

ALMOST, MAINE

PROLOGUE

Music.

It's about 8:43 P.M.

Lights up on Pete and Ginette sitting on a bench in the middle of a snowfield, looking at the stars.

They are not sitting close to each other at all: Pete is sitting on the stage right end of the bench; Ginette, on the stage left end of the bench.

Music fades.

Long, long, long beat of Pete and Ginette looking at the stars.

Occasionally, they look at each other.

Often, Ginette looks at Pete as he looks at the stars.

Ginette clearly has something she wants to say to Pete.

GINETTE. Pete, I—...

Pete turns to Ginette, eager to hear whatever it is she has to say.

But Ginette doesn't say anything more.

PETE. What?

Ginette wants to tell Pete she loves him, but can't quite do it.

GINETTE. I just—am having a nice time, Pete.

PETE. I'm glad, Ginette.

GINETTE. I always do with you.

PETE. I'm glad.

Pete and Ginette enjoy this moment together.

And then there's nothing else to say, so...they look back up at the sky.

*And then maybe Pete looks at Ginette while she looks at the sky.
And then he looks back up at the sky.*

Beat.

PETE. Boy, the stars are just [awesome]—...! I didn't know you knew all that stuff! // After all this time, I didn't know you knew all that!

GINETTE. Well, it's not [like I know that much about 'em]—... It's just some stuff my dad taught me...

Pete smiles and nods at Ginette and all that she knows.

And Ginette smiles and nods back at Pete.

And then there's nothing else to do or say, so...they look back up at the sky.

Beat.

And then Ginette turns to Pete and watches him as he watches the sky.

She thinks.

And then finally says:

Pete?

PETE. (*Turning to Ginette, waiting for her to say what she has to say.*)
Yeah?

Little beat.

GINETTE. I love you.

Beat.

Pete just stares at Ginette.

Beat.

And then he looks away from Ginette.

Beat.

And does not respond to Ginette.

Beat.

Ginette takes in Pete's non-response, deflates, and then looks away from him, trying to figure out what has happened.

We now have two very uncomfortable people.

Pete is dealing with what Ginette has just said to him; and Ginette is dealing with Pete's response—or lack thereof—to what she has just said to him.

Big...long...awful...silence.

Finally, Pete breaks the silence with the truth.

PETE. Um...well, I...love you, too.

GINETTE. (*Hugely relieved.*) Oh!!

Ginette feels JOY.

And Pete does, too.

And Ginette shivers a happy shiver.

PETE. Oh, are you cold? // Do you wanna go?

GINETTE. No, no! I just wanna sit. Like this. Close.

Pete and Ginette aren't close to each other at all—but maybe for them, it's close.

I feel so close to you tonight.

Ginette slides a little closer to Pete.

It's nice to be close to you, Pete.

Ginette slides a little closer to Pete.

It's safe.

Ginette slides a little closer to Pete.

I like being close. Like this.

Ginette slides a little closer to Pete.

I mean, I can think of other...ways...of being close to you (*They enjoy this innuendo—sweetly, truly.*) ...but that's not—that's not [the kind of close I'm talking about right now]—... I like this right now. This kind of close. Right next to you.

Ginette gets even closer to Pete and leans right up against him, resting her head on his shoulder.

Beat.

You know, right now, I think I'm about as close to you as I can possibly be.

Ginette is truly content.

Beat.

PETE. (*Honestly discovering.*) Well...not really.

GINETTE. What?

PETE. (*Simply and truly figuring this out.*) Not really. I mean, if you think about it in a different way, you're not really *close* to me at all. You're really actually about as far away from me as you can possibly be. I mean, if you think about it, technically—if you're assuming the world is round, like a ball, like...

Pete gathers some snow and makes a snowball, which he will be using as a visual.

...like a snowball—the farthest away you can be from somebody is if you're sitting right next to them. See, if I'm here...

Pete points out a place on the snowball facing them that represents him.

...and you're here...

And then Pete points out a place on the snowball facing them that represents Ginette—and it's right next to him—practically the same place he just pointed to.

...and you started walking away from me—that way—

Pete points off stage left.

...then...

Pete traces a path around his makeshift globe—along the equator and not pole to pole—that describes the longest distance between Pete and Ginette.

If the earth had rings around its equator, Pete would be tracing the path of the earth's rings.

His point is that, while Ginette and Pete are sitting as close to one another as they possibly can, they are actually as far away from one other as they can possibly be.

Little beat.

...that's far.

GINETTE. (*Taking this in and trying to figure out what Pete is saying.*) Yeah.

Beat.

Disheartened, Ginette moves away from Pete.

She doesn't feel like being "close" to Pete anymore.

Pete realizes his musings on what it means to be close have not had the intended effect.

In fact, they've had a potentially disastrous effect.

So he tries to save the evening.

PETE. But...now, you're closer!

This is true.

Ginette actually is closer, according to Pete's theory on what it means to be close.

GINETTE. (Puzzled.) Yeah.

Ginette moves away from Pete again, sliding all the way to the other side of the bench.

PETE. And closer!

Little beat.

Ginette gets up.

And starts to go, taking a step or two away from Pete.

And closer!

Ginette stops.

And turns and looks at Pete.

And then turns away from him and takes a couple more steps.

And closer and closer!

Ginette stops again.

And turns and looks at Pete—and then turns back, and starts to leave again, taking a couple more steps.

