Director of Theatre
Michael McCarthy†	Associate Director of Theatre
Lydia Aseneta†	Costumes and Makeup
Jack Kingsley†	Director of Reader's Theatre
Hal Knowles†	Shop Foreman
Mary Horton†	Graduate Teaching Assistant
Leanna Lenhart†	Graduate Teaching Assistant
Betty Morgan†	Graduate Teaching Assistant

PRODUCTION STAFF

<i>Technical Advisor</i>	Carl Hinrichs†
<i>Stage Manager</i>	Joni Johnson†
<i>Scenery</i>	Hal Knowles,*† Technical Production Class
<i>Properties</i>	Donna Lindeman,*† Sue Tasker, Angee Johns, Rick Smethers
<i>Costume Design</i>	Lydia Aseneta†
<i>Costumes</i>	Betty Morgan,*† Roberta Wirth, Bev Krider
<i>Makeup</i>	Kaye Porterfield,* Makeup Class
<i>Lighting Design</i>	Hal Knowles†
<i>Lighting</i>	Steve Florer,* Lighting Class
<i>Sound</i>	Steve Ballou,*† Sharon Yarbrough†
<i>Publicity</i>	Mary Horton,*† Rich Gilson,† Sue Tasker, Larry Gilbert, Marta Walz, Elaine Overley, Bill Walseth
<i>House Manager</i>	Patti Moore†
<i>Chairman of David Gieschen's Thesis Committee</i>	Joel Climenhaga†

COMING PRODUCTIONS

The Adventures of Harlequin by William Glennon, directed by Betty Cleary, touring April 16-19

A Girl Who Said Yes by Tish and Wallace Dace, directed by Michael McCarthy, May 14-17

* Crew Head.

† Theta Alpha Phi.

ON PRODUCING ORIGINAL PLAYS—

It is here in the production of original plays that theatre begins.

Had the *choregoi* (the producers) of the classic Greek theatre not been committed to the presentation of original plays, Aeschylus would not have gotten a start. Nor would Sophocles. Nor Euripides.

Had that group of men who formed the Globe Theatre not been committed to the presentation of original scripts, Shakespeare could not have seen *Titus Andronicus* in production. And, subsequently, *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*, *King Lear*.

Had it not been for a commitment to producing original plays, Moliere could not have presented his own work—and the French theatre of his day would only have gone on with a constant re-presentation of old plays!

Each new age gives forth its own playwrights. And it does this by someone, or some group, being committed to the production of original plays. Witness our own country.

The Provincetown Playhouse and Eugene O'Neill. The Group Theatre and Clifford Odets. Off-Broadway theatre and Edward Albee. University of North Carolina and Paul Green. State University of Iowa and Tennessee Williams.

It has been only through the commitment to the production of original plays that theatre has remained viable and creative.

I believe that we in educational theatre have an obligation to follow this commitment. The examples are there among former teachers: George Pierce Baker at Harvard, Frederick Koch at the University of North Carolina, E. C. Mabie at the State University of Iowa, Kenneth Macgowan at the University of California at Los Angeles. These men are dead now—but their students are not! (Mr. Macgowan was my own teacher—and I value his guidance and the memory of him as a man.) We in educational theatre must constantly produce original plays—if we are to remain alive.

This is not to say that tradition (the classics of the past) should be forgotten. An understanding of the value of tradition is essential to the educated person. And any program of educational theatre worthy of the name will give tradition full cry—both in the classroom and in production. But that same program also will give equal cry *always* to the production of original plays.

It is never enough to imitate the past.

The spirit of man demands, Janus-like, that at the same time as he studies the past he also creates his future.

That is what we are attempting to do here at Kansas State University in our theatre program. We are attempting to help create the theatre of the future.

February 10, 1969
Joel Climenhaga
Director of Theatre

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AN INVESTIGATION OF THE PROBLEMS OF THE PLAYWRIGHT AND DIRECTOR
IN THE PRODUCTION OF THREE ORIGINAL ONE-ACT PLAYS

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With the growing interest in experimental and educational theater productions on the university campus today has come increased stimulation for the student playwright and director to be creative. The student who writes or directs the original one-act play is certain to feel a great satisfaction from the role he has played in bringing new life to one of the oldest and greatest art forms the world has known. He not only receives a sense of great personal satisfaction, but also contributes to the art itself.

Such was the case from February 26 through March 1, 1969 when the Kansas State University Players in conjunction with the Department of Speech put into production three original one-act plays. These plays were Thursday's General by David Gieschen, No Sunrise Tomorrow by Carolyn Kaberline, and Mother Love and Apple Pie by Mary Anna Lowe. The performance of these three plays was the thesis production of David Gieschen. The thesis problem was to write Thursday's General, giving it then to another director for production, and to direct and produce the two original one-act plays, No Sunrise Tomorrow and Mother Love and Apple Pie. The three one-act plays were presented in the Purple Masque Theater of Kansas State University.

The task of writing Thursday's General and sequentially preparing it for production helped to clarify for this student many of the underlying problems of playwriting. In this thesis a certain amount of detail is given to the author's purpose for writing the play, its thematic structure, and the interpretation given to the play by the playwright. Attention is also given to

the director's interpretation of the play, its characterization, and various problems which needed to be overcome before the play could be produced on stage.

Concerning the aspect of directing the original one-act play, an account of directorial proceedings for No Sunrise Tomorrow and Mother Love and Apple Pie is documented in the thesis. Each play is analyzed from the point of view of interpretation and style given to it by the director. A prompt book which carefully describes the characters, costumes, sets, lighting, and sound effects is also included for each play. A script containing the director's notes and blocking movements for the actors is submitted for each play. Pictures of the plays, rehearsal data, and a budget of total cost and expenditures complete the thesis.