And closer and closer and closer...

Ginette stops again.

And turns and looks at Pete again.

She is trying to figure out what's going on—and what Pete is saying.

She looks off left.

She looks at Pete again.

She looks off left again.

*And then... Ginette leaves, taking step after step after step.
With every single step she takes, Pete calls to her, with great
hope:*

*...and closer and closer and closer...and closer and closer and
closer and closer!*

*Eventually, Ginette is gone, exiting stage left, with Pete still
calling, "...and closer" to her.*

*Unfortunately, Ginette is getting farther and farther away
from Pete.*

*This is not quite what Pete intended, and he calls to Ginette
one last time.*

And closer!

Beat.

Pete looks at his snowball.

And then looks back to where Ginette has exited.

What has he done?

*Pete rises and takes a few uncertain steps toward where
Ginette is headed, looking to see where she went.*

He stops.

And looks at his snowball.

Music.

And we begin.

Pete fades from view and we TRANSITION into...

Scene 2: Sad and Glad

The music and the northern lights fade.

It's about ten minutes earlier—8:50 P.M. or so.

A man, Jimmy, appears.

He sits alone at a table in a back corner of Almost, Maine's local hangout, the Moose Paddy.

He is nursing a couple of Budweiser beers.

Sandrine St. Pierre enters.

She is coming from the ladies' room, cheerily heading back to her friends, who are up front.

Sandrine passes Jimmy's table.

Jimmy sees her—and is thrilled to be seeing her—and calls to her.

JIMMY. Sandrine!

SANDRINE. Hm?

Sandrine stops and turns and sees...Jimmy.

She is not happy to see him.

But she suddenly smiles so he doesn't know that she's not happy to see him.

Jimmy!

JIMMY. (A little too excited.) Hey!

SANDRINE. Hey!

JIMMY. Hey!!

SANDRINE. Hey!!

JIMMY and SANDRINE. Heyyyy!!!

Jimmy bear hugs Sandrine.

Sandrine doesn't hug Jimmy back.

JIMMY. How you doin'?!?

SANDRINE. Doin' pretty good! How are you doin'?!?

JIMMY. I'm doin' good, doin' good! How are you doin'?!?

SANDRINE. I'm good, doin' good, great! How are you?

JIMMY. Great, great! How *are* ya?

SANDRINE. Great, // great!

JIMMY. Oh, that's great!

SANDRINE. Y//eah!

JIMMY. That's great!

SANDRINE. Y//eah!

JIMMY. That's great!

SANDRINE. Y//eah.

JIMMY. That's great!

SANDRINE. Y//eah.

JIMMY. You look great!

SANDRINE. Oh, no—

JIMMY. You look great.

SANDRINE. Than//ks.

JIMMY. You do. You look so great.

SANDRINE. Thanks, // Jimmy.

JIMMY. So pretty. So pretty.

SANDRINE. Thanks.

Awful, uncomfortable beat.

Then, a little too cheerily:

JIMMY. Here, have a seat!

SANDRINE. Oh, Jimmy, I can't—

JIMMY. Aw, come on, I haven't seen you in...well, *months*.

SANDRINE. Yeah—

JIMMY. And months and months and months and months and months and months and *months*, how does that happen? Live in the same town as someone and never see 'em?

SANDRINE. I don't know.

JIMMY. I mean, I haven't seen you since that night before that morning when I woke up and you were just gone.

SANDRINE. Yeah, I, uh...—

Sandrine takes a seat and is about to explain—when a waitress comes blasting in.

The waitress is in constant motion, always appearing and disappearing equally quickly.

WAITRESS. Look at you two, tucked away in the corner over here! Lucky I found ya! (*Referring to Jimmy's couple of Buds.*) Is the man and his lovely lady ready for another round?

JIMMY. Sure, we'll [have a coupla beers]—

SANDRINE. No! We're not together.

JIMMY. Well [we used to be]—

SANDRINE. We're all set, thanks.

JIMMY. Well [don't you want a drink?]

SANDRINE. All set!

JIMMY. Okay—yeah, we're good.

WAITRESS. Okay. (*Taking in the weird dynamic; and then starting to go.*) Well, holler if you need anything.

SANDRINE. Thanks.

WAITRESS. (*Stopping.*) No really—you gotta holler. It's busy up front!

SANDRINE. (*To the waitress.*) Okay.

JIMMY. (*To the waitress.*) Okay.

WAITRESS. (*On her way out.*) Okay!

And the waitress is gone.

Another awkward beat.

JIMMY. (*Fishing.*) So, um...ya here with anybody, or...?

SANDRINE. Yeah—um...the girls.

JIMMY. Oh.

SANDRINE. We're, uh—... (*Covering.*) Girls' night! We're in the front. (*Getting up and starting to go—she wants out of this situation.*) Actually, I just had to use the ladies' room, so I should get back to // them.

JIMMY. (*Stopping her.*) Aw, but I haven't seen ya! They'll survive without ya for a minute or two! So, what's been—here—have a seat—so what's been goin' on, whatcha been up to?

SANDRINE. (*Giving in, sitting.*) Well—

JIMMY. Did you know that I took over my dad's business?

SANDRINE. Yeah, that's great!

JIMMY. I run it now! >

SANDRINE. I heard that.

JIMMY. I'm runnin' it! >

SANDRINE. Heard that.

JIMMY. Runnin' the business! >

SANDRINE. Congratula >

JIMMY. Runnin' the whole show, >

SANDRINE. tions!, Good for you!, Good for you.

JIMMY. the whole shebang—thanks—yeah. We still do heating and cooling, >

SANDRINE. Yeah?

JIMMY. and we've expanded, too. Just got into pellet stoves: sales and service.

SANDRINE. Oh.

JIMMY. Yeah, it's a lotta work. A lotta work. I'm on call a lot: weekends, holidays, you name it, 'cause, you know, your heat goes, people die, it's serious.

SANDRINE. Yeah.

JIMMY. Yeah. Like, I do Thanksgivin', Christmas, 'cause I let the guys who work for me, like, East helps with repairs sometimes, I let 'em have the day off so they can be with their families since I'm all alone this year.

SANDRINE. Oh.

JIMMY. Yeah. (*Driving the point home.*) I really don't have anybody anymore, really. My brother and sister got canned, so they left town. >

SANDRINE. Right...

JIMMY. And Mom and Dad retired, headed south.

SANDRINE. Yeah, I heard that.

JIMMY. Vermont.

SANDRINE. Oh.

JIMMY. Yeah, winters there are a lot easier. And then—I don't know if you heard, but...then Spot went and died on me.

SANDRINE. Oh, Jimmy, I didn't know that!

JIMMY. Yeah. He was old, it was his time. He was a good fish, though. (*Seriously sad about Spot.*) But, so, like I said, I really don't have anybody anymore, really...but, (*Trying to put his sadness behind him.*) so, um, I was wonderin'—would you like to come over? It'd be fun! Catch up, hang out...?

SANDRINE. Oh, Jimmy [I really can't]—

The waitress blasts in again.

WAITRESS. And I forgot to tell ya—don't forget: Friday night special at the Moose Paddy: Drink free if you're sad. So, if you're sad, or if you two little lovebirds are ready for another coupla Buds or somethin', you just let me know, all right?

SANDRINE. No, we'll/re [not together]—

JIMMY. Okay!

WAITRESS. (*Exiting.*) Okay!

And the waitress is gone.

SANDRINE. (*Helplessly.*) Okay...

JIMMY. So whatta you say? Wanna come on over, for fun?

SANDRINE. No, Jimmy. I can't. I can't. (*Getting up to leave.*) I really gotta get back with the girls.

JIMMY. Naw—

SANDRINE. (*Forceful, but kind.*) Yeah, Jimmy, yeah. I gotta. 'Cause, see...oh, gosh, I've been meanin' to tell you this for a while: There's a guy, Jimmy. I've got a guy.

JIMMY. (*Huge blow. But he's tough.*) Oh.

SANDRINE. Yeah.

JIMMY. Well...good for you. Gettin' yourself out there again.

SANDRINE. Yeah.

JIMMY. Movin' on.

SANDRINE. Yeah, well, actually, Jimmy, it's more than me just gettin'

WOMAN. Well, you can be hurt and not be // bleeding or bruised.

MAN. And, plus, my list is pretty reliable, 'cause my brother Rob is helping me make it, and I can prove it to you: See, I bet if I took this ironing board,

The man gets the ironing board.

like this, and hit you with it, that it wouldn't hurt you.

The man smashes the woman in the head with the flat face of the ironing board.

See?, // That didn't hurt.

WOMAN. (*Scrambling to get away from him.*) OW!!

MAN. Oh!

WOMAN. Ow! What the hell was that?! // Why did you do that?

MAN. Oh! I'm sorry! // Did that hurt?

WOMAN. God!

MAN. Oh, it did, didn't it?

WOMAN. Ow!

MAN. Oh, I didn't think it would, 'cause, see, ironing boards are not on my list of things that can hurt you, but, gosh, maybe they should be on my list, becau//se—

WOMAN. What are you talkin' about?

MAN. I have a list of things that can hurt you—my brother Rob is helping me make it—and ironing boards aren't on it.

WOMAN. Well, that ironing board hurt me.

MAN. Yeah.

WOMAN. So you should add it to your list.

MAN. Yeah.

Beat.

The man adds "ironing boards" to his THINGS THAT CAN HURT YOU book, and then he thinks.

And then picks up a book labeled THINGS TO BE AFRAID OF.

Should I be *afraid* of ironing boards?

WOMAN. Well, if someone swings it at your head and wallops you with it, yes.

Scene 3: This Hurts

The music and the northern lights fade.

It's about ten minutes earlier—8:50 P.M. or so.

A woman is ironing a man's work shirt in the laundry room of Ma Dudley's Boarding House.

A man is sitting on a backless bench reading from a notebook labeled THINGS THAT CAN HURT YOU.

The woman looks at the shirt she has been ironing and suddenly crumples it and throws it into her laundry basket.

Then she picks up the iron and wraps the cord around it, preparing to put it away.

As she does so, she burns herself on it.

WOMAN. Ow! Dammit!

The man sees this happen, takes note of it, produces a pencil, and writes "iron" in his notebook labeled THINGS THAT CAN HURT YOU.

Meanwhile, the woman has put the iron back where it belongs—maybe on a shelf onstage or maybe somewhere offstage.

She then goes to the ironing board, folds it up, and turns to put it back where it belongs—which is near where the iron lives.

As she turns, she accidentally wallops the man in the head with the flat face of the ironing board, knocking him off the bench.⁴

Oh, no! I'm sorry! I'm sorry!, Oh...I didn't see you!, Are you okay?!?

MAN. (Unfazed.) Yeah.

WOMAN. No you're not!! I smashed you with the ironing board!, I wasn't even looking!, Are you hurt?

MAN. (Calmly resituating himself on the bench.) No.

WOMAN. Oh, you must be!! I just *smashed* you!, Where did I get you?

⁴ Please see the NOTES FOR DIRECTORS section on page 144 of this volume for guidance on how to execute the ironing board hits.

MAN. In the head.

WOMAN. In the head!?! Oh, (*Going to him.*) come here!, Are you okay?

MAN. Is there any blood?

WOMAN. No.

MAN. Any discoloration?

WOMAN. No.

MAN. Then I'm okay.

WOMAN. Well, I'm gonna go get you some ice.

MAN. No. I can't feel things like that.

WOMAN. Like what?

MAN. Like when I get smashed in the head with an ironing board. I don't get hurt.

WOMAN. What?

MAN. I can't feel pain.

WOMAN. Oh, Jeezum Crow,⁵ what the hell have I done to you? >

MAN. Nothin'.

WOMAN. You're talkin' loopy!, Listen to you, goin' on about not being able to feel pain!, That's delusional!, I've knocked the sense right outta ya!

MAN. No, I'm okay.

WOMAN. Shh! Listen: I was gonna be a nurse, so I know: You're hurt. You just took a good shot right to the head, and that's serious.

MAN. No, it's not serious. I don't think an ironing board could really hurt your head, 'cause, see, ironing boards aren't on my list of things that can hurt you.

The man forces his book labeled THINGS THAT CAN HURT YOU on the woman.

WOMAN. (*Dealing with his book.*) What?, // What's [this]—?

MAN. Plus, there's no blood or discoloration from where I got hit, // so [I'm okay]...

⁵ Pronounced, "JEE-zum CROW." Jeezum Crow is a euphemistic curse word.

myself out there and movin' on. Um...this is my...bachelorette party.
I'm gettin' married.

JIMMY. (*Huger blow.*) Oh.

SANDRINE. Yeah.

JIMMY. Wow.

SANDRINE. Y//eah.

JIMMY. Wow.

SANDRINE. Y//eah.

JIMMY. Wow.

SANDRINE. Y//eah.

JIMMY. Wow, that's—...

Jimmy is devastated.

But he's tough.

I thought you said you weren't gonna do that. Get married. Thought
it wasn't for you, you told me.

Little beat.

Guess it just wasn't for you with me.

Beat.

So, who's...who's the lucky guy?

SANDRINE. Martin Laferriere.² You know him? The // [game
warden]—

JIMMY. Yeah, the game warden guy, over in Ashland!

SANDRINE. Yeah!

JIMMY. Wow!

SANDRINE. Yeah!

JIMMY. He's a legend! Legendary! I mean, if you're lost on a
mountain in Maine, he's the guy you want lookin' for ya!

SANDRINE. Yeah.

JIMMY. I mean, if you're lost out there in this big bad northern
world, Martin Laferriere's the guy you want to have go out there
and find ya!

² Pronounced, "la-FAIR-ee-AIR."

ACT TWO

Scene 5: They Fell (Male Version)⁶

Music fades.

It's a few minutes earlier—8:50 P.M. or so.

Randy and Chad—two “County Boys”⁷—appear.

They are in a potato field.

Each carries his own cooler (the coolers will eventually serve as stools), and each is drinking a bottle (or can) of Natural Light beer.

Randy and Chad are mid-conversation.

RANDY. All I'm sayin'—

CHAD. No—

RANDY. All I'm sayin' is that it was bad, Chad!

CHAD. No: No way it was as bad as mine.

RANDY. Chad! It was *bad!* >

CHAD. But—

RANDY. *Real bad!*

CHAD. But—

RANDY. *Badder-than-it's-ever-been bad!*

CHAD. I believe you, but—

RANDY. *Baddest-date-ever bad!*

⁶ In the original published version of *Almost, Maine*, “They Fell” is a scene for two men. Transport Group’s 2014 revival of *Almost, Maine* was the first to present the male and female versions of “They Fell” in rotating rep. The female version of “They Fell” immediately follows the male version, and should, ideally, be presented in rotating rep with the male version of the scene.

⁷ A “County Boy” is a man who was born and raised in Aroostook (uh-ROO-stick) County, the northernmost county in Maine and the largest county east of the Rocky Mountains. To be a “County Boy” is a source of pride.

CHAD. Yeah, well, I'm just sayin'—

RANDY. Chad! It was *historical* bad!!

CHAD. I hear ya, b//ut—

RANDY. But you're not *listenin'*! // It was *epical* bad!

CHAD. No, *you're* not listenin', (*Exploding—topping Randy.*)
'CAUSE I'M TRYIN' TO TELL YOU THAT I HAD A PRETTY
BAD TIME MYSELF!!!

Little beat.

RANDY. No. There's no way it was // worse than mine!

CHAD. (*Topping Randy again.*) It was pretty bad, Randy.

RANDY. Really.

CHAD. Yeah.

RANDY. Okay: Go. [Let's hear it.]

*Randy opens his cooler, drops his empty beer bottle (or can)
in it, gets himself another beer, pops it open, closes the cooler,
takes a seat on it, and offers Chad the proverbial floor.*

CHAD. (*This is a little painful.*) She—... She said she didn't like the
way I smelled.

RANDY. What?

CHAD. Sally told me she didn't like the way I smelled. Never has.

RANDY. (*Taking this in.*) Sally Dunleavy⁸ told you that she didn't //
like the way [you smelled]—...?

CHAD. Yeah.

RANDY. When?

CHAD. When I picked her up. She got in the truck, we're backin'
outta her driveway, and all of a sudden, she starts breathin' hard
and asks me to stop, and she got outta the truck and said she was
sorry, but she couldn't go out with me, because she didn't like the
way I smelled, never has.

RANDY. What?!?

CHAD. Said she thought she was gonna be able to *overlook* it—the
way that I smelled—but that that wasn't gonna be possible after all,

⁸ Pronounced, "DUN-luv-ee."

and she slammed the door on me and left me sittin' right there in her driveway.

RANDY. (*Taking this in.*) 'Cause she didn't like the way you smelled?

CHAD. Yeah.

RANDY. Well what kinda—...?

Little beat.

I don't mind the way you smell.

CHAD. Thanks.

RANDY. Jeez.

CHAD. Yeah...

Little beat.

Told you it was bad.

RANDY. More than bad, Chad. That's sad.

CHAD. Yeah.

Little beat.

So, I'm guessin' I'm the big winner tonight, huh? So...I get to pick tomorrow, and I pick bowlin'. We'll go bowlin', supper at the Snowmobile Club, coupla beers at the Moose Paddy, and just hang out.

Little beat.

RANDY. I didn't say you're the big winner.

CHAD. What?

RANDY. Did I say you're the big winner?

CHAD. No, but [there's no way you can beat bein' told you smell bad]—

RANDY. No. All that's pretty sad, Chad, and bad, but you didn't win.

CHAD. What do you mean?

RANDY. You didn't win.

CHAD. You can beat bein' told you smelled bad?

RANDY. Yeah.

CHAD. Well, then... [Let's hear it.]

Chad opens his cooler, drops his empty beer bottle (or can) in it, gets himself another beer, pops it open, closes the cooler, takes a seat on it, and offers Randy the proverbial floor.

RANDY. (*This is tough to share.*) Mine's face broke.

CHAD. What?

RANDY. Her face broke.

CHAD. (*Trying to comprehend.*) Her f//ace [broke]—...?

RANDY. Her face broke, dude, yeah, how many times I gotta say it? Only get one chance with a girl like Yvonne LaFrance⁹ ...and her face broke.

Little beat.

Told you it was bad.

Little beat.

CHAD. How did her face break?

RANDY. When we were dancin'.

CHAD. DANCIN'?

Randy and Chad don't dance.

RANDY. Yup.

CHAD. (*Mocking Randy.*) Why were you *dancin'*?!?

RANDY. (*Quashing the mockery.*) 'Cause that's what she wanted to do! On our date! So I took her! Took her dancin' down to the Rec Center. You pay, then you get a lesson, then you dance all night. They teach "together dancin'"—how to dance together—and we learned that thing where you throw the girl up and over, and Yvonne—well, she's pretty small...and I'm pretty strong. And, well, I threw her up and over, and, well...I threw her *over...over*.

Little beat.

And she landed on her face.

Little beat.

And it broke.

Beat.

Had to take her to the emergency room.

9 Pronounced, "ee-VON la-FRANTZ." LaFrance rhymes with "ants."

Little Women Audition Monologues For Parkway Playhouse

Adapted by Erika Tyner

Actor 1: Marmee March/Aunt March

Marmee - Monologue adapted from pages 16-19

Do you remember the immigrant woman with the baby: Mrs. Hummel? Her little boy came begging. I went with him and found Mrs. Hummel terribly ill, with her children crying from hunger, in conditions— Well. I tried to help. I've been thinking, girls: Christmas is almost here, but it's a hard winter for so many, with the war. Perhaps we shouldn't spend for pleasure. With Father away we can't do much, but we can make some sacrifices. We can each play our part. We'll be together, and we'll have Jo's theatrical! But perhaps no presents. You are becoming adults. That means learning what you need—and what you don't. *Silence*. It is only a proposal.

Aunt March - Monologue adapted from pages 66-69.

Mind your fingers. How does your father fare, child? Better! Not for long, I'm sure. He ought never to have gone to the war! But then, we should never have had a war at all. Why should we poke our noses down South? Lincoln ought never to have pressed his agenda! We ought to focus on the Union—and put the homeland first! But your parents are the same—your father and his radical abolitionism— And your mother, and her immigrant trash! I told her, I said, you go amongst that filthy boat rabble—you never know what will come trailing home after you! And look what happened! She never listened to sage advice from cooler heads, she always wished to slum around amongst the lesser classes—and so she nearly killed your half-wit sister!

Actor 2: Meg

Meg - Monologue adapted from pages 72-73

It's not fun at all being mistress of the house, really. So I'm home alone with the twins, Jo— alone, all day. And all day of every day I'm fighting— I'm fighting a battle against all the nappies and bottles and swaddling clothes in the world, and I'm always losing. But today-today! They finally took a nap at the same time and it was so quiet and I sat and thought, what if I could have any- thing I wished in the world right now? And I thought, I want--all I want is JAM. (Becoming increasingly upset) So I tore through our cupboards,

and I found some dusty old pot of raspberry and ate it right out of the jar! like a child, and was happy for one moment. Just one little peaceful moment, just for me.. And then JUST THEN like she SENSED it Daisy woke up and started wailing and that woke Demi and HE started wailing and then I should have gone and picked them up but then I just couldn't, I started wailing and that's how John found me, crying and covered with jam with the babies screaming in their nursery. And John asked why I hadn't picked up the babies and I cried and he asked why I hadn't made dinner and I cried and he asked why I was so messy and I cried--And then he told me I was being hysterical and I said hysterical is just what men call women who bear and bear what men never could, and then finally snap! And then we had a big row and I told him if he wanted a perfect lady at all times he could just go off and find one, and I stormed out. And I just—just wanted to come home. Real home. You know. I just want to come back and be a little girl again, and not somebody's crying mother or somebody's jam-covered wife.

Actor 3: Jo

Jo - Monologue adapted from page 68

You're right! You're so right, Aunt March! You're so right, Amy! We never should have gotten into the war! Who cares if people are being enslaved? That's hundreds of miles away, why should it bother us?! Why should we take any action?! Who cares if families are starving in the tenements?! That's right in our backyards, but why should we lift a finger?! No, no, I think we should sit on our hands and shut our mouths, lest we disturb others! Civility at all costs, that's what I say! Civility before humanity! We should have no objections, isn't that it, Amy, no egocentric aspirations to change the world! We should be adults! And the adult thing is to do nothing and say nothing--and if we accomplish nothing, then that's for the best! We should just stay at home, and close our eyes, and accept the SAME EVILS, FOREVER!

Actor 4: Beth

Beth - Monologue adapted from pages 82-83

I'm not like the rest of you. I never made plans about what I'd do when I grew up; thought of being married, or moving on—I couldn't imagine myself anything but stupid Beth, sitting at home. —But I never wanted to go away! I'm afraid of being homesick, Jo. And I worry about all of you, without me.

(Pause)

So, you'd play the new Beth to them, Jo? That's not the part for you! You get the privilege of growing up, so use it! Don't waste your life trying to be a violet if you're—a—chestnut burr, prickly on the outside and soft inside, or a—a big rigid oak tree, or a stupid ROCK, even—or whatever you find out that you are, Jo. I don't want that!

Actor 5: Amy

Amy - Monologue adapted from pages 81-82

You think I'm stupid, Josephine, but I know more about the world than you ever did! You think that if you go to Europe, things will be so different: that you'll get to do and be whatever you want. But Europe isn't the set of one of your theatricals! You don't get to make up what happens in life! There are rules over there, just like here! Aunt March is taking me along because I'm smart enough to keep my peace! Because I act like a lady and you never do! So be what you are, Josephine. And live with the consequences.

Actor 6: Hannah (Mrs. Mingott, Messenger) - can read Marmee's monologue but needs to show Irish accent

Actor 7: Laurie

Laurie - Monologue adapted from pages 30-31

I get tutored. My grandfather has great plans for me, and bought me out of the draft. I am someday to be a tedious titan of industry! So I must grind away 'til college, where I will learn how to do what I don't wish to do, in order that I may do MORE of what I don't like in the future... I'd rather be a girl than a boy. Then I wouldn't have to do all the things that men are supposed to: waste away life in billiards and business, march off to war, be as unfeeling as granite! If I were a lady, I'd compose on the piano all day, and nobody would bother me.

Actor 8 Mr. Dashwood (John Brooks, Parrot and Doctor(?)) - Monologue adapted from pages 75-77

A novel? I'm not in the market for ladies' novels. The books you saw in the window are works of literature, not sentimental pieces.... I assume you're a woman? That would make this a ladies' novel. Doesn't matter how you dress it up. Listen, Miss March--there's a legitimate place for women's voices--bring me another sweet little story, it helps sell powder if I run it next to the ads. Fifteen for a story if you put some heaving bosoms in

it... Some gentlemen won't pay a lady at all--but I'm forward-thinking. Miss March--a little advice: Next time you step into this world, you bring that "agent" -or your father-or your husband. (Beat). Remember--I'm one of the good ones.

Actor 9: Mr. Laurence (Robert March and Doctor (?)) - can read Mr. Dashwood's monologue

10

VANITIES

MARY. Remember at last week's game when that guy shouted for us to shut-up? Said he couldn't keep his mind on the game for all were doing.

KATHY. That's because you started yelling, "Push him back, push him back, way back," when we had the ball. There we all were telling the other team to push ours back.

JOANNE. I've just never been so embarrassed.

MARY. Okay. I was wrong, but you could have told me. I don't know anything about football.

JOANNE. When we have the ball yell something like, "Get that point," or "Do it again, do it again, harder, harder."

KATHY. "Get that point," is when we kick the ball through the two posts. Not for a touchdown.

MARY. Well, when do we do, "Block that kick, block that kick"?

KATHY. Oh, now let me make this clear. When we kick, we yell "Get that point"; and when they kick, we yell "Block that kick." And when they have the ball, we yell "Get that ball."

MARY. What do we yell when we have the ball?

KATHY. You yell . . . well, you yell something encouraging like . . . like "Go! Go!"

JOANNE. Or "Go all the way, all the way!"

MARY. You can't yell "Go all the way" on a football field. What will people think? (MARY and JOANNE laugh.)

JOANNE. Oh, Mary.

KATHY. Now, we've got to finish this pep rally run-down and go on to other things. So, after "Hail That Tiger."

MARY. (Correcting KATHY.) "Hold That Tiger."

KATHY. "Hold That Tiger," then the coach says a few words and we make the victory sign and sing the school song.

MARY. I think we ought to make an announcement that anyone who sits in the card section tonight has

got to do his job. Those cards were a mess last week, and if they aren't gonna flip em right then they should sit somewhere else.

JOANNE. I died when they spelled out "Yea Team" and it turned out to be "Yea Meat!"

KATHY. Well, we'll just have to tell people we can trust to get there early and sit in the card section. I don't know what else we can do.

JOANNE. If they spell out "Yea Meat" again tonight, I'll just leave the field. What does the team think when they look to the stands for encouragement and see a huge sign reading "Yea Meat"?

MARY. I don't know, but it makes sense to me. The whole team is good enough to eat.

JOANNE. Now enough of that.

KATHY. Before we go on to anything else, we have to talk about the invocation. Did you get someone to do that?

JOANNE. Me? Our minister did it last week.

KATHY. I know that our minister did it. Now we've got to get someone else. We can't have a Baptist every week. Don't you know anyone?

JOANNE. I guess I could call the Jehovah Witnesses and ask them if they'd be willing to pray at the game if we let them hand out their little books.

KATHY. Well, scrape up somebody for the invocation. And tell em to make it short. Nobody listens anyway.

JOANNE. And I wish somebody would pep-up the National Anthem. We stand there with our hands over our hearts, singing; while most of the people are down at the snack bar getting French fries. Makes me feel stupid.

KATHY. Well, let's just do the best we can.

MARY. Sometimes I think it's all for nothing. Nobody looks at us. They just watch the game.

JOANNE. It's lack of spirit, I tell you. I love that team . . . out there hitting and getting themselves

VANITIES

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JOANNE. Ooh, what an ugly name. I'll bet everyone calls her "Fay Jean," too.

KATHY. She never did anything in high school, except make National Honor Society one semester.

JOANNE. That doesn't guarantee she's smart.

KATHY. But every blasted person in her family was a Kappa. I did some checking and found out her father works in a factory and her mother is a dress-maker.

MARY. I can't wait to see those cute homemade frocks she'll wear at rush.

KATHY. But, Fay Jean has more alumni recommendations than anyone else this spring.

JOANNE. I can't believe her mother was a Kappa and turned out to be a dressmaker. How could that happen?

START

KATHY. From the looks of all these letters, there will be at least five girls we'll have to pledge whether we like them or not. Hopefully they'll drop out in training if we're rough enough.

JOANNE. I need to know, do you think it's right to make it hard on some pledges just because we hate them?

KATHY. There's one thing nobody on this campus does, and that's joke about a Kappa. I'm gonna make sure, before we graduate, that the next group of girls fit the image.

JOANNE. We'll be cruel at rush. Absolutely sadistic. I won't even consider a girl who's liable to break the house rules. This is the best house on campus, and if we start letting girls wear jeans to dinner and smoke, then Kappa is finished.

MARY. What does smoking have to do with it? I smoke.

JOANNE. I know and I wish you'd stop, you stink up the whole place. P.U.!

MARY. At least half the girls in the sorority smoke.

JOANNE. In their rooms. I don't care what the girls

do in private, but they shouldn't smoke in public. It's unlady-like.

MARY. For God's sake, Joanne, if it were up to you nobody would do anything, but treat this house like a shrine. It's silly to go on having the girls sign in and out when they go on dates. The very idea that they have to be in the house at a certain time is perfectly ridiculous. Kappas aren't children.

KATHY. But, you'll agree, some of the girls are too immature to cope with complete freedom. They'd take advantage of the situation.

JOANNE. We have to have house rules.

MARY. But right now this whole place is so oppressive most of the pledges are scared to death. We ought to relax the silly, out-of-date regulations and let the girls loose.

JOANNE. I don't think this sorority is a place for girls who want to be loose.

KATHY. We simply need girls who are friendly and will support the image.

JOANNE. No flower children. No drugs or guitar players.

KATHY. It's our responsibility as officers to leave Kappa as we found it. The best sorority on campus.

JOANNE. We're the tops.

MARY. But you know the song, "The times they are a changing"? Well, they are.

JOANNE. Well, I don't think the times they are a changing. I think the world is just in a crazy phase.

MARY. It's past the time when we could take girls and cram them into an image. It's not important. A sorority today has to do more than just throw teas and dances.

JOANNE. I think we do a lot. Remember the litter campaign and the leaf raking project? We cleaned up the whole campus. And the entire sorority gave blood.

KATHY. It's our last semester, Mary. We can't

change Kappa now. The best we can do is see that we get some good girls to continue on after us.

MARY. I'm just not so sure it's important for girls to be good girls. I think we should let them grow up and be women.

JOANNE. That's silly. All girls grow up to be women anyway. What else would they grow up to be?

MARY. I don't know, Joanne. Ducks?

KATHY. Could we please get on with this meeting? There's an awful lot to be done.

JOANNE. And we always have to do it. Look, Mary, this did dry lighter; but it's not me. Do you have some remover?

MARY. I think that looks nice.

JOANNE. No, I'd better get rid of it. Ted would have a fit if he saw my fingers all painted up like a whore's.

MARY. I always paint my nails.

JOANNE. That's your style, Mary. But your style on me makes me look cheap.

MARY. You have short fingers.

JOANNE. Do I? Oh, look, I do. I hate my hands.

KATHY. We've got to get organized. Let's discuss spring. Spring is a S.O.B.

JOANNE. Okay, let's discuss the S.O.B.

KATHY. Mary?

MARY. Sure, let's.

KATHY. Okay, now. I figure we'll mop up the awards during spring semester. If Kappa can win Spring Carnival skit, Sing Song and Panhellenic Olympics it'll be a first. None of the Greeks have ever won all three in the same year. Mary, are you listening?

MARY. All ears.

KATHY. Well, what do you think?

MARY. You know damn well we'll win the Olympics. With you coaching we'll win. And we've got a good chance for Carnival skit. We won that last year.

JOANNE. Sing Song is the bummer.

END

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VANITIES

~~MARY. Big. You both should see it. I've doubled my space in the last two years.~~

~~KATHY. Then you're doing well.~~

~~MARY. You should see it.~~

~~JOANNE. We got a couple of invitations to your shows but Ted's busy all the time. I never get in. He comes into the office, but I never get in.~~

MARY. How is Teddy?

JOANNE. Fine. For awhile I was worried he was going to go back to school. He wanted to drop his corporate and go into criminal law. Boy was I relieved when he didn't. I hated the thought of him being around convicts all the time.

MARY. I guess you sleep better now.

JOANNE. Well, with the kids and the house there's not much time for sleep. I'm just always on the run. We have a huge old house that we've done from top to bottom. I wish you could see it. We did our own decorating. Me . . . a decorator!

MARY. I'll bet it's as cute as a bug's ear.

JOANNE. Oh, it is. Six bedrooms. One for us, one for guests and four for the kids.

MARY. I thought you had three?

JOANNE. How did you know that? Last time I saw you I had one and a half.

MARY. Kathy told me.

KATHY. I did? I haven't talked to you since . . .

MARY. Sure you did.

JOANNE. Well, we have three now but we're going to have another boy.

MARY. Oh, I see. How stupid of me. (*Pause.*)

KATHY. More champagne?

MARY. I thought you'd never ask.

JOANNE. Just a tiny drop. Oh, Kathy, this is so nice. Leave it to you to finally arrange some way of getting us all together. After over three years.

MARY. Three years.

START

JOANNE. Well, over three since I've seen Kathy and four since I saw you last.

MARY. Four years.

JOANNE. Can you believe it? Ten years since high school. Seniors '64. Six since college.

MARY. Jesus, time flies.

JOANNE. I'd given up hope. Funny, I thought we wouldn't be able to go a day without each other. I didn't think you'd ever come back from Europe and after awhile Kathy just dropped out of sight. And here we are. I just knew we'd all be in the same place. It took years, but here we are. Me with a home and family, Mary with a gallery and Kathy with a . . . a garden apartment.

MARY. What have you been up to, Kathy, besides getting this garden in shape?

KATHY. Not much, Mary.

MARY. Oh, you can't fool me. I'll bet you're still Queen of the hop.

JOANNE. Or Queen of the May.

MARY. Or Football Queen. (*They all scream with laughter, pause, then sigh.*)

JOANNE. I just never thought we'd all be in New York.

MARY. You live in Connecticut.

JOANNE. Well, yes, but I'm close. I almost live in New York, and you two do. Did you ever think when we were girls we'd all be sitting here, in this garden, in New York?

MARY. It never crossed my mind.

JOANNE. Of course, I'm in Connecticut because Ted's work is in New York. Kathy, why did you decide to live here?

KATHY. Just drifted this way.

JOANNE. Isn't that funny? I'll bet it's because you're single. New York must be wonderful for single girls. Isn't that right, Mary?

MARY. It's an absolute haven for horny girls. (*A pause. JOANNE laughs but then laughter fades.*)

JOANNE. Do you hear from any of the Kappas? I feel awful. You know, I was so good about going to the alumni meetings until Ted transferred to Columbia. Then when Ted Jr. came along I didn't have a minute to get re-involved. New part of the country. New kids. Do you still keep up?

KATHY. Not really.

JOANNE. Well, I miss all of it; but, I'll swear, I don't have the time. I get the Kappa newsletter and it just sits there until I finally throw it away.

MARY. I don't even give mine time to sit.

JOANNE. I guess I should be more involved. I mean, before you know it, it'll be time for Little Kathy to go to college and I want her to be a Kappa, of course.

MARY. Well, of course. (*A pause.*)

JOANNE. The last time I saw you, you were with some guy.

MARY. No kidding.

JOANNE. Thanksgiving, 1970. That's right, you had just gotten back from Europe. You were with that guy. What was his name? Ted and I really liked him.

MARY. What was his name?

JOANNE. You know? Alfredo, Ricardo . . . it ended with an "O."

MARY. Oh, Alonzo.

JOANNE. Whatever happened to him?

MARY. I give up.

JOANNE. Ha, ha. I thought you might have married him or something.

MARY. Just the something.

JOANNE. Ha, ha. Who do you see now?

MARY. What?

JOANNE. Who do you date? Are you engaged? In love? What? I'm trying to find out what's happened to us. You all never even phone me.

KATHY. She means, what's the dirt, Mary?

END